

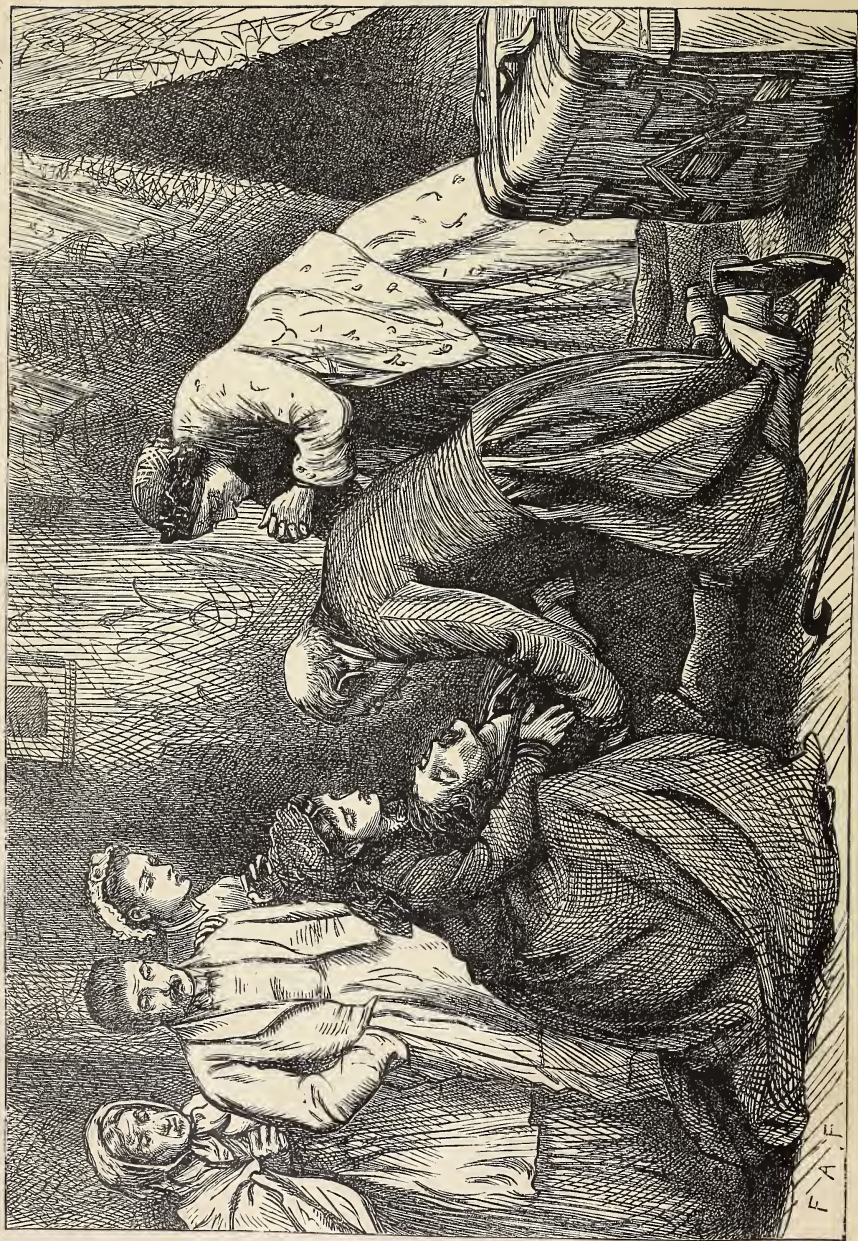
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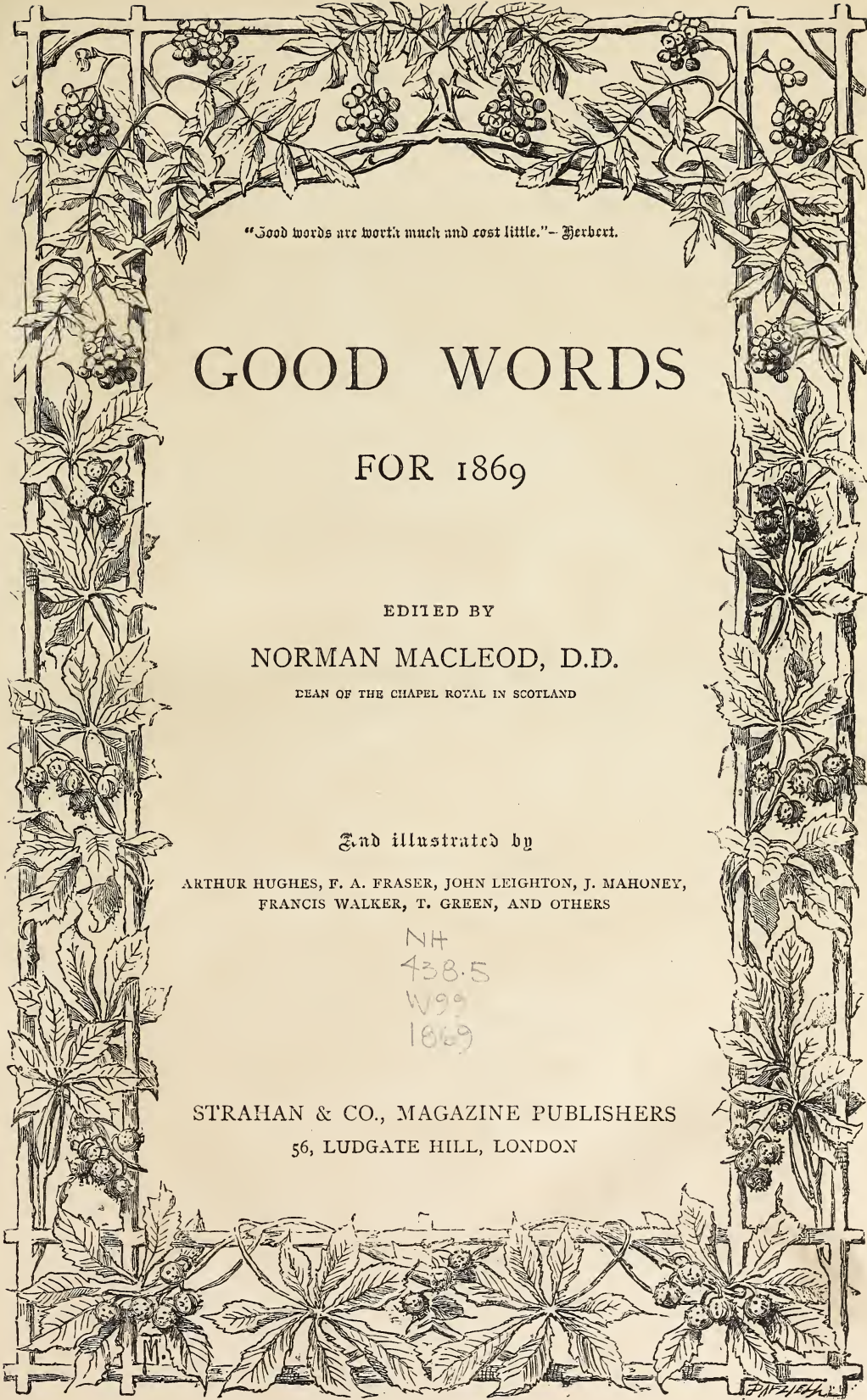


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"DEBENHAM'S VOW."



"Good words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert.

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1869

EDITED BY

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

DEAN OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL IN SCOTLAND

And illustrated by

ARTHUR HUGHES, F. A. FRASER, JOHN LEIGHTON, J. MAHONEY,
FRANCIS WALKER, T. GREEN, AND OTHERS

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INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
AERIAL Blue, On the Colour of . . . By Sir George Harvey, Pres. R.S.A.	620	Chap. XLIV. The Fortune of War . . .	593	Chap. IV. The Latimer Family . . .	78
America, Impressions of. By W. Forsyth, Q.C.	213	XLV. In Durance Vile . . .	597	V. Barty Wooler makes a Suggestion . . .	140
BLIND Inventor, A. By the Rev. B. G. Johns	466	XLVI. The Case of Ma- deira	599	VI. Mrs. Wooler re- ceives her Guests . . .	144
Breaths, The Two, A Lecture to Ladies, By the Rev. Charles Kingsley	498	XLVII. The Perils and Dan- gers of the Deep . . .	604	VII. After Tea . . .	147
CHRISTMAS Carols. By L. H. . . .	851	XLVIII. "Home, Sweet Home"	665	VIII. The Walk to Woovers' Alley	222
DEBENHAM'S Vow. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "Barbara's History"— Chap. I. At Hildegarde the Martyr	I	XLIX. A Passage of Arms . . .	668	IX. In the Painting- Room	223
II. A Day's Work	8	L. In the Library	672	X. Surprised and Mys- tified	226
III. A Pair of Friends	11	LI. A Business Inter- view	676	XI. Lord Wriothesley at Home	295
IV. The Hardwicks	14	LII. A House of Mourn- ing	679	XII. "A Bold Step and Blunt"	297
V. The Party at Stra- thellan House	15	LIII. How Archie walked into it	737	XIII. A Disagreeable Duty . . .	299
VI. Miss Hardwicke	81	LIV. A Waif from the Far West	740	XIV. A Love Tale	301
VII. At Home in Canon- bury	84	LV. A Momentous Ques- tion	742	XV. "As Others See us"	303
VIII. On the Wye	87	LVI. Miss Hardwicke's Offers	747	XVI. The Cloud disperses . . .	363
IX. In the Porch	90	LVII. The Sooner the Bet- ter	752	XVII. An Unexpected Plea- sure	367
X. Mr. Alleyne	92	LVIII. De Benham makes his Will	754	XVIII. Wellfield in its Glory	373
XI. Musical and Æsthetic	153	LIX. Something Mys- terious	809	XIX. On the Course	439
XII. "For the First Time"	156	LX. An Invalid's Whim . . .	813	XX. Lord Wriothesley's Colours	442
XIII. The Church among the Hills	158	LXI. Ante-Nuptial	815	XXI. Conscience-stricken . . .	444
XIV. The Vox Humana	160	LXII. A Marriage in High Life	818	XXII. Not to be Beaten . . .	446
XV. Archie Disappears	164	LXIII. Man and Wife	822	XXIII. Phoebe makes her Début	512
XVI. The Tryst by the River	165	LXIV. Lady de Benham assumes the Du- ties of her Position . . .	824	XXIV. The Tableaux Vi- vants	516
XVII. What Debenham found at the Post- office	233	LXV. At the Hôtel Tête de Bœuf	827	XXV. Lady Louisa's Con- fidences	518
XVIII. Mrs. Debenham's Letter	235	LXVI. Nigh unto Death . . .	830	XXVI. A Dilemma	520
XIX. Benhampton	237	LXVII. Too Late	833	XXVII. A Drawback	581
XX. The Tablet in the Church	238	HEROES of Hebrew History. By the Bishop of Oxford— I. Elijah	59	XXVIII. Inopportune	583
XXI. Cost what it May	242	II. Elisha	122	XXIX. Gossip and More . . .	585
XXII. Money v. Fame	246	III. Micaiah, the Son of Imla . .	208	XXX. A Lull	587
XXIII. "He Loves and he Rides Away"	305	IV. The Man of God who came out of Judah	289	XXXI. Lord Wriothesley's Appeal	589
XXIV. The First Plunge	309	V. Abraham	337	XXXII. Friends speak their Minds	591
XXV. By Land and Sea	313	VI. Jacob	402	XXXIII. A Dawning Suspi- cion	650
XXVI. De Benham makes himself Master of the Situation	316	VII. Joseph	505	XXXIV. Mrs. Paston reviews the Situation	652
XXVII. Philistines and Fig- trees	377	VIII. Moses	626	XXXV. Notes of Warning . . .	655
XXVIII. Past and Present	378	IX. Joshua	714	XXXVI. A Surprise	658
XXIX. Had she Forgotten? . . .	381	X. Samson the Judge	785	XXXVII. Another Ordeal . . .	660
XXX. Brother and Sister at Home	384	XI. Samuel the Prophet	863	XXXVIII. A Family Confe- rence	721
XXXI. The Rising of the Tide	387	House-hunting. By E. A. Helps .	764	XXXIX. Trials on the Way . .	722
XXXII. Mr. Hardwicke's Temptation	388	Hudson's Bay Company, The. By William Forsyth, Q.C. . . .	358, 394	XL. A Confidence	724
XXXIII. The Stormy Petrel . . .	391	Huss Festival at Prague, The. By W. R. S. Ralston	839	XLI. "Follows Him like his Shadow"	727
XXXIV. "The Athens of Pericles"	449	IONA. By the Duke of Argyll . .	535, 614, 708	XLII. Delicate Commis- sions	730
XXXV. Running the Block- ade	451	JERUSALEM, The History of the Fall of, as Illustrative of the Evi- dences for the Truth of Christi- anity. By the Archbishop of Canterbury	188	XLIII. A Friend in Need . . .	732
XXXVI. The First Nugget	453	LAUGHTER: A Contribution to the Morals of the Subject. By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttel- ton	482	XLIV. "Dust to Dust"	735
XXXVII. Not a Bad Bargain . . .	455	MUSICAL Pitch Question, The. By John Hullah	266	XLV. A Change of Scene . . .	793
XXXVIII. Lord Stockbridge . . .	458	NOBLESSÉ Oblige: An English Story of To-day. By the Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline"— Chap. I. Town and Castle . . .	66	XLVI. Under her Cross	794
XXXIX. Senator Shirley speeds the Part- ing Guest	462	II. Phoebe's Walk to the Castle	69	XLVII. In Folksbridge	795
XL. Letters from Home	521	III. Lady Dorothea's Boudoir	71	XLVIII. Glimpses of Rest . . .	798
XLI. How the World went Round	524			XLIX. Foreshadowings	799
XLII. The Sabina meets the Stormy Petrel	527			L. Change upon Change	805
XLIII. Perils on Shore	531			LI. A Feather in Barty's Cap	806

	PAGE
PAIN, The Man who couldn't Feel : a Legend of the Harz Moun- tains. By William Gilbert . . .	53
Pamphlets for the People. By the Dean of Canterbury—	
I. The Wants of Man in the Matter of Religion . . .	18
II. The Reasonableness of the Christian Life . . .	108
III. Mosaism and Christianity . .	274
IV. Right Views of Life . . .	430
V. Romanism and Protes- tantism . . .	563
VI. Things which need to be Reformed . . .	770
Peeps at the Far East. By the Editor—	
I. Outward Bound . . .	22
II. First Impressions of Bom- bay . . .	94
III. Bombay—Poona . . .	178
IV. Colgaum—The Caves of Karli—Return to Bom- bay . . .	249
V. From Bombay to Madras . .	324
VI. Missions in South India— Conjeveram . . .	407
VII. Vellore and Bangalore . .	550
VIII. In Madras . . .	640

	PAGE
IX. Calcutta . . .	689
X. Calcutta (<i>continued</i>) . . .	776
XI. Calcutta (<i>continued</i>) . . .	855
Perceiving without Seeing: A Romance in Astronomy. By the Rev. Charles Pritchard, late President of the Royal Astrono- mical Society . . .	45
RAJA Brooke, The Last Days of .	572
SHORT Essays. By the Author of "Friends in Council" 114, 202, 281, 319, 434, 545, 634, 682	
Speech, The Christian Rule of. By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster . . .	578
Stars and Lights; or, The Struc- ture of the Sidereal Heavens. By the Rev. C. Pritchard, late Pre- sident of the Royal Astronomi- cal Society—	
Chap. I. The Education of the Discoverer . . .	353
II. The First Discovery . . .	356
III. The Discovery of the Georgium Sidus . . .	418
IV. Recognition and Eman- cipation . . .	421

	PAGE
V. The Arrival of Hers- chel's Faithful As- sistant . . .	609
THRIFT: A Lecture to Ladies. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley . . .	343
Toiling and Moiling: Some Ac- count of our Working People, and how they Live. By "Good Words" Commissioner—	
I. The Merthyr Iron-Worker . .	35
II. The Connaught Cotter . . .	129
III. The Staffordshire Potter . .	168
IV. The Buckinghamshire La- bourer . . .	489
V. The Banffshire Fisherman . .	699
VI. The Northampton Shoemaker . . .	758
WORKHOUSE Girl, The. By Mrs. de Morgan . . .	284
YOUNG Men, The Self-Education of: A Village Sermon. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley . . .	138
Youngest Colonel in the Service, The: A Memorial of Alexander Roberts Dunn, V.C. By the Rev. Patrick Beaton . . .	470

POETRY.

	PAGE
AGNES Jones, Epitaph on. By the Bishop of Derry . . .	769
Captain's Wife, The. By Florence Fields . . .	64
Carmina Nuptialia. By Gerald Massey . . .	624, 686
Choice: a Dramatic Sketch. By the Author of "Lady Grace" . .	424
Girl's Faith, A. By L. C. S. . .	870
Good and Bad. By the Rev. Philip Hale . . .	128
Hapless Love. By William Morris . . .	264

	PAGE
Holyhead Breakwater. By Menella B. Smedley . . .	783
Love maketh Fair. By the Rev. John S. B. Monsell, LL.D. . .	563
Machærus, A Burial at. By the Rev. E. H. Plumptre . . .	351
Music. By G. A. Simcox . . .	112
Old Manor-house, The. By Ada Cambridge . . .	847
Palms, Under the. By L. C. S. . .	200
Passing Pleasures. By A. L. Waring Poor People. (From Victor Hugo.) By L. C. S. . .	401 278

	PAGE
Sailor Boy, The. By one of the Authors of "Child-World" . . .	480
Sonnets, Four. By Jean Ingelow Spring, The Spirit of the. By Ed- ward Capern . . .	176 273
Spring Flowers. By D. Laing Purves . . .	120
War, A Ballad of. By Menella B. Smedley . . .	32
Way, The. By B. B. B. . .	496
Widow and the Priest, The. By the late Robert Leighton . . .	543
Wife's Wonder, A. By L. C. S. . .	870

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
DEBENHAM'S Vow. Thirty-five Illustrations . . .	F. A. Fraser
Peeps at the Far East. Sixty- one Illustrations . . .	From "Photographs"
A Ballad of War. Three Illus- trations . . .	F. A. Fraser
The Merthyr Iron-Worker. Seven Illustrations . . .	T. Dalziel
The Captain's Wife . . .	T. Dalziel
"Noblesse Oblige." Thirty-five Illustrations . . .	F. A. Fraser

	PAGE
Frontispiece 1, 9, 13, 81, 89, 91, 153, 158, 161, 233, 234, 241, 305, 312, 316, 377, 385, 390, 449, 451, 457, 521, 528, 593, 594, 601, 665, 672, 673, 737, 742, 745, 809, 817	
22, 24, 25, 96, 97, 104, 105, 184, 185, 249, 250, 256, 457, 259, 261, 264, 327, 328, 329, 330, 332, 333, 334, 408, 409, 416, 417, 551, 552, 556, 560, 561, 641, 648, 689, 696, 697, 777, 856, 857	
32, 33, 34 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 42, 43 66, 71, 73, 140, 144, 149, 222, 224, 226, 295, 297, 301, 365, 368, 439, 440, 442, 512, 513, 581, 584, 587, 650, 656, 661, 721, 728, 729, 793, 800, 866, 870, 872	
Music. Two Illustrations . . .	T. Dalziel . . . 112, 113
Spring Flowers . . .	E. C. Dalziel . . . 121
The Connaught Cotter. Nine Illustrations . . .	Fras. Walker . . . 129, 136, 137
The Staffordshire Potter. Five Illustrations . . .	J. Mahoney . . . 169, 170, 172, 174
Four Sonnets. Four Illustrations Under the Palms. Two Illus- trations . . .	T. Dalziel E. C. Dalziel T. Sulman . . . 176, 177 200, 201
The Spirit of the Spring . . .	F. A. Fraser . . . 273
Poor People . . .	F. A. Fraser . . . 280
A Burial at Machærus . . .	Fras. Walker . . . 352
Passing Pleasures . . .	T. Sulman . . . 401
Choice . . .	F. A. Fraser . . . 424
Colonel A. R. Dunn . . .	From a Photograph . . . 472
The Sailor Boy . . .	F. A. Fraser . . . 481
The Way . . .	{ E. C. Dalziel } { H. Herkomer } . . . 496, 497
Iona. Five Illustrations . . .	Duke of Argyll . . . 535, 616, 712, 713
The Widow and the Priest . . .	T. Green . . . 544
The Last Days of Raja Brooke. Two Illustrations . . .	From Photographs . . . 576, 577
Carmina Nuptialia. Two Illus- trations . . .	Arthur Hughes . . . 625, 688
The Northampton Shoemaker. Three Illustrations . . .	J. Mahoney . . . 760, 761
House-hunting. Two Illus- trations . . .	J. Barnard . . . 764, 768
Epitaph on Agnes Jones . . .	J. Leighton . . . 769
Holyhead Breakwater . . .	Fras. Walker . . . 784
The Huss Festival at Prague. Three Illustrations . . .	From Photographs . . . 840, 841
The Old Manor-house . . .	W. Small . . . 849



DEBENHAM'S VOW.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

PROLOGUE—A.D. 1842.



N a tiny way-side inn at the head of one of the wildest passes of the Snowdon range, a traveller lay dying. An invalid on his first arrival there some six or eight weeks before, he had been slowly fading ever since; and now, towards dusk, to the low wailing of the wind, and the soft in-

cessant patter of the rain, was passively drifting away. His wife sat by his pillow, as she had been sitting since mid-day, listening in an agony of apprehension for his every breath. His child, a tall pale boy of some eight years of age, lay coiled in a big arm-chair beside the half-opened window, watching the changing mists and thickening twilight. Neither spoke. In the house all was silent. There were no drovers at the tap, no wayfarers in the parlour, no wheels upon the road. The coach has passed long since, bringing neither passengers nor letters; and save a monotonous dull sound of wood-chopping in some yard close by, and now and then the bark of a sheep-dog far away, no token of life was audible about the place.

It was a low, large room, fronting west; the ceiling intersected by one heavy, black beam; the window lozenge-paned; the floor sunken and uneven. A four-post bedstead, from which the hangings had been removed, stood in one corner, and near it a smaller bed for the child. A few varnished prints in black frames hung over the mantelpiece. A dilapidated easy-chair, a huge Elizabethan chest with ponderous clasps and handles, a small square of faded carpet in the middle of the floor, some rush-bottomed chairs and a rickety Pembroke table, made up the total of the furniture. Poor as it was—and it could not well be poorer—this lodging might by no means be classed with "the worst inn's worst room." The remoter Welsh hostelries are sufficiently comfortless to this day, but they lagged still farther in the rear of English progress some twenty or thirty years ago. A landlord who stammered a dozen words of

Sassenach, a landlady acquainted with the properties of bohea, a bedroom which the traveller was not called upon to share with some stranger whose tongue was as unintelligible to him, and whose habits were as barbarous, as those of a South Sea islander, were then people and conditions not only rare to find, but, in certain mountain districts, wholly unknown. The room, in short, was an exceptionally good room, and the inn an exceptionally good inn, as those times went; and the occupants thereof, being provided with the actual necessities of life, had reason to be well satisfied.

Something was there for grace, however, as well as for necessity—a large dish filled with wild flowers and mosses; a few well-worn but richly bound books; and an antique silver inkstand, elaborately chased. These, apparently, were the property of the travellers; for the dish was of the rarest Gubbio ware, lustrous with gold and purple, and the book-plate in the book, and the lid of the inkstand, were engraved alike with a stately coat of arms. Theirs also were the boxes and portmanteaus piled together in a distant corner; the garments hanging on the door; the song-bird silent in his cage.

To a practised observer, certain of these trifles might have told a whole history of well-born poverty and homeless wandering. Only the dwellers in tents carry their household gods from camp to camp.

Such was the interior of the room, growing momentarily dimmer in the coming dusk. The scene without was scarcely less gloomy. It had been raining for several days without intermission, and the water lay in troubled pools about the road and yard. The sky was low and leaden, and hung like a dense curtain over the mountains which here closed round in every direction, leaving only their lower slopes obscurely visible. The wind came and went with long sighs, like the breath of one in pain. A few last leaves fluttered shivering down now and then from the solitary ash tree at the door. In the air was a confused murmur, as of the rushing of many torrents; and the barren, boulder-strewn flats which stretched away from the head of the pass to the brink of the little heron-haunted tarn some three-quarters of a mile farther up, were almost wholly under water.

And all this time the rain poured on, beating a monotonous measure on the roof of the inn, and dripping mournfully from the eaves above the sick man's window.

Presently, for the first time in several hours, he uttered a faint moan. It was little

more than a sigh, and scarcely audible; but it thrilled both listeners like a trumpet call. The boy started to his feet, pale and shivering. The mother held up a trembling finger.

"Hush!" she whispered. "His lips move—he may speak."

They knew that he was dying. They knew also that hope was past. The doctor, who came all the way from Corven, and was anxious to spare both his pony and his time, had dismissed himself the night before, bluntly declaring that the patient had not a dozen hours to live. But twenty hours had dragged by since then, and still with half-closed eyes and parted lips, and a pulse growing feebler with every passing minute, he lingered.

Again he moaned. Again his lips stirred feebly.

The boy crept to his mother's knee. She, watching that white unconscious face with a passionate eagerness that might almost have called it back to life, wiped the damp brow, put aside the scattered locks, and waited breathlessly.

Such a young face as it was, too, to have death written on it so legibly! Prematurely worn, and lined, and grey; but still young, still handsome, still instinct with a sort of pathetic dignity that not even approaching death had power to efface. He was only thirty-three years of age, and had been sickly from boyhood. Disappointment, reverse of fortune, exile, privation, were alike familiar to him. Young as he was, he had suffered bitterly; but the time for suffering was now almost gone by, and everlasting peace was at hand.

"If it were but one word—only one!"

It was as though her supplication were answered. A faint shiver swept over the pallid face. The languid hand became suddenly contracted. He looked up, and, not so much uttering the word as shaping it with his lips, asked for "water."

She gave it to him steadily, tearlessly. Her hand did not even tremble. And yet she had thought never to see those lips move or those eyes open again. Then she asked if he had slept.

"Yes," he murmured, faintly, "I have slept—and dreamed."

"Dreamed, my dear love?"

He closed his eyes affirmatively.

"Of—of the old place," he said.

"Of Benhampton?"

"Ay—of Benhampton. I seemed to see it so plainly."

She looked in his face with a wan smile.

"Benhampton is but a name to me," she said; "and yet I seem to see it plainly, too—when you speak of it."

He sighed, and relapsed, apparently, into unconsciousness. How like death he looked and lay! How faint and far between was the coming of each feeble respiration! The wife hung over him, daring neither to speak nor stir. The boy stood by, weeping silently. And still the rain dripped, dripped, dripped from the eaves outside the window, like minute drops from a clepsydra, pitilessly telling off the last moments of a life condemned.

He presently spoke again.

"You remember?" he whispered.

"I remember, Reginald."

"In the chapel—at Benhampton—under the north window."

"Yes, dearest, yes."

He pressed her hand. His strength was ebbing fast, and his voice became each moment less articulate.

"Tell me—once more," he faltered. "Do you forgive?"

"Forgive! Oh, my dear love, what have I to forgive? Nothing—nothing—nothing!"

He looked at her, and a strange light, as of a smile in which the lips had no part, came upon his face like a glory.

"God bless you!" he said, brokenly.

"God bless you—wife and child!"

The light faded; the breath died away; the clasped fingers fell apart.

What next? He must surely move, look up, speak again! There was no change within the last few seconds? Nothing was gone—nothing was hushed? It could not be that his heart had ceased from beating! Was it the dusk only, or had a cold grey tint stolen suddenly upon his features like a veil? Gracious heaven! was this the end? Was this death?

Seized by a nameless terror, the child broke all at once into a passion of sobs.

"Take me away!" he cried. "Oh, take me away!"

But his mother, instead of taking him away, drew his head to her bosom, kissed him, wept over him, clung to him. He was her all, now. In the whole wide world she had nothing to love, nothing to hope for, nothing to rejoice in, to serve, to suffer for, but this one fragile, fatherless boy.

She knelt down beside the bed, still holding him fast locked within her arms, and prayed aloud—a poor, broken, artless supplication, which he, in his childish way, repeated sentence by sentence. Then came those words, whose very cadence echoes

with the sorrow of ages—"Thy will be done."

"*Thy will be done!*" Only four words; and yet what a history is theirs! Alas! what scars they cover! What tears they consecrate! What broken hearts, and darkened lives, and ruined homes they grow over and sanctify, like sweet flowers over graves! Can resignation, humility, fortitude, go farther than this? What heroic phrase of all the olden time, what golden saying of patriot, philosopher, or poet, breathes such high courage? What more has heaven to ask, or man to give?

CHAPTER I.—ST. HILDEGARDE THE MARTYR.

FAR east of Temple Bar, beyond St. Paul's, beyond the Mansion House, beyond the Bank, beyond the uttermost landmark entered in Belgravian charts, stands, and has stood for nearly a thousand years, the ancient church of St. Hildegarde the Martyr. Buried deep in the heart of that intricate quarter where streets are narrowest, traffic densest, population scantiest, this tiny building is only remarkable in so far as it is one of the smallest churches in one of the smallest parishes of the City of London. Other fame or interest it has none. It is neither curious, nor beautiful, nor historical. It is enriched by no stately monuments, by no wealth of sculptured stone, carved oak, or painted glass. It is simply very small and very old—a church without a congregation in a parish without inhabitants. So hidden is it in a network of byways, that one might pass daily within a dozen yards of St. Hildegarde the Martyr without so much as suspecting its existence. Huge warehouses hem it in on every side. Round and about it from dawn till dusk a sluggish, thunderous tide of heavy traffic ebbs and flows. One window, crusted with the grime of centuries, looks upon a narrow thoroughfare leading dockwards; the rest stare blankly into a court surrounded by stores and counting-houses, where in summer no sunbeam ever penetrates, and in winter the gas burns all day long. Through this court, by means of a passage tunnelled under the warehouses, the church of St. Hildegarde is approached from the busy world without. A quaint, out-of-the-way nook; populous by day; a desert when business hours are past—now vibrating to the rush and roll of wheels, traversed by innumerable feet, and echoing to the discords of many voices—now wrapped in a Sabbath-like stillness; every door locked, every win-

dow shuttered up, every clerk and porter gone. Entering it thus on a summer's evening, when the sky is yet full of light, and the far-away parks are at their gayest, and the river close by is all alive with steamers, the solitude of the place has in it something both strange and solemn. It is as if one had come upon a city of the dead.

On such a summer evening, in the pleasant month of June, in the year of our Lord 1860, one of the church windows being partly open and the church door standing ajar, the little court, then at its stillest, was filled with an irregular sound of chanting—a sound as of hymns begun, broken off, repeated; responses continuously sung, and canticles from both services indiscriminately succeeding each other. This lasted for perhaps three-quarters of an hour. Then came a pause; then a pattering and scrambling, as of little feet heavily shod; and then the door was dragged suddenly open, and an impatient flock of school children came trooping out. They were about a score in number. Some of the boys wore quaint little grey coats turned up with dirty yellow, and muffin caps of the same; but both boys and girls, for the most part, were dressed in their home clothes, and looked untidy enough. Crowding together for a moment on the threshold, they paused and looked back.

"At half-past ten, then, on Sunday morning," said a voice within.

"Yes, sir; half-past ten, sir," replied some six or eight shrill voices.

"Not one minute later, remember."

"No, sir. Oh, no, sir!"

And with this, being finally dismissed, they broke loose into the court, laughing, hallooing, flinging caps into the air, chasing each other into corners, and vanishing presently under the dark arch leading to the world of streets beyond.

When the last straggler had disappeared, and the last shout had died away, a young man came to the threshold; stood there for a moment, bareheaded, with the cavernous gloom of the doorway behind him and the evening light upon his face; drank in a deep breath of cool air; cast a wistful glance towards the glowing patch of sky over the housetops; and then, half-reluctantly, turned back into the church.

He shut the door and locked it from the inside, waking a desolate echo through the empty nave. Within, all was twilight; except where twilight deepened into profound shadow. The topmost leaves of a solitary tree close outside the east window showed

like bronze against the sky. Here and there, making the darkness darker as it were by contrast, a faint gleam stole along the walls, rested on altar rail and pulpit, and glanced upon the pipes of the tiny organ standing back in an obscure corner by the vestry door.

Unightly and insignificant without, the church of St. Hildegarde was no less unlovely within. It measured, perhaps, a hundred feet in length by about forty in width; and, excepting only a certain unmistakable look of age, resembled nothing so nearly as a plain, ill-lighted lecture-hall or corn-exchange in a provincial town. The bare stone walls, unskilfully daubed with bands of rough colour, were blotched with mildew, and hung in places with common illuminated cards. Rows of rush-bottomed *pric-dieu* chairs filled the body of the church. The ceiling just above the communion-table was painted blue, and stuck over with little stars of cut paper, most of which had fallen away, while the rest, half detached, hung fluttering overhead. A gilt heart and a few wreaths and crosses of *immortelles* were suspended over the altar; and in an antique-looking piscina close by lay a scrap of crochet work, on which stood a small glass jug crusted with dregs of sacramental wine. A dismal place to be alone in towards dusk. Dismal for its silence—dismal for its solitude—dismal, above all, for the poverty that betrayed itself in every shabby fitting and tawdry decoration.

The young man who had just locked himself in there, however, with the gathering shadows was used to the little church, and indifferent to its dreariness. For him it was neither silent nor solitary—for him it echoed to noble sounds, and was peopled with the spirits of Handel and Beethoven and Mozart. He was a musician—very young, very poor, very much in love with his art, and parochial organist, with a salary of twenty-five pounds a-year.

Considering that he lived at Islington, a good three miles from St. Hildegarde the Martyr; that his rector was an Oxford man, with High-Church proclivities; and that, besides the orthodox three services on Sunday, he had to play an early service every morning, and an extra eleven o'clock service on saints' days and fast days, it must be admitted that this young man was not overpaid with twenty-five pounds a-year. He was not dissatisfied, however. He was even contented. Granted that the salary was light, he was none the less willing that the duty should be heavy. He looked upon it as "good prac-

tice," and upon himself as a particularly fortunate fellow in being able to command it. And so he was, perhaps, *l'argent apart*. Musical talent is not at a premium, and young organists are plentiful in the market. When the situation fell vacant some eighteen months before, Temple Debenham, then just returned from the famous collegiate academy of Zollenstrasse-am-Main, and armed with a double first-class certificate countersigned by the Grand Duke himself, carried off the prize from more than thirty competitors. It was quite a triumph, as far as it went; and the salary, translated into florins, sounded sufficiently imposing when written about to fellow-students on the other side of the Channel. What wonder, then, that a clever, ambitious, inexperienced young fellow, who had never owned a spare thaler in his life, and who believed in his fellow-creatures as implicitly as he believed in himself, should mistake this very small victory for a brilliant omen, and fancy himself on the high road to fame and fortune with twenty-five pounds a year?

Twenty-five pounds a year! Pshaw! it was not the pay that he valued; it was the position. Was it nothing to hold a responsible situation in a London church? Was it nothing to step at once into a ready-made connection? Was it nothing to be able to write "Organist of St. Hildegarde the Martyr" after one's name? Fancy it in print, on the title-page of that prize cantata that gained such glory at Zollenstrasse the summer before last!

I have already said that Temple Debenham had been a disciple of the famous Grand Ducal Academy, and as his early history is comprised in half-a-dozen sentences, it may as well be told, and dismissed at once. He was the only son of a widow, and a musician born. Like baby Mozart, he spelt out harmonies upon every instrument that came within his reach before he had arrived at words of three syllables, and scrawled crochets and quavers long enough ere his little hands had mastered the mysteries of pot-hooks and hangers. The gift grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. It developed itself without culture, without opportunity, and in the face of a thousand difficulties. At length his vocation became so manifest that the widow began to cast about for some means of providing him with a sound musical education.

It chanced, however, that Mrs. Debenham was both poor and proud—so poor that, because food and lodging might there be had at less cost than in most other places, she lived

with her boy in a tiny cottage in a tiny fishing village on the coast of the Isle of Anglesea; and so proud that, although she might have made acquaintances when she first came to St. Owen's, she did not know a soul in the neighbourhood. Politely, but firmly, the widow declined to visit. She lived for her child alone. To watch over him, to amuse him, to work for him, to educate him, was her one absorbing occupation. He was her only companion, she his only playfellow. With him she toiled through the arid wastes of the Eton Latin Grammar; for him did battle with Euclid and Lemprière, and pursued with fainting steps the steep and difficult ways of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*. By-and-by, as the boy's vocation became more distinctly manifest, his mother fell into a very wilderness of hopes, doubts, and perplexities. That he, her child, should be gifted with a special gift . . . she could scarcely believe it. She scarcely dared think of it. It made her heart beat, and not wholly with joy. There was fear in it, and anxiety, and perhaps a little—a very little—disappointment. It may be that Mrs. Debenham was not altogether fitted by previous training to take the loftiest view of an artistic career. It may be that, poor as she was, she had dreamt some dream of how her son might win his way to an university education, and so, ultimately, to the Church. For, of course, he was to be clever; that was only to be expected. He was to be very clever, and to achieve distinction in some way; but that he should be a genius, a heaven-born genius, was another matter. Mrs. Debenham had not been accustomed to geniuses, and was disposed to be somewhat afraid of them. Was not a musician a sort of gifted madman? Could a painter by any possibility be a gentleman? Might a gentleman, without loss of dignity, write poetry, unless in Greek or Latin? Was it quite certain that Shakespeare and Handel and Sir Joshua Reynolds paid their rent and went to church like other people? These were grave questions, and cost Mrs. Debenham many a tear and many a wakeful hour; but she was neither experienced enough, nor clever enough, to solve them.

In the meanwhile, the boy's talent waxed daily. He loved his mother's little old quivering piano as other lads love the playground or the cricket-match. To compose was as natural to him as to breathe, and to write what he composed was as easy as to play it. For him, as for all true musicians, sign and sound were one; and melody sprang from his pen as readily as from his fingers. At first he

was not conscious of his gift. It came to him spontaneously, like song to a young bird, and he revelled in it with no thought beyond the gladness of the moment. But this could not go on for ever; and his mother, who watched the rapid growing of his wings, trembled to think how he must some day discover his strength, and soar away into regions whither she would have no power to follow. And so it was. With time came the sense of power, and with the sense of power the dawn of purpose. Before he was twelve years of age, he had determined to become a musician; and she, reluctantly, tremblingly, but with something of pride and wonder as well as of reluctance and trembling, had yielded to his wish.

Then it came to pass that Mrs. Debenham, while making such inquiry as was practicable in so remote a spot as St. Owen's, chanced to catch some far away echo of the fame of the great Academy at Zollenstrasse-am-Main. Here was an institution where an industrious student might make his prizes almost cover the cost of his college terms; where he would get not only a thorough professional training, but a good general education; and where, as an out-student, he might enjoy all these advantages without leaving the shelter of his mother's roof. And at Zollenstrasse, too, one might live even more cheaply than at St. Owen's. At Zollenstrasse, it was confidently reported, a shilling would go farther than eighteenpence in Wales. At Zollenstrasse one might buy excellent wine for about sevenpence the bottle; meat for something like threepence halfpenny a pound; fish, fruit, vegetables, milk, on almost nominal terms; and grapes in the vintage season at some such price as might have been asked by the proprietors of the Bottle Imp. To this land of promise, then, after much calculation of ways and means, and many hesitations, did the widow repair at last; and there resided with her son for a period extending over some eleven years, during which time the youth grew and prospered, became a capital German scholar, acquired something more than a smattering of the classics, and went in for everything that the Academy had to offer in the way of musical advantages. Now it happened that music was the strong point, *par excellence*, at Zollenstrasse-am-Main. There were classes and masters for counterpoint; for orchestration; for singing; for every instrument under the sun, including, doubtless, the sackbut and shawm, had one been minded to learn them. A man, in short, who really meant work might do anything at Zollenstrasse, and the student

who failed to become thorough master of his profession had only himself to thank for his shortcomings.

But Temple Debenham did mean work. It was the one thing he had been hungering after at St. Owen's; and he flung himself into it with all the energy of a strong will and a resolute nature. He went under masters for the organ, the violin, and the piano. He joined the choral classes. He familiarised himself with the compass and resources of every instrument in the orchestra. He developed an insatiable curiosity for all the profounder secrets of the art; and, not content with acquiring harmony upon the Zollenstrasse system only, went back for himself to the earlier sources of the science—to the works of Martini, Tartini, Albrechtsberger, Pepusch, and other half-forgotten authors whose dusty volumes were rarely disturbed upon the shelves of the Academic Library. And the boy's indomitable industry flourished and bore fruit. At the end of his third year he took two medals; at the end of the fourth, a prize of two hundred florins, which was equivalent to about sixteen pounds of English money, and more than paid the fees of his fifth year. In the course of the fifth, he carried off the second gold medal; and in the sixth, a three-years' scholarship. By the time the scholarship had expired, he was senior student of music; and for the last two years of his college life held the rank of sub-professor of counterpoint, and second violin in the Grand Duke's private band.

When at length Temple Debenham had spent eleven years at Zollenstrasse, he suddenly announced his determination to go back to England. His friends and colleagues were aghast. The professors remonstrated; his fellow-students remonstrated; his mother remonstrated. It was impossible that he could mean it. The thing was simply suicidal. His plain and obvious course was to throw his fortunes in with those of the Academy, and settle at Zollenstrasse for life. Would he not be a full professor ere long, with apartments in the college and eight hundred florins a year? Were not the professors allowed to take pupils, and would it not be easy for him to get as much teaching as he pleased in the season? Then, too, the Duke's *kapellmeister* was getting almost past his work, and Debenham was thought so well of up at the school that he might fairly throw in the possibility of that succession among his other prospects. And what a possibility! A thousand florins per annum, a "Von" before one's name, and

in one's button-hole the green ribbon of the order of the Golden Pigtail.

But the young man was to be tempted by none of these considerations. He had weighed the matter quite fully, and, having made up his mind, could by no means be brought to change it. He was twenty-four years of age, and old enough, he conceived, to judge what was best for himself. He was not disposed to wed the Academy for better or for worse. He must have a wider berth—more breathing space—some footing in that field where the race was really to the swift and the battle to the strong, and a man might give and take such blows as fell to his share. Zollenstrasse was well enough in its way. Zollenstrasse had given him his education, and he was attached to the place to a certain extent and in a certain way; but he was not going to identify himself with it for ever and aye. The idea of remaining a mere German professor all the days of his life was intolerable to him. He was weary already of the etiquette, the gossip, the æsthetic teas, and the thousand and one petty jealousies and interests of a tenth-rate German capital. He was not in the least ambitious of becoming the next grand ducal *kapellmeister*, and he did not care one kreutzer for the order of the Golden Pigtail.

So Temple Debenham's advisers threw their remonstrances away, and ended by taking offence at his obstinacy. If he would be deaf to counsel and blind to his own interests, it was at least no fault of theirs. They had done what they could to save him from a fatal error, and if, after all, he chose to ruin himself, he must do so. Even his mother (who, to do her justice, cared no more than himself for the order of the Golden Pigtail) was by no means convinced of the wisdom of her son's resolve. She reminded him that he was giving up certainty for uncertainty, substance for shadow; that it was possible to live in Germany for at least two-thirds less expense than in England; that he was already somebody in Zollenstrasse, but that he would find himself nobody in London; and a great deal more to the same effect. But all was in vain.

"It is of no use, mother," he said; "Zollenstrasse is not the place for me. I am made for something better. I may not succeed in getting that something better; but, at all events, I mean to try. So, please don't let us talk any more about it."

Now, when Temple Debenham said he meant to do a thing he invariably did it; and the widow, knowing that she might as well

acquiesce at once, opposed her son's determination no longer. So he resigned his sub-professorship and his seat in the grand ducal orchestra, packed up his music and his medals, received his double first-class certificate with all its seals, formulas, and flourishes, and bade a long farewell to the little capital which had been his home for nearly twelve years.

Thus armed, he exchanged Zollenstrasse for London, and with his mother, took a modest lodging overlooking a nursery-ground, somewhere near Canonbury, at Islington. And now, in accordance with that curious law by which a novice pretty surely wins at the first throw, Temple Debenham began with a success. Before he had been three weeks in London, the advertising columns of the *Times* announced that an organist was required for the parish church of St. Hildegarde the Martyr. He at once entered himself for the competition, and, thanks to his fine playing and his "double first-class" certificate, might almost be said to have walked over the course.

It was his first prize in the great lottery of London life; but, as time went on, it seemed destined also to be his last. We have already seen how sanguine were his hopes, and how, in the first flush of his first success, he overrated not only his position, but his prospects. This, however, was before he had found out that the regular congregation of St. Hildegarde's consisted of some fourteen persons, exclusive of the pew-opener and the clerk. Eighteen months had gone by since then, and his enthusiasm had had time to cool. The parish had brought him no connection, and his efforts to make himself known as a composer had all ended in disappointment. There, for instance, was the cantata—what pains he had lavished on that neatly-written score, and with what a beating heart he had left it at the door of a certain committee-room at Exeter Hall! But publishers are coy, and choral societies difficult, and the *opus magnus*, again and again rejected, was still unknown to fame. He had written a symphony since then, and was at work now upon an opera. His zeal, poor fellow, was yet unabated; his confidence in his own genius unimpaired. Thorough master of his subject, skilled in all the resources of his art, rich in ideas, in honest ambition, in hope, how should he not be conscious of the power that was in him? That he should feel bitter mortification when that ill-starred packet came back from the honorary secretary of this and that society was only natural. He may even have swal-

lowed down a tear "upon occasion;" but he bore his defeats gallantly enough for the most part, and as soon as one venture miscarried, was ready to put forth another. Seneca was not too heavy, nor Plautus too light for him. If the cantata was unlucky, the symphony might prove more fortunate; if the symphony missed fire, there was his pet mass in G minor; and, failing all these, an exhaustless mine of *Leider Ohne Worte*, chamber songs, madrigals, duets, trios, quartettes, and the like. Was not his brain full of them—full to overflowing? And was not he gifted with an invincible determination to succeed—somehow?

CHAPTER II.—A DAY'S WORK.

WHEN Temple Debenham turned back and locked himself in among the gathering shadows, it was with a conscious reluctance against which his pride of industry rose in prompt rebellion. He was weary, and would not confess that he was weary. He was even angry with himself for the instinctive yearning that drew him to the outer sunlight. It was his pleasure to stay; his day's work was done; his time was his own. He could have gone away if he preferred it; he had but to lock himself out of St. Hildegard's instead of locking himself in, and turn to the river or the parks, as might seem pleasantest to him. But he chose to stay behind in the little dark church, when the school practice was over, and the school children were gone, and he could enjoy the organ for as many hours as he chose without fear of interruption. To do this was one of the privileges of his situation. It was a privilege that he valued more than his twenty-five pounds a-year; for he had no piano of his own, and, of course, no organ, and to play upon some kind of instrument was about as necessary to him as food or sleep. Besides, he was always composing; and to go on day after day pouring out one's thoughts upon mere paper and ink—"piping," as it were, "to the spirit-ditties of no tone"—would have been dull work indeed. So Temple Debenham set great store by his rights and privileges, and exercised them freely.

It chanced, however, on this especial evening that he was really fagged, and wanted rest. His day had been a hard one, and had begun early. He had risen, in the first place, at five, and seating himself, as he was wont to do, at his bedroom window, had worked for two hours at one of the choruses of his opera. It was a double chorus sung by

monks and soldiers, with a strange old Gregorian chant cunningly interwoven among the parts, and a march in the accompaniment—a very grand affair, "full of sound and fury," winding up to a tremendous climax with rolling of drums, clashing of cymbals, and all manner of stormy orchestral effects; but produced noiselessly enough with a stumpy pencil and a few sheets of music-paper. And yet, to the young musician sitting at his open window in the clear cool morning light, now staring abstractedly over the nursery-gardens, now humming softly to himself, now scribbling a bar or two of complicated score, all those combinations, all the clashing of those cymbals and the rolling of those drums, were distinctly audible. He heard them as vividly as if the orchestra and chorus were drawn up under his window; ay, and he saw the stage too—all the marching to and fro, all the waving plumes, the flashing armour, the crosses and banners, and the scenic background with its deep blue sky. For the mind is gifted with ear as well as eye, and the mental tympanum of the musician is as mysteriously capable as the mental retina of the painter. The painter standing before the blank canvas sees his picture already complete—sees it by an effort, as it were, but quite distinctly, with all its light and shadow, its outline, its play of colour. He does not merely fancy that he sees it. He is under no illusion. He makes use of no figure of speech. He *sees*, and sees so literally that physiologists have more than once questioned whether images thus vividly created by the imagination may not be actually reflected on the retina of the eye. So, too, the musician. Given a complicated edifice of staves built up one above the other like the stories of a Chinese pagoda, violins or voices at the top, drums at the bottom, and all imaginable stringed and brazen instruments piled up between, he can run his eye along the whole—mass the column together in his brain—hear the crash with which the performers lead off—mark the flitting of the melody as it lights first on one instrument and then upon another—trace the airy flights of the violins, the cooing of the clarionets, the surly comments of the basses—listen to every effect—analyse every modulation—taste every subtle discord—*hear* the whole composition, in short, and hear it with a sense as perfect and mysterious as that by which the painter sees his future picture. A strange, half-divine sort of power this! A power granted to some in only a limited degree—from some altogether withheld; but possessed by Temple Deben-

ham in all its fulness as he sat, morning after morning, pouring forth his dumb symphonies and choruses with as true an ear to their effect as if he had the resources of a Costa at command.

Having written, then, for two hours, the young man swept his papers into a drawer, paused a moment at his mother's door to say good-bye as he passed, hastily swallowed the customary cup of cold tea left for him on the parlour table, and started away for the City at a gallant pace. It was by this time nearly half-past seven. The tide of clerks and om-

nibuses had not yet begun to flow eastward, and the shopkeepers along Islington Green were only just beginning to take down their shutters as he went by. Even the time-keeper's stool was vacant at the "Angel," and the City Road, so busy an hour or two later, was as yet scarcely awake. Punctual, however, as the High-Church incumbent himself, the organist was at his post by five minutes before eight, and the early service was performed to a congregation of five. This done, he betook himself to a certain dreary corner house in Finsbury Square, where



"His mother drew his head to her bosom, kissed him, wept over him, clung to him."

he administered piano lessons twice a week to the infant daughters of one of his churchwardens. To Temple Debenham these lessons were sources of exquisite misery—the bitterest drop in his cup—the heaviest penalty that poverty called on him to pay. The churchwarden was a meat salesman somewhere in the City. His wife weighed eighteen stone. They were excellent people; vulgar; ostentatious; good-natured; utterly distasteful to the luckless organist whose fate it was to be brought into contact with them. Their well-meant hospitality irritated him. Their

English made him shudder. Their guineas weighed him down with a crushing sense of humiliation. He endured his disgust, however, in silence, and breathed no word of it to his mother, who would have suffered more than himself in knowing it.

By the time the Finsbury Square ordeal was over, it was mid-day—broiling, glaring, dusty mid-day; and Temple Debenham was due at the Crystal Palace at two o'clock, where, for no pecuniary consideration whatever, but in the mere hope of becoming known as a performer, he played every other

afternoon for two hours on Messrs. Stumpf and Hammerfest's new grand double-action pianoforte. Few listened to him. Nobody appreciated him. He never gained a stiver by the transaction; and, being too poor to afford the omnibus fare, wore out in three months as many pairs of boots as would have lasted him for a year at Zollenstrasse-am-Main. Still, a dogged sort of persistence being one of the strong points of this young man's character, he held to the faint chance, such as it was, and tramped the weary Sydenham road in wind, rain, dust, and sunshine, thrice a week. Drier, dustier, sunnier, longer, than ever seemed the miles, duller than ever the British public, more than ever intolerable the great glass palace, this hot June day. Temple Debenham struggled, oh, how wearily! through his appointed task. He loathed Messrs. Stumpf and Hammerfest's new double-action grand. He abhorred the young lady with light eyes who said "How pretty!" after the Sonata Pathétique, and asked him for the Post Horn Galop. He hated the people in open carriages, the people on horseback, the very costermongers and omnibus conductors who passed him on the road as he toiled back to town. And then, having partaken of a stale roll and a cup of muddy coffee at a dreary little shop in the Borough, he found himself once again at St. Hildegard's. Here the school children were assembled for their weekly drill; and so, after an hour of chanting and psalm singing, his day's work came to a close. And a tolerably hard one it had been, too, extending over some fourteen hours, and including no interval of rest. He might well feel languid. He might well sigh for the quiet breath of the summer evening. But he put the impulse aside as if it were treasonable; and, forcing his thoughts back into the old musical groove, returned to his seat at the organ.

It was a poor little organ enough, built of stained deal, ornamented with a graduated row of plain zinc pipes, and standing about eight feet high. It looked like an overgrown set of Pandean pipes, such as might have fitted the "capacious mouth" of Sicilian Polyphemus. Small as it was, however, it did not want for tone, and had no less than fifteen stops, besides an octave and a half of pedals.

"If you please, sir," said a shrill voice from the back, "am I to begin to blow?"

Whereupon Temple Debenham took a tumbled roll of manuscript from his pocket; swooped down upon the whole fifteen stops at once; said, "Yes, blow away, Timothy!" and began.

It was his chorus—his chorus of monks and soldiers, with the march accompaniment, which he had been at work upon in the morning. Well might he desire Timothy to "blow away," and well might Timothy—a tiny fellow in canary-coloured shorts—fling himself upon the bellows like a charity boy possessed. The whole power of the organ was on, and Temple Debenham, thundering away with his trumpet stops and diapasons, gave that luckless blower more than enough to do. Higher and higher rose the defiance of the soldiers, deeper and deeper rolled the warning antistrophe of the monks, and still the exertions of the small boy at the back kept pace with the inspiration of the player. At length, when he had blown himself almost off his legs and utterly out of breath, the performance came to an end. The wind went out with a gasp. The blower dropped upon his bench exhausted. The composer pulled out a pencil, and scrawled notes on the margin of his manuscript. It was the lull following the tempest; and in the midst of it, startling the echoes after quite another fashion, came a tremendous thumping and rattling at the church door. Temple Debenham bit his lips, settled himself in his seat, and went on pencilling.

"Please, sir," said Timothy, peeping cautiously round the corner, "there's somebody at the door."

"Somebody is welcome to stay there. Blow again, my man."

So Timothy went back to his blowing, and Debenham to his chorus, and the applicant outside remained unanswered. No sooner, however, was the organ again silent than the knocking began more vigorously than ever. Timothy ventured once more to the rescue.

"Please, sir," he said, "shan't I go?"

"No."

"But—I think it's Mr. Blyth, sir."

"Who gave you leave to think at all?"

"Please, sir, I—I don't know," stammered Timothy, abashed.

"Your business here is to blow—not to think," continued the organist, with severity. "Be so good, Timothy, as to remember that fact for the future."

Whereupon the small boy slunk away, profoundly depressed, and Temple Debenham, having jotted down another bar or two, rose very leisurely, and went towards the door. The "cannoneer without" had, in the meanwhile, continued to knock in the most cheerful and untiring manner, delivering his blows in volleys, and showering them down upon the stout old panels with the greatest pre-

cision and brilliancy. He was in the midst of a rattling fantasia, when the door suddenly opened and brought his operations to a close.

CHAPTER III.—A PAIR OF FRIENDS.

THE door fell back, and the two who there found themselves face to face shook hands over the threshold. They were about the same age. They were as nearly as possible about the same height. And yet it would have been difficult in the course of a long morning's walk to find two young men who in every other particular, whether of mind or person, were more curiously dissimilar than Temple Debenham and Archibald Blyth. They were familiar acquaintances. They called themselves friends. But they had scarcely a taste, scarcely a topic in common. They must, one would fancy, have been drawn to each other by some law entirely the reverse of that to which chemists give the name of elective affinity.

The one was essentially an artist; contemplative, reserved, indifferent for the most part to those things by which the passions and prejudices of the majority are chiefly swayed, and, like all who dwell in a world of their own creation, somewhat unsympathetic in his relations with his fellow-men. The other, on the contrary, was a "City man" born and bred; interested in business matters and business gossip, active, light-hearted, facile, easily pleased, easily persuaded, and given to the lavish exercise of a wit, which was, in truth, of the smallest calibre. To Temple Debenham, on the contrary, were given an iron will, a patent strength of purpose, and a profound energy of character which wore too often the outward aspect of sullenness or scorn. Nor did the contrast end here. It went beyond diversity of disposition, of pursuits, of mental culture, and extended to mere personal appearance. They were to the full as unlike each other in style and feature as in all the rest.

The portrait of Archibald Blyth may be sketched in a dozen words. He was fair and boyish-looking; had frank, bright eyes, rather blue than grey; a dimple in his chin; and the most good-natured smile in the world. He cultivated his whiskers after the latest stock-exchange fashion. He delighted in a white hat and a blue cravat. And he had a weakness for jewellery. He dressed, in short, with that "City" smartness which, however difficult to define, is distinctly characteristic of the class to which it belongs. Of that class the organist's friend might fairly be taken as a type. One may see dozens of Archibald

Blyths more or less jewelled, white-hatted, and blue cravated, flitting to and fro about Mark Lane, Leadenhall Street, and Cheapside, any sunshiny morning between March and October.

Adequately to transfer to paper the outward man of Temple Debenham is a less easy matter; and this chiefly, perhaps, because in him the outward was for the most part but an indication of the inward. As the jagged outlines of a mountain summit betray the secret of its formation, so in his face was every line, in some sense, a graven hieroglyphic, and in his general bearing, each wonted gesture of special signification. He was not handsome. He was not even what is called "striking looking" at first sight, because the expression of power that would have made him so to a merely casual observer was controlled, almost concealed, by habitual reserve. His brow was broad rather than lofty; prominent and overhanging above the eyes, as was the brow of Handel, of Beethoven, of most famous musicians. His eyes were dark, deep-set, luminous; seeming, however, to lose their light at times, as if it were turned inward—and then blazing out again, like a beacon on the sea. The chin and jaw were square cut, strong, yet delicate; the lips, on the other hand, were thin, flexible, somewhat compressed, as if to keep down their involuntary play of expression; and, though capable of lighting up into a smile singularly grave and sweet, were not wholly free from a lurking suspicion of sarcasm about the corners. He was tall, nearly six feet in height; sparsely yet strongly built; lengthy of limb; light and swift of step; with something resolute and eager-looking in the very stoop of his head and shoulders—for it was a stoop that told neither of indolence nor weakness, but of *onwardness*, as if life were literally a race, and he were for ever pressing forward. He wore his hair long, after the fashion of German students in general; and upon his upper lip a heavy, drooping, brown moustache, which he was wont to gnaw furiously when he was playing. And his hands were long, slender, supple, with nerves and muscles of steel beneath their delicate surface; and his complexion was pale; and his voice was grave and clear;—and when all these things are said, we have no portrait of the man after all; but only a *catalogue raisonné* of his inches, colour, and so forth; the which conveys no more idea of his personality than a map conveys of the scenery of Switzerland. Here, we say, is a lake—there a valley—between these mountains a pass. The mountains

stand so many thousand feet high. The pass is so many thousand feet above the level of the sea. "Words—words—words!" What have these measurements to tell us of the glory of the everlasting peaks, of the scented gloom of the pine forest, of the rose-flush on the snow-field, of the gentian shivering on the brink of the glacier? The poorest sketch ever committed to paper were in this case more effectual than the best map that money could purchase; as the commonest photograph of Temple Debenham would here be worth more than a volume of elaborate description. Such as it is, however, the portrait must stand—in default of a better.

And these were the two who shook hands that summer evening over the threshold of St. Hildegarde the Martyr.

"Sorry to interrupt you," said Debenham, grimly.

The new comer flung away the end of his cigar, and stepped in without waiting for an invitation.

"My dear fellow," he said, "don't mention it. I am charmed to exchange any occupation, however instructive or entertaining, for your society."

The organist shrugged his shoulders and re-locked the door.

"Go on," he said; "you know the way. What a diabolical *vacarme* you have been making!"

"You recognised the 'Huntsmen's Chorus?'"

"Not I."

"Then, Orestes, the delicate susceptibilities of thy Pylades are wounded. Methought that soul-stirring strain, albeit performed with no more capable instrument than the prosaic walking-stick of daily life, would have waked a familiar echo to thine ear."

"I thought you would have battered the door in," replied Debenham.

"And I—horrible suspicion!—I feared my friend was stricken with deafness."

Temple Debenham, who had by this time resumed his place at the organ, muttered some not very intelligible apology, and suggested that his visitor should be seated.

"What if I take one of those not too luxurious *prie-dieu* chairs—will it be sacrilege, O my Orestes?"

"If you could be rational for only five minutes, Archie, I should be so much obliged to you."

The new comer took out his watch.

"It wants precisely four minutes to eight," he said, gravely. "I promise to be unexceptionally rational till one minute past the hour."

Accept the effort, my dear fellow, as a tribute to friendship."

The organist struck an impatient chord or two.

"Where do you come from?" he asked presently. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Ask me, rather, why I am here now?"

"I should hardly be so uncivil."

"Is it possible?"

"Besides, I can guess. You have nothing better to do."

"Not a bit of it. I have a good deal that is better to do."

"Then why . . . ?"

"Exactly so. Why—not being born for the express purpose of blushing unseen—should I waste my sweetness, and so forth? Because I have been over to the Regent's Park this afternoon, and seen the Hardwicks."

"*Qu'est ce que cela me fait?* The Hardwicks are nothing to me."

"Pardon me. The Hardwicks, my Orestes, are something to you. Josiah Hardwicke is an undoubted something to you. Does not the whole parish, such as it is, belong to him?"

"What of that? I am not a part of the parish."

"You belong to it—you, and the parson, the clerk, the beadle, and the charity children. You are his loyal subjects, every one of you. There, don't look fierce. I am not asking you to do him homage. I am only reminding you that he is the father of his people, and that it's better worth your while to have him for a friend than an enemy."

"I am not aware," said Debenham, haughtily, "that Mr. Hardwicke is called upon to be either my friend or my enemy."

Archibald Blyth uttered a subdued groan, and for a few moments there was silence. Then, looking down and fidgeting with his cane, he said:—

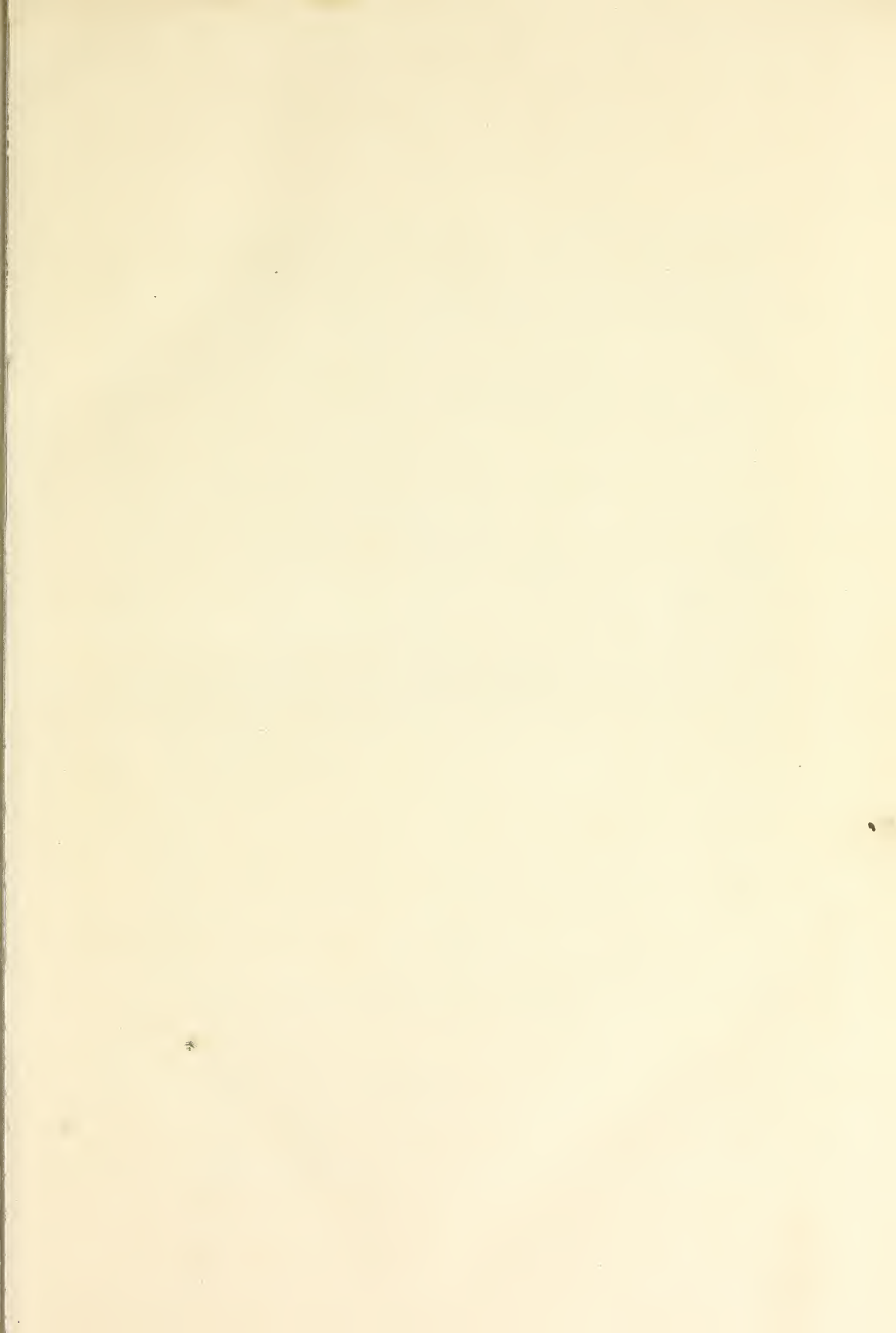
"Now, Debenham, look here! Let us talk sense. Your name turned up to-day at Strathellan House—and—and the opportunity occurring, I—I . . . by Jove, I'm afraid to tell you."

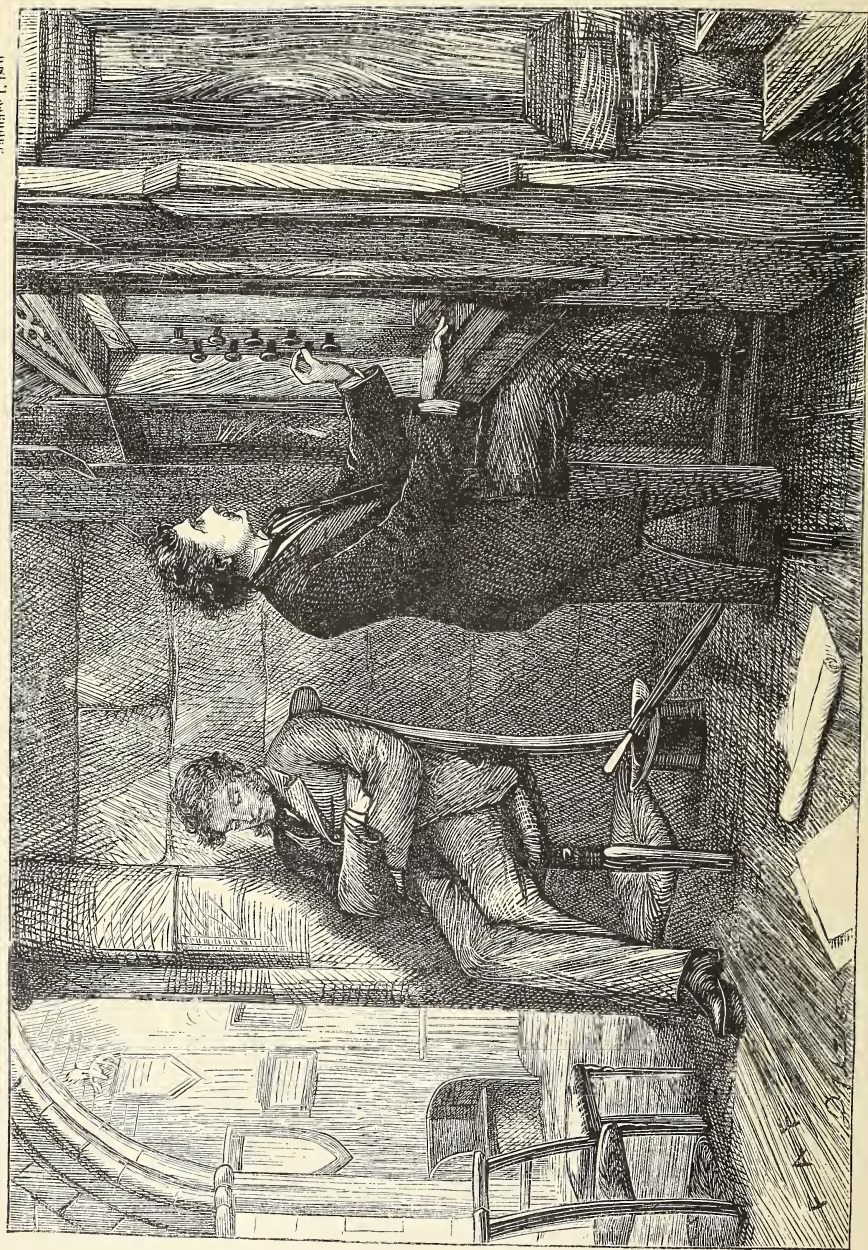
"Afraid?"

"Well, you're so impracticable, you know. But I thought it might pave the way to something better, and—and money is money . . ."

The organist faced suddenly round.

"Confound you, Archie," he said, almost angrily, "what folly have you been committing in my name? Out with it!"





"Well, Hardwicke gives one of his great parties to-morrow night, and they had engaged Thalberg to play—they always engage some musical star for their great gatherings, you know."

"Yes, yes; I have heard you say so. Go on."

"This afternoon, however, Thalberg telegraphs to say that he is detained in Paris by a command from the Tuileries, and cannot keep his engagement. Pylades being present when the telegram is delivered, at once proposes Orestes. I, Pylades, undertake that you, Orestes, shall take Thalberg's place. The Hardwicke commission me to offer you ten guineas for the evening, and—*me voici!*"

A shadow passed over Temple Debenham's face.

"How do they know that I am competent to take Thalberg's place?" he said.

"Because I told them all about you."

"Indeed! And may I ask what that was?"

"Oh, I said, what a wonderful musician you were; and how you composed; and that you had taken a musical degree at that place in Germany . . ."

"I took nothing of the kind. The Academy has no power to confer degrees. It is not an university."

"Then what is that parchment affair that you once showed me, with all the seals and flourishes?"

"Pooh!—my certificate."

"Well, it's much the same thing. I engaged, at all events, that you should play as well as Thalberg, if not better; and here I am, the bearer of their offer."

The organist looked down uneasily.

"It is a very liberal offer," he said; "but . . ."

"You are not going to decline it?"

Debenham hesitated.

"No," he said. "That is, I am not sure. I cannot afford to decline it."

"Then why hesitate?"

"Because—well, I have played, of course, at the Grand Duke's parties; but then in Germany the social position of the artist is so different; and—and he was the Grand Duke, after all. It is not quite the same thing, Archie."

"My cousin is not a German grand duke, if that is what you mean. But he is an English merchant, and a gentleman."

"I don't doubt that Mr. Hardwicke is a gentleman," replied the organist, hastily; "but, then, in what light would he regard me? As an inferior?"

"No, no, of course not! As my friend—as an artist."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Beyond a doubt. But—but then there's Claudia."

"Who is Claudia?"

"Hardwicke's sister—mistress of his house—handsome—horribly proud—not a pleasant person, I admit. A sort of Edith Dombey, you know. Frightens a fellow out of his senses at the first glance."

"I don't think she would frighten me," said Debenham, smiling.

"Ah, you don't know her," replied Mr. Blyth, with a prolonged shake of the head. "She's a beautiful refrigerator, my Orestes. However, if you are not daunted . . ."

"Neither by her beauty nor her pride," said the organist. "I cannot afford to be afraid of a lady."

"Then I may say that you accept?"

"Yes. At what hour?"

"Ten o'clock precisely. They have condescended to invite me this time. Shall we go together, or do you prefer to go alone?"

"I think I will go alone, if you don't mind, Archie. And now, having disposed of that matter, shall I play to you?"

"Do—always provided that you play down to my level. I can't stand Bach."

"The *Gloria* from Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass,' then?"

"I had rather hear the prayer from 'Masa-niello.'"

"As Christopher Sly, when he might have quaffed sack, called for 'a pot o' the smallest ale.' Oh, Archie, Archie, are you not ashamed of your taste?"

With this protest, Temple Debenham turned again to his organ, and, having played the prayer "by desire," glided thence into a stream of extemporaneous composition, down which, unconscious of the deepening twilight, he suffered his fancy to float as it listed—a stream that followed every capricious twist and turn of his wandering thoughts; now sparkling in sunshine—now darkling in shadow—now lingering tenderly about some little phrase of melody, sweet and wild as water-side blossoms; now breaking away, and eddying on from key to key in a tumult of strange modulations; now falling into a sudden trance of calm, tender and lulling as though the breath of the lotus were being wafted upon the face of the waters; and at last, after many a hindrance and many a "winding bout," flowing on to a close in one majestic strain, like a tidal river widening to the sea. Long before he came to his journey's end, however, Temple

Debenham lost all remembrance of the listener for whose entertainment he was supposed to be playing, and left off at last to find the church all darkness, and Archibald Blyth as profoundly asleep as Bedreddin Hassan at the gate of Damascus.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HARDWICKES.

JOSIAH HARDWICKE, Esquire, of Strathellan House, Regent's Park, Hardwicke Hall, Kent, and the parish of St. Hildegard the Martyr, situate within the liberties of the City of London, in the county of Middlesex, was a man of very considerable wealth, and much respected in the commercial world. He was a merchant, and he came of a family of merchants, many of whom had been City magnates in their day—none, by the way, more notable than his uncle, the well-known Sir Thomas Hardwicke, Knt., forty-four years alderman, and, like Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. For himself, however, Mr. Hardwicke placed but slight value on civic dignities. He had, indeed, declined them so often that his fellow-citizens had at length grown weary of pressing them upon him. Neither the robe of the Common Councilman, nor the Aldermanic gown, nor the golden collar of the Mayor, possessed any kind of attraction for him. Being elected Sheriff, he paid the fine sooner than accept the office. He objected even to be chairman of a board, or to preside at a public dinner. It was, in short, his peculiarity—perhaps his pride—lightly to esteem those things which most City men covet. To know that his signature was “good” on any Exchange in Europe, that his agents were to be found in all great commercial ports, and his ships on every ocean highway, was all the distinction he professed to value.

Mr. Hardwicke was one of those portly, suave, middle-aged, and somewhat pompous bachelors, of whom one is ready to predict at first sight that they will remain bachelors to the end of the chapter. His features were good, his complexion florid, his hair iron grey, curling, and abundant. Pardonably vain of a handsome foot and hand, he was scrupulous in the matter of boots and gloves; and, indeed, generally solicitous respecting the adornment of his outward man.

With regard to what Anthony à Wood would have styled “his intellectuals,” Mr. Hardwicke was a man of good average education, and more than average capacity. He had gone to school at Harrow, and stayed there longer than most lads destined for the City. He had travelled. He spoke French

with fluency and refinement; and he had some taste for art—a taste sound enough as far as it went, but neither sufficiently deep nor sufficiently cultivated to lead him beyond the precincts of the French Salon or the English Academy. Of the merits of a Giotto, a Perugino, a John Bellini, he had no perception whatever. He tried to relish Raffaele, but entertained a secret preference for Carlo Dolce; and he esteemed Meissonier above every other painter, living or dead. Still, he did care for pictures, and he not only cared for them, but bought them; and as his taste was essentially modern, and as the pictures he bought were really good, it followed that Mr. Hardwicke's money went for the encouragement of living art, and the support of the living painter, and so did more positive service than if he had been imbued with the strictest classicism from his youth upwards.

A man's house, however, must be to some extent a reflection of himself. Granted that the upholsterer and decorator supply both taste and furniture, enough must always remain to indicate something of the culture and proclivities of the possessor. By means of the pictures on his walls, and the books, or absence of books, on his table—by his dogs, his birds, his flowers—nay, even by his walking-stick and umbrella, one may draw many a shrewd inference, and supply many a *lacuna*. In like manner, had a practised observer been set down within the precincts of Strathellan House, he would have found on every side indications, slight but certain, on which to found his estimate of the master of the establishment. It was a very big house to begin with,—one of the biggest and finest houses in the Regent's Park, furnished throughout with the biggest and finest furniture. It had a front like a Grecian temple; a Gothic lodge; a handsome carriage drive; huge conservatories; a built-out ballroom forty feet in length; and gardens planned in the Italian style, sloping down to the ornamental water at the back. It was, in short, just such a house as it seems impossible to describe without falling into the style of one of Messrs. Christie and Manson's advertisements. There was the entrance-hall, like the hall of a clubhouse, with busts of the twelve Cæsars standing on Scagliola pillars round the walls. There was the spacious staircase carpeted with the richest and softest velvet pile carpeting, up which Mr. Hardwicke's guests might have walked six abreast. There was the suite of reception rooms, three in number—the yellow damask room, the blue satin

room, and the crimson velvet room—all panelled with enormous looking-glasses, lit by chandeliers like pendant fountains, and crowded with gilded furniture, pictures in heavy Italian frames, tables of Florentine mosaic, cabinets in buhl and marqueterie, ormolu clocks, and expensive trifles from all quarters of the globe. Here was nothing antique—nothing rare, save for its costliness. Here were no old masters, no priceless pieces of majolica, no Cellini caskets, no enamels, no intagli, no Etruscan tazze, or Pompeian relics: but in their place great vases of the finest modern Sèvres, paintings by Frith, Maclise, Stanfield, Meissonier, and David Roberts, bronzes by Barbedienne, Chinese ivory carvings, and wonderful clockwork toys from Geneva. The malachite table in the boudoir came from the International Exhibition of 1851; the marble group in the alcove at the end of the third drawing-room was by Marochetti; the Gobelin tapestries were among the latest products of the Imperial looms. Money, in short, was there omnipresent—money in abundance; and even taste. But not taste of the highest order. Not that highly trained taste which seems to “run” in certain classes of society, like handsome hands or fine complexions. Mr. Hardwicke, however, had no claim to this kind of hereditary culture. He sprang from no aristocratic stock. His childhood had not been spent in the midst of old family Holbeins and Vandykes, or under the shade of ancestral oaks. Born within hearing of Bow bells, brought up to regard the City as his destiny, transferred from Harrow to the counting-house at nineteen years of age, and living ever since in an atmosphere of trade, it was, on the whole, extremely creditable to him that he should know and care as much as he did about the graceful things of life. In all these matters, however, Miss Hardwicke's taste and influence should be taken into account,—and Miss Hardwicke's influence was paramount in Mr. Hardwicke's house.

She was his youngest and only surviving sister—a handsome, haughty, stately woman, who ruled the merchant's household after a queen-like fashion, and had so ruled it since the day when she first came home from the continental boarding-school at which her education had been finished. Rich by the inheritance of two separate fortunes, the one coming to her under her mother's marriage settlement, the other under the will of her uncle, the ex-lord mayor and alderman—proud with a pride that was in no wise concerned with either her wealth or her beauty,

unless in the scorning of all wealth amassed in trade, and of all beauty that had not its source in noble blood—ambitious in her secret heart of hearts, passionately ambitious of rank, of social distinction, of power in any shape—cold in manner—colder still in speech—a silent hostess, and an indifferent guest, Claudia Hardwicke enjoyed the honour of being very cordially disliked by the bulk of her brother's acquaintances. Towards City men, their wives, daughters, entertainments, conversation, society, and all therewith connected, she cherished a profound distaste; and this distaste she was at no pains to conceal. She would talk French and German across Mrs. Alderman Butterworth throughout a long City dinner, bestowing no more notice upon that superb matron than if she were a lay figure in velvet and diamonds. At her own receptions she would studiously ignore the musical acquirements of the Jenkinson girls (though they sang really well, and had seventy thousand pounds apiece), and made a point of engaging what Archibald Blyth called a “musical star” for the evening. At certain state parties, where the great City dames vied with each other in splendour, she would appear in the simplest toilet that good taste and a first-class dressmaker could devise, without an ornament of any description. And because she did these and a thousand other things of the same kind, and because, being a woman, and a clever one, she knew precisely how and where to plant every *banderilla* that a scornful wit could suggest, Miss Hardwicke counted her foes by the score, and rejoiced in her unpopularity.

But with all her magnificent scorn of men and things, Miss Hardwicke was mortal and had her failings. There was something great about her pride, but there was also something small. Truth to tell, she “dearly loved a lord.” Title, precedence, a coronet on her carriage panels, a footing in the *grande monde*—these were the glories for which she sighed. She held them to be not shadows, but substantial things; and she was destined, perhaps, to find out some day that they were but shadows after all.

CHAPTER V.—THE PARTY AT STRATHELLAN HOUSE.

WRAPT in some sort of loose German overcoat adorned in the orthodox German-student fashion, with braid and buttons in abundance, Temple Debenham made his way up the avenue and into the hall of Strathellan House. The night outside was intensely dark; the hall a blaze of light; so

that he was for a moment almost dazzled to find himself in the presence of the twelve Cæsars and Mr. Hardwicke's footmen. He came on foot, and the dust on his boots betrayed him. He carried a roll of music in his hand. And he waited in the hall to put on his white gloves before going up-stairs. The twelve Cæsars and the twin giants in livery looked on contemptuously. They had seen the sort of thing before, and they knew what it meant.

"Come to play the piano," whispered Thomas to John.

"Looks poor enough, too," responded John. "But then there's poor and rich, the same as in everything else. The last we had came in his private brougham, like a gentleman."

And then a carriage full of ladies drove up, and the organist went up-stairs and presented himself at the door of the first drawing-room, unannounced.

It was a very splendid room, gorgeously furnished, but almost empty. A little group of gentlemen about the fireplace and a young lady turning over a volume of engravings at a side-table, were its only occupants. There was a sound of many voices in the reception-rooms beyond, but the young man did not like to venture farther. The damsel at the side-table looked up for a moment; but the gentlemen at the fireplace, eager in discussion, seemed not even to observe that another guest was present. So Temple Debenham, after lingering for a few minutes near the door, wandered over to the table, and, keeping as far as possible from the young lady already in possession, took refuge also in a book.

Because he had not yet been received, he would not take a seat; but, still holding his roll of music in one hand, stooped over the volume, chafing inwardly. He had seen the ladies who arrived after him ushered into a ground-floor room where tea and coffee were served. Why had he not been shown there also? Why, at least, had neither of the big footmen conducted him up-stairs, and announced his name at the door? Did they know who he was? Had they been instructed beforehand to treat him with indignity? He told himself if it were so—if he could be sure it were so—he would straightway walk down-stairs, and never enter the house again.

At this moment appeared one of the twin giants at the drawing-room door, vociferating with all the power of his lungs the names of "Mrs. Blower, Miss Blower, Miss Juliana Blower, Miss Bianca Blower;" and in sailed

the four ladies whom the organist had encountered in the hall. At almost the same moment Mr. Hardwicke came forward from the adjoining room to receive them. He shook hands with Mrs. Blower; he bowed to each of Mrs. Blower's daughters; he inquired solicitously after the health of various absent Blowers. Then he gave his arm to Mrs. Blower, and led her and hers into those more distant rooms where the company seemed mostly to have congregated.

The cloud on Debenham's brow deepened. He fancied that Mr. Hardwicke's eye had lighted on him as he turned away; and to be seen and not welcomed was even worse than to be neither seen nor welcomed.

"If he saw me at all," thought he, "he must have known me; and if he knew me, he is bound to welcome me to his house." And then he remembered having asked Archie Blyth how he should be treated if he came, and Archie had protested that he would be received and regarded as a guest—a guest *pur et simple*. But surely he had been a fool to take Archie's word in the matter. He might have known how it would be. He might have known that, having consented to come to this man's house for money—for ten miserable guineas—he had, as it were, sold himself for the time being, and become, in a certain sense, the man's inferior.

"He has hired me," he muttered, as he bent still lower over the album with which he was pretending to be occupied. "I am his servant to-night, and he treats me as his servant."

And reflecting thus, Temple Debenham contrived so to aggravate himself that he was on the point of shutting up the book and shaking the dust of Mr. Hardwicke's house from off his feet, when a hand was suddenly laid upon his shoulder, and a familiar voice said close to his ear:—

"Well, old fellow, do you think it like?"

"Like!" he echoed. "Do I think what like?"

"Why, that, to be sure."

And Archibald Blyth, scented, curled, gloved, and gorgeous with jewellery, laid his finger on a certain carte de visite inserted in the page over which his friend happened to be bending.

"Is it meant for you?" asked Debenham, who, intently as he had seemed to be looking, had not seen a photograph in the book till this moment.

"Most people think it a capital likeness. It's one of Silvy's."

"And this?"

"Horatio Slawkins, son of Sir Obadiah Slawkins, who was Lord Mayor a few years ago, and got knighted—I've no notion why. The whole tribe of Slawkins will be here to-night, I suppose. Are the other rooms pretty full?"

"I do not know," replied Debenham. "I have not been into them."

"You've seen my cousins?"

"Mr. Hardwicke came through just now, to receive some ladies. I should not know Miss Hardwicke, if I were to see her."

"Here's her portrait—not half handsome enough, of course; but like her."

"Not handsome at all, to my mind," said the organist, who was in no mood just then to admire anything.

"Ah, you won't say that when you see the original. Her features are perfect, and she has the air of a queen."

"Of a tragedy queen, I should say."

"No, there's no pretence about her; it's all pride, and the pride is real enough. She has about as much heart, you know, as a cricket-ball."

The guests by this time were arriving rapidly, passing for the most part direct into the farther drawing-rooms, and thence, by degrees, overflowing back again into the first. Of these the majority were merchants, stock-brokers, aldermen, and so forth, with their wives and families; with here and there a West-end banker, or an aristocratic railway director with a handle to his name.

Archibald Blyth, not a little proud of his wealthy kinsfolk and the splendours of Strathellon House, stayed by his friend, pointing out most of the guests by name, bowing to some, being spoken to by others, and stealing a side-glance now and then at the musician's face to measure the extent of his admiration.

"That's old Lady Tuke," he whispered eagerly, "wife of Sir Sloman Tuke, the member for Jogglebury; and that little dark man now talking to her is Abrahams—Japhet Abrahams, you know, of the firm of Abrahams and Gabriel—a man worth his two millions and a half, if he's worth a penny. The couple now coming in are Sheriff Bidles and his wife. He will be the next Lord Mayor; she was the widow of Alderman Sharples. Immensely rich—fine woman—knows how to dress. Don't see such diamonds every day, do we, my Orestes? Ah, here comes Mr. Choake—your parson, old fellow. Why don't you bow to him?"

"He is the vicar of St. Hildegarde's—I am only the organist," replied Debenham, draw-

ing himself to his full height. "Let him bow to me, if he is so disposed."

But the Reverend Tobias Choake—a tall, pallid, lank-haired young man, who fasted on Fridays and saints' days, advocated auricular confession, and was suspected of wearing a hair-shirt under his patent Eureka—passed on with an air of the deepest abstraction, recognising no one.

"There goes a fellow who would give anything if he might be allowed to shave a little round place on the top of his head," said Archie, laughing. "By Jove! here's Washington Flack. Wonderful man!—Yankee—writes for the *Transatlantic Exterminator*—goes everywhere—knows everything about everybody. Shall I introduce you?"

Debenham, however, had no wish to become acquainted with the man who knew everything about everybody; and that illustrious American having recognised Archibald Blyth by a passing salutation, was swept on by the stream.

An hour—more than an hour—had now gone by, and Temple Debenham had not yet penetrated beyond the outer room. But the outer room was by this time almost as full as the others, and quite as noisy. The guests seemed, for the most part, to be acquainted, and talked familiarly, as City people talk whose interests, occupations, and topics are alike. The young man stood apart, scanning somewhat curiously, perhaps also somewhat critically, this gallery of *bourgeois* heads. Scraps of a hundred conversations buzzed about his ears—greetings, gossip, the news of the day, the price of shares, the bank rate of discount, the Greek loan, the state of the money market, the stoppage of the Anglo-Abyssinian Bank, the rumoured failure of Clint and Clutterbuck, the aspect of American politics, the prospects of the cotton trade. It was money, money, money; on all sides, money; on every lip the same song; in every mind the one prevailing idea.

"Come, Debenham," said his friend, secretly disappointed by the indifference with which the musician was looking on, "did you ever see anything like this down at that place in Germany?"

"Like *this*?" repeated Debenham, with a curious emphasis on the pronoun.

"Such diamonds, you know—such dresses—such wealth? Why, there must be over three hundred people here already, and I don't suppose there are fifty out of the number who are not rich—very rich, indeed."

"I understand. Money is here what rank was at Zollenstrasse. A case of purse *versus*

pedigree—the 'gowd's' the 'man,' and his banker's book is his patent of nobility. *À la bonne heure! Autre temps, autre mœurs.*"

"I'd sooner be a rich English merchant than a beggarly German duke, any day," retorted the City man, half angrily.

At this moment a voice, almost at Deben-

ham's shoulder, said, not loudly, but with singular distinctness:—

"It is time we had some music. Does any one know where this paragon of Archie's is to be found?"

He turned, and found himself face to face with Mr. Hardwicke and a lady.

PAMPHLETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

By THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I.—THE WANTS OF MAN IN THE MATTER OF RELIGION.

WHY is not an attempt made to get rid of religion? Men of the world must find it a great plague. It robs them of one day in the week, as far as outward business is concerned. It obliges them to submit to, and bear part in, a great deal of what they must feel to be atrocious humbug. It keeps them in bondage, both in words and acts, to a cumbrous etiquette, borrowed from days whose habits and rules have passed away. And, considered as furnishing a means of investment, its returns are but capricious, and, on an average, pitifully small.

Why, then, is it not got rid of? It would appear as if nothing could be easier. Let a compact society be formed, of men well to do in the world, who shall agree to drop it, as far as by the law they may: to proceed, in their words and acts, as if there were no such thing. The trouble saved would be so great, the additional profit and luxury so evident, that they surely would be very soon joined by numbers more, and thence the association would spread into other ranks and strata of society: the world would at length awake to its real interests, superstition and bigotry would disappear, and the conversion of mankind to common sense would be complete.

It is really strange that nothing of the kind is done. And all the more strange, because it is continually beginning to be done. Every few years, some man comes forward, and proves to us that all religion is a fiction out of men's own heads. There is a great sensation for a time. Men meet together, and talk about forming the association for getting rid of religion. Sometimes, even the preliminary machinery is arranged. An organization is set on feet. A press is established. Convincing and triumphant pamphlets are issued, one after another; and at last religion is announced as altogether demolished. But somehow, the movement never gets any further. Propaganda after

propaganda passes away, and the association never fairly sets about its work.

The question then recurs, Why do not men get rid of religion? And the answer is a very simple one, deduced from the facts of the case: BECAUSE THEY CANNOT DO WITHOUT IT.

The course of things is very much this. Up to a certain time, the bold face is worn, the anti-religious movement goes on; the press works triumphantly, in the estimation of him who evokes it. And then—a blow falls, and all is at an end, as far as the prime agent is concerned. A face and a voice are missing from his family circle, or a frail integument of life has given away within him, and the end of life looms up before him—and farewell propaganda! Could you look within that curtained window, there he sits with his Bible.

Now, the result of this peep is very much in *his* favour; but it is not at all in favour of the association for getting rid of religion. We seem to see that it will never live to do its great work. Member after member drops away to the enemy. It is like the old story of the man who tried to teach his horse to do without eating. Just as he was beginning to succeed, the horse died.

Mankind, then, cannot do without religion. But again, WHY?

And we may answer this last question directly and indirectly. Directly, by giving the immediate reason which drives the stricken champion of the un-faith to his Bible. Indirectly, by searching out other conditions which must be fulfilled in order for the object, for which he goes to his Bible, to be attained. The former of these will lead to the latter.

What does he want with his Bible? Has he not over and over again proved that Gospel History, which I see him now so anxiously turning, to be a tissue of inconsistent exaggerations? It seems to me that he is examining somewhere about that eleventh

chapter of St. John, which I remember was one of his especial objects of aversion. I think he claimed to have demonstrated that the great miracle, if it ever took place at all, was a collusion, to impose on the Jews and the disciples. And yet, what do I see? He searches for his pencil, and he underlines some particular words, and he turns down the leaf, and lies back in his chair, and folds his hands, thinking. What has he found? He has found COMFORT. All was dim and dreary before him. In a few weeks, the machine must be taken down; and then? Or, the beloved presence was gone from him—and he searched earth and sky, and his own books, and his own thoughts—all were empty, and would give him no news of the missing one. And upon these blanks of humanity came a voice:—I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE. One bright streak laces the mist: what wonder that he loves to look upon it?

And thus much is shown us in the picture we have been contemplating: that one, and in very many cases, the principal reason why mankind cannot do without religion, is, that a time is coming for every one when we shall need comfort, and that of a kind which, from the very nature of the case, nothing about us here can furnish. So that it must be sought elsewhere than here. And that “elsewhere” can only be in things believed to exist, out of the range of our earthly senses. And that is the realm of religion.

But this is plainly a very low and inadequate view of the matter. God grant that our friend of the un-faith may really find and keep his comfort! Because it seems to us that he has a good deal to undo, and a good deal to do, before this comes about. In that want of comfort are wrapped up other wants, which perhaps at this present moment he does not feel, but which he will feel, before his comfort is many days old.

Let it be observed, that I am at present on very wide and general ground. I merely notice, that words have come across the misty desert of grief and death, from one who has tidings of resurrection and life. And without pursuing the answer so as to identify Him whom Christians love, I put what surely is a necessary question: Who, what sort of a person speaks? Or, if even this be at present too pointed,—whence, from what kind of a place, do such words of comfort come?

Must we not say, that he who speaks them is of necessity a Being of Power, and of necessity a Being holding in his hand the destinies of man, and of necessity a Being

willing that man should fulfil his highest destinies? Or if we take the vaguer form of the question, must we not even then say, that the source of such words and hopes, be it where it will, is one from which flow also other streams, besides this one of comfort only?

A streak of light, we said, laces the mist. Where does that light come from? A streak of light in a mist is an evidence of a body of light somewhere; a token that beyond that mist there is clearness. When we see it, we say, “It is clearing.”

What is the body of light, and where? A question of immense import. Is it altogether of another world? Is it a light entirely new, casting a spectrum of unaccustomed colours? Beyond the mist, is light. But is not the mist itself, in which we live and move, lighted by the same?

The Being who speaks these words of comfort, the place from whence their sound comes, is of necessity pure, spotless, happy, holy. Do we never hear anything of these qualities down here? Nay, to come to the point, is there not in every man's bosom a witness to them, a witness that they ought to be the attributes of his own character?

Now what I want to say is this: that this champion of the un-faith,—that any man among the sons of men,—when he is stricken down and needs comfort, and when he goes to his Bible and sees comfort written there in such words as those we have been quoting,—if he have a brain capable of putting two ideas together, and if he have a heart susceptible of any of the nobler feelings, cannot take to himself the comfort thus brought into his view, without feeling safe about the congruity between himself, his own character and qualities, and the Being who spoke these words, or the place from whence they issued. If he who spoke is the resurrection and the life, then in order for me to call that resurrection and life mine, I must be very clear about my relation to him. If from some pure and holy place such a message has come, then for me to be gathered into that place, I must be pure and holy too. I submit that such thoughts as these are no fiction of mine, but do exist and find a place in every one of us under the circumstances supposed. If a man wants to find comfort in prospect of his own dissolution,—if he wants to find comfort under any manner of affliction, it is utterly impossible for him to keep that search for comfort separate from a consideration of his own moral qualities and position.

And I further say, that such a considera-

tion cannot be carried many steps beyond its beginning, without bringing up at least two more wants—two more reasons why he cannot do without religion.

Let us see. Suppose you and I, my friend, sit down together, looking each into the other's face, and begin to consider this moral state of ours. I don't mean that we could conveniently thus do it; only I like to imagine another looking on, because it helps one to be honest. Let a quarter of an hour be supposed thus to pass. Well, what is the result as yet? Can we pretend to say that it is anything but deep dissatisfaction? First comes the verdict, in less than two minutes, if the man be true,—“not what I ought to be.” But there lurks within the fallacy, “Yes, but we know that none of us can be what we ought to be.” And this may induce a certain calm of satisfaction for a few minutes. But the enquiry goes on, and as it goes on, another verdict begins to sound in the ears,—“not what I might have been.” The work is not done yet. “Yes, but circumstances have been against me.” And so, compunction is deadened, and a kind of satisfaction again supervenes, for a few minutes more. And as those few minutes more are given to the work, searching acts and words, and unveiling opportunities, and stripping naked one's carefully clothed up motives, what do we hear, ringing clearer and clearer till it becomes the voice of the whole soul,—what but this,—“Guilty, guilty:” guilty, against granted powers, in spite of favourable opportunities; guilty of evil act sprung from evil motive,—guilty of evil words sprung out of evil affections,—guilty, even to the undeniable proofs of a state out of all congruity to any Being who could be the Resurrection and the Life, and to any place from which the light could come which shines through the mist.

Well then, what are the two wants which result from this discovery? Clearly the first of them is, the want of deliverance from guilt. When I try to claim comfort from religion, I discover that it is not for me. Now I am not writing theology. Some of you may say, “O, here's the cloven foot. Now we are going to hear all the old story, about atonement, and so forth.” Whether you will hear that or not, depends not on me, but on the course of my argument. If that brings it in, why you must be content to hear the old story, even though it be old.

But we are not come to it at present. We are come to this. Any comfort that religion can give me as to these great matters in

question must depend on my moral purity, truth, justice. I am not pure, I am not true, I am not just. I might have been all these to a far greater extent than I am. Instead of comfort, I see discomfort—instead of hope, fear. For if there be such a Being and such a place, then (and I cannot get rid of this thought) not only is He not, and is it not, for me, but something else must be for me. If there is in Him, if there is there, all this light and comfort, is there nothing else? Is there no justice also for man? Even putting this in its lowest and mildest aspect, is there no fear that the guilt I have incurred here may abide on me there? And then, if I can now, with all these fallacies hanging about me, see so much cause for shame and self-reproach in it, how will this be there, when, the world's influence having fallen off from me, I shall see things even more in their true light? Can I be unclean here and pure there? What is to make the difference? And if, by any chance, that is going to be my final state, to which this one is but introducing me, this present short life on earth must necessarily be a considerable element and component of the final and long life there. This unworthy conduct of mine, this neglect of opportunities for good, how is it to drop off from me and be as if it had not been,—if, that is, justice is to rule proceedings there, which my conscience tells me it will?

So then it is obvious that this overpowering sense of guilt must be somehow got rid of, if our friend whom we detected sitting with his Bible is to derive real comfort from it. We will not, at this moment, say anything about the requisites for accomplishing this; we will only observe that all the principal religions in the world have taken this matter into account, and have provided some way, whatever may by us be thought of the way proposed, whereby the sense of guilt may be got rid of.

But when we have said this, we have also said more. If a man simply wants to get rid of the sense of guilt, without also getting rid of the source of guilt, he is not a religious, but a merely selfish man. If mankind wants thus much of religion, that it supply comfort in prospect of the next world, and that in order to that comfort being ministered, it supply also a means of relieving the guilty conscience, then, unless we are to recognise a very low and degraded estimate of mankind, religion must be called on to supply very much more,—even the means of getting rid of guilt through life; in other words, the means of living purely, and justly, and

holily. That which should supply the means of getting rid of the sense of guilt and fear of its consequences, without also furnishing some means of getting rid of guilt itself, would be no boon, but a curse to men: a mere paralyser of their noblest faculty, the conscience.

The only possible way, whereby I can roll off from my mind a sense that I am guilty and have no right to the comfort set forth in my Bible, must be some provision whereby I can be made to share the qualities of them who speak that comfort, and to put on the character of that place from whence the tidings of it come.

And if a man be good for anything—be anything more than a selfish and sensual creature, this want also emerges sooner or later in his mind: the want of being better than he is.

Now we have been taking hitherto an extreme case. Our champion of the un-faith might be supposed capable of doing without religion, if ever anybody could. And so we took him, as showing how the case lies with the most unfavourable instance we could produce.

But the generality of men are not champions of un-faith. They are ordinary human creatures, gifted with common sense and the power of detecting falsehood: not very likely, at least in this wide-awake country of ours, to be led by the nose for the profit or pleasure of a few whose interest it is to lead them.

And what is their verdict on the subject? They form the bulk of our community. What says our community about being able to do without religion? The verdict of that community on this matter is very striking. First of all, in ruder days, it was convinced that the nation ought to have a religion, and it exacted that it should have a religion, and that that religion should be one and the same for all who dwelt within its frontiers, and partook of its rights. This was some evidence, but it was of necessity imperfect, because thus the want of religion might be not a real one springing out of the depths of man's heart, but one artificially induced by the will of rulers.

But in the course of time, as light and knowledge increased, it became plain that such was not the way for a nation to have a religion; that the way for a nation to have a religion was for the individual men in that nation to have a religion, and then to group themselves into bodies according to their several religious feelings and convictions.

And now came the true evidence, as to what average men of common sense think about the necessity of religion for man. As the chains were taken off Englishmen, one

after another timid person trembled: there would be no religion left; the State would become unchristian; immorality and unbelief would swamp us all. What was the result? Why, that there was ten times more religion than ever; that the State, which had never done a Christian act in all its history, for the first time in its life became Christian, and proved its faith by its works.

I once heard the late Dr. Conolly (of blessed memory, if ever man was) relate an incident connected with his establishment of the kindly treatment in the Hanwell Asylum. A pauper patient was brought up to the gate in a strait-waistcoat, struggling and kicking. "Take that off," said the doctor; "we allow no such thing here." "Bless'e, sir, he'd fly at your throat." "Take it off, I say, or take him away." It was taken off, the man gazing in astonishment. He was led into the porter's lodge, and set down to a plentiful meal. The man covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears; and from that moment became tractable and kindly.

Now, what was done in this case? Just this: the disease was not removed, but its true treatment was discovered. The depths of the human heart were first sounded; and power over evil was educed, which none had suspected before. Even so has our community, since its emancipation from compulsory conformity, shewn what is in the depths of the heart of man with regard to religion. Being set free, the nature did not do without religion. It then first truly discovered that it wanted religion.

And the consequences of the discovery are becoming more momentous every day. The standard of right and wrong in the public mind is slowly, but surely, rising; the reverence for things pure and of good report is steadily on the increase; and there probably would be found, if the search were to be made, in spite of all the ferment of conflicting opinions, a greater consensus in favour of the great foundation doctrines of religion now, than at any former period of our history.

From all which things, private and public, we infer that the association for getting rid of religion is never likely to prosper among men; that the wants of our nature which lead it to have recourse to religion are not artificially created, but inborn and inevitable. The fear of death, the burden of guilt, the aspiration after good,—these are facts, the existence and the effect of which will be manifested whenever the fountains of our nature are stirred, and as long as mankind exists on the earth.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—OUTWARD BOUND.



IS it all a dream? A few months ago was I not in this same cottage among the braes of Lochaber, preparing to go to India? Did I not take my departure on a fine summer evening as the glory left by the sun was fading in the darkness, except where a slanting ray revealed some

glistening rock or heathery knoll, while the great bare *scairs* of Glencoe looked like kings with golden crowns? Were not the waves blue and crisp under a gentle breeze, and were not thousands of sea-birds wheeling and screeching over shoals of fish? And did not "a timid voice ask in whispers," and keep on asking, whether I should ever again see these old hills, and return to my nest among the braes? *

Gazing out as I do now on the huge dark precipice of Glencoe, with the old lights and shadows upon it—recognising in my walks through the glens the same tufts of heather and masses of green fern, hearing the same clear springs babble their highland songs, and, best of all, beholding the old familiar faces more blithe than ever, it really seems impossible to believe that all I have gone through in the brief interval is not a dream! I ask myself, have I in reality sailed the Red Sea, and some thousands of miles of the Indian Ocean; have I had a real peep at old India; have I trod her endless plains; been shadowed by her tall feathery palms and matchless foliage; mingled with her teeming crowd of naked, turbaned, cotton-dressed, degraded, stupid, elegant, learned, black-

eyed, white-teethed men, women, and children of every race and caste and rank,—Brahmins and Suddras, Yojies and Rajahs? Have I actually seen men of wit and learning, great in metaphysics, pundits in theologies old as the flood, worshipping Brahmah, Shiva, and Vishnu, in grand temples, sacred to baboons? Have I drunk of the sacred Ganges and Indus, and trod the courts of holy Benares, and had the privilege of being shown its holy bulls and holy monkeys? Have I beheld the glory of the Taj, and the marble splendours of Agra and Delhi? Have I stood with beating heart by the well at Cawnpore; walked among the ruins of the residency at Lucknow; paced along the Marathon ridge of Delhi, and everywhere communed with men who amid unparalleled difficulties saved India to the British crown? When I ask such questions, and add to them many others touching places nearer home, that make strange chords vibrate,—Malta, Sicily, Naples, Amalfi, Pompeii, Rome,—and then look out again at Glencoe, and the sombre braes of Lochaber, I resume my catechism in spite of myself, and ask again, Is it possible that the natives of India are still bathing in the Ganges, as I saw them "in clear dream or waking vision," and are at this moment crowding temples doing *pugia*, with those strange monsters called gods, and that all the great world of India, with its Hindoos, Mohammedans, Jains, Parsees, and innumerable others, who eat and drink, and suffer and die, is going on as it has done for thousands of years, totally ignorant of Glencoe or Bennevis, of the Established Church, Episcopal Church, Irish Church, or any other Church, and wholly indifferent as to who shall be returned to parliament at the next election? nay, very probably ignorant of the very existence of this great country called Scotland! I remember long ago, when proceeding at early morn to Niagara, a friend beside me asked, "Has this fall been going on all night? Has this great ocean been pouring on at this rate since I was at school?" So am I disposed to ask regarding the greater ocean of Indian society, and to return to my first question—Is my contact with it all a dream?

All the names of places which I have written down recall pictures too real to be

* This was written in the summer, with the intention of the series being commenced then; but as the articles could not all appear in the volume for 1866, it was thought better, in accordance with our rule that all series should be completed within the volume, to delay the publication of the papers till 1869.

mistaken for fancies even in the land of Ossian. And as mere dreamers evince a remarkable and very persistent determination to tell others, to their great annoyance, what they saw and heard during their night-like adventures, so I must tell my Indian experiences. But those who do not wish to be bored with them can, I am glad to think, easily escape the infliction.

I call my visit to India by the mild and well-known name of "a peep," chiefly to indicate its very transitory character, and to avoid all comparison between my superficial jottings, and the accounts given by those who have been gazing at India and its people for years from under their *suntopce*. Still, as a few peeps only are necessary to produce photographs when the light falls on the prepared slips, so have I received impressions that can never perish from under that bright eastern sun,—impressions which I should much like to transfer to paper, even with the coarse pen and ink effect of the non-professional artist.

When four years ago I sailed "eastward" for the first time, I went for mere pleasure, if by such a holiday phrase one can allude to a tour in Palestine. I said, when telling my story to fireside travellers in "GOOD WORDS," that I did not go in gown and bands, with official responsibility, or with any weighty matters on hand to compel me to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest," as I pursued my journey. But it was far otherwise on this occasion. Nothing, I feel, could have induced me to go to India on a tour of mere pleasure. As the grounds for this feeling however, are wholly personal, arising out of many peculiar circumstances, they do not concern the reader, and need not be stated. He must not suppose, however, that I consider India as being unworthy of a visit by the traveller for its own sake. Enough to state here that my Church did me the honour to request me to visit India, to inquire into the true state and prospects of Christian missions there, with special reference to those of the Church of Scotland, and that I felt it to be my duty, at all hazards, to accept the commission. Dr. Watson, an old and dear friend, was my fellow deputy, and we sailed together from Marseilles on the 6th of November, 1867.

Just one word more of a semi-personal nature. I give these sketches, not in the formal character of the deputy from a Church, but in the less dignified, although much more easy and untrammelled, character of the mere traveller. The weightier results of the tour, with details bearing on missions, have been

given in other forms.* Nevertheless, the subject which most engaged my attention will naturally be touched upon now and again in these papers.

Having said this much, we can now proceed on our outward journey. We chose the overland passage, and at Marseilles joined the *Tanjore* for Malta. I feel that justice is scarcely done to the beauties of this route. It is looked upon very much as a mere drudgery to be got over as speedily and as sulkily as possible. No doubt the journey to Marseilles is a long and tiresome one, but the scenery is extremely beautiful between Avignon and Marseilles, where, ever and anon, there are delightful glimpses of the Rhone, and views of the enclosing hills. Again, on nearing Marseilles the coast scenery towards Toulon is very fine, with the wild bare islands scattered, broken, and worn into strange shapes by the ceaseless attacks of winds and waves. And farther on, the Straits of Bonifacio are themselves worth a visit. Corsica reminded me of Arran in its general character. Both it and Sardinia, in their rugged boldness, their jagged peaks, and the broken fantastic forms of their skyline, are not surpassed by anything in our western highlands. I enjoyed the scene immensely, and not the less so from getting an excellent view of Caprera, and of Garibaldi's home. It is a lonely spot, but I gazed on it with affectionate interest, and with as much respect as on any palace upon earth. He was absent, seeking to gain Rome for Italy. Whether the Eternal City shall ever be freed from popedom I know not, but when this chapter of the long history of Italy comes to be read by future generations, I venture to think that no man now in Rome, be he priest or abbot, Monsignor, cardinal, or Pope, will excite as much interest or inspire as much respect as the exile of Caprera. We passed Sicily with all sails set, and followed by a delicious breeze. Here again was a coast view of great beauty, with fine mountains, whose green sides, as well as the plains at their foot, were dotted with white hamlets and villages. Several islands broke the ocean line seawards.

Sailing in mild weather amid such scenes of beauty, with a large number of cheerful passengers to share the enjoyment, the overland journey is not the dull monotonous affair which people going abroad for the first

* "Address on Indian Missions." Blackwood and Sons. 15. Unpublished Report made to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland.



ADEN.



ENTRANCE TO BOMBAY HARBOUR.

time assume it to be. It must be confessed, however, that our steamer was a wonderful adept in rolling, and this was not by any means agreeable to the miserable minority subject to sea-sickness. Nor was it less trying to myself or to my friend when we preached on deck upon Sunday. To be obliged suddenly to pause and to embrace the capstan, or if not this, to roll in one's canonicals under the lee bulwarks—looks undignified to a landsman. But at sea it excites only a good-natured smile of sympathy, and does not lessen the seriousness which I think almost every one feels during a Sunday service on shipboard.

As is my habit when at sea, I preached in the fore-castle to the Jacks, whom I had all to myself, and whom I always delight in as an audience. One needs to know Jack thoroughly to understand him. There is a singular tenderness under his apparently rough nature. Our boatswain, an old man-of-war's man, was a fair specimen of his class. Of between forty and fifty years of age, he was short, round, and strong, like the stump of a mainmast. He had grizzly locks, and a voice which I believe would be heard above the loudest storm just as well as his shrill twittering whistle would. From the way in which he issued the simplest orders to the crew, one would have supposed him to be in a constant passion. To slack or haul in a brace or to set a fore-topsail, seemed to inspire him with a wrath which nothing could appease. Indeed, a novice might have conjectured that the crew were ticket-of-leave men. But one day when he was in the midst of what seemed ungovernable fury, I noticed that as he passed the goat, he paused, and, catching its white beard, stroked its face, with a gentle "chucky, chucky, old Nan!" On another occasion I saw him rolling along the deck, each arm moving like a turtle's fin, when a little child, carried in a nurse's arms, not only arrested him, but seemed to avert all his choler, while he smiled and cooed to the "little darling!" This is Jack all over.

We had a little excitement in passing the bar at Alexandria, always a disagreeable bit of navigation with a south-west wind. One vessel, we heard afterwards, had been sunk, and another water-logged upon it the previous night. But danger there was none, except of our being kept out at sea idly poking about until it should calm. Our captain, glass in hand, with the Arab pilot beside him, and with four men at the wheel, besides half-a-dozen at each of the relieving tackles, steered

cautiously down, "just to take a look at the bar, and smell it." Perceiving nothing vicious, we threaded our way along the narrow passage, swinging, as a screw boat alone can swing, and receiving on board a few tops of the seas, to the great amusement of all—save the sufferers; and we were soon at anchor in smooth waters. We were received by the usual shoals of boats, with their motley screaming crews, who certainly did not seem to have improved in sweetness of voice or in gentleness of manner since I had paid them my first visit. The love of dramatic attitudinising in these excited Easterns is singularly ludicrous when contemplated quietly from the taffrails. The helmsman will remove his hands from the tiller to brandish them about, or lift them over his head. He will then clench his fist, or point his finger to the bellowing crew,—with whom he is arguing in hard guttural agony,—as if to conduct towards them the electricity which he has generated, and which he knows would explode himself unless it were somehow discharged.

We remained in the harbour for twenty-four hours! Why, no one could tell, except that so willed the railway officials. The mails and passengers could have been landed with perfect ease, as many small boats, with two oars, took on shore the passengers for Alexandria. The steamer from India had, moreover, arrived at Suez; nevertheless the mails, not to speak of the passengers, were detained all this time, to the great annoyance of the captain. And what a picture of stupid incapacity was beheld next day in the boarding and landing by the harbour steamer and its Egyptian crew! It is yet an unexplained mystery how it happens that, in spite of all their experience, the Egyptians handle their craft in a way of which freshwater schoolboys would be ashamed. But the whole transit, from the custom-house in Alexandria to Suez—rails, carriages, stations, guards, and all—in spite of the influence of such a man as Betts Bey, with all his talent and courtesy, is unworthy of the high road between East and West. In going from Cairo to Suez, for example, we fancied, from sundry disagreeable noises and gratings under the floor of our carriage, that there was "a screw loose," or a wheel threatening mischief. But there was no one in charge who could speak English, and the attempt to get any explanations from Turks rushing about with lanterns at night was impossible. So we had to go on in faith and patience.—two virtues exceedingly difficult for one to practise among Easterns. If the link which unites India to the European world consists

of two threads of iron rails—and if along these threads thousands of our people annually travel—governors of provinces, magistrates and judges, officers, brides and bridegrooms, to say nothing of the mails and competition Wallahs,—these rails, carriages, and all who attend them, ought to be of the best, and not of such a shaky and uncomfortable character as any side-shunting in England would be ashamed of. A little wholesome pressure in this direction might work wonders. If England, or the Peninsular and Oriental Company, had sufficient influence to get even one sober, steady, and intelligent English guard attached to each train, it would add greatly to the comfort of Mr. and Mrs. Bull *in transitu*.

Among other old acquaintances whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Alexandria was my Palestine dragoman, Hadji Ali Abu Halaua. The pleasure, I was glad to see, was mutual. He is now the cavass of Colonel Staunton, our excellent consul in Egypt. On asking Hadji about our old servants, I was glad to learn that some advices which I had given in my notes on Palestine, as to the importance of travellers examining the backs of horses and mules before engaging them, had not been wholly without effect; nay, had been so conscientiously acted upon in the case of our old rascally mule-driven Meeki, that he had to give up his impositions and take to another trade. Whatever was the real cause of this change, travellers must be benefited by it. It was a pleasing whiff of the olden time, to talk with Hadji over those happy days of travel—every feature, from his nose to his boots, recalling the journey.

Passing at once to Suez—for of Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, the Nile, the Desert, I need not again write—we found the steamer full to the brim.

Our sail of 1,200 miles down the Red Sea was, on the whole, very agreeable, as far as heat was concerned. From all I could learn about the dangers of this passage, they seem to me to be exaggerated. The weather here, as well as everywhere else, varies much even at the same season. On my return in March, for example, when it was intensely hot in Ceylon, and when I expected to be broiled in the Red Sea, the temperature was so low as to compel me for the first time to put on warm clothing. Some people never care what month they sail up or down it. As for the officers and crews of the steamers, they, as a matter of course, do so at all seasons without any special danger. The fact is, any man in robust

health, and with care, can endure any kind of travel. It is only invalids from India, or those with weak or exhausted constitutions, who cannot stand the Red Sea, any more than anything else which makes demands on their physical powers or nervous energies. In the months between October and March this passage is often very agreeable, the average heat in my cabin having been only about 80°. No doubt days, and even weeks, do occasionally occur when it is well-nigh intolerable and certainly disagreeable, and when the strongest can do little more than submit and evaporate. I must confess indeed that I did not feel it cool when preaching on Sunday to the large assemblage on deck; when the thermometer was about 90°, and when I had to speak with force enough to be heard above the noise of waves, steam, and screw, to an audience of, I suppose, 150. I appreciated a few caraffes of iced water which were poured over my head afterwards. Nor did my plucky fellow-deputy find it much more bearable when preaching in the evening.

The society one meets with in these Indian steamers during “the season” is as agreeable as is to be found anywhere. Almost every passenger occupies some position, either civil or military, implying superior education; while not a few have acquired eminence in their professions, and from their peculiar experience are full of accurate information with due store of interesting anecdote and incident. Here are men who served during the Mutiny, sharing in the weary marches, the exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes of that memorable time; others who played a part in the relief of Lucknow, stood to arms at the siege of Delhi, or poured over its breach with Nicholson. Here is one, an engineer, who has seen much of life in connection with the laying of the telegraph through Persia. Here are civilians who have governed provinces with a population as large as that of Scotland, or led for years a strange half-tent, half-horseback life among out-of-the-way tribes, as strange to us as the inhabitants of another sphere. Here are pious missionaries and missionaries’ wives, who have laboured long and nobly among the heathen, whom they seem to love as their own souls. Here are keen observers, politicians, critics, whose sword is the pen and whose bullets are printers’ types, and who keep alive the tardy public, otherwise disposed to slumber or to forget that “our” eye is upon them. Here also are young aspirants, both male and female, full of bright hopes as they pursue their course

to the unknown land, wondering what they will do or be, ere they sail over the Red Sea again,—some with medals, some with bairns, some with pensions, and all, it is to be hoped, with sound livers, and none with those sad faces and dresses which tell a tale often, alas ! to be repeated in India. And here are young officers on their way to Magdala. They are full of spirit and energy, without pretence or display, and, I doubt not, have all the dash of our noble army. We have also representatives of high church, low church, broad church, every church, and no church—of Zoroaster and of Nothing. But one man there is, who can be classed with none else. Who is he with his leathern jacket? Some say he is a great Nimrod, whose adventures are marvellous; others that he is essential to the success of the Abyssinian expedition. He himself evidently feels his importance. He tells us that he expects a government steamer to be in waiting near the island of Peirim, “to take me to Massowa;” and then he adds, with becoming humility—“and also the mails!”

The scene each evening was particularly pleasing. As every one knows, there is no twilight in the East, none of that witching hour in Scotland called “gloaming,” and in Germany by as sweet and poetic a word “dammerung.” “At one stride comes the dark.” So it is a long night from six till six, especially as after ten all the lights are extinguished. One requires a good conscience and a weary brain to get through these idle hours satisfactorily, and in oblivion of the existence of the screw and the heat. The awning which covers the quarter-deck conceals the glorious stars. But as a substitute for these, lamps are hung from the awning roof, which serve to reveal indistinct groups in the most favourable condition for talking. And beyond this nothing can be done, except—and the exception forms the delightful rule of these evenings—listening to music and singing. Thus the ladies, like the brilliant and beautiful stars, come out at night, or like the nightingale, “sing darkling.” With a good pianoforte on deck, and many admirable voices, both male and female, our evening concerts were excellent, and received “well-merited applause” from the unseen audience. Anyhow, no one who wants amusement or instruction need spend a listless hour on board such a steamer, were the voyage to continue for months instead of weeks. He can choose his companion as he can a book and read him, and learn from him; for every one is courteous and communicative when

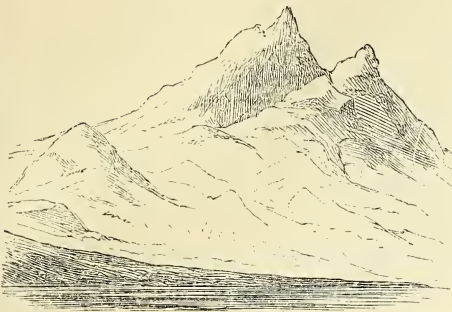
properly approached. I am glad to record my grateful and happy remembrance of our pleasant company. I never spent happier days among strangers than on this voyage. And here I cannot resist the desire—let the reader call it vanity if he will—to record what to us was most pleasing and encouraging. My friend and I, before landing, were very unexpectedly honoured by being presented with an address, signed by all the passengers, to encourage us in our mission, and to acknowledge our small services on the Sundays.

I here take the liberty of noticing the strange way in which, as I afterwards found, the Indian society in the steamer represented India society in general, in the vast variety of opinion held by its members on the same topics. There was hardly a subject of importance on which we desired information, about which we did not receive the most—dare I call them?—contradictory opinions, each man moreover holding with remarkable tenacity to his own, so that even at this stage, I began to despair of ever being able to come to any conclusion on any great Indian topic. It struck me then, as it did subsequently, that this is much more characteristic of India than of England. Not only is there a wider divergence of opinion among intelligent, thoroughly well-informed and honest gentlemen, on the same subject, but there is a more unhesitating, and may I say? dogmatic determination on the part of each to hold his own.

This may be accounted for, possibly, by the vastness of the circle required to embrace Indian questions, and the impossibility of any one man being able from his isolated position to observe any more than a portion of the circle;—the want too of a well-founded public opinion expressing through the press results gathered up, not from a few sources, as in India, but from sources innumerable, as in England. To these causes must be added the official reserve of the local governments, and the absence of parliamentary discussion to ascertain and sift out the truth. Still more, the comparative ignorance of Europeans in general as to the views and opinions of the immense multitude of the governed body on any one subject whatever. But I cannot enter on such general questions here. I only further remark that even the phases of religious opinion among Europeans in India were also truly represented in the steamer, which, in this respect as well as in others, serves as a link to connect the two countries—exporting to Hindostan not only

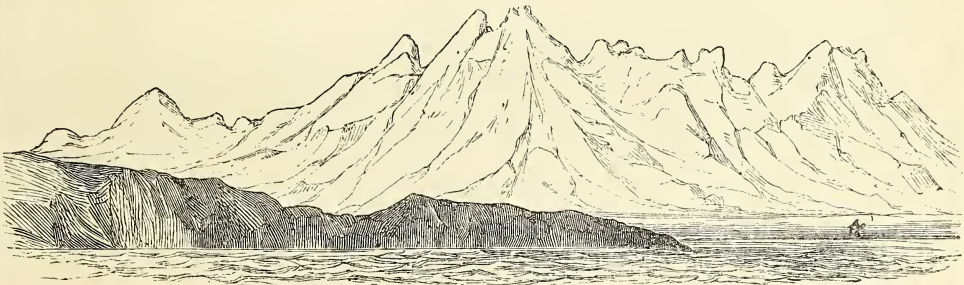
all Christian truth, but also every raving of theological mania found in England, and in return importing into England every similar specimen of the latter Indian product. But I am forgetting that I am only outward bound!

No. 1.



The sail from Suez to Ras Mohammed, at the Gulf of Akaba, is full of interest. We had a magnificent view, in the clear atmosphere, of the land on both sides. The most imposing sight on the Egyptian shore is

No. 2.

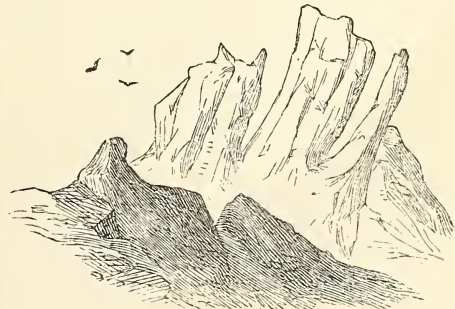


such a life has its joys; but for the venerable and sedate, the Peninsular and Oriental steamer is to be preferred.

And yet even a luxurious steamer has its trials, against some of which I beg to warn all voyagers. Beginning with the least: there is the impossibility of recovering any articles left on deck at night. I have, for example, to deplore the loss of a large ivory paper cutter, and a dear old travelling friend, a Turkish fez. They disappeared, and in spite of advertisements on the companion-stair, and the honest agency, I assume, of the stewards, they never were restored, nor was any hope held out of their ever being so. The Lascars, or some of the Oriental crew, got the blame, as usual. A very pretty collection must thus be made by somebody, for sale at the termination of each voyage. Now, might not something be done by the Company, to warn the pas-

sengers that everything left on deck at night is likely to be stolen? Possibly also a few better police arrangements might be made to detect the pilferers. For grievance No. 2: a

No. 3.



remarkable arrangement, or rather, want of arrangement, in the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, which it has defied my curiosity or

ingenuity to account for, is the necessity laid upon every passenger who wishes to have a comfortable seat on deck, to purchase his own chair at Marseilles, and convey it with him to India. Why this? I can understand all chairs being prohibited because of lumbering the decks, but, every passenger being permitted to bring his chair, I cannot understand why a great company should not provide thoroughly comfortable ones, and in sufficient number. They might as well insist upon each person bringing his own bedding, or his own crockery. And now for "grievance" No. 3: I warn all voyagers to prepare as best they can for much indigestible food between Suez and Calcutta. The *menu* of the steamers is magnificent. One actually stares at the variety and prodigality of the programme. But a few days' experience, alas! teaches the great fact that the food is, with the exception possibly of one or two dishes, tough and indigestible,—so at least we found it. There are some people, I am aware, who seem to be provided by Nature with a gizzard, or a muscular apparatus approaching the power of nutcrackers. All food consigned to this kind of mill is equally acceptable because equally easily ground. But others are compelled to depend upon ordinary organs, and these often weak, and made still weaker by a hot climate. Woe be to all such, male or female, old or young, in a steamer on the Indian Ocean! Hunger will prove only a snare to lead them more eagerly into the trap. No doubt this may be so far accounted for by the fact of the climate making it impossible to keep meat till it is tender, and rendering it necessary that the bleating sheep and gobbling ducks of to-day should appear as roast or boil to-morrow; and it may be that in spite even of preserved meats there is no adequate remedy for this death amidst life; but all persons should be warned of the fact, so that they may make such arrangements as in their wisdom they deem most expedient. Children, at least, should have crisp biscuits, and such other dainties as can be easily carried, provided for them.

And let me here give a friendly hint to the stewards, if this should ever meet their eye: it is to assure them that they would not be less agreeable or obliging if, when arranging the saloon in the morning, they talked and laughed a little less; to beg them to remember that every word they speak—all their bantering, joking, and chaffing—is heard by dozens of passengers, who are tossing in berths, using every means to get a little sleep, and who, moreover, have

not the taste to relish their early morning exercises.

Being very anxious to see that great sign of the tropics, the Southern Cross, and having been told that it was visible about three in the morning from the fore-castle, I managed to awake about that time. Dressed in a white Damascus camel-hair dressing-gown, the original of the surplice, and therefore appropriate, I clambered on deck. It is strange to contemplate a native crew lying asleep. They are all covered up, including their heads, in the sacks used for loading the ship, and they lie side by side in rows, as if dead. Their dreams, if they have any, must have some ethnographical, and in the case of the Africans especially, geographical interest. I carefully picked my steps between the rows, and with difficulty ascended the fore-deck. I reached the heel of the bowsprit as the ship was pitching against a head sea. I discovered the Cross, but was rather disappointed with it as a constellation when compared with many others, glittering with brilliancy in the depths of that unfathomable sky; and I hope those who are most sensitive to symptoms of provincialism, will excuse me for preferring the great Bear of the North to any constellations in the Southern sky. Having satisfied my curiosity, I staggered back to the ladder. Just as I reached its top, I heard the well-known thud and *whush* of a sea breaking over the bow, which quickened my steps. But before I could get to the main deck, 't poured down like a picturesque waterfall on my shoulders, drenching and blinding me. Rushing along the deck, it roused up the whole congregation of black sleepers, who woke with a cry, while I, doubtless looking to them like a dripping ghost, made for my cabin. But the sea had been before me. Pouring down the hatchways, it flooded the deck, on which were stretched some mattresses occupied by ladies and children, with sundry respectable gentlemen. Ruthlessly it swept into the neighbouring cabins, floating boots and shoes, and whatever could swim. As there was not the slightest danger, the scene became intensely ludicrous, owing to the sudden contrast presented between the deep silence (interrupted only by snores) of a few minutes before, and the wide-awake energy displayed now. On another occasion, I most imprudently opened my cabin port for light and ventilation while reading beside it. A sparkling green wave, as if in fun, suddenly rushed through, and taking my breath away as it poured down upon me, sent a whole fleet of

things washing around my bed. I found my waterproof bath, with its inflated sides, an excellent lifeboat on the occasion for saving property from destruction. These are some of the gentle adventures one meets with when outward bound, and it gives some idea of the safety and monotony of the voyage, when trifles like these afford such amusement.

Early one morning, on looking out of my port, I descried near us a weird, barren island, whose summit was fashioned like No. 3. It was one of the volcanic groups close by Aden. Soon we dropped anchor in that famous half-way house. But as I spent more time at Aden on my way home, I shall defer notice of it until then, remarking only that I think it extremely interesting, and, as they say, "well worth seeing." We had a delightful run of 700 miles to Bombay, each day, as far as I remember, being a dead calm.

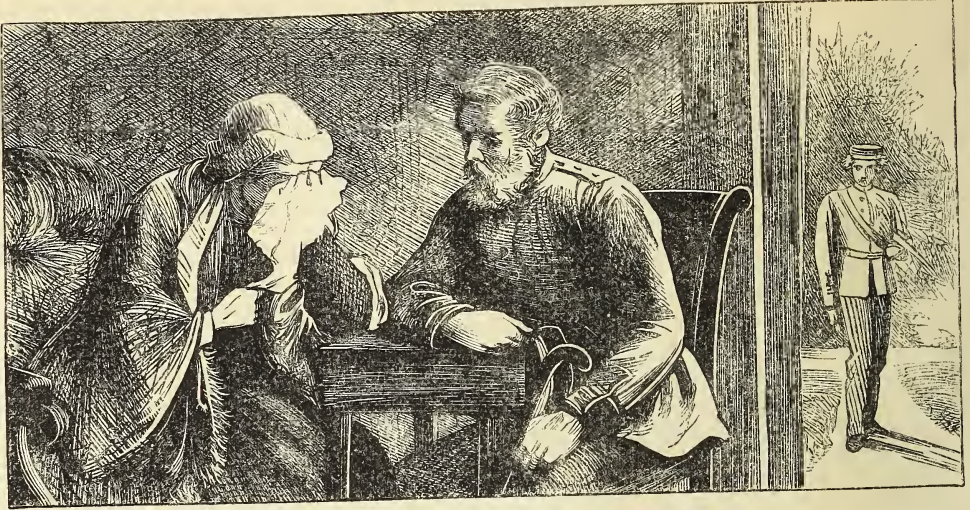
A gun fired one morning at sunrise announced our arrival at Bombay. This signal had been so often renewed in the experience of the officers of the steamer, that it had as little romance to them as has the steam whistle which announces the near end of the day's journey to the guard of a train. On some "old stagers" on board it hardly made a deeper impression. But to a new comer, like myself, it was very different; for not without very peculiar emotions did I ascend the deck to look for the first time on that great country, associated with so much to stir the imagination of every British subject, and most of all of every Christian minister. The scene which meets the eye when entering the harbour is one of the most striking and lovely in the world. Every other thought is for the moment lost in a sense of its beauty. The forests of palm trees which, in the hot and motionless air, repose on the lower hills, along the margin of the shore, at once attract attention, as being thoroughly characteristic of eastern climes. The islands as they unfold themselves, with their masses of verdure, and the bays, and vanishings of the sea into distant river-like reaches, lost in a soft bright haze, above which singular hills—rounded, obelisked, terraced—lift themselves up, all combine to form a complete picture, framed by the gleaming blue sea below, and by the cloudless sky above, full of intense heat and light of burnished brightness. Looking nearer, one notices the ships from every clime, and of every size and kind, fixed in a sunny mist on a molten sea—ships at anchor—ships crowding their masts

near the wharves, and boats without number, with their large matting sails and covered poop, dipping their oars in silver light, all going on their own errands, and a goodly number making for our steamer. Beyond the ships and masts, white houses among trees, and here and there a steeple, indicating the long land line of the Colaba Point, tell us where the famous city of Bombay lies, with its worshippers of fire and of fine gold.

We would have lingered long in the contemplation of such a scene, were it not for the necessity of looking after luggage, settling with stewards, bidding farewell to fellow-passengers, and nervously watching for the dropping of the anchor and the friends who are to receive us. That moment soon comes, and with it the usual scene of noise and confusion from roaring steam and roaring crews within and without, the rushing to and fro, the frantic and impetuous pressing and thrusting hither and thither—a state of things to be surpassed only by the tumult at the breach of a beleaguered fortress.

In due time we were landed by my good friend Walter Crum, in a nice picturesque boat, itself a touch of a new country. On landing, we saw many things which we expected to see, and which did not therefore surprise us—a busy multitude of Coolies—so called, I presume, from their coolness—at least I may be excused for thinking so in the circumstances,—whose dress, as made by art, was as economical as could be conceived, and, as made by nature, was a beautifully exact fit of tanned skin over singularly lanky limbs.

As we hurry along during the next half-hour, I receive my first impressions of India,—impressions, first, of the Irish or gipsy-like squalor of the native town; then, in driving to Malabar Hill, of the palm-tree woods; then of temples where human beings in the nineteenth century, and under Christian Britain, and in civilised Bombay, worship idols; and then, all along the way, vivid impressions of what is facetiously termed the "cool season" in India; and finally, at the end of my journey to my host's bungalow, most pleasing impressions of the peculiarities and luxuries of an Indian home. Beaten down by all this whirl and heat and excitement, I very soon lose all impressions whatsoever in a half-apoplectic nap within mosquito-curtains, from which I hope to awake before chapter two is required.



A BALLAD.

"OH! were you at war in the red Eastern land?
 What did you hear, and what did you see?
 Saw you my son, with his sword in his hand?
 Sent he, by you, any dear word to me?"

"I come from red war, in that dire Eastern land;
 Three deeds saw I done one might well die to see;
 But I know not your son, with his sword in his hand;
 If you would hear of him, paint him to me."

Oh, he is as gentle as south winds in May!"

"'Tis not a gentle place where I have been."

"Oh, he has a smile like the outbreak of day!"

"Where men are dying fast, smiles are not seen."

"Tell me the mightiest deeds that were done.

Deeds of chief honour, you said you saw three;
 You said you saw three—I am sure he did one.

My heart shall discern him, and cry, 'This is he!'"

"I saw a man scaling a tower of despair,
 And he went up alone, and the hosts shouted loud."

"That was my son! Had he streams of fair hair?"

"Nay; it was black as the blackest night-cloud."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but the fortress was won.
 And they said it was grand for a man to die so."

"Alas, for his mother! He was not my son.

Was there no fair-hair'd soldier who humbled the foe?"

"I saw a man charging in front of his rank,
Thirty yards on, in a hurry to die ;
Straight as an arrow hurl'd into the flank
Of a huge desert-beast, ere the hunter draws nigh."

"Did he live?" "No ; he died : but the battle was won,
And the conquest-cry carried his name through the air.
Be comforted, mother ; he was not thy son :
Worn was his forehead, and grey was his hair."



"Oh ! the brow of my son is as smooth as a rose ;
I kissed it last night in my dream. I have heard
Two legends of fame from the land of our foes ;
But you said there were three : you must tell me the third."

"I saw a man flash from the trenches and fly
In a battery's face ; but it was not to slay :
A poor little drummer had dropp'd down to die,
With his ankle shot through, in the place where he lay."

"He carried the boy like a babe through the rain,
The death-pouring torrent of grape-shot and shell ;
And he walked at a foot's pace because of the pain,
Laid his burden down gently, smiled once, and then fell."

“Did he live?” “No ; he died : but he rescued the boy.
Such a death is more noble than life (so they said).
He had streams of fair hair, and a face full of joy.
And his name”—“Speak it not ! ’Tis my son ! He is dead !
“Oh, dig him a grave by the red rowan tree,
Where the spring moss grows softer than fringes of foam ;
And lay his bed smoothly, and leave room for me,
For I shall be ready before he comes home.
“And carve on his tombstone a name and a wreath,
And a tale to touch hearts through the slow-spreading years—
How he died his noble and beautiful death,
And his mother, who longed for him, died of her tears.
“But what is this face shining in at the door,
With its old smile of peace, and its flow of fair hair ?
Are you come, blessed ghost, from the far heavenly shore ?
Do not go back alone !—let me follow you there !”
“Oh ! clasp me, dear mother. I come to remain ;
I come to your heart, and God answers your prayer.
Your son is alive from the hosts of the slain,
And the Cross of our Queen on his breast glitters fair !”

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.



TOILING AND MOILING.

Some Account of our Working People, and How They Live.

By "GOOD WORDS" COMMISSIONER.

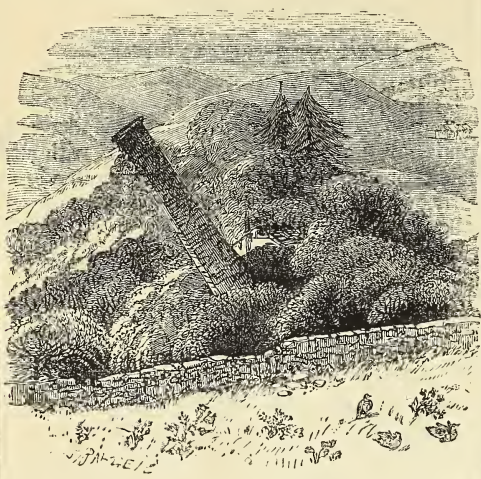
I.—THE MERTHYR IRON WORKER.

BOUND to Merthyr Tydfil, *viâ* Hereford, the Englishman feels himself in Wales as soon as he has passed Pontrilas. In spite of its proximity to the Principality, Herefordshire is a thoroughly English-looking county. Its big, brown-and-white, dew-lapped, curly cattle; its chocolate-coloured fallows; its hop-poles stacked into wigwams above long rows of cabbages as plump as the Herefordshire lasses; its old orchards, dotted with remnant crimson apples, that glow like railway rear-lamps on the black, crooked branches, and bushed with dull-green mistle-toe; its red brick cottages, so multitudinously cross-beamed with cracked, hoary timber that they look like patchwork quilts worn white and gaping at the seams: all these are English in their aspect. But Monmouthshire, though legally English, is so Welsh in its scenery, the names of its places, and the look and talk of its inhabitants, that you run through it into Glamorganshire without knowing when you have crossed the border. Some of the Glamorganshire people, by-the-by, have the odd notion that England annexes a Welsh county every fifty years. It is vain to point out that England and Wales are, politically, but one kingdom, and that Monmouthshire—the proof appealed to—has ceased to be Gwent, and taken its place in the Oxford Circuit, for a good deal more than fifty years. The Welsh patriots cannot be persuaded that England is not bent on gobbling up their country by cruel right of might.

In whatever circuit it may figure, however, Monmouthshire, as I have said, is still an unmistakably Cambrian county. The men, women, and children who storm the close, smudged, colliers'-forecastle-like third-class carriages at Pontypool are all jabbering Welsh. It sounds very much like a pebbly mountain-stream—plaintively liquid music jagged with guttural discords. It is queer to hear the grimy small boys rolling and rattling out the Celtic sounds so readily. Every now and then they grin as they glance slyly from their companions in the carriage to the stranger on the platform; of course they are making fun of the Cockney, and chuckling at the

thought that they can call him to his face all kinds of uncomplimentary names without being brought to book. The men have a surly, suspicious, shut-up look, and, as they talk, glance over their shoulders like conspirators. Some of them are connected in one way or another with the mines, and rush to the windows to exchange gruff shouts with the men on the black mineral-trains that rumble past. But all the women seem good-tempered. Perhaps, in spite of their clear, friendly eyes and laughing mouths, they are not very pretty, as a rule; but, at any rate, their bronzed faces look picturesque as they peep out of the checked woollen kerchiefs that hood their hats and bonnets. Nearly all of them wear checked woollen shawls, and are in charge of market-baskets as big as clothes-baskets, which they lug about as merrily as if they were mere reticules. From window to window the stranger oscillates, like the donkey between the two bundles of hay, throughout that striking west-country ride. Here is a little church perched, like a twelfth-cake ornament, on a mound to which there seems to be no thoroughfare but meadow-paths; and there in the valley is a low grey nave, with a box-like chancel at one end, and a tiny square tower at the other, all blotted with the black pyramids of the surrounding yews. On both hands hills high enough to be called mountains interfold; some plumed with fiery fern, littered with limestone, and heaped and patched with coal-dust; some clad from base to summit with feathery dim-golden foliage; and others tree-less, shaggy-grassed, rush-dotted, with a few wild-looking sheep, and ponies, and cattle browsing on the coarse herbage, low green and grey stone walls crawling up their sides like great caterpillars, and solitary cottages dropped on them far away like specks of whitewash. At the foot of the mountains there is a patchwork of sloping polygonal closes, and here and there a slovenly little white farmstead with glossy ivy on the gable of its church-like barn. Above mossy tumble-down stone walls, with tufts of crinkled primrose-leaves in every moist cranny, rise the weedy gables of ruined cottages, and the chimney stalks of forsaken

works lean back in clumps of red and yellow wood, like fallen obelisks in a deserted city which the forest has revindicated. But on all



sides there are signs of still active mineral industry. Miners' cottages stand in terraces on the hill-sides, pure white cottages, streaky-white, yellow, grey, brown, and black, with staring white borders to the window-frames and doorways; and down the hill-sides, cutting through the variegated woods and scarring the green grass, steep black tramways are ruled straight like penmarks. The Rail is as ubiquitous as Paul Pry in this coal-and-iron district—Paul Pry without his apology. It pushes itself wherever it pleases in an uncompromising fashion that shows that it considers anything that gets in *its* way as the intruder. It steers straight from the mountain-top, at a white village scattered on a river's broken bank, as if it meant to run sheer down the chimneys. It straddles across the green landscape on stone bridges almost as black as the coal that rattles over them. It spans a valley on a long viaduct so lofty and so fragile-looking that the brain swims when the eye falls on the river and the rails beneath. It is almost impossible to lose sight of switches, signal-posts, locomotives, big trucks, little trucks, and—on trams to match—trucks so very little that they look like bakers' baskets which a sweep has borrowed.

At Quaker's Yard—a little hill-side station—carriages are changed for Merthyr; a flight of steps leading down to a lower line. The name of the station is suggestive, and I asked its meaning of an old Welshman, with whom I foregathered there—a most genial old Welshman. He had a theory that we ought to be grateful for everything that hap-

pens except elections, which, he said, in Wales had caused feuds that dozens of years could not heal. Whilst he spoke a trainful of redcoats were landing a few miles farther up the line to cow the fierce "hill-folk" who had risen round Blaenavon. He carried off the entire staff of the Quaker's Yard station in file, like stalking geese, to imbibe warm beverages at his expense at a lonely little "hotel" on the hill-side. And when we parted, after a fifteen minutes' acquaintance, he almost wrung my arm out of the socket, as he pumped away at my hand and expressed his fervent wishes that we might speedily meet again. In spite of what I have said of the surly, suspicious look of Welshmen, they thaw rapidly to an Englishman who takes an interest in their country, and is not asinine enough to sneer at everything Welsh as half-barbarian, as too many ignorant Englishmen, both of the tourist and the bagman species, are fond of doing.

But I was talking of the etymology of Quaker's Yard. My friend could only tell me that the name in Welsh was Quaker's *Graveyard*, that the Welsh for Quaker was Quacker (the Welsh being too brave a nation to have a native name for quaking), and that there were scarcely any Quakers in Wales. This information was somewhat of the "Snakes in Iceland" type, but my informant told me something more interesting about the station that intervenes between Quaker's Yard and Merthyr. "Troedyrhiw" he interpreted as meaning "this is the thoroughfare;" and said that his mother could remember the time when the place—with mines and iron-works encircling it now—was simply a short cut from lonely farm to farm. The line from Quaker's Yard to Merthyr is a tangent to the curves of the Taff. In the lower reaches there are pools of dark water, with ivy-clad trunks dipping golden-leaved branches into them; but, as the valley rises to the mountain—except in time of flood—the Taff is often only represented by a sloping bed of stones. The nearer the train gets to Merthyr, the grimmer the country becomes. The iron-smelting metropolis is a dirty, straggling town, sprawling up barren mountains, like a bundle of dirty rags spread out in faintest hope of their bleaching, with belching furnaces, and black table-lands of rubbish all around.

Little more than a century ago, Merthyr was a village dozing in the hollow of the hills; and to this day it retains the village type. It is a village stretched a good deal each way, with modern patches on the strained

ancient cloth. It has banks, 'buses, and barracks, plate-glass shop-fronts, hansoms, and a huge poor-house—satirically built on a rubbish-heap; but the streets are narrow and winding, dark and dirty. A great many of the houses are mere cottages, with slovenly rough-walled gardens raised above the road, or sunk below the road; and some of them in the side lanes poke their noses, so to speak, into one another's faces as intrusively as the hovels of any London court. Off a main thoroughfare there is a sloping piece of waste ground, littered with big stones, that looks as wild as the bottom of a mountain watercourse. Merthyr has Turkish baths, but it has also Turkish mal-odours. It is a very interesting place to visit, but scarcely the place which a lover of the comfortable would select as a residence. The better class of houses—comparatively very few—all look as if they were cross at not being able to keep their faces clean. The abundance of places of worship, and the far greater abundance of public-houses, are two of the social features of Merthyr which obtrude themselves on the stranger's notice. I should weary my readers, if I were to write out its list of Sions, Carmels, Elims, Capel Nazareths, &c.; and as to the publics, they are "thick as thieves," in some places clustering by the three and four together. The police, who wear tunics and helmets like City constables, and, in proportion to the population they have to look after, are a numerically weak force, must have anything but a sinecure in a town that needs so many fountains to quench its thirst.

Of places of worship and publics, however, I shall have to speak again presently. To get an introduction to the underground iron workers of Merthyr, I started for the offices of the Plymouth Iron Works, about a mile from the parish church. I passed houses black, white, and grey, yellow, and mouse-coloured; a piebald house, too—brick accentuating the chimney-vents like swollen veins in its stone walls, and blocking up what had once been its windows. In raised gardens of what looked like blacksmiths' small coal, "fenced" from the road with very intermittent boulders, a few bony cabbage-stalks were shamming to grow, and a more plentiful crop of groundsel was comparatively flourishing. A little boy sat resting on a low, roadside wall, with a block of coal as big as a double-quartern loaf beside him. Muddy streamlets were cascading from the hill-side; a stream of cheap-coffee-house coffee, creamed with scummy bubbles, rushed along in a water-

course. Rails, and dingy railway-bridges, and flat-topped sloping piles of black rubbish, like huge inchoate railway-embankments of black-lead, ran and rose on the right hand and the left. Notwithstanding these surroundings, and the gaunt, black wheels and dirty-drab chimney-stalks that tower above them, the offices have an oddly home-like look. They are a cluster of low, old, mellow buildings, with moss and ivy, lichen, and stone-leek on them. A woman comes out of them dangling a pound of dumpy candles in her hand, just as if she had been making her purchase in a village-shop begirt with elms and corn-fields. An official obligingly comes out also, to see if he can find any one to guide me to a pit where I may come across the coal-agent. No one happening to be at hand, he advises me to follow a man he points out



in the distance, and speak to the men at the mouth of the first pit I come to. There is something funny in hearing pits spoken of as if they were as plentiful as hips and haws. My path leads past a great embankment of cinders, still smouldering, as the lazily-curling white smoke-wreaths show; past great blocks of slag that look like the shell-and-pebble-plummed boulders of clay found on our eastern sea-coast; across a tramway, whose ballasting, save where it is frozen in the shade, seems made of very sticky blacking; up a steep bank of damp coal-dust; over a little wall; and along another line of rails, as filthy as the former, which curves out of a low, goblinish tunnel-opening in the hill-side, and whose metals are being freed from the viscous mud that clings to them by a bent old man, and a girl in semi-masculine costume, and with a most unfeminine face. On

one side, the lambent tongues of the Plymouth furnaces—pale-pink in the bright daylight—are flickering above gushing and billowing steam; on the other, are one or two yellow residences that rank, I suppose, as cottages *ornées* in Merthyr—the ornament of one being a great slab of coal set up upon its lawn; low heaps of iron-ore stacked like stone to be broken for road-mending, and each block marked with its miner's number, letter, or distinctive cross; seven or eight young women in coarse, sleeved pinafores,



handkerchiefs tightly bound over their heads, battered hats, bristling with frayed feathers, blue stockings, and, in some instances, masculine overalls—some helping to unload the trucks that come up the shaft, and others pottering with shovels about the “tip;” a little hovel at the pit-mouth; a wooden frame above it, gibbeting two great wheels, with broad, flat, glossy bands, that look like magnified figs of negro-head tobacco; and at the foot of the tip, where more girls and a boy or two are shovelling coal, an engine-house to which access is obtained by a narrow plank uncomfortably near to a hot pipe. This is an iron-mine proper—a “mine-pit,” as it is called in the neighbourhood, “mine” being the Glamorganshire miner’s equivalent for “ore.” The engine-man negotiates with the banksman to become my cicerone, and invites me into the engine-room, to perform my underground toilette. When I have tied a handkerchief round my head, and plastered the engineer’s Jim Crow down upon it, buttoned myself into his greasy monkey-jacket, and tucked my trousers into my boots, he

tells me with a chuckle that my wife wouldn’t know me now, and turns me out for the inspection of the tip girls, whose reception is fuller of fun than of flattery. My guide is a short, civil fellow, with a bronzed, ruddy face like a sailor’s. Fifteen shillings a-week, he says, he gets; the overman getting 30s.; and the engine-man 2s. 6d. a-day. The miners, working by the ton, must be “good men,” he adds, to average 20s. a-week. We step on to a kind of cage, open at two sides; the wheels begin to revolve, slowly at first, more rapidly soon, and in less than half-a-minute we have dropped to the bottom of the downcast. When men are going up or down, the engine does not work quite so fast as when laden or empty trucks are the only freight. The cavernous walls of the shaft drip on us as we go down, and when the cage grounds there is a splash of water as if we had been lowered into a well. We are two hundred feet nearer the centre of the earth, moreover, than we were twenty-five seconds before; but, otherwise, the descent is very much like going down in an hotel luggage-lift. It is a very miry, murky cellar we have got down into, however. We sink almost up to the calves in mud, and were it not for the banksman’s lamp, when we have moved a few feet from the bottom of the shaft, we should be in total darkness. A shout comes out of it, and we have to squeeze ourselves against the rough side of the low vault, to make room for a horse that stumbles by, drawing a laden truck. The mine slopes, until we are between three and four hundred yards beneath the surface, and have colliers working in another pit above our heads. In the “heading,” or main thoroughfare, the walking is very slushy, and unseen waters gurgle by with an eerie sound; but the “stalls” are dry enough. A long back here, however, must crook itself into a sickle, and the foothold is loose shingle. These stalls are divergences from the heading, which are like circumflex accents when first commenced, and elongate into the shape of horse-shoes and magnets. One man works in each arm, and they build up a “gob,” or partition-wall, of “shell,” or rubbish, between them. The ore, according to its quality, or the way in which it “proves,” has various names—“riders,” “black pin,” “hauling pin,” “spotted vein,” and “blue vein,” the last making the best foundry iron. The miner hammers a long chisel into the rock, and when he has made his hole, pours in his blasting powder, and lights his fuse; running into a neighbouring stall for shelter until the explosion takes place. If the “mine” is blown out in too

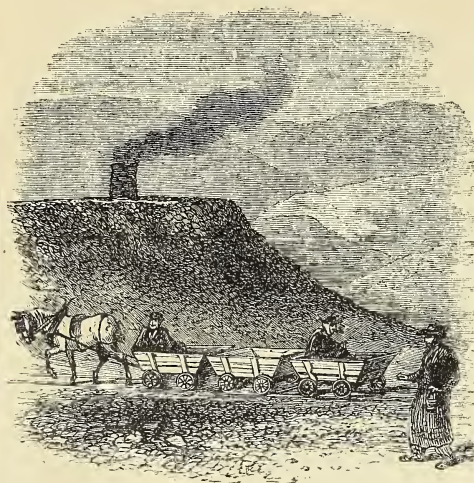
large blocks for convenient carriage, he splits it up with his pick. Between the entrances to each stall, in order that a current of air may sweep round it, a wooden door or a curtain of sacking stretches across the heading. In some places the walls of the heading are mortared to "keep the air right," and in others there are narrow side air-channels, like mill-streams, which my guide calls "braddishes." He is very sorry that he cannot show me any "gas," but as the next best thing to it, points out where the ceiling of the vault was broken by an explosion two days before. Now and then an arch of masonry spans the heading, and sometimes we walk beneath crossed timbers. The banksman carries a flaring oil-lamp which he has borrowed of the engine-man, and several of the miners are smoking. They are quite satisfied with the inspection which the two firemen made in the early morning before any of the miners were allowed to come down. As they are underground nearly twelve hours, however, and the leaving open of one of the heading-doors might fill a stall with gas, it seems strange that they should look so secure. We go into the fireman's lodge, a gloomy little cave, with safety-lamps hung against the wall, and a pale lean man rubbing away at one of them in silence like a magician in a nursery legend. The great chain on the great winch that rumbles round as laden trucks run down, and empty trucks rush up a steep incline, looms through the dusk like a boa coiled round a fallen tree trunk. We hear a stamping of hoofs and a champing of fodder; "Wo-ho!" cries the banksman; and we grope our way past the heels of half-a-dozen cart-horses, that never see sun-light, eating their dreary dinner in utter darkness. In spite of their lights, the miners whom we pass at dinner do not look more cheerful picknickers. They squat on the hard stones, munching a little bread and cheese, and washing it down with cold tea. It is odd as we splash along to see every now and then a light twinkling like a glow-worm, and to hear wild Welsh words wandering towards us from no visible speaker. The banksman flings back a Welsh answer, and on we flounder through the gloom. As we mount to daylight once more—after calling our steam coachman's attention to our wish to start, by three or four tugs at his cord check-string—the pit-lads give me a final taste of mine *diablerie*. A bevy of them are going down as we are coming up, and when the cages cross, they raise a yell which rings round and round the great, dark jagged well like the enviously despairing lamentations of lost spirits.

Whilst I was resuming my own garments in the engine-room, the engine-man favoured me with his views on Church and State. Nine people out of ten were Nonconformists in Wales—they didn't want no church. He had voted for Henry Richard partly because the master was for him, but chiefly because he was a Nonconformist—yes, sure. A miner's wife of whom I asked the secret of Mr. Richard's popularity, informed me that it was because he was a "real Welshman." The mining population of South Wales appear to be very enthusiastic politicians. Thousands assembled in the Merthyr Market Square, and sang, "Land of my fathers," after the late declaration of the poll. During my visit bunches of evergreens, adorned with party-rosettes, were still hanging over some of the doors, and little toddlers, that could hardly talk, were lisping, "Fothergill for ever," and chanting rhymes about "the Bruce." The satire of these political nursery rhymes would not seem to be very caustic if a stanza I picked up may be taken as an average sample:—

"There was an ex-butcher named Morgan,
Who possessed an old barrel organ,
And the more that he played,
The more people prayed
To be relieved of him and his jargon."

Having seen ironstone mined, I started next to Dowlais to see it worked. On the right in the valley are the disused Penydarran Works, now under repair, but still presenting a very dismantled appearance. The work-bell rusts in its turret. The clock stands still at a quarter to eleven. Chimney stalks send out no smoke, furnace-mouths vomit no flame. Roofless walls stretch along like ruined cloisters. Black wheels sulk motionless at the top of their high scaffolds. The ground is covered with a dismal litter of rusty moulds and black boilers like blasted asteroids. The dark stream that rushes past out of the arched hill-side seems to flout the iron works out of work. In strange contrast to that silent place brawls on for ever the deafening hubbub of huge Dowlais—the largest iron works in the world. It employs 9,000 hands, 4,000 under and 5,000 above ground. Its vast mounds of smouldering rubbish, on which trucks are tilting still, have been rising for a hundred years, and hem the works in like Salisbury Crags of soot. It seems as if they must soon overtop the bare mountains behind, where long-tailed, wild-eyed black ponies, feeding amongst rushes and ponds and out-cropping limestone, stare with the supercilious glance of freemen on slaves at the big horse

that trots by between the trams, dragging a train of trucks, and at the tip-women who



jump into them as they jog on, and settle themselves down in a heap to enjoy a quiet pipe before they get to work.

A little town, or rather very big village, of course, has grown on to the Works: a dirty, slovenly, big village, in which "the clartier, the cosier" seems to be a very common motto. There are a great many mud-splashed ducks in it, and a great many draggletailed mothers of six about to become mothers of seven in the paulopostfuture. Typhus, also, is no stranger at Dowlais. But a respectable per centage of the cottages, nevertheless, have tidy living-rooms, and almost all, whether tidy or untidy, have a warm, fully-furnished look that is very different from the pinched, bare, hungry aspect of the rooms to be seen in many parts of the East-end of London, for instance. Money is plainly made here, and if a good deal of it is lavished upon beer, some of it, at any rate, is left for food and furniture. Every cottage-door stands wide open in Dowlais, and therefore the stranger can observe its domesticities without the least intrusion. He sees good fires (coals in Dowlais are 8s. or 9s. a ton), and tea-trays brought out at abnormal hours in English estimation. He sniffs the fumes of oleaginous cookery. In cottage after cottage, too, he sees a handsome, old-fashioned eight-day clock, sometimes a good sofa, and almost universally either a dresser or a chest of drawers, and a table, set out with glass and crockery. I should add that the Dowlais Iron Company has built schools in which nearly 2,000 children are educated, and whose architecture contrasts queerly with

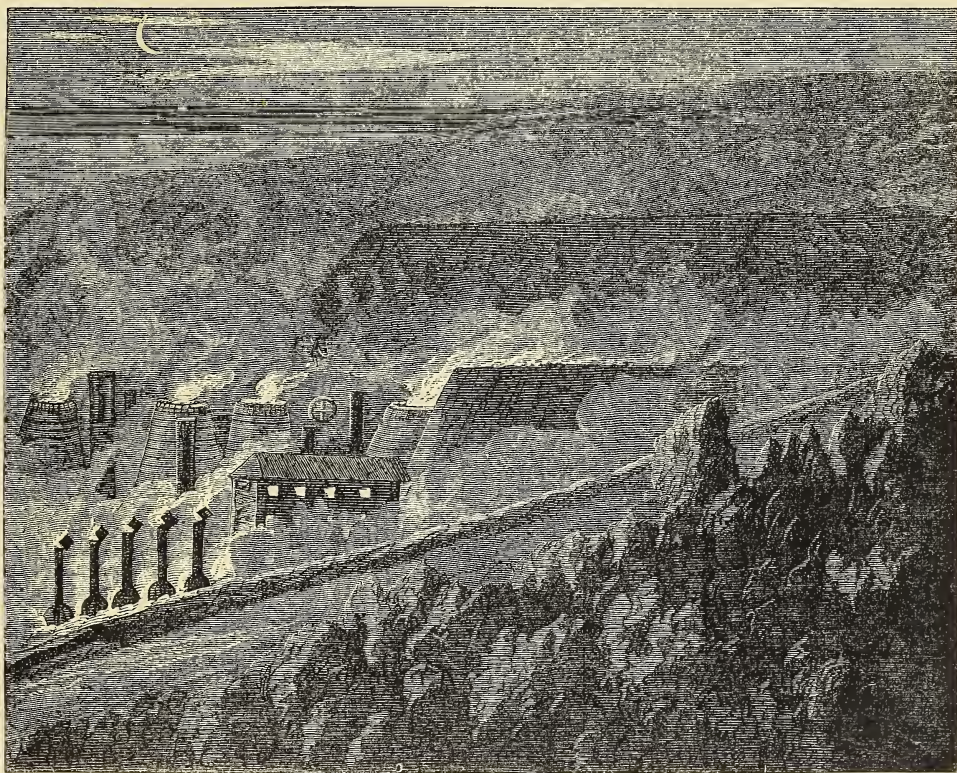
that of the pupils' homes; and that it supports a reading-room.

Native Indians used to be astonished at the dinginess of the old heavy house in Leadenhall Street which once governed their country, and a stranger is likely to feel a somewhat analogous astonishment at first sight of the shoulder-rubbed offices of the Dowlais Company. Dowlais is a place, however, in which dirt is coined into gold, and therefore its magnates, with small exercise of philosophy, can transact their business in a building which looks as if it had never heard of painters, whitewashers, and charwomen. The press does not seem to find much favour at Dowlais, on account of wild legends which it has set afloat anent the Works. One, concerning "Lady Guest and her Book-keeper," the courteous manager informs me, has been tossing in the papers for the last twenty years, although there is not an atom of fact to buoy it up. I promise not to exercise my "mythopœic" faculty, and am speedily furnished with a pass, which, in the course of my wanderings, I am only once challenged to produce. A stranger's first feeling, on being turned adrift in Dowlais, is one of utter bewilderment. He hears a sighing roar like that of ocean, a hiss of steam, a clank of iron, a whirl of wheels; sulphurous smoke and a spray of grit choke his nostrils; he sees round keeps and angular bastions, with fire leaping from their summit and glowing at their base; a forest of chimney-stalks; a jumble of mysterious buildings, of all shapes and sizes; a maze of muddy rails, mounds of coal and lime, piles of metal, timber, and white brick; an army of men, women, and children, whose diverse garments are turned into a uniform by their unvarying grime-facings. The slush on the ground is black as ink and sticky as tar, and men and girls are shovelling it up by truck-loads. Wherever the dazed visitor seeks rest for the sole of his foot, a tram-horse trots right at him. It is at first a bewildering nightmare vision merely—that lurid Valley of the Shadow of Tips.

But presently there comes a glimpse of cosmos in the chaos. Those huge, red-brown, ringed structures, at the head of the valley—rooks for Titans' chess—bannered with flame, galleried like lighthouses, and with gaping caves of fire at the bottom, must be the blast-furnaces. Those arched-brick boilers, with regulators perking above them, like pawn-brokers' signs minus a ball, slides like box-iron doors, and fussy puffs of steam, must have something to do in generating the blast. Those huge pipes, that cross the valley like

tubular bridges for trains of well-grown Lilliputians, must convey it. To see the blast-furnaces fed, you ascend to the higher ground by narrow, zigzag steps, like cliff-side stairs; and, if you shut your eyes, the sighing roar of the furnaces might make you fancy yourself, indeed, at the sea-shore. Again you plunge into apparent chaos: embankments, culverts, and locomotives coming in "promiscuous-like" from the wild country round; more trucks, more viscous mud, more pinafores girls—very dirty, very bold-eyed, and yet squalidly picturesque, with their cheap

ear-rings and their coloured kerchiefs, now and then giving a hint of a concealed mild chignon. They ply their shovels like navvies, and lift blocks of stone and coal that make your arms ache as you fancy yourself lifting them. One of them, red from head to foot, stands in a truck, shaping a load of rusty grist that runs in from a rough mill with a black beam bobbing above: coarse cocoa is what the grist looks like. You see more piles of lime and sand and coal, with curved, many-pronged forks, like strays from a devil's set, lying beside them; and heaps and truck-loads



The Merthyr Iron Forges by night.

of ironstone, rust-red, clay-yellow, and flinty grey. "This is Welsh-mine-Dowlais," says an old fellow, pointing to a smoking cairn, "and yonder's Northampton. We mix the iron as if we was making a pudding." You trip over great iron mushrooms with the stalk run through the cap, and your hot feet tell you presently that you are walking on an iron pavement. Just off the furnace-galleries old men sit in low hovels, watching their younger mates as they wheel their loads of furnace-fodder on to the clanking weighing-machine. "Every charge that goes in is weighed," says your old man—"there's so much plunder."

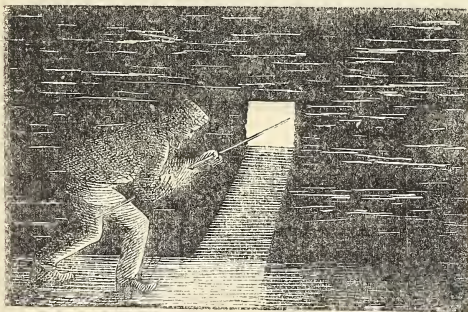
The flames leap up and roar like caged lions, longing to get out as one man turns the wheel that lifts or lowers the beam that hangs over the furnace-mouth; and then, merely putting on a thick waistcoat to save his shirt, his fellow wheels his barrow-load of fuel to the burning pit and tilts it in (whilst the red fire-tongues seem to lick right round him) as coolly as a railway porter trundling trunks to a luggage-van. It is a strange scene to see sparrows hopping about in, and a tidy woman and a clean-faced little girl coming along with "father's dinner."

Once more at the foot of a blast furnace

you see the molten metal running out of a spout into an iron-truck in a fire-fall so apparently motionless, that it looks far more like a fixed heated bar. A man goes up to the wheeled cauldron, dips his spade into it like a spoon into a jar of treacle, and examines what he brings out just as if he was going to taste it. Another man wants to light his pipe, and so he dips a rod into the molten metal, and applies the glowing button he fishes up to his pipe-bowl as ordinary smokers use a commonplace Vesuvian. Presently you see what looks very much like a piece of infernal irrigation. An oblong black bed is ploughed in ridge and furrow. With a spray of fire, and blistering like toasted cheese the farther it gets from the furnace, a red-hot stream flows along the side of the bed: aided by a long, lean, black-bearded gardener in turning the corners. Flamelets flicker over the black mould; whilst the side-current is still rich red, the cross streams begin to turn grey; and when the grim gardener has squirted water over his plot, you find that it is pig-iron he has been making.

In the ruinously-roofed plots behind the squatter refining-furnaces, the iron is run into flat cakes. When the cakes have cooled, a man and a woman—the woman doing the harder work—hook them on to a two-wheeled frame, and haul them out, to be smashed by a hammer so heavy that its two handles, sticking out like horns, have to be wielded by two men.

The chimneys of the puddling forges bristle lower down like bulrushes, with raised covers like black college-caps above them. The puddlers in blue-checked skull-caps and shirts, dirty white trousers, and red shoes,



bend down to the white squares in the black furnaces behind the chimneys, and “stir up with a long pole” the glowing mass inside as if they wore asbestos masks. It makes inexperienced eyes smart to look even from a distance at the openings of those burning,

fiery furnaces. The puddler is popularly reported to be able to drink “gallons of beer” per diem without getting drunk. You do not wonder at the report when you see him at his work. The beer must go off in perspiration long before it can affect his brain. Presently he hooks out with a pair of giant’s sugar-nippers a loaf-like lump of white and red hot iron, poises it on a wheeled ring which a little boy has ready, and off the little fellow trots with it to the rollers, in iron-roofed sheds, whirring with vertical and horizontal wheels. Beneath the seemingly soft taps of an oscillating beam the loaf is crushed like putty into a long rough twist, and then dragged backwards and forwards between restless, variously grooved rollers, until the white-red crusty mass has become a flat blue bar. You ask a roller what he gets for his twelve hours’ “shift.” “25s. a week, but the rail-rollers down below can make 40s., and I’ve to pay my boy 4d. a day.” And the puddlers? “Oh, about the same as us now, but they might make 28s. We’re all paid by the ton.” Does he belong to a union? “No, we was have a union once, but the young man run away with the money. Yes, indeed, but the new Parliament, I dare say, will make that all right. You’ll let me drink your health, sir?”

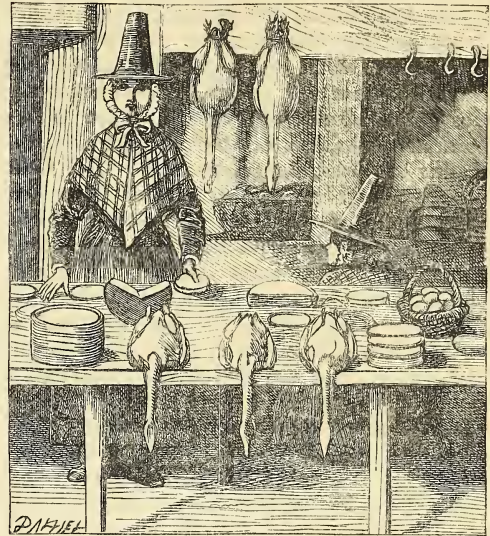
“Down below,” you can see iron manipulated as easily as a cook rolls out her dough, adds one piece to another, cuts it into strips, and twists it into pipes; boys running along with red rails, which make every log of wood they are dragged over flare out in flame, rails that look cold still passing over rollers, rails finishing off under hammer-taps, and rails stacked and littered about like cannon in an arsenal.

Turn to a Gazetteer sixty years old, and under the head of Merthyr Tydfil you read, “It is surrounded with numerous iron forges, at Cynfarfat, Dewlain, Plymouth, and Pen-y-Darsan, and it is supposed that there are forged weekly upwards of 250 tons of iron, with a consumption of as many tons of coal.” What now are the statistics of the “forges,” whose names, when Welsh, the Gazetteer so comically misspells? About 1,000 tons of coal a-day are consumed at Dowlais, and its score of blast furnaces turn out each some 80 or 100 tons of pig iron per week. Cyf-arthfa, the property of those iron Cresuses, the Crawshays, employs 5,000 hands, and Plymouth, once the property of the same family, 4,000. All round about Merthyr, also, to say nothing of Monmouthshire, the furnaces are flaring. Within the memory of not

very old inhabitants, Aberdare has sprung up from a still smaller village than Merthyr into a far more civilised-looking town. Its elegant modern churches, its commodious modern houses, contrast far more strikingly than anything of the same kind in Merthyr with its village nucleus—the white-washed old church with one bell in its gable, and coffin-shaped parterres of homely flowers; the thatched or stone-roofed white and yellow cottages, over whose stepped stone stiles young Evan Evans chases Griffith Griffiths. Walk up the mountain side from Aberdare to the Abernant station on a faintly moonlit night, and you can see a blending of the natural and the artificial picturesque that will pay you for your trouble. Beneath the crescent moon the hills lie dimly interfolded all around. Impish collier boys, loudly larking, and silent grown-up colliers, taking surly stock of the stranger, pass you on their road home from pits that send up their 1,000 tons per diem. On both hands there are works, with their grimly grand jumble of snowy vapour, belching flame, black buildings blotched with gas-light, pitchy tips illuminated with flickering variegated fires, and beams, and wheels, and chimney-stalks rising with phantom-like lack of anything to stand upon, out of the cross-lighted, surging chaos. As the train runs on to Merthyr, too, you see more works in the valley of the Cynon, burning like Cities of the Plain, and flushing the sky with a pulsing, rosy-brassy glow.

It is a relief in such a world of whirling wheels to feel that Sunday is drawing near. Then, as on other days, the insatiable blast furnaces must be fed by night and day as they have been fed—still roaring out “Give, give,” whilst babies have grown up into men and women, with babies of their own. But the puddlers, and the rollers, and most of the iron-works labourers, and almost all the miners and the colliers, will get a rest. On Saturday afternoon and evening the Merthyr market is a busy Bourse, and the Carmarthenshire women, in their Mother Hubbard hats, full-bordered caps, checked shawls and scarlet whittles, who preside over the dairy-produce stalls, give a piquantly foreign eye-spice to the scene. There are other hats in the market that have a still droller appearance—black coal-scuttles, without back, or top, or handle, upside down, bound on with a kerchief, and sticking out in front like a duck’s bill. Caps and widows’ caps are sold in the market; loaves, plum-buns, plum-cakes; pats of butter, cylinders of butter a foot across, and more than a foot high; big cheeses, seg-

ments of the same, and little cheeses like tea-cakes; eggs in baskets; boots and shoes; crockery; sweeties; geese; bacon; vegetables, amongst which the leek figures largely; herrings; red-cheeked apples in



barrels lighted with candles; and Welsh music and periodical literature, in the midst of whose double d's and l's *Reynolds's Newspaper* and the *News of the World* peep out somewhat incongruously. The meat-market is held in an aisle off the main building; the latticed stalls being provided with snug fires, over which the salesmen and saleswomen gossip and take their tea in a very free and easy fashion. Beyond the unusual number of men and hobbydehoy in low-crowned hats and comforters, pea-jackets, and loose, patched, flannel garments, with faces smudged like slaveys', who loaf purposelessly, or lark boisterously about, there is nothing very striking in Merthyr High Street on a Saturday night. Newsboys shout *Telegraph* and *Express* just as they do in London (but these are local journals); choirs of sham-shivering beggars chant dismal ditties; boxes of fusees are pushed under your nose in metropolitan style; and an old man never wearies of croaking, “A new almanac, one penny—a pair of strong leather laces, one penny.” Later on in the night, however, merry-making miners tramp home four abreast, singing part-songs in very creditable time and harmony.

To see what hold the Establishment had on the miners, I went to the Welsh service in the parish church on Sunday morning. It is named after the martyr Tydfil, who has given her name also to the town—a district

church having been erected in modern times near the well at which the "pagan Saxons" murdered her on account of her Christian faith. St. Tydfil would marvel at the manifold developments into which her countrymen's Christianity has branched out if she could see her church now. It has a dimly-illuminated clock, but that is the only thing bright about it. It seems to be mouldering away in its green churchyard, as the bibles painted on some of the tombstones are scaling off from the green slabs. The flags are as damp as the bricks of a cellar. When the clergyman goes to the communion-table, he is quite exiled from his sparse congregation. There were between forty and fifty persons present on the morning I attended. The faded organ seemed to be shivering up in the chilly gallery; and when the thin old clerk, in wig and spectacles and long-skirted coat, took round the pewter-plate, he looked like the last of his race. It was worth while going to church, however, if only to hear the Litany read in Welsh. It was a sea-like piece of music. The animated sermon, also, sounded ever and anon exactly like a chant. It was the odder that the singing proper should have been dismally nasal and out of tune.

In the evening, I went to a well-filled miners' chapel, and there I heard hearty and harmonious singing; but the sermon at first did not sound half so spirited as the rector's to his depressingly small congregation. The preacher prosed on without a tone of music in his voice, and his hearers listened in languid silence. The liveliest member of the congregation was a fair-haired little Welshwoman, in a pinafore and without a bonnet, who was playing all kinds of pranks upon her mother's knee. (In some of the Welsh chapels, I am told, children are allowed to run about during service.) But presently a sound like a paviour's grunt was heard from one of the pews, and the preacher grew more energetic. It was repeated, it was echoed; it culminated in a chorus of heartily approving *ha's!* The preacher then put off all his prose, and throughout the rest of his discourse chanted like the clergyman; a running fire of *ah-meens* punctuating every sentence.

The High Street was thronged with the congregations that poured out from the different places of worship in the evening, and some of the worshippers instantly adjourned to the public-house. I overheard this conversation in a bar. "Was you at chapel?" "No, but I was at Sunday school." "Was you ever at church, John Jones?" "Yes, indeed, but they was give me no book." "They knew you couldn't read." "I can

read, yes, sure, but I never go to church again till I was married." "Ah, then you was bound to go."

The most superficial observation proves that an enormous amount of drink must be consumed in Merthyr, and when you make inquiries as to what the iron workers live on, the first answer you always get is "beer." Their consumption of solids is said to be Falstaffian in its comparative proportion. The puddlers and other close familiars of the furnaces, however, are very fond of radishes and all kinds of cooling vegetables. When maddened with drink, the miners fight long and furiously. They turn out into the street, strip to the waist, and not content with blinding one another with their sledge-hammer blows, they fasten their teeth in one another's ears and shoulders, and worry the flesh like dogs. Although there are a good many Irishmen in the iron districts, and they are bellicose enough amongst themselves, it is rare for an Irishman and a Welshman to have a stand-up fight. The Irish are said, as a rule, greatly to prefer above to underground employment, and are therefore found more numerously as labourers in the iron works than as miners in the pits.

The noisiest night in Merthyr is what is called *Dydd-Llun-dechra'r-mis*, or "Monday the beginning of the month." Up to about mid-day on the previous Saturday the men have been working like horses that they may have as much as possible to take on the following Saturday, which is pay-day—a week being needed to calculate the month's work. Having done so, they hold revel, especially on this Monday, and some of them scarcely go back to work during the rest of the week. At all the works there is a "draw" every week, and on the Saturday after pay-day, which is called "big draw," almost as much money is drawn as on pay-day. Most of the works pay once a month, but at Dowlais, owing to the unavoidable complication of accounts in such a huge concern, there are generally three-months pays.

Perhaps the most painful features in the South Welsh mineral districts are the hardness of the work which the girls and women have to perform, and its unsexing nature. It is strange to see them so merry over it. But if they threw it up, they could only take their choice between farm labour and domestic service, neither of which is remunerative in Wales. A servant, in every respect as handy and as useful as many who are getting £10 or £12 a year in London, can be hired for 5s. the lunar month in Merthyr.

PERCEIVING WITHOUT SEEING.

A ROMANCE IN ASTRONOMY.

To see without perceiving, is among the commonest of all things. Simply to see, is often an involuntary and always a mechanical act; to perceive, implies often the intention, and always the intelligence, of a prepared mind. Thousands before Galileo, had seen the stately swing of the great chandelier in the Duomo at Pisa, yet none but the young philosopher perceived that each of the swings, whether great or small, was performed in the same period of time. To this perception we owe the invention of the pendulum clock. Thousands had seen the fall of many an apple, but it was reserved for Newton to perceive the relation which such a fall might bear to the motion of the moon. To this perception we owe the knowledge of the longitude at sea. Many before Darwin had seen the bees flitting among the orchids, with pollen on their noses, and among the loosestrifes, with pollen on their breasts also, and on their thighs; yet none before Darwin perceived the object of the strange motions of the former pollen, or of the triple positions of the latter. To this perception by the intelligence of a prepared mind, we owe our knowledge of some of the most beautiful interadaptations in the whole realm of nature.

The foregoing are instances of perceiving *after* seeing; but the remarkable tales which we shall now proceed to tell owe their origin to that strangest and most prophetic of the human faculties, whereby man is not seldom enabled to perceive *before* he sees. The perception of the planet Neptune in the minds of the great English and French astronomers, before they had taught their German colleague the precise region where to find him, beyond the presumed boundary of the solar system, is so familiar an instance of the phenomenon before us, as to require no further allusion.

The bright star Sirius is another case in point, philosophically quite as remarkable, though not generally so well known, as that of Neptune. There are certain small but teasing vagaries in the motions of this brightest of the stars, which induced Bessel to suspect the existence of some, as yet unseen, companion sun, whose disturbing influence might account for the unusual displacements. For a long time, this hypothetical body was called "The Dark Companion." Auwers, another astronomer, calculated some of the probable elements of this unseen disturbing

mass. Ultimately, the Dark Companion was revealed as a speck of light to Alvan Clark, in a telescope of admirable quality, constructed by himself. A new sun had thus been perceived by the human mind before he had been seen by the human eye.

But the scientific tales which we now purpose to narrate, are not taken from the abstrusest, and, in some respects, the least interesting, of the multiform phases of astronomical research. On the contrary, they are drawn from among the recent discoveries in the physics of the universe, which, on account of their unexpectedness and their brilliance, have invested some portions of modern astronomy with the air of a romance. I suppose that before the year 1866, it was not conceived possible to detect the motions of the so-called fixed stars by means of the analysis of the light which they emit; neither, in fact, was it possible with any instruments which had then been devised. Since that time, our knowledge of the constitution of light has become so vastly increased, and so minutely accurate, that the elementary composition of a substance may often be detected by the examination of the light which it emits when in a state of incandescence. In fact, what is termed spectrum analysis, under its ruder forms, has become a scientific amusement, and the spectroscope now takes its place among many other philosophical toys. Mr. Huggins, in May last, announced to the Royal Society that he had at length successfully applied an improved form of this instrument to the measurement of the motion of at least one star, viz., Sirius, to whose minute but eccentric displacements in the heavens we have already referred. We shall proceed to give the outline of the principle and the method which Mr. Huggins employed, but we must warn our readers that, simple and intelligible as is the whole affair, we must, nevertheless, somewhat tax their attention, if they desire to catch the thought which is at the bottom of the beautiful process we are about to explain.

We must commence with an illustration gathered from certain elementary principles in the propagation of sound, with which, we doubt not, all our readers are sufficiently familiar. It is well known that the pitch of a musical note depends entirely on the number of pulsations which strike the drum of the ear in a given time. If this number be in-

creased,—that is, if these pulsations succeed each other with a greater rapidity,—then the acuteness of the musical note is increased; if this rapidity be diminished, then there is to the ear the sensation of a graver tone. Now, suppose the whistle of a railway locomotive-engine to be so constructed as to emit the sound of middle C on an ordinary piano-forte. This note is produced by the succession of 528 pulsations beating uniformly on the drum of the ear in every succeeding second of time,—that is to say, the interval between two successive beats is the $\frac{1}{528}$ th part of a second. Now, suppose such a sounding body, in this case the whistle of the locomotive, to be at a distance from the ear of the observer. If, at the moment of the emission of the first of the 528 ærial pulsations, the locomotive commences a rapid motion towards the observer, then the second pulsation is now emitted at a less distance from the observer than was the first; consequently, it has now a less distance to travel than while at rest, and it will now meet the ear in a shorter interval of time after the first than the $\frac{1}{528}$ th part of a second; and, if the locomotive continues to move uniformly, more than 528 pulsations will strike the ear in a second of time, and there will be the perception of an acuter sound than that of middle C. Moreover, the more rapid the motion of the locomotive, the acuter is the sound which reaches the ear. If, on the contrary, the locomotive is receding from the ear, then any second pulsation starts from a greater distance from the ear than when the engine was at rest, and consequently there is a greater interval of time between two successive pulsations of the drum of the ear than the $\frac{1}{528}$ th part of a second, and the perception of a graver note than middle C ensues. Any of our readers may try the experiment, by observing how much more acute is the sound of a railway whistle while the train to which it is attached is approaching, than after it has passed the train where the observer sits. It is obvious that a knowledge of the alteration in the pitch of the sound will enable us to ascertain the rate at which the sounding body is moving at the time.

We must now transfer these observations on the propagation of sound to similar phenomena in the propagation of *light*.

It was ascertained about eight years ago (so recent and so rapid has been the progress of our knowledge), that the stars in general are surrounded, like our sun, with gaseous atmospheres in a state of strong incandescence. Among these gases is hydrogen.

This gas, when heated sufficiently, emits about 600 millions of millions of pulsations in every second of time with extreme regularity. Besides these, there are other sets of pulsations with which at present we have nothing to do. These pulsations are propagated to the eye with a velocity of about 185 millions of miles in a second, and being communicated to the retina, convey to the mind the sensation of a *very definite thin line of blue light*, when properly viewed through a prism or a spectroscope. If the number of pulsations meeting the eye in a second of time be ever so slightly altered, the position of the blue line of light becomes altered in the spectroscope.

Now it is possible, by certain ingenious contrivances, to view the light of heated terrestrial hydrogen simultaneously with the light of the hydrogen emitted by a star. This corresponds to listening to the note of a stationary whistle simultaneously with the note of a precisely similar whistle in motion. If the stellar hydrogen is in motion, then the number of pulsations meeting the eye in a second will be different from those of the terrestrial hydrogen; more numerous if the star be relatively moving towards the earth, and *vice versâ*.

Mr. Huggins, after very long and elaborate preparations, made the experiment upon the bright star Sirius, and with his beautifully-contrived spectroscope, he observed—what a memorable epoch in the life of a philosopher!—he observed a want of exact coincidence of the hydrogen line of the star with the line of incandescent hydrogen close to his telescope. From the amount of this displacement, microscopically minute as it was, he was enabled, without any very elaborate calculation, to determine the number of pulsations gained or lost in a second by the motion of the stellar light. In the case of Sirius, he found the number of pulsations *lost* in a second to be about the five-thousandth of the total number; and from this loss he was able to conclude with certainty, that Sirius and the Earth were moving *away* from each other, in the direction of the line of vision, at about 41 miles per second! But, inasmuch as the Earth itself was then moving away from Sirius at the rate of 12 miles per second, it follows that the rate of motion of Sirius itself away from the Earth amounted to 29 miles per second. By similar methods, no doubt in due time that part of the motions of all the brighter stars which is in the direction of the line of sight will become known to us. Astronomers already possess, or are

in course of obtaining, the means of discovering those parts of the motions which are transverse ; and thus, at length, the whole proper motions of many stars (perhaps of all) will be ascertained.

It is very little, indeed, to say of this great discovery, that it is an instance of perceiving without seeing. It is little, indeed, to say that the mere numbers—millions of miles ! millions of millions of pulsations !—are more than enough to bewilder us ; the numbers themselves are utterly inconceivable, and so are the distances ; yet they are facts as certain as any palpable facts passing before our eyes. But what shall we say of the human mind thus endowed with a genius capable of inventing such instruments, thus reaching into the infinite, and with a capacity and a patience wherewith it manipulates things so inconceivably small and numbers so inconceivably great ? It is here on earth one moment, and in the next among the stars, or “dwelling in the light of setting suns.” Better and nobler still, its affections are one moment burning here, and the next they are busy in a loving adoration before the throne of God.

Our next instance of perception without sight affords at the same time a remarkable exemplification of the necessity of previously *knowing what to look for*, lest the very object before our eyes escape our notice.

The readers of GOOD WORDS, and they are legion, may possibly remember the description given by the author in September, 1867, of the wonderful phenomena of a Total Solar Eclipse. At the moment when the sun's face is just entirely covered by the black patch of the moon, and not before, instantly, and as at the command of magic, there starts forth round the dark orb now hanging in mid air, and ominously near, a corona of glory, startling the spectator, not only by the suddenness, but by the beauty of the apparition. In its brightness it extends to more than half the sun's diameter beyond it, while streams of a paler light, and of various shapes, dart to a far greater extent into the atmosphere. Close to the dark round patch there are small tongues of coloured flame of various hues and fantastic shapes scattered about the circumference, and some observers have seen a thin, undulating, rosy band, extending almost, if not wholly, round it. The rose-coloured flames may extend to an eighth or a tenth of the sun's diameter beyond it, but, remember, this tenth means eighty thousand miles.

The object of the scientific expedition to Spain in 1860 was to determine finally

whether these flames truly belong to the sun or not. The question was finally determined in the affirmative, mainly by means of certain photographs admirably taken, and still more admirably discussed by Mr. Warren de la Rue. There can be no doubt that the corona, and these tongues of coloured light, indicate the existence of an atmosphere of vast extent surrounding the sun. As to the tongues of light themselves, they *may* be clouds of vapour floating in the solar atmosphere, and lighted from below, or they may be self-luminous from their own incandescence. Which are they ? and what ? Again, the corona also *may* be self-luminous, or it may become luminous from light proceeding from the body of the sun, and then scattered throughout its material, as is the case with the scattered light of our own atmosphere. Which is it ? It was to determine these interesting points—questions, moreover, which, if settled, would lead to an improvement of our knowledge of the constitution of the sun—that two scientific expeditions were organized in England to observe the total solar eclipse, which was visible in August last throughout a large tract of the British dominions in India. One of these expeditions was fitted out at the instance of the Royal Society, and placed under the direction of Lieutenant Herschel, R.E. ; the other was directed by Major Tennant, R.E., and equipped at the instance of the Royal Astronomical Society.

Now, it must be premised that our means of ascertaining with accuracy the nature of a substance by observations made with the *spectroscope* on the light which proceeds from its vapour when incandescent, dates from a period just subsequent to the total eclipse of 1860. Kirchhoff, in that same year, taught us that the elementary substances, such as oxygen, carbon, and the metals, when in a state of incandescent vapour, are very easily and very certainly distinguishable from each other by certain definite peculiarities in their spectra when viewed through a prism. In order, therefore, to determine the true source of the light in the coloured flames round the sun, all that it was necessary to do was to view them through a prism or a spectroscope. If the spectrum coincided with the spectrum of ordinary solar light, then they either reflected that light, or they might be constituted just as the sun itself is ; if otherwise, then the nature of the spectrum would probably disclose the nature of the incandescent material. Again, light *reflected* from a cloud undergoes a certain modification, which at all times it is possible to detect with the polari-

scope, but into this subject there is no necessity for us now to enter.

A question will here arise, and it materially concerns what we shall soon have to say, why is it necessary to wait for a solar eclipse in order to catch a sight of these rosy protuberances round the sun? Why cannot we shut out the body of the sun itself, and then patiently and at our leisure look round its edge, and see what is there? The attempt has been made. The sun's image has been often thrown into a darkened chamber, and the image itself received as it were into a black bag, while the light round its circumference has been carefully scrutinised, but heretofore without success. The light which is scattered by the sun throughout our atmosphere, and which inevitably mixes itself with the light coming from beyond the edge of the sun, overpowers and obliterates the feebler light of the rosy flames. Many other well-devised attempts have been made, such as the use of absorbing media of various coloured glasses, and of minute holes; but all without avail, until a sheer accident, yet not an accident, disclosed the means.

Immediately after the eclipse in August last, Major Tennant and Lieutenant Herschel telegraphed to England that notwithstanding certain drawbacks, their expeditions had so far succeeded that they had to a great extent ascertained the nature of the rosy flames. *They were self-luminous.* They proceeded from gases or vapours in a state of incandescence. These spectra consisted of *three bright lines*, two of them indicating hydrogen, and one of them sodium! Moreover, the light of the corona was light *reflected*. There are therefore floating above the body of the sun, and changing in form from day to day as our clouds change, huge masses of incandescent hydrogen extending through tens of thousands of miles!

When the existence of these *three bright lines* had been telegraphed to England, it set other heads and other eyes to work. *They now knew what to look for.* But how to see them in the absence of an eclipse? That was the question, which heretofore had received no solution. Strange to say, Mr. Huggins, that same philosopher to whom we are indebted for the great discovery referred to in this article, had already devised the means, and had adopted it, but without success. In that same valuable paper in which that discovery was communicated to the Royal Society on April 23rd of this year, he says: "I hoped to obtain a view of the red prominences visible during a solar eclipse, by reducing the light from our atmo-

sphere by dispersion; for *under these circumstances*, if the red prominences give a spectrum of bright lines, these lines would remain but little diminished in brightness, and might become visible. My observations in this direction have been hitherto unsuccessful."

Now it is highly probable that Mr. Huggins may actually have *seen* this object of his search, and would have *perceived* it, had he known precisely what to look for. It is all but certain that had his health and his engagements permitted him to look so soon as he heard from India exactly whereabouts the three bright lines were, he would at once have found them. As it was, the honour of the discovery, and it is great, was reserved for Mr. Lockyer, another gentleman who had already successfully applied the spectroscope to the examination of the constitution of the sun. He too, like Mr. Huggins, had hoped to detect, and had endeavoured to detect, these red prominences by the very same means. In a paper which he communicated to the Royal Society on October 11th, 1866, he says: "May not the spectroscope afford us evidence of the existence of the red flames which total eclipses have revealed to us in the sun's atmosphere, although they escape all other methods of observation at other times? And if so, may we not learn something from this of the recent outbursts of the star in corona?" The curious thing is, that Mr. Lockyer for two years scrutinised the border of the sun like Mr. Huggins without success, and it is almost certain that he may actually have seen and would have perceived the object had he precisely known what to look for. When he did know it, then, as we shall see, he immediately found it.

But here we think it right to explain to our readers wherein the facilities and the difficulties presented by the spectroscope in such a research consist. On the spectroscope, or on the prism (for it is nothing more), when directed to the border of the sun, there falls the light coming not only from just beyond the border itself, but mixed with it there is, as we have already said, the scattered light of the atmosphere. The light from the rose-coloured flame is fortunately for this purpose *homogeneous*, or nearly so, and the prism concentrates *that* into three bright narrow lines. On the contrary, the scattered light of the atmosphere being not homogeneous, is diffused into a long ribbon of therefore much diluted and feebler light; consequently, it no longer masks the three bright lines, and *they* thus become visible to the eye.

As soon, then, as Mr. Lockyer heard by

the telegrams from India that the spectroscopic appearance of a red prominence consisted of the three bright lines of hydrogen and sodium, he knew precisely what to look for, and on patiently groping round the edge of the sun with a mind and an eye prepared, he *perceived* what he had long searched for, and to his great and enviable joy, cried, *εὕρηκα*. He could not indeed actually see the *forms* of the prominences themselves; but by moving his spectroscope hither and thither, and thus following the places of the three bright lines, he could with certainty detect the shape of that which in fact he could not see. And these shapes, we are informed, changed like a waving flame almost from hour to hour.

One obvious but enormous advantage derived from this method of procedure arises from the leisureness with which the observations can be made, compared with the excitement of mind which must more or less ensue when the phenomena to be observed are so transient and so rare as those of a total solar eclipse. Already, new fruit has been gathered, inasmuch as Mr. Lockyer has detected *round the entire edge of the sun* a narrow border, affording the same sort of spectrum as that presented by the rose-coloured flames. Some suspicions of the existence of such a border have presented themselves during eclipses. If this be the fact, as we doubt not it is, then there exists an atmosphere of hydrogen close to the photosphere, and extending some seven or eight thousand miles above it, from whence are thrown out gigantic gushes of the incandescent gas for tens of thousands of miles into some other atmosphere, of which at present we know not the extent or the exact constitution. The mind becomes lost in such contemplations.

We have already spoken of the skill and prescience and patience of the observer. He reaps the high reward of contributing through all ages to the intellectual delight of his fellow-creatures, and a meed of fame for himself. But we think that in the record of *all* such cases, there is a duty owed to the skilful *artist* who constructs, and in most cases partly devises, the exquisite instruments, without which such observations cannot be made. In this instance, Mr. Browning of the Minorities deserves all praise.

We have not yet concluded our scientific tale; a little episode which may fairly be called romantic still remains to be told. When M. Jannsen, the director of the French expedition, was observing the eclipse at Guntoor, in India, on August 19, he too saw the same three bright lines in the spectrum of a

solar protuberance, which had been observed by Major Tennant and Lieutenant Herschel. Fortunately he did not remove his eye from the spectroscope when the first streak of light from the sun destroyed all the peculiar grandeur of the scene. The three lines still continued visible for many minutes, but the *form* of the protuberance was gone; but if visible for ten minutes in the midst of the light of day, why not for ten hours, why not always? So M. Jannsen, like a true philosopher, persevered, and (as he wrote to the French Institute) he enjoyed the chief phenomenon of a total solar eclipse during the period of seventeen days.* Mr. Lockyer made his own discovery on October 20, but by a most curious coincidence, the two letters of M. Jannsen and Mr. Lockyer, announcing what each had separately accomplished, were read *on the same day* to the philosophers who adorn the Institute of France. Each was the independent discoverer of the same new fact. A great French astronomer (M. Faye), in his address to his colleagues of the Institute, on the occasion of the announcement of what the Englishman and the Frenchman had separately and independently done, said with great eloquence and force, "Instead of seeking to divide and therefore to diminish the merit of the discovery, will it not be better to assign the honour of it to each of these two scientific men, without distinction? Each of them by himself, and separated from the other by many thousands of miles, had the happiness of grasping the intangible and the invisible, by a method which is perhaps the most astonishing that the genius of observation has ever conceived."

Our next, and, for the present, our last tale, refers to an important error, which in the first instance, and in principle, arose from seeing without perceiving, and which was ultimately corrected by perceiving without seeing. The error we allude to is that which for a long time existed in what is termed the sun's parallax, or less technically, in the distance of the sun from the earth, naturally one of the most important elements of the solar system. For a long time, in books on astronomy, this distance has been set down roundly as ninety-five millions of miles: well-instructed astronomers themselves have all along been perfectly aware that the amount of this element

* "Depuis ce jour (Aug. 19), jusqu'au 4 Septembre, j'ai constamment étudié le Soleil à ce point de vue. J'ai dressé des cartes des protubérances, qui montrent avec quelle rapidité (souvent en quelques minutes) ces immenses masses gazeuses se déforment et se déplacent. Enfin, pendant cette période, qui a été comme une éclipse de dix-sept jours, j'ai recueilli un grand nombre de faits, qui s'offraient comme d'eux-mêmes, sur la constitution physique du Soleil."

rested upon an extremely insecure foundation; moreover, they perfectly understood the source of the error, and had long been waiting for the opportunity (always a rare one) of obtaining a value on which greater reliance could be placed. The world at large, indeed, are wont to suppose that planetary masses, and distances, and dimensions are all determined with rigorous exactness; those who are themselves practically busy about the facts, and the methods of reaching them, know well enough that they are after all *approximations* only, wonderfully close approximations, but which admit of, and will receive, corrections from time to time, so long as astronomical science exists.

In the case of the sun's distance from the earth, the quantity actually obtained, from the processes themselves, is the angle which the earth's radius subtends when viewed from the sun; this *angle*, technically called the sun's parallax, was estimated in the "Nautical Almanack," up to the year 1870, at $8''.5776$, and from this angle the distance of the sun from the earth was deduced, namely, about ninety-five millions of miles. A very few years ago, many circumstances, some of which we shall proceed to detail, indicated that this angle and (consequently) this distance were in error, and at present reasons exist for correcting the angle to $8''.95$, and the distance to about ninety-one millions of miles. But what a sad blunder for the astronomers to make! Here is an acknowledged error of actually four millions of miles, in one of the cardinal elements of a science which is pre-eminently remarkable for its exactness: what reliance, then, can we have upon any of the sciences? There was many a grave shake of the head when the error was discovered, and great self-congratulations among certain not very broad-minded persons, who encourage themselves and one another in the dread of the extension of human knowledge. Nevertheless, in the sequel, our readers will probably come to the true conclusion, that the correction of this error, or rather the obtaining of a more correct measure of the sun's parallax, is among the very grandest products of human genius. Astronomers are not wont to lift up their voices in the streets; nevertheless Astronomy is justified of all her children.

But before we proceed it may be well to put our readers into a proper position for the comprehension of what this small angle really is, which is so difficult and yet so important to obtain with exactness. What is meant by the angle of a *second*? It will convey but little idea to our readers, if we say it is the 324 thousandth of a right angle, for the very

numbers confuse the mind. But what then is a second? It is equivalent to the angle subtended by a ring one inch in diameter viewed at the distance of three miles and a third. The correction to be made to the sun's parallax is just one-third of this; that is to say, it is the error which a rifleman would make who shot at the right-hand edge of a sovereign placed *twelve* miles off, and who hit it by mischance just on the left edge! It is what a human hair would appear to be, if viewed at the distance of above 150 feet! Such are the quantities with which astronomy of necessity deals, and such is the error which it has been the province of astronomical science recently to correct.

No process has yet been devised, and probably never will be devised, for obtaining the distance of the sun from the earth, which is not beset with complications on every side. The simplest and the most exact of them all is by observing the time which the planet Venus takes to traverse the sun's disc, on the extremely rare occasions when such a phenomenon occurs. The observations must be made simultaneously by at least two observers situated as far asunder as is practicable, but at known places and at known distances from each other; and then through very complicated and elaborate calculations, the differences of the durations of the passages of the planet over the sun's disc, as seen at the two places, lead ultimately to the determination of the distance of the sun from the earth.

It is not by any means easy to put our readers in possession of the principles of the method pursued; some notion of it may be gathered if we illustrate it by the analogy of the illumination of the wall of a darkened room by a bull's-eye lantern held at a distance from it. The bull's-eye lens may represent the earth. The top and bottom of the lens may represent two observers; the point where the rays of light from the top and bottom of the lens (*i.e.*, the focus of it) intersect may represent Venus; in this case the top of the circular disc of light thrown upon the wall will represent where the lower observer sees the planet on the sun's face, while the bottom of the disc of light will be the spot on the sun where the upper observer sees the planet. Now it is perfectly clear that the further the lantern (in this case representing the earth) is from the wall (which in this case represents the sun), the larger will be the patch of light thrown upon it; that is to say, the further apart will be the two little black spots formed by Venus on the sun, as seen by the two observers. The further apart these

spots on the sun are, the more different will be the paths of Venus across it, and therefore the more different will be the two *durations* of the transit as reckoned by the two observers. We have therefore, we hope, established in the minds of our readers the existence of a certain relation between the difference of the durations of the transit of Venus as observed at two different places on the earth, and the distance of the earth from the sun, and that is all we can here pretend to do. We can only commend our readers to the use of a pencil, and to the perusal of the proper treatises if they desire further information on this subject, which, however interesting, is assuredly not easy. But to proceed.

In the year 1769 the celebrated Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook, of H.M.S. *Endeavour*, and Mr. Green, formerly assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, were despatched to Otaheite, in the southern Pacific, to observe the transit of Venus, which was to occur on the 2nd of June in that year. At the same time various European governments commissioned other observers to other places, notably Father Hell, an Austrian Jesuit, was sent for the same purpose to Wardhus, at the extremity of Norway. The business of these observers was simply to observe the exact duration of the transit of the planet over the sun's disc at the two places. No doubt this appears, as described on paper, to be a very simple and easy operation. What can be easier, for instance, than to observe when the sun's limb is just notched by the little round planet, or when there re-appears, after the notch, the first thread of light between it and the sun's limb? Just so. But our readers will in due time understand that, practically, these apparently simple observations are attended with a variety of complicated phenomena which Cook and Hell, and the observers of that day, were in a condition neither to anticipate nor to correctly interpret. In fact, it has been reserved for the genius of Mr. Stone, the first assistant astronomer at Greenwich, to unravel those intricate appearances which just one century ago perplexed his predecessor, Mr. Green, at Otaheite.

Suffice it to say, that when the results of all the observations were laid before the various astronomers in Europe, extreme difficulty was found in the interpretation of what the several observers had really seen. Ultimately, to add to the complication, the great astronomer, Encke, who years after the event endeavoured to reduce the observations with greater exactness than his predecessors, considered that he had detected a certain amount

of forgery or alteration of the figures in the observation made by Father Hell at Wardhus. Making, however, the best of the case, Encke determined the most probable value of the sun's parallax to be $8''.5776$, as we have already stated; and this was *provisionally*, but of necessity, accepted by astronomers as the amount of this very important element. Here, again, some of our readers may shake their heads and say, What blunderers those observers must have been! We counsel them to wait awhile.

In process of time, that is to say, about eight or ten years ago, M. Hansen reinvestigated with remarkable ability the theory of the *moon's* motion, and thereupon constructed a set of numerical tables which represent and predict the places of our satellite with a marvellous and almost unhopd-for degree of accuracy. So accurate indeed are these tables that it was at one time stated on authority, that the tabular errors were even less than the unavoidable errors of the instruments and the observers themselves! But this remarkable accuracy could only be attained by making an alteration on the amount of the pull wherewith the sun displaces the moon in her orbit: this necessary alteration amounted virtually to an alteration of the sun's distance from the earth, whereby it was brought *nearer* to us by above three millions of miles.

About the same time, certain new and very accurate observations of the planet *Mars* had been made with new instruments of vast capacity and accuracy at Greenwich and at the Cape of Good Hope. From these observations, the distance of Mars from the sun was obtained with a closer degree of approximation than had before existed. But the distance of the Earth from the sun can be obtained from the distance of Mars from that luminary by the well-known law discovered by Kepler, viz., that the squares of the periodic times of the planets round the sun are as the cubes of their distances from it. Now, these periods are accurately known. Hansen's alteration of the sun's distance was thus *confirmed* by these observations on the planet Mars. But observe how strange it is that we should thus get at the sun's distance by measuring the disturbing pull of the sun upon the moon, and again by calculating the distance of Mars. Again, M. Leverrier found that he could not account for the observed motions either of Venus or of the earth itself, unless he altered the sun's distance by just the same amount as that indicated by the motions of the moon! Finally, M. Foucault, by means of certain most delicate measures with rapidly-revolving mirrors, ascertained that the accepted *velocity* of

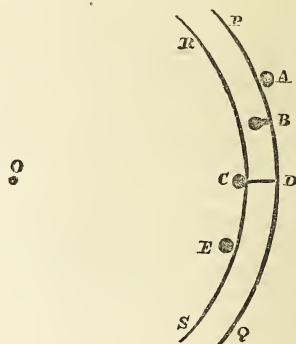
light must be altered, and this alteration necessarily involved an equivalent alteration in the accepted distance of the earth from the sun; the amount of alteration again, *as before*, was about the same—three or four millions of miles.

Thus, all these circumstances combined—viz., the displacement of the moon in her orbit by the action of the sun, the distance of Mars, the displacement of Venus by the action of the earth, the displacement of the earth itself by the action of the moon, the velocity of light as *experimentally* determined by Foucault—all conspired to one result, viz., that the sun's parallax must be about $8''\cdot95$ instead of $8''\cdot53$, as heretofore accepted from the transit of Venus in 1769. How strange that all the foregoing apparently unconnected causes—causes apparently so remote—should conspire to one result respecting an alteration of the distance of the sun from the earth! We doubt if, in the annals of human knowledge—we doubt if, in the records of the achievements of human genius, there can be a parallel to this wonderful consilience of unexpected suggestions. But after all, what was it that was in fault respecting the transit of Venus? The prevailing opinion seems to have been that Father Hell had tampered with the results of his observations. Happily Mr. Stone has vindicated the memory and the fame of this observer, and has demonstrated the *great accuracy* of the observations of 1769. We proceed at length to explain the causes of all the trouble: it will be seen that they do not lie at the door of astronomy: they are *physical*, and not astronomical.

In order to understand the sources of the difficulty in observing the transit of a planet such as Venus across the sun's disc, it is necessary to remark that the sun has *two* discs,—an actual and physical disc, and an optical or visible disc, somewhat larger than the former. The cause of this apparent enlargement of the visible disc over the actual, is assigned to the indefinite word Irradiation. The true cause probably lies in that curious action of the waves of light upon each other, whereby, *in a telescope*, a star which otherwise ought to appear as a point, is diffused into a little bright circular disc, surrounded with coloured rings. This spurious disc and its rings become *smaller* in the exact proportion that the aperture of the telescope is *larger*. Just in the same way, then, the edge of the sun which, in this point of view, may be considered as a number of stars, will, when viewed through a telescope, be diffused into a bright border, extending to a sensible distance beyond the actual edge of the sun's

limb. This enlargement is physical and inevitable. It arises from the nature and the interaction of light, and is an actual calculable quantity. Now, here lay the cause of all the trouble relative to the transit of Venus, as observed by Captain Cook at Otaheite, Father Hell at Wardhus, and other excellent observers. To explain it a little more fully.

Suppose *r s* to be the *real* edge of the sun. Then the visible or irradiation edge will extend slightly beyond it, viz., to *p q*. The effect probably arises, as we have said, from the interference of the waves of light with each other, which proceed from the sun's *true* edge, producing thereby *in the telescope* a



false or spurious border of light between *r s* and *p q*. The little planet is first seen in the telescope to touch the irradiation edge *p q* at *A*, and the observer would note the time, and would expect to see a fine thread of light so soon as the planet gets within the edge; but no such thing, the planet swells out into a pear-shaped patch, as at *B*, and so continues in a distorted shape until, unknown to the observer, it reaches the true edge of the sun, as at *C*, when he sees the formation of a *black thread* *C D*. So soon as the planet is disentangled from the sun's *true* edge, then there appears the apparition of a thin thread of sunlight at *E*, and the planet thenceforth sails slowly and majestically across the sun with no unexpected phenomena, until at length all the strange distortions are repeated in reverse order on the opposite border.*

Now the several observers themselves recorded these perplexing phenomena, not as we have done now that we understand them, but in their own language, and with a manifest perplexity as to their meaning or their

* The reader must not suppose the planet hops about as in the figure. It moves in reality in *one straight line*; but for the purposes of illustration, we have placed the phases of the phenomena *under* each other.

cause. For a long time they were assigned to the imperfections of the telescope employed!

When the astronomers, such as Encke, came to discuss the phenomena presented to them in the reports of the various observers, and not clearly understanding either the descriptions or the causes of the phenomena, they were unable to ascertain the precise times of the contacts required; they almost unavoidably compared and mixed up *dis-similar* phenomena, and consequently arrived at erroneous and discordant results.

It is to Mr. Stone, the first assistant at Greenwich, who for some time had busied himself in the discussion of the spurious discs of stars formed in the focus of telescopes, that we owe this clear and full explanation of the difficulties of the case. Upon disentangling the phenomena, and comparing like with like, he has deduced from this transit of Venus very much *the same amount* of the solar parallax which had already been

obtained from so many other independent sources. He has shown, moreover, that the observations of Captain Cook, Father Hell, and other observers, are, when properly interpreted, beautifully accordant with each other.

Thus all now has become clear in this very intricate question. We will not say thus has been removed the opprobrium from astronomy, for to astronomy it was never in reality an opprobrium. The physical circumstances attending the passage of a dark body over a very bright one, and then viewed through a telescope, were not understood at the time when the observations were made, and it was these which produced, not the astronomical error, but the then inextricable difficulties of the case. The error arose from the observers of the transit seeing without perceiving, and it has been most successfully removed by Mr. Stone, who perceived the meaning of the phenomena without seeing them.

CHARLES PRITCHARD.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T FEEL PAIN.

A LEGEND OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

IN the village of Thorwald, which is situated in a secluded valley in the Harz Mountains, resided a man of the name of Hans Müller, with his wife and two children. Hans was well to do in the world; he was a stout, well-built fellow, fond of his family, and very industrious. But here ended the list of his good qualities. On the other side of the account we must set down the vice of intense selfishness, habitual discontent (although his circumstances were much better than those of his neighbours), and great indifference in religious matters. Honourable in his conduct, his integrity was not very disinterested. He knew that the law punished fraud severely; and, being by no means deficient in natural shrewdness, he had learnt that "honesty was the best policy."

Hans Müller's worldly possessions consisted in a moderate-sized, well-stocked farm; an inn, to which was attached a stable for post-horses; and a farrier's shop. At this last, as it was the only one within a radius of five miles, he did a very respectable bit of work.

Frau Müller was stout and good-natured, industriously looking after her husband's affairs, and smoothing down the differences which not unfrequently arose between Hans and his neighbours. She also watched over the interests of the inn, as well as over the dairy at the farm, Hans taking the post-office and the farrier's shop under his own

especial control. Gretchen's many occupations did not divert her attention from her children. She watched over them with great care and solicitude; and, young as they were,—for one was but four and the other six,—she had been diligent in instructing them in the principles of religion. All that need be said of them is, that they were healthy and good-tempered,—in this respect taking far more after their mother than their father.

On a certain day in the winter of no matter what year, Hans Müller was particularly out of humour. Several circumstances combined to cause this most undesirable result. In the first place, there had been for some time a sharp frost, which was succeeded by a heavy fall of snow, so that all farm operations had come to a stand-still. Hans consequently had to maintain his labourers while they were doing no work. His farrier's shop had also been a loss to him, for, with the exception of the government mail, there had been no traffic on the roads, which were so bad as to cause great fatigue to his horses. As he horsed the mail by contract, this caused great loss to him. For the inn, it had had no visitors during the previous fortnight except a company of twenty soldiers, who had been billeted on Hans. In consequence of the bad state of the roads, they had remained in the house till the morning of the day of which I am speaking. The amount paid by

the government for their maintenance being somewhat less than one-half of what it cost, Hans's satisfaction at seeing them depart may be conceived.

About four in the afternoon, Hans was standing at his door watching for the mail. Presently it made its appearance, and he ordered the stable-man to bring out the horses for the relay. In a few minutes the mail drew up. The courier gave Hans the solitary letter for the district, and then took a seat by the fire to warm himself, while fresh horses were being put-to. As the first horse was taken out of the carriage, the stable-man said, "I say, master, this horse has lost a shoe." Hans merely gave a growl at this, and the man proceeded to unharness the other horse. "I say, master," said the man again, "this horse is lamed; he's had a blow on the hock."

Hans now stepped down and examined the horse. Finding that the man was right, he entered the house, and accused the courier of having driven carelessly, at the same time threatening to report him.

"Please yourself, I don't care what you report," said the courier. "But understand this—that I also intend to report your negligence to the Postmaster-General. You haven't half horses enough to work the road. The return courier will be here about eight o'clock, and you've no other horses in the stable than those I have brought. One of them is lame, you say, and the other must have a shoe on before it can go out again; besides, the beast's pretty well knocked up now." So saying, the courier rose, and entering the carriage, drove off, leaving Hans in a state of great anger.

Hans now remained at the door for some time in a moody frame of mind. Then he remembered that a shoe must be put on the horse before the evening. The farrier he employed had been allowed to go away for a few days' holiday, Hans calculating that, during the man's absence, he should save his keep as well as his wages. The stable-man was of course quite unable to shoe the horse, so Hans, who understood the farrier's art, resolved to do it himself. The fire was lighted in the smithy, and the horse brought in. The fire in the forge was blown by the stable-man, who had charge of the bellows. Hans examined the horse's foot, which he began to prepare for the shoe being placed on it. This he did with some difficulty, as he had a whitlow on the fore-finger of his left hand. It gave him considerable pain, and prevented him from going on with the work as skilfully as he could have wished. Presently the horse—probably impatient under its uneasy posi-

tion—jerked its foot away from him, thus freeing itself and tearing open the whitlow. This caused Hans considerable pain. In a passion he threw down the instrument used for paring the hoof, and savagely turning on the poor stable-man, as if he had been the cause of the injury, told him, with an oath, not to make a fool of himself any longer, but to take the horse back to the stable. Then, quitting the smithy, Hans returned to the hotel. He cried to Gretchen to bring him some rags to put round his finger. Like an experienced matron, his wife first examined the wound, and finding that it was somewhat severe, she told her husband to remain quiet for a few moments whilst she made a poultice. He made no remark, but sullenly seating himself in a chair by the fire, watched Gretchen making the poultice, angrily ordering her to be quicker, as his finger pained him greatly. At last, the poultice being ready, she put it on her husband's finger, and wrapped a rag carefully about it. Then, tying a handkerchief round his neck, so that his arm might rest slingwise in it, she disappeared, wishing to be out of his way as much as possible till he should somewhat recover his temper.

Hans Müller now considered what course he had better pursue. The return courier would arrive in less than two hours, and he had not a horse fit to leave the stables. No means of escape presented themselves to his mind, and he determined to get rid of the consequences in the best way he could. The courier who was expected was a very passionate man. Being an old soldier and a strict disciplinarian, he was in the habit of expressing himself with the utmost candour when the post-horses were not in readiness for him. At last an ingenious idea presented itself to Hans's imagination. The snow had now, on account of the frost, acquired some sort of consistency. He would quit the village, and not return till some two or three hours after the courier's arrival, leaving the poor stable-man to bear the brunt of that functionary's displeasure. He could do this the more easily as night was fast closing in. He did not meet a soul on his way, and plunged into the forest, resolving not to return home till he was out of all danger of meeting the courier.

Night now set in. It was dark and gloomy—so dark, indeed, that the snow on the ground was hardly perceptible under the thick fir-trees. Hans in a short time lost his way. This, however, he did not much mind, his sole object being to pass away the time. After some hours he began to think

that the courier must now have left the village. As the cold of the night was intense, and his finger still pained him considerably, he resolved to try and find his way back. But the darkness prevented him from seeing any of the usual landmarks. At length he calculated that it must be near midnight, and he began to be greatly alarmed lest he should be obliged to pass the night in the forest. But still he walked on, more, however, for the sake of maintaining warmth than anything else.

Fatigue now began to weigh on him so heavily that he could hardly drag one leg after the other. Had it not been that he dreaded being frozen to death if he fell asleep, he would have thrown himself down upon the ground. When almost in despair, he fancied he saw, through a break in the trees, the light of a distant fire. Believing himself to be near the village, he now set off in the direction of the light, and at last succeeded in reaching it. But he found that the rays did not proceed, as he had imagined, from the houses in the village, but from a fire which seemed about to go out. It was in the centre of a small amphitheatre, which had been formed by the trees being cleared away for some twenty or thirty paces round it. Though disappointed at not being nearer home, Hans approached the fire to warm himself. In a few moments, he looked round to see if any one was at hand of whom he could ask his way; but nobody was visible. He stood for some time warming himself, and at last resolved to stay by the fire till morning. He then began to look for wood to make up the fire, so that it should last till daybreak. Presently he perceived, near the trees, a quantity of fagots piled together. As he could only use one arm, he took up the largest fagot he could find, and, having thrown it upon the fire, went back to procure another. When he returned with the second, he found the first, somewhat to his surprise, already blazing up; for when he had thrown it on the fire, it was damp, and covered with snow. He did not, however, stop to reason on the subject, but threw on the second fagot. It immediately blazed up, brilliantly lighting the whole scene around him. He was on the point of going for a third fagot when he noticed that a remarkably tall, powerful man stood on the other side of the fire, dressed somewhat in the costume of a charcoal-burner, and holding in his hand a long pole shod with iron, with which he was stirring up the wood.

Hans gazed at him for a moment in silence.

Although his appearance was little different from that of the ordinary charcoal-burner, there seemed something strange about him which Hans could not understand. On looking more attentively, he perceived that the stranger cast no shadow on the ground behind him, although the fire was burning with intense brightness. Though naturally courageous, he was somewhat puzzled at the apparition, for certainly it was not there when he first reached the spot. At last, Hans determined to speak; but before he could do so, the figure drew the pole from the fire, and, leaning on it, said, in a good-humoured tone—

"Thanks, my son, for this visit. I have long wished that we should become intimate, although I have not had the power to commence an acquaintanceship."

"You know me then?" said Hans, greatly surprised.

"Perfectly well. You are a man after my own heart, and I am pleased to number you among my friends. Your sacrifice, I can assure you, has rejoiced me greatly."

"My sacrifice!" said Hans, astonished. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, the fagots you threw upon the fire. That fire is my altar," he went on, pointing to it with his pole, "and those who feed it become my subjects."

"I intended offering no sacrifice," said Hans; "I merely threw the wood on the fire to warm myself."

"No matter," said the figure, "the thing is done, and I shall now look upon you as my son. Tell me, therefore, in what way I can serve you. I have great power in my hands, and I will do anything you wish."

Hans seemed puzzled for a moment, as if he doubted what to ask.

"Come," said the phantom, "don't hesitate; I think I know your wishes. You would like your business to become more flourishing, so that you might grow wealthy; and, moreover, you would like to be relieved from the pain you now feel in your hand. I have not only the power to grant both requests, but, if you wish it, can ensure you against feeling pain for the future."

Hans seemed perfectly astonished that the stranger should so quickly divine his thoughts, and was about to reply, when, with a gesture of command, the phantom said—

"There is no occasion for further remark. I think we understand each other. If you are willing to become my subject, all you have to do is to sacrifice a third time by throwing on another fagot, or as many more as you like. At midnight, on the same day

next year, meet me here, and let me know what more I can do for you."

Hans went to the pile, and drew forth another fagot, which he threw into the flame. To his great surprise, he found the stranger was no longer present. He now determined to make up the fire so as to ensure its burning till the morning. He again went to the fagot stack, and, pulling one out, saw that several others were on the point of falling. To prevent this, Hans mechanically drew his left hand from the sling, forgetting for the instant the wound on his finger. At this moment he became conscious that his finger pained him no longer; and, taking up a whole bundle of the fagots, he carried them to the fire, and threw them on until at last the flames burned like a volcano. Then, placing a fagot for a pillow, he threw himself on the ground close by the fire. Although it burned fiercely, it did not throw out more than an agreeable warmth, and in a few moments Hans was fast asleep.

When he awoke next morning he found it was broad daylight. To his great surprise the fire had burned out, and nothing remained but a few embers. He now rose from the ground, singularly enough without feeling the least cold, though a considerable quantity of snow had fallen, and had partially covered him. Shaking off the snow, he easily found the path to his own house, which he reached about eight o'clock. His wife was overjoyed, for she had been in a state of intense anxiety at his absence. Gretchen now prepared his breakfast, while he went to refresh himself by some toilet operations.

He had seated himself at the table, and his wife was just on the point of asking whether his finger was better, when to her surprise she observed that there was a large blister on his right cheek, and another on his hand. Hans had not noticed this, and looked somewhat surprised that neither his face nor his hand gave him any pain, and that even the whitlow had ceased to annoy him. After he had finished his breakfast, Gretchen took the poultice from his finger, and gave a low cry of alarm when she saw that the wound was so much worse. She proposed to prepare another poultice, but he stopped her by saying that he felt no inconvenience, and did not want to be bothered with anything of the kind.

Hans now left the house, and proceeded to the stable. Finding the stable-man, he inquired what the courier had said the evening before. He heard, as he had expected, that the courier had got into a great passion, and, not finding horses ready for him, had

continued his way, threatening to complain at head-quarters. Hans, however, cared little for the threat, having full confidence in the bargain he had made with the mysterious charcoal-burner. He now told the stable-man to bring the horse that wanted shoeing into the smithy, and, although his finger was in a very bad condition, he contrived to put on the shoe without any difficulty.

When the courier arrived in the afternoon he brought with him a letter addressed to Hans. It contained an order on a bank in Frankfort for a considerable sum of money, in liquidation of a debt which had for many years been owing to Hans's father. Hans was overjoyed. The sum was sufficient not only to allow him to get four excellent horses, but also to purchase some rich meadows beside his farm, which would enable him to conduct his posting business most satisfactorily. So rejoiced was he at this news, that he would not listen to Gretchen's advice to have his wounds dressed. Next day he went to a person's house at some miles' distance to see some excellent horses which were for sale. He purchased four, and returned with them to the inn.

Hans now conducted the posting affairs so excellently as to receive warm commendations from the postmaster; and a further and very lucrative contract was offered him, which he accepted. Things went on satisfactorily with him, and he was daily increasing in wealth and importance.

But a singular change had taken place in his manner and behaviour to his wife and family. Formerly, he treated them with considerable kindness; and, as far as was possible with such a selfish temper, he was fond of them. But now he showed little affection towards them, and if he received the slightest annoyance, treated them with great severity. His eldest child, who was his favourite, fell ill; and the malady being a painful one, the little fellow became very fractious. Gretchen nursed him with the greatest kindness, but Hans had no patience with him. Incapable of feeling pain himself, he had not the slightest sympathy with the poor boy, but attributed his cries to ill-humour, for which the only remedy he could suggest was a good flogging. Gretchen's love, on the contrary, became greater the more she saw the poor child suffer; and the boy's affection for his mother increased in proportion to the kindness she lavished upon him. As he grew worse, his mother's uneasiness increased; but Hans became more and more impatient. Indeed, it was only by the intervention of Gretchen that

he was prevented from inflicting personal chastisement. The child died, and Gretchen exhibited the greatest sorrow; but Hans did not shed one tear; and the evening after the funeral he was as absorbed in his business as if nothing had occurred.

Hans's affairs continued to be successful, and he was already looked upon as the richest man in the neighbourhood. But sorrow was in store for him. Although the wounds on his cheek and right hand had healed, the whitlow on his finger, though trifling at first, had by continual abrasion become of a serious character. Inflammation extended up the palm of the hand, and matter was evidently forming in it. But Hans, feeling no pain, paid no attention to it, and treated the remonstrances of his wife on the subject with contempt. The inflammation soon extended up the arm, which swelled greatly. It was only when its swollen state became such that he found some difficulty in getting on his coat, that he thought of applying to a surgeon.

The man of science, after carefully examining the arm, asked if he felt much pain in it.

"None whatever," said Hans.

"That's certainly extraordinary," said the surgeon. "Your arm is in a very serious state, and I must candidly tell you that it is not a case on which I should like to act on my own judgment. I am by no means certain that amputation will not be necessary."

"Nonsense," said Hans roughly; "how can I do without my arm?"

"That's hardly a subject for my consideration," said the surgeon. "At the same time, I tell you that, without other advice, I must decline undertaking your case."

"Oh, very well," said Hans; "then I shall quietly return home. Gretchen can easily make a larger sleeve to my coat; and it will be much better for me to keep my arm even as it is than to be without an arm altogether. I wish you good morning."

Hans returned home, and next morning Gretchen herself went to the surgeon. As she had now command of more money than she used to have, she requested him to call with the other doctor of whom he had spoken, saying that she would be answerable for their fees, as she was convinced her husband was in a worse state than he imagined.

Two days after this the doctors arrived. Although Hans at first showed great displeasure at their visit, they at last succeeded in persuading him to allow them to see his arm. The doctor who accompanied the sur-

geon, after examining it quietly, emphatically said to Hans—

"Your life is in your own hands, my dear sir, and you can do what you please with it; but, at the same time, we have a duty to perform. I tell you candidly that mortification has already commenced; and, if you do not allow your arm to be amputated, you will infallibly be a corpse in a few days."

Hans looked earnestly in the surgeon's face for some moments; and observing a very serious expression on it, declared himself willing to submit to the operation, which was successfully performed two days afterwards.

It was some weeks before Hans had sufficiently recovered to allow him to leave his room, and when he did so he was strangely changed for the worse in appearance. His health had been gradually falling off since the night of his interview with the stranger. So far from any inability to feel pain being advantageous to the constitution, it seemed in Hans's case to be exactly the reverse. But great as the change had been before the operation, it was comparatively trifling to that which had taken place since. Instead of the bluff, healthy appearance for which he had formerly been remarkable, Hans was now miserably attenuated, and so weak that he could hardly walk. His face had also become so pallid and gaunt that when he looked in the mirror after getting out of bed, he easily understood the necessity for taking greater care of himself. He became exceedingly quarrelsome and fractious with Gretchen, who had attended him with the greatest solicitude during the time he was confined to his bed, but without eliciting the slightest gratitude in return. Becoming alarmed now at the precarious condition he was in, he drew so largely on his wife's exertions, that she had hardly any time left to look after the inn and the business generally, all of which had fallen to her charge during her husband's illness.

Hans succeeded at last in gaining a little strength. Ever since the amputation of his arm, and the lesson it had taught him, he had been exceedingly careful not to put himself in the way of the most trifling danger; and frequently, when he had merely received a slight blow or shock, he would return to the house to see whether he had not been wounded.

For more than a month things thus went on, Hans gaining strength, though very slowly. At last, however, he considered himself sufficiently recovered to undertake some portion of the superintendence of the business, and went into the smithy to see

the farrier shoeing a horse. The man was absent at the moment. Till he should return Hans amused himself by looking round the smithy, and grumbling at its disorder. By way of setting his servant an example of order and neatness, he occupied himself in placing the tools against the wall, and collecting together the horse-shoes which were scattered on the floor.

Two horses were now brought in to be shod, and Hans stood quietly by watching the man at work, till he received a message from Gretchen, telling him that dinner was ready. He returned to the inn, and was on the point of sitting down at the table, when, to his great surprise, he found, on looking at the palm of his remaining hand, an enormous blister. He thought for a moment what could have caused it, and concluded that one of the horse's shoes which he had taken from the ground in the smithy, must have been nearly red-hot. Alarmed at this, he screamed loudly for Gretchen, who rushed into the room. She immediately prepared what domestic remedies were at hand, and then making a sling for him, she commenced to feed him with a spoon, as if he had been a child. Still Hans, as he had no pain, felt little gratitude to Gretchen for her loving attentions; his mind, in fact, was totally absorbed by the dangers of his own position. He remained for some days in an almost helpless condition, having again fallen off in health, owing to the effects of his wound. His men now paid little regard to him, as they looked to his wife for their orders,—a circumstance which annoyed him very much. From habit, he often found himself on the point of using his right hand (which healed but very slowly, if at all), being unwarned by the sense of pain that it would be injurious to him to do so.

One day, when he had gone out, he ordered a farm-boy to move some wood from one place to another. The boy refused, under the plea that his mistress had told him the day before that the wood was not to be shifted. Infuriated at the boy's disobedience and his wife's interference, Hans unthinkingly drew his hand from the sling, and gave the boy a sound box on the ear, and then seizing a stick, beat him severely. The boy at last contrived to escape, and Hans returned to the house so weak from the exertions he had made that he could hardly walk, although at the same time he felt no fatigue, the loss of that sense having been included in the gift he had received from the phantom. On seating himself in the inn, he remembered that he had used his hand. He glanced

at it, and to his terror found that the slight, new-formed skin had been completely rubbed off by the blows he had given, and that it was evidently in a very inflamed condition. He called on Gretchen, who came to his assistance. With tears in her eyes—for which, by-the-bye, she was scolded by her husband, as they somewhat impeded her movements—she applied a poultice to his hand, and then replaced it in the sling. But the wound in the hand not only refused to heal, but daily became worse; and, with the exception of his being able to move feebly about, he was almost as helpless as an infant.

Twelve months had now elapsed since Hans's interview with the phantom, of which, it may be mentioned, he had never told Gretchen. He now resolved to keep the appointment he had made, and to implore the phantom to take from him the terrible gift he had received, even at the risk of his again losing the worldly possessions with which it was joined. Keeping his intention a secret from Gretchen, and first fortifying himself for the trial with a draught of wine, he left home about ten o'clock to proceed to the wood. After walking for about two hours, he saw in the distance the glimmer of a fire, and gave a sigh of relief, as he considered that the time had almost arrived when he should be able to relinquish the terrible gift he had received. On reaching the amphitheatre, he found the fire nearly extinguished as before; but the phantom was not there. He remembered that it was necessary for him to offer up a sacrifice by throwing on a fagot. Taking his arm from the sling, he carried one of the largest, and threw it on the flames. It burned up brightly; but no phantom appeared. He took a second from the stack, and threw that on likewise; but still no phantom. He then took another, a fourth, a fifth, and so on till the number had reached a score, all of which he threw on the fire; but, singularly enough, until the last was thrown on, none but the first burnt. Hans now turned round to procure more fagots, when he saw the phantom charcoal-burner, with his pole, standing before the pile.

"Welcome, my son," he said; "what more do you wish from me?"

"To take from me the gift you gave me, and let me be as I was before I made your acquaintance," said Hans.

"That is beyond my power," said the phantom. "I know but one way of relieving you from the condition you are in. The very exertion you have put forth in throw-

ing the fagots on the fire has done so much injury to your wounded arm, that you can never recover the use of it. There is but one way to relieve you from your troubles, and that I will use on your behalf."

The phantom vanished, the fagots which

had hitherto remained unburnt now blazed out furiously, and the flames consumed the wretched innkeeper on the same spot on which he had stood when a year before he had received the terrible gift from the phantom.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

I.—ELIJAH.

THE rise at all critical times of the world's history, of men eminently suited for the work they have to do, is a result, and therefore a proof, of the two great truths—(1.) That whilst the race of men, like other races of animals, is physically subject to the ordinary law of inherited life, yet that every soul is a separate creation, gifted, apart from all others, with its separate individuality; (2.) That the whole race is subject to a continually-acting superintending Providence. For, if there were no such individual differences, if all men, like the lower animals, were but passive representatives of the same idea,—as any one honey-bee is like every other honey-bee, gathers the same honey, makes the same cell in which to store it,—there could be no true kings of men. There might be in a man some instinctive power of gathering others round one, as there is a clustering of the swarm around its queen bee, but there could be no true kingship; no power in one man of directing or fashioning his generation by the intellectual, moral, or spiritual power which, as it is, his individuality enables him to exert over them. And again, if there were no superintending Providence governing the affairs of men, there would be no security for the right man appearing at the right time. Blind nature, not administered by a God, might produce a great poet when a great general was wanted; give a wonderful financier to a horde of savages, and set down upon the Stock Exchange the gallant, brave, and frank gentleman who could have wielded as a single soul a motley clan of Highlanders.

Now, instead of this unseasonableness of production, the world's history shows that the man the age needed has continually been given to the age. And, as we might expect, from the relation of the people of Israel to all other nations, this (which profane history exhibits in its measure) is seen as in a pattern type in the history of the chosen people. Nowhere is this more distinctly traceable than in the life of the great prophet Elijah.

Sixty-five years had passed since the ten tribes had revolted from the house of David, and Jeroboam had mounted the vacant throne and reigned over them "according to all that his soul desired." Chequered years they had been: marked on the whole by much temporal prosperity, but clouded ever deeper and deeper with the dark shadows of spiritual evil. Jeroboam's reign began with all the vigour of a new dynasty; but ended in loss, disgrace, and untimely death. Abijah, the son of Rehoboam, though he "walked in all the sins of his father which he had done before him," and though "his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God," was yet as to power of mind and personal prowess a very different man from the feeble, boasting Rehoboam. He "set his battle in array with an army of valiant men of war;" he routed the force of the ten tribes. He "waxed mighty;" and he was wise in discourse as well as strong of arm; for "his ways and his sayings" were "written in the story of the prophet Iddo." He was the scourge of the usurper through all Jeroboam's later days. "Neither," is the sacred record of his chastisement, "did Jeroboam recover strength again in the days of Abijah; and the Lord struck him, and he died."* The short reign of his son Nadab lasted but for two uneventful years; that of Baasha, the son of Ahijah, who succeeded to the throne of the master against whom he had conspired, and whom he had smitten, lasted for twenty-four years, and was, through his "might," a time of military glory for the ten tribes. Baasha's provocations of the God who had "exalted him out of the dust, and made him a prince over Israel," brought extermination on his house and his supporters. His son was murdered after a feeble two years' reign, and the throne given by the army to Omri, the captain of the host. During his twelve years' reign, he bought the far-famed hill of Shemer, and built on it the city of Samaria; setting

* 2 Chron. xiii. 20.

up there the throne of his dynasty. There his son Ahab reigned after him for two-and-twenty years. He was what the world would call a great king. Its historians might describe him as taking up and carrying further the wise policy of the mighty Solomon. Instead of allowing his people to remain a mere agricultural or pastoral race, hemmed in by the narrow limits of their mountainous country, cultivating for themselves alone its rich valleys, and feeding only for themselves their cattle upon the upland slopes, he carried on the project which the wise king had formed, and had begun to accomplish, of making them a commercial people, and enriching them with the traffic of the earth. As Solomon had married the daughter of Pharaoh and formed a commercial treaty with Egypt, so did Ahab ally himself with the king of the Zidonians, intending, no doubt, to share with that queenly city the merchandise of the world; and he made for himself streets in the great trading capital of Damascus. Magnificence reigned throughout his days in Samaria; art was encouraged, and the increasing population better and more safely housed. In the book of the Chronicles of the kings of Israel is written the catalogue of the cities which he built, and the record of the ivory house which the success of his distant commerce enabled him to make. He was, too, successful in war, as well as great in the arts of peace. Twice he overthrew signally the forces of Benhadad; and recovered the cities which the forces of Syria had taken from his warlike predecessor, Baasha; and he fell as other brave men have fallen, in battle, heading an aggressive and invading army against the enemies of Israel. But this worldly success was accompanied by an amount of wickedness unknown before even to the evil kings of the separated tribes. His father, Omri, the founder of the dynasty, had done so much "worse than all that were before him," that two hundred years afterwards the prophet Micah* set it before Israel as their special sin that "the statutes of Omri are kept." But worse even than that of Omri was the course of Ahab. "He did evil in the sight of all that were before him; and as if it was a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam, he went and served Baal, and worshipped him; and he raised up an altar for Baal, in the house of Baal which he had built in Samaria; and did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him."†

* Micah vi. 16.

† 1 Kings xvi. 30—33.

This introduction of the worship of Baal was a new and separate kind of sin from the iniquity of Jeroboam. His golden calves, abominable as they were, had themselves been intended to signify to a sensuous generation a local and special presence of their fathers' God. They were the instruments of a forbidden mode of worshipping Him; but still they were meant for His worship. What the temple at Jerusalem, with its altars, and its courts, and its sacrifice, was to the two tribes as God's special resting-place, that the golden calves of Bethel and of Dan, with their adapted ritual and their imitated priesthood, were to be to the ten. But to worship Baal was to introduce not only new rites, but a new god. To provoke Jehovah, not only by drawing nigh to Him with self-invented and forbidden ritual, but audaciously to set up against Him another god. In Baal and in Ashtarothe, the great Phœnician male and female deities, were gathered up for the more polished tribes surrounding Israel the worship of the Heathendom. Baal was, under different forms and appellations, the god of natural power, the god of light, the god of increase. Ashtarothe was the female corresponding deity. In many of these temples, in that of Baal-Peor especially, and generally in those of Ashtarothe, the rites of worship were defiled by the wildest sensual license; and all that could pollute and degrade humanity was practised in honour of these devil gods. It was this which Ahab had imported into Israel.

Nor was the establishment of this hideous worship all his sin. The Zidonian sharer of his bed and of his throne, whose very presence was a crime against the God of Israel, was not only zealous for the heathen god whose name her father bore, but, as a true daughter of Eth-Baal, was fierce against the rival honour of Jehovah. The great gift of prophecy yet lingered with retiring footsteps, as though unwilling to withdraw itself, amongst the separated tribes. God's grace, through the ministry of the prophets of the Lord, had still kept faithful to Him amidst the growing apostasy, seven thousand secretly faithful ones, whose knees had not bowed to Baal, and whose mouth had not kissed him. Against these prophets Jezebel had raged. It was not enough for her to maintain as her opposing spiritual army four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and four hundred prophets of the grove, and to feed them as the chaplains of her house of idols at her own royal table, but beyond this she must exterminate the prophets of the God whom she hated. In her, as in other women of her

class, under the painted cheek and tired head there lay concealed the cruel soul of the murderess; she "cut off" the prophets of the Lord, and would have destroyed them all if the courage of one who "feared the Lord greatly" had not, at the risk of his own life, hid the remnant in unsuspected caves, and fed them there with bread and water till the bloody days were passed.

In the full darkness of these evil days, the bright light of Elijah's prophetic ministry breaks upon us in the sacred record with the startling suddenness of a meteor's blaze in the blackness of the night. Fatherless and motherless, with no record of his earlier days, with no hint of his training, he stands singly forth in a loneliness which is itself terrible. He is "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead." From the recesses of that mountain land, nursed amidst its distant fastnesses, nourished by the bracing winds which swept over its lofty plateau; practised, as were all the Gadites by their border situation, and the frequent assaults of their neighbours, in all the resources, physical and intellectual, of the ever-watchful, ever-active Bedouin, he, a child of the desert, is, untracked, unexpected, and unwelcomed, suddenly, in the midst of the civilisation of Samaria and its court. At his first appearing, he is the stern threatener of judgment on the wicked king in the very height of his prosperity. He "said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." And the judgment announced, the prophet disappeared. It is like the flash of the lightning, sharp as a blazing sword in its sudden vividness; but not tarrying for a moment; revealing everything, and gone as it reveals it. This first message is a sample of his whole ministry. To him was committed a dispensation of severity and judgment. All his meetings with the king bear the same impress. When the threatened judgment had run its course, and God's command to him is, "Go, show thyself unto Ahab," even in releasing the kingdom from its plague there is the same tone of severe rebuke. "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" asks the king, with the peremptory challenge of one used, even in receiving favours, "to an absolute submission." The prophet, who stands before the Lord answers him in words which must have broken with a strange ruggedness upon ears used only to courtly flattery, "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house."

Once again the prophet and the monarch

meet; and again it is with the suddenness, and almost with the crash of the thunder-bolt, that the presence of the man of God breaks upon the king's sight. He has just triumphed in his wickedness. The obstinacy of Naboth had been overcome by his murder, and the king's heaviness of heart at being refused the vineyard which he coveted had been washed away in the blood of his liegeman. He rises up to take possession: he enters the longed-for possession: it is his own: his heart swells with the triumph. But what is that dark, threatening form, almost like the dead man's spirit? whose that voice heard before, and once heard never to be forgotten? The proud countenance of the earth king drops before the higher majesty. "Thussaith the Lord," is the terrible utterance, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession? In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." Ahab's answer, which comes back almost like the stifled growl of a crouching beast of prey, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" only wakes up again the severe and unalterable sentence, "I have found thee, because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord. Behold, I will bring evil upon thee, and will take away thy posterity, and make thy house like the house of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, and like the house of Baasha, the son of Ahijah, for the provocation wherewith thou hast provoked me to anger, and made Israel to sin; and the dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel." For the time even that proud heart was humbled by the awfulness of the message, and the terrible severity of the messenger. And so they parted to meet no more.

Once again we read of the man of God standing in the presence of the king of Israel: and still it is with a like burden of threatening and of woe. Ahaziah had mounted his father's throne; and with his father's crown inherited his father's sins. "He did evil in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the way of his father, and in the way of his mother." He falls down through a lattice, and, suffering from consequent illness, sends to Baal Ekron to inquire concerning the issue of his sickness. God intercepts the message, and sends to answer it the man who was his father's terror.

The messengers return, not with the flattering ambiguities with which, oracle-like, we may suppose that the priests of Baal would have allayed the fears and kindled the hopes of the heir of him who had made the worship of their god the religion of his court and

people, but as men overawed and forced against their will to do the bidding of a mightier than themselves. They return with the strange tidings of their being met by one before whose imperious voice even the king's message had died in their mouths; by "a man who said unto us, Go turn again unto the king that sent you, and say unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Is it not because there is not a God of Israel that thou sendest to inquire of Baal-Zebub, the god of Ekron? Therefore thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shalt surely die" (2 Kings i. 6). Hereditary impulses of hatred and terror seize on the diseased king, and he asks eagerly of the messenger the lineaments of this daring interrupter of the royal embassy. The reply, that he was "a hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins," is answer enough. It may well be that the Zidonian queen had stamped upon the imagination of her son those detested features; it may be that his words of doom, which waited twelve years for their accomplishment, kept alive within her breast a deadly hatred for their utterer. For three, or perhaps four, years he had vanished from sight. Perchance he was dead; perhaps hidden amongst the mountains of Gilead, or buried in the caverns of Horeb. And now again, with a suddenness startling as of old, he stood beside them, again denouncing evil on the seed of Ahab. This time, at least, he shall not escape; and the captain of fifty with his fifty is sent to secure the lonely wanderer. The very number speaks the awe with which his wild strength and terrible vigour had impressed the court; and as it seems not in vain: for, on the captain of fifty and his fifty, and on a second like company, the destroying fire falls from heaven. The third messenger, in humble guise, implores for himself and for his men mercy of the man of God, and is spared; and with them, on God's bidding, free and fearless, the prophet of the wilderness strides into the king's chamber, speaks again his sentence of dismay, and leaves it at his will unfettered and unharmed.

There was no other meeting between the man of God and the house of Ahab: though, just before, or at this time, Jehoram, king of Judah, who had married Ahab's daughter and learned the customs of that evil house, received his fearful sentence in a "writing" couched in the stern sentences of the prophet of Gilead, "With a great plague will the Lord smite thy people, and

thy children, and thy wives, and all thy goods" (2 Chron. xxi. 14).

Nor is it only with the royal house that the ministry of Elijah is thus marked as a dispensation of vengeance. By the priests of Jehovah's rival in his people's worship he is known as the unsparing avenger.

There is no dramatic record sublimer in its grand simplicity than the meeting of Israel and Elijah on the Mount Carmel. The World-God of nature and of strength is challenged before the assembled people to a trial with Jehovah. On Baal's side are the majesty of the crowned king, with his guards, his chariots, and his horses; the proud display of Jezebel's court and following, ready to maintain the cause of the heathen queen; her four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and her four hundred of Ashtarothe, with all their pomp of dress and elaborate ritual and innumerable victims and intensity of sensual devotion. There are around the multitude of people, the gathering of all Israel in ranks upon the mountain-side, watching with eager curiosity for that which is for ever to decide their halting opinion. In the midst of these cohorts of world prophets—gazed on with fear by the excited crowd, alone, silent, unmoved, obscure, like the dark mountain brow, wreathed with the thunder cloud—stands the prophet of Jehovah, with his rough and scanty clothing, his massive limbs, his untrimmed hair, as though witnessing for, and communing with, the invisible God, before whom their fathers had bowed. Through all the laborious preparations of the Baal prophets he is sternly silent, until he breaks in with awful irony upon their ineffectual incantations. And then, when his turn is come, deliberately, and with careful accuracy, he builds up, as though with parabolic significance of what he knew to be his mission, Jehovah's long-ruined altar, and then that deep voice is heard by every ear, whilst it shakes every conscience, commencing with the Almighty. The fire of heaven attests its servant's truth; and with unsparing hand the prophet of the dispensation of severity himself, as it seems, puts to death the whole licentious crew who served in the polluted temples of Baal and of Ashtarothe.

But though Elijah's ministry was one of terror and severity, and though the aspect, garb, and habits of the prophet were all moulded into fitness for this special call, we shall altogether err if we picture him to ourselves as nothing more than a rock of the wilderness—a hard and obdurate avenger of iniquity. Such never are Jehovah's witnesses.

Such never can, whatever terror they may strike, reach down into the depths of a nation's heart. It is in the union of these dark lineaments of massive strength and awful severity, with all the tenderness of a human heart, that the power of such a character consists.

And these are eminently combined in Elijah. What can be more touching than the almost woman's cry which breaks from that great soul over the dead son of the widow of Zarephath, "O Lord my God, hast thou also brought evil upon the widow with whom I sojourn by slaying her son?" Is it not enough that I dwell a lonely man upon this populous earth, that no home voices ever break in on the stillness of my spirit's solitude, that no son ever clasps my knees, but that, for ever companionless, I bear Thy awful message; but must it be that my presence inflicts this loneliness on others? Is it not enough that I speak thy threatenings to the obdurate? Must my dwelling in a house darken it with the shadow of death?

What an insight have we here into the deep tender sympathies of the prophet of severity!

How, again, does the same inner human heart reveal itself when he is driven of the Spirit into the wilderness of Sinai; when he sits down under the juniper tree and requests that he may die; when, the triumphs of Mount Carmel accomplished, the majesty of Jehovah avenged, the repentance of the people awakened, when he, the doer of these mighty works, finds out that he is not better than his fathers, cries for release from the long-borne burden of his loneliness—"I, even I, only am left!" What a relief it is, as we gaze on the stern rugged features of his giant daring, to see melt like the mists of the rising sun over the rock of the wilderness this haze of human gentleness around the otherwise almost Titanic features of his greatness!

It was doubtless by this matchless combination of the sternness of his prophetic dispensation with the inner tenderness of his spirit, that the wisdom of God fitted him for his peculiar work amongst the separated tribes. For that ministry he was moulded in the form of strength which stands before us at every turn of his mission; for that he was trained in the rocky mountain heights of his native Gilead; for that the rough sheep-skin mantle and the rude leathern girdle were the fittest dress; for that the long Nazarite locks of this (as the original has it) Lord of Hair hung down on his broad shoulders; for that this mighty solitary spirit was taught to know

a woman's clinging grasp for sympathy and fellowship; for that in all the majesty of his strength he was lured into the silence of the desert and taught by the hurricane, the lightning, and the earthquake, that not in might, but in weakness; not in action, but in waiting; not in the battle cry or the shout of victory, but in the still small voice of childlike submission was manifest, the power, the presence, and the greatness of Jehovah.

What his mission was it may perhaps specially, at this day, be most profitable for us to trace. For the ten tribes separated through their fathers' rebellion from the temple and its covenanted services at Jerusalem, all the various offices of the priesthood were gathered into the single person of the prophet. For this reason, as we might expect, it is in the ministry of the ten tribes, and not of the two, that the prophetic office finds its grandest development. Judah can nowhere show such men of God as Elijah and Elisha. And for what was this perfect instrument thus fashioned by the Spirit of the Lord? It was not to bring back the ten tribes to unity with the two. It does not seem that it was immediately to recall them to worship at Jerusalem. This might have lain behind as a hidden purpose of God's further mercy if the first call of prophecy had been received. But that first call was to an immediate purification of the life in which they found themselves, not to an exchange of it for another. That state was indeed the fruit of a past rebellion and an earlier sin; but it had grown to be their normal state, and, as such, God accepted it. What he did call on them to do was to purify it of the giant corruptions which had grown up within it. The Baal prophets must be slain; Baal worship must be rooted out; Jeroboam's golden calves must be ground into powder; Jehovah must be worshipped in sincerity and truth; and then He would open for them his further will. This, then, is the echo of Elijah's voice: Cast away the present sin, purify the system in which thou art from Baal and from Ashtaroth, from world worship, sensuality, and pride. Fall thou on this thy Carmel upon thy face, and let thy soul cry out, "The Lord, He is the God! The Lord, He is the God!" and thy spirits' drought shall leave thee, showers of grace refresh thee, heaven be open to thee. Live in this present life with God, and He, when it is his will, in his own time, will lead thee in other paths which thou knowest not, and set before thee, when thou hast been fitted to dwell within them, larger rooms of more perfect service.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

THE wind was blowing up from the west
 On the eve of a stormy day,
 And she saw the ship that she loved the best
 Veering across the bay.
 The sails were ragged, and old, and worn,
 And they flapped to and fro in the blast,
 Like the wings of a spent and wounded bird
 When the foot of the hunter hath past.
 And it's oh ship ! brave ship ! safe may your voyage be ;
 And it's oh for the dawn of to-morrow's morn ! and it's oh for a rippling sea !

The wind had sobbed itself to rest,
 Like a weary, wayward child ;
 And she lay with her babe asleep on her breast,
 And dreamed of the ship, and smiled.
 She smiled as she thought in her happy sleep
 That the long, long parting was o'er ;
 But she did not hear how the storm awoke,
 And the breakers dashed on the shore.
 And it's oh ship ! brave ship ! she could not sleep, if she
 Had dreamt of the crash, and had seen the flash which lighted the boiling sea.

She did not wake though the wind was high,
 But turned in her dream with a start,
 And her sleeping lips framed the well-known cry,
 Which dropped from the full, full heart,
 As water falls from a shaken cup
 Suddenly over the brim :
 " Lord, keep my captain safe to-night,
 And all at sea with him !"
 And it's oh ship ! brave ship ! but where will your captain be ?
 And it's oh ! it was well there was none to tell, it was well there was none to see !

They are striving now to reach the shore,
 The captain and all his men :
 And still that fond prayer is murmured o'er
 Again, and again, and again.
 The waves are high, the rocks are hid,
 And none can see the land ;
 But the captain stands himself at the helm,
 And steers with a steady hand.
 And it's oh ship ! brave ship ! and how can it ever be
 That you clear the rocks, and weather the shocks of that tearing, roaring sea ?

The night is dark, the storm is high,
 But the ship lies safe in a creek,
 And the captain stands with a light in his eye,
 And a flush on his sun-browned cheek.
 And the captain's wife sleeps sound and still
 Through the wild and angry blast,
 For the morn shall rise on a peaceful bay,
 And her captain home at last.
 And it's oh ship ! brave ship ! brave and strong you may be,
 But was it your strength that saved you at length from the might of the cruel sea ?

FLORENCE FIELDS.



“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”

An English Story of To-day.

By THE AUTHOR OF “CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.”

PRELUDE.



MORE than a dozen years ago, Mr. Paston, of Wellfield, was in the habit of taking his little daughter Phoebe in his hand to Brockcotes, where he was engaged in painting a series of pictures for the Protector's Gallery.

One day as the child was playing beside her father, a tall stooping gentleman strolled in, and Mr. Paston immediately stopped his work to attend to him. The circumstance took hold of Phoebe's mind, for her father was not given to pay heed to visitors, and, indeed, pushed his absorption in his labours to the extent of making Mrs. Paston feel cruelly injured.

The gentleman did not wear a velvet coat, or a star on his breast, or anything fine, save a very bright ring, which flashed on his finger and dazzled Phoebe as he pointed here and there at the pictures. The child was struck, and stopped her play as her father had stopped his work, remaining very quiet watching the stranger. At last he noticed her, and inquired, “Is this hazel-eyed little woman your girl, Paston?”

“She is. Her mother is glad to have her in safe keeping, and she is proud to come up here with me.”

“No doubt. So this is my little girl's god-daughter. Why she is twice as brown and stout as the other. Come with me, little one—what do they call you? You will be a treat to Lady Dorothea, and we shall see if we cannot find something to please you in return.”

Phoebe appeared anything but inclined to leave her father and go away alone with the grand stranger, through the labyrinth of cor-

ridors and saloons; but her father looked so shocked at her contumacy, that the poor little thing submitted unconditionally. Lord Exmoor took her chubby hand in his long fingers, and speaking to her a careless encouraging word now and then, led her, troubled and bewildered, along what appeared to the child's imagination miles on miles of carpet, marble, and polished oak. On they went, past more pictures, rows and rows of portraits of gay ladies with whole sweet pots of flowers on their heads and bosoms—ladies with very low necks and very long curls—ladies with jewelled stomachers and stiff ruffs—ladies in close cambric caps, and swathed in shawls, like superannuated babies,—and ladies studded round with babies' heads like spots on a peacock's tail. All these portraits of ladies were flanked by portraits of gentlemen, like papa's Don Quixote—like the figure on the tomb in the church of St. Basil—like the virger of the church—like the jockeys who rode at the Wellfield races. At last, when Phoebe had been dumbfounded, and nearly driven out of her small wits, Lord Exmoor opened a door into a large, light, warm saloon, and dropped her hand.

It was a room no less wonderful than those they had passed through. There was a fire, with a curious high fender, and before it a little white, silken-haired, black-eyed dog, in a dog-basket lined with blue. There were green, red, and yellow birds flying and hopping to and fro in a large cage in one of the windows; there was a globe full of gold and silver fish; there were screens covered with paper pictures; there was a spotted wooden horse, like one of Lady Exmoor's piebald ponies, with a real mane and tail; there was a tiny house, with the front somewhat wanting, thus laying bare dining-room and drawing-room, bedrooms and kitchen, furnished with every convenience for the natives of Lilliput; there was a glass cabinet stuffed with large and small wax dolls of both sexes, of every variety of complexion and attire, and at every stage of doll or human life—flaxen-tressed dolls and raven-haired dolls, dolls in court dress ready to be presented to her Majesty, and dolls, setting privacy and propriety at defiance, prepared to retire to rest in the presence of other dolls in full military and naval uniform.

This room was occupied by a comely elderly lady in a lace cap, a white apron over her spotless chintz calicot, and a silk shawl round her shoulders. She sat in one of the windows sewing by the aid of gold-rimmed spectacles. She rose on Lord Exmoor's entrance, and curtsying to him a little, in the style of his noble grandmother, remained waiting his commands.

There was another occupant, who sat still at a table in the middle of the room, and merely gave a calm little nod, uttering an abstracted "Good-morning, papa," as she looked up on the first opening of the door. This was a little girl, spare and slight, with a precocious air of mingled dignity and acuteness. She was dressed in a white frock, and had her long, black hair delicately divided, and hanging down on her shoulders, in striking contrast to Phoebe's short, thick, broken ringlets, little darker than a hazel-nut, which were massed and crushed against her brown, poppy-tinted cheeks, as they had been left by her old-fashioned bonnet.

The little girl of Brockcotes was engaged over a small china dinner-service, by the help of which she was rehearsing a dinner-party with great precision and decorum. She did not desist immediately on the intrusion upon her company, but continued her manoeuvres of the plates and dishes, accompanying them with little audible speeches delivered in clear treble tones, at once easy and emphatic. "Duchess, will you try the haunch of venison?" "Lady Mary, I can recommend the Lafitte;" merely glancing the while at the intruders, from beneath her long eyelashes, with her large limpid grey eyes, the pupil a violet black, the iris a clear, pearly grey.

"Dorothea, I have brought you a little friend; come and speak to her," the Earl interrupted his daughter.

"I beg your pardon; presently, papa," Lady Dorothea excused herself, till she had dismissed her viewless company with the formal adjournment, "Duchess, shall we go to the drawing-room?" Then she came down directly from her chair, and walked straight to Phoebe and the Earl. "Papa, you have forgotten to present us," she reminded him, still refraining from letting her eyes rest on Phoebe. "Is it one of the Godolphins or the Needhams?" naming two of the county families, without the pretence of a stage whisper.

"No; it is Mr. Paston's little girl, to whom you stood godmother, Dolly. Of course, you don't remember it, because you were a baby yourself at the time."

"I do remember, papa,—I mean I have been told of it,—and shall send her a 'Christian Year' and a 'Child's Companion' next Easter. How do you do, Mr. Paston's little girl, my god-daughter?"—coming close to Phoebe, and looking her all over now, with bright, meditative, friendly eyes.

"Keep her with you, Dorothea. Let the children have a romp together, Dykes," directed the Earl, turning away.

"You hear what my Lord says," repeated Lady Dorothea, with vivacious impressiveness. "You are to stay with me, my little god-daughter; and, since I need not be on ceremony with a little Wellfield girl, I may tell you that I should like you to show me how the town girls get up their dolls' washings. Dykes will find us tubs, lines, and irons; only, in case Dykes hurt herself, we will not have the irons hot. Do you know, Mr. Paston's little girl, I held one to my cheek once as I had seen Mrs. Chenevix at the Wellfield Lodge do, and I had to go in afterwards to the Countess with a blistered face! Dykes was dreadfully vexed about it; but little girls ought to learn everything, in case of riots and revolutions and things, and that they may not grow up shockingly ignorant, and their children's children after them. Oh, I forgot, if you do not like to show me your way of doing washing or keeping shop,—you must know how to keep shop, and I am sadly afraid I keep it all wrong," put in Lady Dorothea, wistfully,—“we will have cards, or dinners, or whatever you prefer, because you have come to visit me here at Brockcotes, and it is my duty to entertain you.”

CHAPTER I.—TOWN AND CASTLE.

WELLFIELD was a quiet-going, old-fashioned little town, shone upon, not shadowed by, Lord Exmoor's great seat of Brockcotes. Once upon a time it had been a mere dependency of the old castle—a cluster of thatched houses, with a square-towered little church, occupied by the vassals of the Latimer family; now it was dignified, demure, and, as a rule, too respectable to be picturesque. It accommodated a population of eight thousand, who had not preserved an olive-tinted thatch roof or an umber-brown wooden house among them all, save in holes and corners.

Wooers' Alley was the most picturesque quarter of unpicturesque Wellfield, and was not unsuited to be the habitation of poet or painter. It was a by-way, as all your lovers' lanes and wooers' alleys are. Odd and irregular, it still had gable ends facing the road,

and presented here and there a wide gateway, with lamps like Chinese lanterns suspended between old elm and ash trees, though they led to nothing more imposing than a market-garden, a wood-yard, or a laundress's green. Wooers' Alley did not limit its line to one gradient, but ascended and descended, and indulged in the sharpest angles, to the aggravation of the old and the lazy. Some of its houses looked as if they had been built on a level with the tops of other houses, and had their pleasure-grounds parallel to their neighbours' roofs. Others again were sunk after the fashion of a well, and were contemplated over garden walls in hollows twenty feet below the path. Wooers' Alley was more exclusive even than those squares and terraces in London, which refuse to lend themselves to any carriages but private ones. A wheel-barrow could not have undergone the inequalities and eccentricities of Wooers' Alley without risk. The most aristocratic visitors were therefore forced to come on foot or not at all.

The market-place was encumbered by a statue of the late Lord Exmoor, in a stone *fac-simile* of the regimentals—very high at the neck and short in the waist—which he had worn when he fought for his king and country in the Peninsula. The principal entrance to the town was embellished with a fountain, guarded by four greyhounds, seated on their granite haunches (the supporters of the Brockcotes' coat-of-arms), presented to the town by the reigning Countess when Lady Wriothesley, and called the Wriothesley Fountain.

The great privilege of the town consisted in the right to provide the supplies and furnish the service of the Earl, and of the outer public who flocked at particular seasons to visit Brockcotes; while a chief part of its relaxation lay in the old use and wont of walking in Brockcotes Park, and in being entertained by the Latimers,—going through the form of entertaining them, in return,—at every era of birth, marriage, or accession in their history.

Brockcotes was not more than half a mile from Wellfield, though its park stretched some miles in another direction. The mass of building on the height, relieved by its great clumps of wood, was not only conspicuous from Wellfield, but its quadrangle and portico, broken lines of roof, towers, and turrets, formed a more imposing representation of a town than Wellfield itself. Brockcotes was the show-place of the county, and Wellfield might well cherish a little satisfaction in the

proximity, which was both profitable and pleasurable to it. The Exmoor family, on their part, took a pride in keeping up what guide-books and county histories call a baronial residence, and in commonly residing in it from autumn till Easter, in spite of the many self-sacrifices and inconveniences involved in the circumstance.

One of the gates of Brockcotes—a species of undress gate in plain iron, with a porter's lodge no better than a suburban Swiss cottage—opened at about a hundred yards distance from the point where the High Street of Wellfield terminated in the park wall of Brockcotes, and where the street was slantingly cut in two by the dogmatic, brusque flight of Wooers' Alley. This gate, known as the Wellfield gate, was open to the townspeople from seven in the morning till nine in the evening. Any attempt to close it would have been the most likely thing to produce a rebellion of the Wellfield lieges, unless it were the enormity of the family's ceasing to be the staple customer of the Wellfield butchers, bakers, grocers, and linen-draper, and having its stores supplied by contract from tradesmen in the capital, with the aid of the railway, after the fashion of the old cosmopolitan army contractor, Mr. Coke. The oldest resident could not remember a time when the Wellfield children were not free to run among the shadows of the leaves, play at hide-and-seek round the tree boles, gather periwinkles and primroses at the tree-roots, and gaze in wondering admiration at the fallow deer and Scotch cattle which strayed about; when the Wellfield lovers could not saunter and smell the hawthorn and the roses, and listen to the nightingale; when the old Wellfield gossips could not find shelter from sun and wind to put their nodding heads together under the boughs; or when the careful wives and rosy daughters of working men engaged at the castle, could not carry pitchers and covered plates to their bread-winners at breakfast and dinner hours. The Wellfield avenue had its tide, always welling more or less full, of common humanity and its kindly joys and sorrows, to temper the retirement and repose of the great Latimers of Brockcotes.

Strolling through the grounds, one came on patches of bracken, pale gold in their first serenity, set off by the deep, clear malachite green of clumps of laurels; on huge bushes of sycamores and great larches bending to the ground, and sweeping it with their branches. These led to the American Garden beyond, between breaks of rhododendrons and azaleas.

As the visitor ascended terrace after terrace, and gazed round on the wealth of trees in the park, wide as a chase, the monotony broken by the silver sheet of the mere, covering its seventy acres, and on the domed and turreted kennels—a smaller Brockcotes on a rising ground—his eye then wandering far away to the fields on fields of stubble and green crop, pasture and coppice, with bountiful country houses, snug villages, and towers and spires of parish churches, all on the Brockcotes estates, he could scarce help thinking the scene the grander for anything he had witnessed elsewhere. He saw but a section of the great *façade* of the castle, but that was enough. It had taken six centuries to complete, and it represented about as many styles of English architecture. There was the Norman keep, solid, grim, and slit-holed, with wallflower and frog's-mouth tufting the clefts of the massive walls which had one day bristled with cloth-yard shafts; there were Tudor windows and clock-towers; Inigo Jones colonnades and gateways; Sir John Vanbrugh suites of rooms—Gibbs, Burlington, and Kent having each had a hand in making and marring the whole. It was a princely polyglot of a building, harmonized, fused, and mellowed by its gradual growth, and by the histories which had been lived in it, and which gave to each distinct portion not only a real individuality, but, as it were, the lingering breath of a soul.

CHAPTER II.—PHŒBE'S WALK TO THE CASTLE.

PHŒBE PASTON had just returned to her father's house in Wooers' Alley. She had been away eighteen months, finishing her education with her cousins the Halls, at Folksbridge, the trading seaport in the east of the county; and taking a flying trip to the Continent under her uncle and aunt's wing. She was now walking up to Brockcotes to report herself, and to pay her homage to her godmother and friend, Lady Dorothea, as duly and undoubtingly as if the two had lived in the middle ages.

It is true that the Brockcotes family had a particular claim on the Pastons,—the present Earl having what is significantly termed "made" Mr. Paston five-and-twenty years before, and having never tired of employing and backing him since. Lady Dorothea and Phœbe, too, as children, had got up washings and dinners and shopkeepings with such zest, that the games had brought a faint colour into Lady Dorothea's thin white face; and as a consequence, Mr. Paston's little girl was summoned over and over again to repeat the

charm, until the children became regular play-fellows and attached companions. The association was renewed every time the family returned to Brockcotes, and continued without a break till Phœbe had left to go to her cousins. The child's play had become girl's lessons and chatter, and in place of exhibiting her dolls' dresses, it had been her confirmation dress, and the dress thought of for her first drawing-room, which Lady Dorothea had latterly shown and talked of to the sympathising Wellfield girl. Withal, the intimacy had been maintained within bounds, and conducted with discretion by the ruling powers.

The intercourse had been held chiefly in the nurseries, school-rooms, gardens, and park; or in the Pastons' house at Wooers' Alley. Phœbe had not been placed in the false position of a humble companion in the Brockcotes drawing-rooms, neither had she been suffered to sink into the housekeeper's-room, though she had a well-merited respect and regard for Mrs. Bald and Miss Thorpe, the housekeeper and the Countess's maid, who shared it between them when there was no company. And when mentioning these two, not only highly respectable, but tremendously responsible and authoritative personages, one should not omit to add that they occasionally drank tea with Mrs. Paston at Wooers' Alley.

It had been managed by Lady Dorothea's mother and Phœbe's father—alike in being eminently sensible individuals in their different walks—that Phœbe should keep her own place in her experience of high life. As for Lady Dorothea, it is the privilege of Lady Dorotheas that no honest company can degrade them. When they stoop, it is to confer distinction.

Yet though Phœbe Paston was in a special sense a retainer of the Latimers, any girl in Wellfield, up to Miss Adelaide Coke—the daughter of old Mr. Coke, the retired army agent at the White House—who was permitted to attend, not merely the ball at Brockcotes in the race week, which was open to all the town's people who could establish the most distant pretensions to being in the middle class, but the county ball, where she sometimes danced in the same quadrille with Lady Dorothea—any girl in Wellfield would have been exalted in her own estimation and in that of her neighbours, by being called upon to go up to Brockcotes and be admitted to familiar intercourse with Lady Dorothea.

Phœbe dispensed with no punctilio, therefore, when she entered the gateway without saying "By your leave," and merely stopped for old acquaintance-sake to exchange a greet-

ing with the lodge-keeper,—a little cricket of an elderly woman, contrasting strongly with the deliberate, taciturn porter at the great gate.

"Going up to see Lady Dorothea, Miss Paston? You've stepped in before without being unmannerly, as true enough, it was not like that you, a young lady and a travelled lady, would be, sew-er-ly. But her ladyship was through here just yesterday, riding Colts-foot, and she said she would be back again to-day, and would stop then and look at the prairie hens; 'for do you know, Mrs. Chenevix,' says she, 'Mr. Paston's daughter is comed home, and I must arrange to get down to Woovers' Alley at wunst to see her?'"

"Ah, how good of her!" Phoebe just managed to edge in.

"Goodness gracious me, how thick her little Ladyship and you were wont to be, when you came to play in the south nurseries and the cloistered walk, and how you have kep' it up until you are a pair of sightly young women, so as it sounds by all the world like the constancy of lovers."

A laugh here broke from Phoebe, who was just about to say something when the little woman rattled on again:

"Nay, I'll wager my last pheasant's hatchling that our Lady Dorothea—world's worth of sense and cleverness though she do be—don't look half so sweet yet on meeting my Lord Marquis as on meeting you. Only what mun be mun be; and more by token it is certain to happen with them great folk up at the top of the tree, where the shade and the shelter are the first thing thought on, poor souls! of which the cedars in Earl Heneage's walk is nothing to them."

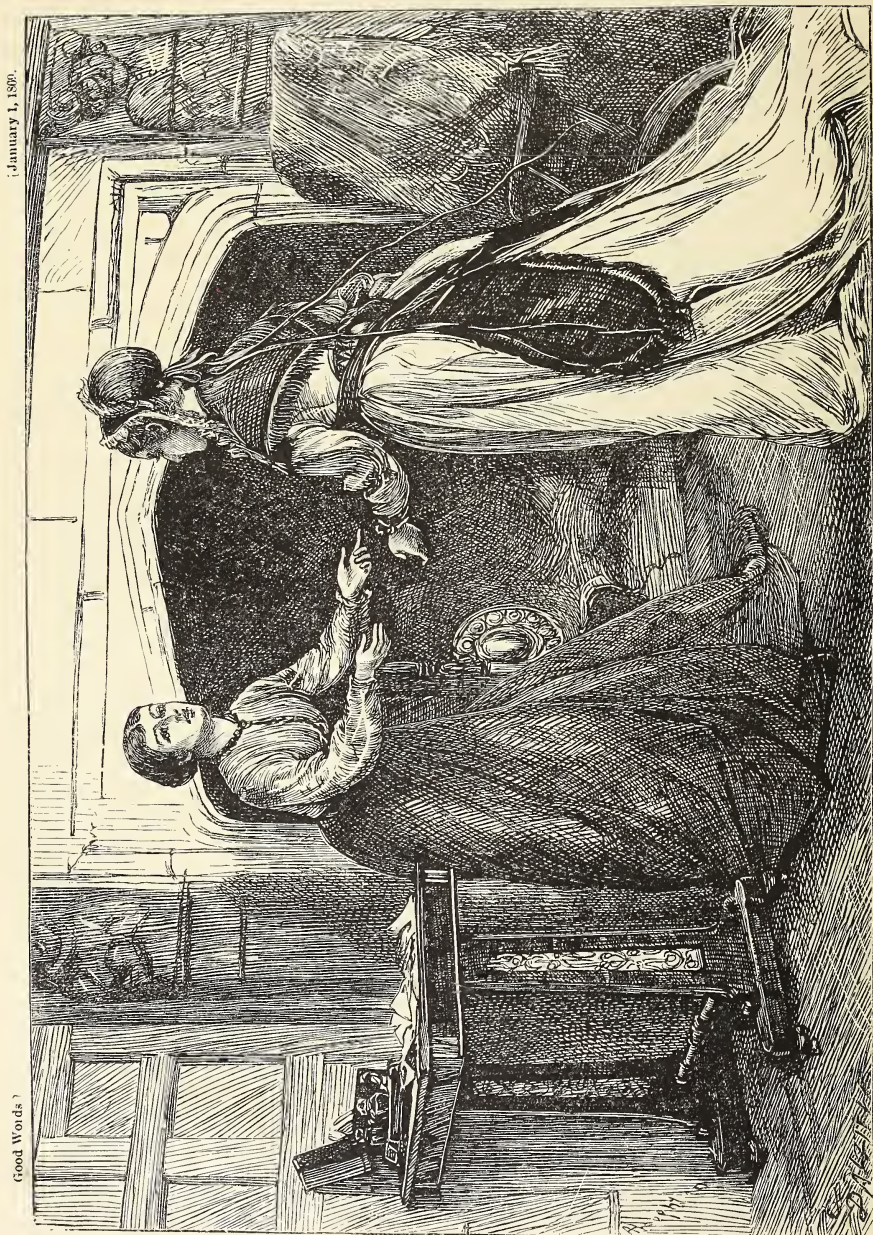
"I don't know anything about it, Mrs. Chenevix," Phoebe answered the somewhat enigmatical speech, taking refuge in her ignorance; "I have been a stranger so long."

Proceeding on her walk, Phoebe could not help recalling to mind the appeals of her cousins, the Halls, who had attempted to draw her into an admission every time they got an addition to the greenhouses at Garnet Lodge, or received a buhl table or an ormolu timepiece from London, or displayed the bits of Dresden and Sèvres china which they had picked up abroad, that Garnet Lodge was a rival to Brockcotes; and that the merchant, standing alone upon his wealth, was able at least to compete with the great landed peer and his roll of buried ancestors.

This came before her now in all its ludicrousness. It was not that the Halls could not command luxuries and comparative splendours. They had been accustomed to them,

at all events Mrs. Hall had, for she was a daughter of one of the first merchants in Folksbridge. But even if Mrs. Hall had been able to monopolize and preserve all the cedar-wood, ivory, spices, and Dutch pictures on which she delighted to expatiate, and though there had been joined to them the upholsterer's and the jeweller's glories of purple velvet, amber satin, rococo chairs, and Parian marble statues, up to gold toilet plate,—what could these count weighed against the treasures of Brockcotes? Nay, though nectar and ambrosia had been added, soup *à la Julienne*, haunches of venison, lobster patés, whole pyramids of pines, and glaciers of vanilla ices, with Burgundy, *lachryma Christe*, and Tokay to the utmost bounds of the imaginations of sensuous novelists who have not studied *le grand simple*, what infinitely higher food there was for the gods at Brockcotes! Phoebe knew well there were things which money could not buy, far other than dancing-masters' graces and bastard Byronisms. They might be illusions, too, it is true, but they were dear next to household charities, and sacred after Divine sacraments. For what in themselves were family jewels, armour, shields, stained glass, the whole ultimata of the Horace Walpoles, to the musty, worm-eaten, state banqueting room where one Latimer had spent his rents for a year and a day on a loyal feast to a king in adversity; or to the shabby business room in which another Latimer had pledged lands and life to save his country and maintain the integrity of its halting but high-reaching laws; or to the faded state bed on which had lain the coffin of a hero, resting from his last fight, with the tattered, soiled banner spread over it which was afterwards to form the grandest relic of the old guard-room? The diamonds and Milanese mail were overborne by the cracked delft flower-pot, in which a brave dame had once hidden the title-deeds of her children's inheritance from the house's enemy. Why, every step in this house led to a hoary record of history, wrought in by some member of a family which, for a score of generations, had held in trust for the people a great stake in the country.

Phoebe did not enter Brockcotes by the great gateway. The Earl himself did not think of doing this, except on great occasions. It would have involved a progress through the guard-room, the armoury, the old hall, the Elizabethan saloon, the white drawing-room, with the Queen Anne closet, and the great picture gallery, before the inhabited quarters of the house could have been reached.



January 1, 1890.

Good Words.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Page 71.

Phœbe had made the round with unflagging interest many a time, and hoped to make it again in triumph, with her cousins; but it would take half a day. For the needs of private and ordinary intercourse there were side doors in every direction, which the family had learnt to use as they had learnt to occupy graciously a house which was not theirs alone, but the country's—liable to be invaded three days a week, in all its ancient and splendid localities, by a hydra-headed, gaping, finger-ing, enthusiastic monster, whose convenience they had to consult, and who was mortally jealous of so much as a terrace, a garden, a row of windows, a suite of rooms kept back from it and retained for private ends.

Phœbe did not require the aid of the servant who conducted her up the side-stair to Lady Dorothea's room. She was sure that she knew the way better than he did, for he was not one of the old servants. She had all her life been acquainted with them—Mr. Clarges the butler, Mr. Simmons my Lord's man, Mr. Richardson the groom of the chambers, Mr. Finlay the Scotch gardener—though by one of those subtle distinctions which affect men and women in the same rank and family, the men servants never dined with Mr. Paston, as Mrs. Bald and Miss Thorpe drank tea with Mrs. Paston. But Phœbe knew they were all very superior, well-informed, elderly men. The present John Thomas, though he had the misfortune of having seen only five years or so of service in the Exmoor family, manifested the advantage of good company and good government by doing his spiriting gently. With a fine instinct for the feelings of the family, he showed Phœbe to Lady Dorothea's room very respectfully, bestowing on her a delicate reflection of his courteous, deeply interested manner. Altogether this simple sprig of the servants' hall at Brockcotes was a mightily different specimen of the genus *plush* from the dreadful boy in buttons whom Phœbe's Aunt Hall affected; or even from the men hired to wait at parties at Garnet Lodge, who got drunk, broke the diamond-cut frosted water jug, and were so intolerably saucy and insolent to Olive Hall when she corrected them, that she had to call upon her brother Frank to order them out of the house.

CHAPTER III.—LADY DOROTHEA'S BOUDOIR.

LADY DOROTHEA recognised Phœbe the moment the door was opened. She rose in an instant, without disturbing any of her surroundings, and came towards her friend with both her hands outstretched.

"My dear Phœbe, I am so glad to see you. I always want to see my friends, and you are my gossip—there is no modern word for it," she added, coming up to her, and kissing her heartily.

Phœbe liked to feel the close caress, though she rather received than returned it; and her heart grew warmer at the conviction that Lady Dorothea, after a season and a half in town—a season and a half nearer the supreme dignity of the Marchioness of Fairchester—had not forgotten her.

"We have so many things to tell each other, Phœbe. First, you are looking very well, and I hope you do not think me gone off."

"Not at all, Lady Dorothea," Phœbe assured her friend sincerely.

"Ah! you know it is of some consequence, and I am nervous about our degenerating physically. There is so little of me," her Ladyship went on, with perfect gravity, "and there is not much more of Wriothsesley. If febrile nervousness were to set in now, nothing more could be made of us; and it would be a sure sign that the race was dying out, though it might linger with coddling and padding for a few more generations. I have been toiling to get through with my work, to have the Countess set me down at your door after luncheon, and have the carriage pick me up again, which would have saved time, if you hadn't done better. I had only got as far as 'Joy is a transitory possession,'" reading from the last of a heap of school copy lines; "and I'll tell you what, Phœbe, I don't call that a satisfactory moral precept. Do you?"

"Scarcely, I fear; but I have not yet had time to test it," answered Phœbe.

"But you see Mr. Gilbert has set it, and it is not my place to dictate to Mr. Gilbert," continued her Ladyship. "The comfort is that none of the children will understand 'transitory.' I was going on to 'Man is made to mourn,' was it?" peering at her list of precepts. "Surely no, something more cheerful for the children—'Man is made to work.' Dear! I am afraid the boys and girls who are not surfeited with playing at hockey and keeping houses, and who don't experience the spur of having work which must be done, will think that sentence equally dismal. But I am getting dismal myself over the thought of my work, for the copies are a light task compared to the demands of one post," protested Lady Dorothea, looking askance at a pile of elegantly turned letters on her other side.

"It's almost as bad as being called upon

to entertain people who will not be entertained," she went on, "to have to answer letters which contain nothing but wire-woven compliments and fine phrases. I don't count scientific, antiquarian, clerical, or social-economic letters under the same head. However troublesome, one may take kindly to the trouble in their case, for there is something more or less real and positive in them. But as to the mass of letters, the fact is, newspapers have destroyed our vocation where they are concerned. I do envy the time when every wonderful story did for a letter to a country cousin."

"I hope I'm not in your way," interposed Phœbe, with more of certainty than hope in her tone.

"My dear child," besought Lady Dorothea, emphatically, "don't you be wire-woven and hypocritical. You know I shall contrive to get rid of my share of the family correspondence by economizing my tea and toilet, or by coming up here after dinner, if mamma can spare me, or, should all other resources fail, by tearing the letters into little bits, and flinging them out of the window, with the world none the poorer, or myself a bit penitent."

"I don't believe that," asserted Phœbe; "you never treated my letters so, and instead of your not thinking of such havoc, I don't know who would mind it more."

"Ah! you always thought a great deal better of me than I deserved. But you are quite a travelled lady yourself now, Phœbe. I want to hear all about your travels and adventures, as well as to tell you mine; and remember, we have only an hour to do it in, before the luncheon bell rings. You must take luncheon with us, and pay your respects to the Countess. Of course, that is settled."

Lady Dorothea's room adjoined the southern nurseries, where Phœbe and she had first met. Phœbe was sure that Lady Dorothea would not have vacated it for another, or changed any of its salient features. It was not the fashion at Brockcotes for the inhabitants to flit from perch to perch, or to dismantle and refurnish their nests. There was the strongest element of conservatism in the great house. Lady Dorothea's room and Lord Wriothesley's room were chambers intact and established beyond recall, and would continue without fail what their names implied till Lady Dorothea became Marchioness of Fairchester, and Lord Wriothesley succeeded his father as Earl of Exmoor.

The boudoir was decidedly plain, spacious, and wonderfully convenient. The pale,

French-grey walls were without relief of watered paper or gilt cornicing; and all the adornment they had was from some chalk drawings and water-colour sketches of Lady Dorothea's—not always in the best perspective, nor with the most perfect touch—and photographs of members of the family and the household, including favourite horses and dogs. The carpet was Turkey indeed, but it was worn threadbare, and the cheval mirror was encased in an out-of-date, tarnished, black and gold frame. The wood was maple, the hangings' chintz, the porcelain common white and gilt-edged china. The aristocratic element lay in the ample provision for every possible requirement of the occupant. The toilet service was full, though it was not of silver or silver-gilt, but of tortoise shell and alabaster. There was a reading-table, a writing-table, a portable book-case, a flower stand, a cabinet, a desk, a work-basket, a night lamp, a day lamp, and chairs, couches, and footstools for all the phases of industry and idleness, notwithstanding the principal lounge had no more expensive cover than white dimity. Supposing Brockcotes subjected to a siege, Lady Dorothea's room would have afforded her occupation and entertainment during every month of the twelve.

The bedroom beyond, with the door ajar, was even less costly, in its light iron bedstead, serviceable chests of drawers and wardrobes, with only the delicacy of its linen, its complete provision for warmth in winter and air at all times, and the enamel tiles of its lavatory, to distinguish it from any ordinary, unpretending bedroom of the upper class. But there was one detail unattainable, save in such quarters: the windows belonging to these rooms commanded three separate vistas of the park, each of them a long sylvan alley, with its striking suggestive termination—the first being the great gate; the second, the Brockcotes' obelisk, raised to commemorate slave emancipation, in which the Latimers of Brockcotes had played their part; and the third, the group of Scotch firs, planted as a record of the family of Countess Jean—a waving tree for each weeping baby that had grown into a man or a woman, and was now dead and mouldering into dust within the walls of the Brockcotes' mausoleum, or in strange lands, or in the depths of the sea.

Lady Dorothea was as far removed from extravagance in dress as her rooms were from extravagance in furniture. There was no such distinction now between the morning dresses of the friends as there had been between those of little Lady Doro-

thea and Mr. Paston's little girl. Lady Dorothea's cambric muslin was hardly finer than Phœbe's: and although hers was freshly put on for the morning, and Phœbe's for the week, that of the aristocratic lady, because less care was called for, perhaps was the more crumpled and flecked of the two. Another change in their personal attributes was that Lady Dorothea was at the present

moment the more tanned and freckled of the two, with those small, clear, dark freckles, like spots on the lip of a shell, which only come out on very fine skins. Mr. Finlay, the Scotch gardener, and his subordinates could have given a reason. Lady Dorothea had a passion for working in the green-houses with her own hands, and when it was hot there, unless the opinion of the Countess occurred



"Lady Exmoor greeted Phœbe willingly, but with an effort."

to her, she would throw off her hat and gloves without the least concern for her complexion; besides, she had taken Lord Wriothlesley's dogs under her special care during his absence, and the kennels were at a quarter of a mile's distance from the house, in the most exposed situation as to sun and wind in the park. In addition still, Lady Dorothea rode with the Earl as well as drove with the Countess, and did an

amazing amount of family, poor, and parish work at odd times on the estate. Except one hour before luncheon, and another before dinner, when she read and wrote in her own room, she was good to be found somewhere or other out of doors all through the spring and autumn days. Indeed, she was half as much time in the open air as a field-worker, and ten times as much as a home-staying, embroidering, housekeeping young

lady in the rank of Phoebe Paston. As to Lady Dorothea's head, the fine hair of which had been so treasured and cultivated by nurse and maid, she would, in her perfectly cultivated womanhood, as soon have thought of coming down to the breakfast-room with a diamond coronet on her temples, or a wreath of artificial flowers and flower-sprays hanging down her back, as have descended to her world showing anything but the quietest little mouse-black head, its natural ornament disposed of, in these days of chignons, in some mysteriously simple manner. She left frizzling, plaiting, bandeauing, and rosetting, to her Abigail, "Thorpie," the Countess's maid, and Thorpie's coquettish little niece.

Lady Dorothea was slight, pale, and under the middle size, as ever; and the first impression made by her on a stranger might be one of momentary disappointment that "the daughter of a hundred earls" should appear a trifle insignificant. It required a second look, and a second thought, to appreciate the fineness of the traits, of the very contrast between the dark hair and the naturally satin-white skin; to discover, how pure, subtle, and tender—in the French sense—would be the blush of rose which animation or emotion would call into the cheek. Once sensible of the true beauty of a high-born woman, and there is an inclination to regard every other style of beauty as coarse and clumsy in comparison. Yet Lady Dorothea, thanks to her open-air life and active, well-balanced mind, was not intrinsically fragile, hectic, or softly weak-looking. There were in her carriage and gestures the nerve and elasticity of both health and breeding, to carry her, if necessary, over mountains of tribulation and seas of difficulties. In place of being languid or statuesque, her face was *espiègle* and mobile to a fault—open, indeed, to the charge of never being seen in a state of repose.

Phoebe Paston was lithely round, and several inches taller than Lady Dorothea. She was in face softly brown, with a warm, not a swarthy brownness, answering to eyes having an olive tint in their hazel irises, and a blueness in the white of their balls. Dimples came and went in her cheeks; and her mouth, a little too full, preserved an richness and capacity for expanding into a rich straight line of intent enthusiasm or sobriety, which altogether redeemed it. It was saying a good deal for Phoebe Paston's face and figure that they could bear to be looked at beside Lady Dorothea's fine black and white traits—beside the thin nostril, the flexible mouth, with the transparent teeth glancing through the

perpetually varying curves, the arched neck and arched foot. What was most amiss in Phoebe was, that she wore her hair German fashion, so that the wave and ripple back from the low, square forehead, appeared something smart beside Lady Dorothea's smooth little morning head, the shape of a greyhound's; and that her hands—though she had no passion for working in green-houses, no obligation to feed dogs, and was particular in wearing gloves when she tied up her roses and carnations—were one or two degrees larger, and of heavier mould and material, than Lady Dorothea's. Of course, Phoebe exaggerated the defect, and called her hands bear's paws and mason's mallets beside those of her Ladyship, and thus escaped all conceit where those members were concerned.

Lady Dorothea marshalled Phoebe to one of the window seats, and they sat down together like Hermia and Helena, "both on one cushion," and commenced a brisk fire of questions.

"First, about the cousins at Folksbridge, whom you knew so little of, and have lived a year and a half with—are they nice people?"

"Very nice, and two of them so clever," replied Phoebe, promptly.

"I know one is the only son—the journalist in town—whom Wriothesley met on the Danube, swore a friendship to, and praises up to the skies. But you are not going to marry him, as I once predicted?"

"No, indeed," Phoebe negatived, decisively, with a laugh indicative of the clearest of consciences, and without a shade of a blush. "That would never do. My aunt and my uncle would not like it, and, what is more to the purpose, Frank and I did not for one moment think of each other in that way, though I have a great regard for him as a cousin, and I hope he has some cousinly regard for me. He knows everything, and can do everything, and is very amusing, Lady Dorothea; but he and his set think too much of themselves; he smokes too much, and he is ugly. I should not like to marry an ugly man, if I could help myself," speculated Phoebe; "though I daresay I should get accustomed to his ugliness."

"I daresay you would, you stupid Phoebe, as well as take down his conceit, and set bounds to his smoking—so much the better for him. Of what count is ugliness in a husband, or in any man, or in any reasonable creature, for that matter? But I know your taste, Phoebe—a muscular Christian, a northern Levangro, a stalwart comely person enough, with a look as if he could not be

angered fairly, and yet with that queer spice of perversity in his nature which makes many a sober Englishman fly off at a tangent, and be guilty of a disinterested recklessness at the crisis of his career—recklessness of which a feather-headed, spasmodic Frenchman or Italian would be, not to say dreadfully ashamed, but sheerly incapable. I suppose he cannot help what constitutes him a sort of puritan vagabond. It is the old Danish pirate in his blood rising against the other element of the Dutch shopkeeper."

Phoebe said not a word in reply to Lady Dorothea's particular definition of her taste, and ignored any special allusions it contained, while her cheeks were tingling with provocation under it, and with dread lest she had not heard the last of this.

No more came just then. Lady Dorothea went off to something very different. "Are your cousins very fond of garnets, Phoebe, that they call their house Garnet Lodge?"

"I fancy they would prefer rubies," corrected Phoebe, the least bit in the world offended. "They did not christen the place, it was named by the former owner."

"Oh, then they are not responsible for the name," admitted Lady Dorothea, taking pains to make amends for her indiscretion. "And that is one advantage of stepping into strangers' shoes. I am sure some of our names do our forefathers no credit. There is Swinely. Although a spade is a spade, and I have no desire to hide it, could they not have hit upon a prettier association? Swine are very well in their own way, but why have to drag them into one's mouth twenty times a day when we are in Dorsetshire? And what did you think of foreign lands, you little Wellfield native? You were lucky. They must have made an impression on you. Now, by dint of being taken abroad when I was ten and the Earl had the first touch of the gout, and then when I was thirteen and the Countess was attacked by neuralgia, and again when I was fifteen and Wriothsley had to be recovered from hay fever, the beginning of my impression was so indefinite, and it was so frittered away by repetition, that I cannot remember having had any. At what points on your route did you stay longest, and what places did you admire most?"

It had still been the grand tour to Phoebe, perfect in its six weeks' shortness, and she had seen everything with such vivid perception and lively appreciation, that she had not time to tell Lady Dorothea one-half of what her Ladyship would have liked to have heard, as she sat listening with her keen analytical

faculty, and the half-pensive weight of experience looking out of her bright, pellucid eyes, and playing about her transparent face.

In Phoebe's description, one place chased another. Every now and then she called herself back with an "Oh! I forgot, Lady Dorothea," and darted off again to a string of other localities and attractions, till she stopped breathless.

Lady Dorothea nodded her approval. "I see you have enjoyed it. I am glad you had such a holiday. So you stopped at that little place beyond Coblenz. You were more fortunate there than we were. We wanted to "do it," but we could not manage this, for we could not find accommodation for our party. We were once driven out of Lausanne for the same reason. You wouldn't believe, Phoebe, the trouble and the heartburning that difficulty often occasioned. Clarges was as good as most couriers, but the little strength and leisure left for seeing sights, and the constant aggravation of witnessing the number of indulgences and amusements which other people commanded, and which were not permitted to us, were enough to counterbalance all our pleasure. You may count the heavy penalties incident to travelling as an English milord, among the sorrows of the aristocracy."

Phoebe thought she understood them as well as an outsider could, and condoled with Lady Dorothea accordingly. "But you would rather not want the penalties," she finished, with ready brusqueness.

"No," Lady Dorothea laughed frankly, "we are to the manner born." She took up her gold pen and twisted it about in her fingers, as, with a suspicion of wistfulness in her resolute, unhesitating tones, she said, "I don't imagine you came across the Fairchester family!"

No, Phoebe had not come across the most distant relation of the Marquis—not even in the shape of an autograph in a visitors' book.

"We missed meeting them in town after Easter," said Lady Dorothea, choosing to grapple with the subject, notwithstanding there being an increasing consciousness, neither awkward nor yet entirely pleasurable, in the significance of her next observation. "It is odd how we have contrived to miss each other; but Lord Fairchester had to go abroad again to fetch home his sisters, who had been spending the winter with their aunt, Lady Camilla Tollemache, at Nice. He and his sisters are coming here to meet Wriothsley on his return for the race week. It is such a comfort that we are to have Wriothsley home at last," continued Lady Dorothea,

taking up the present theme gratefully, though she had not flinched from the other. "We expected nothing less than that he would be off to the Rocky Mountains, where we could not spare him, because he is the only son we have; besides, that is not exactly the way in which we want Wriothsesley to distinguish himself."

"I heard something from Frank Hall of Lord Wriothsesley having taken honours at Oxford," put in Phœbe. "I was not surprised to hear it."

"Yes; but I don't know that a peer is entitled to take away so much Latin and Greek from his college. I don't know that it is not a mistake—that a more moderate quantity might not serve his turn. We must be sparing of Wriothsesley, when he is remarkably clever, and when we have been waiting for him these two hundred years!"

At this Phœbe opened her eyes, and was about to offer some modest deprecation, when Lady Dorothea, anticipating her, went on—

"Nay, you need not stare, Phœbe. Only think, we have been no more than great landlords and country noblemen since the Bentincks and the Kepples came in with Dutch William's revolution, while other families have been marshalling armies, leading navies, procuring treaties of peace, and preventing national bankruptcy. We have even allowed ourselves to be beaten in gardens and packs of hounds. It may be a matter of thankfulness that we have not grown to be infamous for divorces and gambling debts, *roués* and light women. But it is high time that we did something more than abstain from great shining vices; yet women can do nothing beyond forming alliances—and I must say we have always married well."

"I should think that would be hard enough work sometimes," broke from Phœbe, in a half-rebellious undertone.

"It has often been arranged for us beforehand," stated Lady Dorothea, quietly. "However, the question is, what Wriothsesley is to do? Parliament is his natural and ultimate field; but, between ourselves, the Earl does not care to trust him with a borough at present."

"But Lord Wriothsesley is so clever."

"Still, you know, there is an attraction in reverses; and Wriothsesley's opinions, like those of many generous young men of rank and parts, who have opinions to speak of, are unsettled, and incline to democracy. He might compromise himself just now—take up the paupers more outrageously than Lord Ingestre, or propose vote by bal-

lot, like Mr. Berkeley. Then, in Parliament, reform seems to belong to the Russells and the Greys; it is like poaching and plagiarism to meddle with it. I fancy he must rather begin with some great scheme of railways or harbourage, of mining or draining—something that will cost hundreds of thousands of pounds, cripple our exchequer for generations in the name of honour, and afford work and prosperity to as many thousands of men."

"Your confidence in Lord Wriothsesley is charming, Lady Dorothea."

"I confess I could not bear Wriothsesley's descending to found a museum, far less his basing his hopes of fame on giving his name to a barouche or a pair of breeches," continued her Ladyship. "He might go on the turf and improve the breed of horses. We think no harm of that, when we can afford it; but the Latimers have always confined their taste in this matter to the Wellfield race week, and left the larger doings to the Grevvilles. Besides, Wriothsesley has no bent in this direction. He can ride a deal better than Lord Fairchester, who sits like a sack, they say," explained Lady Dorothea, coolly; "but his short sight is against him in competing with his groom. That defect is becoming serious," lamented Lady Dorothea, full of care, "when you consider that Earl Evelyn had it as far back as the battle of Tewkesbury, when it caused him to miss his Lancastrian enemy, and fall a victim himself. Old Father Ambrosius, our chaplain then, has the fatal accident and its cause fully set down in black and white in his Latin chronicle. I have all but escaped the infliction, but it has come out in Wriothsesley, and I am not sure that it is not more alarming than the Dugdale deafness, which is so painfully evident in poor mamma. With the immense importance of Wriothsesley's eyesight, and the fate of poor Lord Lewston and the Duke of Leominster's son before him, it is what I call astonishingly wrong-headed and wilful in Wriothsesley to go on pottering at his amateur painting and writing."

Phœbe allowing her scepticism to be manifest, Lady Dorothea added, "I know that you will not misunderstand me, Phœbe, when I say that I don't reckon *that* Wriothsesley's line, any more than scholarship or philosophy. I don't underrate art and learning; but what noblemen are here to do seems to me to be, not to paint, or construe, or speculate, but to live."

"I think you are right, Lady Dorothea," Phœbe corroborated shrewdly; "I am sure

it would not have suited papa at all if the Earl had thought fit to paint his own walls with his own hands, instead of giving a commission, which, papa has often said, was the making of him as a professional artist."

"It is very good in your father to say so, and, I imagine, no more than just. There are patrons whose province it is to give their thousands of pounds for Raphaels; and there are painters whose province it is to paint Madonna di San Sistas and Leo Tenth's. I never saw an advantage gained by confounding provinces. Wriothesley might do something with the press. I don't deny that; but men like your cousin, Frank Hall, have always had a monopoly of it, though a Lord Strangford may cut in occasionally. Altogether, I don't know that he could make much of it, without the entire confidence of the public on party questions,—to expect which would be the next thing to hoping for a prodigy."

"But Lord Wriothesley has already gained the confidence of all," suggested Phœbe.

"Perhaps in Wellfield; but that's not the whole world, Phœbe," her Ladyship resumed. "And now that Wriothesley is of age, he ought to marry soon; but I am afraid he is crotchety on that point also. There is nobody spoken of for him but our cousin, Miss Dugdale of Summerley. You know, Summerley might go in with the Dorsetshire estates; and Lady Anna Maria Dudley succeeds to her maternal grandfather's Gloucestershire property. Of course, this is in confidence. But come, Phœbe, I must hear more of *your* concerns. What is that story about Mr. Wooler? I am not going to let you off with telling me nothing of it, when I have told you nearly all the news, the plans, and the hopes of Brockcotes. I heard of it when we were down at Richmond for Easter, and everybody approved of it. I was very happy on your account; only I thought, Phœbe, when we were such friends, it would have been no more than my due if I had got the first hint of it from yourself."

Phœbe had made up her mind that the conversation would come to this, and had braced herself to endure it. The Brockcotes family held it as their undeniable privilege that they should receive all the Wellfield gossip, seeing that it concerned their town, which, like Louis the Great's States-General, was themselves; and they usually had it fresher and fuller than it was to be had in the market on the market day, or over the bank counters, or in Miss Manning's worsted shop, or in the Medlars' dining-room, or in

Miss Rowe's drawing-room. Still, it was exceedingly vexatious to Phœbe Paston to have this foolish, false report brought up against her the very third day after her return to Wellfield, and cast in her face by Lady Dorothea at Brockcotes.

"There is no story, Lady Dorothea," Phœbe maintained, flushing deeply: "nothing but a bit of tattle from Folksbridge, and the idle repetition of some silly, mischievous jesting of my cousins."

"So they have time to tattle—the busy, solid traders of Folksbridge, and the cousins are not out-and-out nice. I am bad enough to take a little comfort from this, because you belong, by right, to Wellfield and Brockcotes; and I don't wish you to be prematurely suborned away from us by the terribly pushing, irresistible Folksbridge people. When you have married a Wellfield man, it will be soon enough—eh, Phœbe? I must say the match sounded everything that was desirable. A painter like your father, his old friend, a native of Wellfield, and, at the same time, with the prospect of rendering you one of the richest women in great, rising Folksbridge—perhaps the mayor's wife. What would you have more?"

"Lady Dorothea, I wonder to hear you!" exclaimed Phœbe, indignantly. "Do you call it fair to class me with a man twenty years older than myself—old enough to have been papa's friend and contemporary, yet a man who cannot settle, who has never ended what the Germans call his *Wanderlehre*. I believe never will end it, with an old mother who calls me a presumptuous interloping chit, and looks down on me, though she herself was nothing better than a yeoman's daughter;—a man that I never thought of or spoke to, except as an old Wellfield friend, meeting him, as I did, at Folksbridge;—a painter, too, and an old friend of papa's! I did not think that you would speak as if you were mercenary, Lady Dorothea; and it is a great shame of any person either to tell or hear such stories."

"My dear Phœbe, you go on piling up your wrath so furiously that—if you will excuse me—it is enough of itself to make one suspicious," argued Lady Dorothea, with provoking intrepidity and candour. "What does it matter that you haven't thought of the man till you were asked to think of him? It is the man's part to think of you, and they say he has done it to purpose. I wonder the connection has not been suggested before; but marriage is more of an accident with you than where there are other than private in-

terests to weigh and account for. You are going to marry the man, and not his mother, and although it would be vastly more becoming and agreeable if she were thoroughly content and cordial, no doubt her son, whose business it is, will succeed in bringing her round in a little time."

"I protest, Lady Dorothea. You are cruel in thus teasing me about one so much older than myself," was all Phoebe could say.

"My child," her Ladyship went on, flinching, "to speak of a man's being too old to be a husband and the head of a family at forty! We don't call fifty old; and Mrs. Bald, who is never mistaken, calculated Mr. Wooler's age to be ten years less. It is more absurd than making a man's ugliness an objection to marrying him. I should make my husband's ugliness my ugliness, and either never see it or grow vain of it; and I should prefer an interval of twenty years or so between me and the man I was to call lord and master, that I might be the better able to reverence him."

Phoebe was speechless in antagonism, while she pondered the flippancy of her own objection. "But, Lady Dorothea," she said at length, "you will allow that, according to *Debrett*, Lord Fairchester is no more than twenty-seven, and I have heard, not worse looking than a heavy-featured peer."

Here a step was heard in the corridor.

CHAPTER IV.—THE LATIMER FAMILY.

"It is the Earl," Lady Dorothea explained; "he has just returned from quarter-sessions, and from making up his book for the races. He is coming to show his book to me. The Countess tries to understand it, but cannot quite make it out; it is not in her way. No, don't think of running away, Phoebe. He will like to meet you, and to inquire for Mr. Paston; but you must put up with being mistaken in the first place for every one of the half-dozen young ladies round Brockcotes."

Lord Exmoor tapped sharply, and followed on the back of his tap. "Well, Dorothea, here I am back again—but you have a visitor. Good morning, Miss Maude—I beg your pardon, Lady Anne Maria. By Jove, I'm mistaken a second time. How do you do, Mrs. Hobhouse?"

"Papa," remonstrated Lady Dorothea, "it was only the young ladies that I engaged Phoebe Paston to submit to be mistaken for; if you are to go on blundering through all the matrons of your acquaintance, I have done with you. You must be provided with your own apologies."

The Earl was now considerably over fifty, tall, with a stoop, rendered worse by the family short-sightedness which Lady Dorothea had deplored, and by a fancy for peering through the world without spectacles, only sticking his glass into his eye on an extremity. He had thin, dark hair, which, both on his head and his cheeks, looked as if it had not stamina enough in it to undergo a change to iron grey, but would "wede away" with years. He had a protruding forehead, sunken, blinking eyes, the lower part of the face being slightly projecting, owing to the full, loosish lips, and round chin. It was an inquisitive, rather than an intellectual face—kindly, somewhat sensuous, yet not without elements of mingled weakness and stubbornness in it. And his figure was by no means commanding. Indeed, had the face or the figure belonged to an ordinary man—had not both had legibly written on them, "I am Charles Aubrey Latimer, Earl of Exmoor, gifted with great territorial sway for good or evil, capable of mending or marring, in some degree, the well-being and happiness of thousands of my fellow-creatures," he would not have stood conspicuously out from the multitude. As it was, the consciousness of his position, with the culture of birth and breeding, gave an air of ease and power to the good-natured, well-disposed nobleman, which sat not ungracefully upon him.

But Lady Dorothea had not spoken of the family history without her host. Lord Exmoor had been content to stand in the first rank of country gentlemen, because he had not felt himself qualified for anything greater. The Latimers, like the Grosvenors, the Fitzwilliams, and the domestic branch of the Spensers (according to recent authority), had been, upon the whole, notably virtuous, while they had fallen far short of the scornful magnificence of the Cavendishes, the killing wit of the Stanhopes, and the industry and aplomb of the Russells. Still, there had been no want of family devotion and ambition in the race; and it had been unostentatiously fostered and developed until the great man who, according to Lady Dorothea, had been waited for during "two hundred years," had become the craving and the necessity of the house.

"Miss Paston, I declare, I should not have known you," averred the Earl. "So grown—what, not grown, Dorothea? then it must be improved, solely and wholly improved. I am glad to see you home again, I am always glad to see all the Wellfield young people about the place when I am

down; looks more like home to a family man, eh? But, Miss Paston, you are going to show all the young ladies the example of taking flight from Wellfield,—my Lady here among the rest, although she has the advantage of you by a few months, and is your godmother to boot. Fie! irreverence to godmothers is clean against the Catechism, and if I were you, Dolly, I should look sharp and pull caps with her at least, not to be left in the lurch in this improper fashion. But it is all right when it is a Wellfield man that is concerned,” his Lordship changed his tone and took to encouragement of his towns-woman, but in his serious commendation, as in his jesting banter, equally unobservant of Phœbe’s burning cheeks. “Good painter, they tell me. Remember when he was quite a young man, and the question was whether it was he or Paston who should render us famous. Wooler had the start then, but your father won the race, married at twenty or so, and stuck in while Wooler had two strings to his bow—not a bad thing for peace of mind and enjoyment, but, as I have heard, spoils a man for a profession. However, better late than never; and we will see what a score of years and the study of a dozen schools and countries have done. What is Paston about just now, nymphs or milkmaids, old men or babies, classic English or rowdy-towdyism?”

“He is busy with a *Belinda*, my Lord,” Phœbe hastened to inform the Earl.

“Well, Miss Paston, I’ll look in and see him one of these days, and I’ll bring a purchaser to him when Lord Fairchester comes. He has not got his galleries full again. The late Marquis—not to mince matters—brought a whole lot of Van Somers and Canalettos to the hammer when he happened to be more than commonly out of spare cash, leaving—bare walls behind him. Wriothsesley, with his dilettantism, is savage when he speaks of it, not considering, clever boy as he is, that it is an ill wind which blows nobody good, especially after the savings of a long minority. Oh! by-the-by, Wriothsesley hob-nobbed with a cousin of yours, a newspaper fellow, on the Danube. Dangerous fellows the newspaper fellows now-a-days, much more so than formerly. Owls are more birds of prey than rooks, I take it. You know, rooks, solemn and harmless if you don’t spite ’em, used to be the only birds that sought an airing in Grub Street. Better speak the owls fair if you want peace either at your own fireside, or in the hunting-field, or the house, Miss Paston. But that is not the reason why we

are to have Mr. Hall down here; upon my honour it is not,” protested the Earl, looking a little sheepish—at his own blunder. “Lord Wriothsesley was very much taken with him, and very much indebted to him when his boat came to grief somewhere between this and the Isle of Serpents. The Countess and I are grateful, I hope, and are delighted to show our gratitude, in addition to the high regard which we have always entertained for Paston, which, in fact, he is entitled to look for at our hands, and which we have great pleasure in extending to Wooler and every one connected with your father. Permit me to assure you of this, Miss Paston.”

As for Phœbe: sitting before Lord Exmoor, she was too hurt and angry at heart, at the perpetual recurrence of allusions to Mr. Wooler, to attempt to contradict the Earl, prepossessed as he seemed to be in favour of the connection.

It was a greater relief than Phœbe could have imagined when the gong sounded for luncheon, and she had to go with Lady Dorothea to the Countess, certain that the latter would not assail her with Barty Wooler.

The Countess was the unpopular member of the Exmoor family. She had been an heiress—the Latimers having married heiresses, more or less, for centuries. It was a provision made incumbent on them by their hereditary liberality, which was not lavishness, because there was no prodigality in their blood. But the Latimers had a traditional mode of doing business, which was rather peculiar to them. They were not prodigal, but open-handed—an expensive characteristic, perhaps more so than the other, when there is a rebound to miserliness every now and then as a stop-gap. At the same time there had been no corresponding largeness of sagacity and enterprise in opening up new sources of wealth. The family had not been statesmen, accumulating uncounted treasure by their venality; nor had they grown richer and richer by allowing wealth to have its outlet in trade, in addition to breadth of territory or length of pedigree. The Latimers, not showing these faculties, had no resource but to marry heiresses.

It was from the Countess that Lady Dorothea and Lord Wriothsesley inherited their low stature. The Earl was only inclined to be weak and shaky on the legs, and, when he did not hold himself upright, to be shambling in his gait. The Countess was a withered little woman of middle age, looking as if she might have been put away in a bandbox, although when she was in high dress she made good

her right to wear the renowned Exmoor necklace of brilliants. She was naturally reserved, and her defective hearing rendered her still quieter. The Wellfield people had a theory that she was inordinately proud. Though Phœbe had gone to Brockcotes from her childhood, she could not say anything for or against the theory. All that she was sure of was, that the Countess had an unfortunate and unenviable power of holding people who did not belong to her immediate family circle at arm's length—dangling them, as it were, by the very tips of the fingers, and contriving to pour upon them at the same time, quite unintentionally, a depressing shower of cold water. Phœbe had got over her own childish terror of the Countess, and fully believed that Lady Exmoor wished well, in a repressed, self-contained way, to her and all the world. But she could not get over feeling stiff, stupid, and uncomfortable in the Countess's company. On the other hand, and as if to compensate for the public slight, Lady Exmoor's family were excessively attached to her, and owned her influence to an overweening extent. Such men as the Earl are good husbands, both from principle and inclination; but he consulted the Countess constantly, and adopted her views before those of any other person, even of the cherished son and heir, who had a vested interest in his father's more important undertakings. Lord Wriothlesley had relinquished his proposed adventures at the Antipodes, largely to satisfy the Countess; and every one who knew them was aware that Lady Dorothea, with her quaint sentimentousness and indefatigable spirit, was devoted to her mother.

Phœbe found the Countess engaged in needlework. Lady Exmoor, besides a talent for silence, had a talent for embroidery, which, with its demands on patient application and elaborate design and execution, is out of keeping with a hurrying distraught age. She had taken up as a congenial task what Lady Dorothea was tempted to compare to weaving ropes of sand—the great Exmoor Countess's drawing-room hangings, which had been in process from the date of the South-Sea scheme. Learned embroideresses still living could tell, by tracing the new stitches and the substitutions of new flowers—such as hollyhocks for tiger lilies—when each countess had taken the vanguard as a blooming bride, and when she had relinquished the dilatory needle as a faded dowager. Lady Dorothea thanked her stars that she would never be Countess of Exmoor, to be forced to put her hand to the

work, and drop it wearily, unfinished to her successor. Phœbe had associated these shroud-like folds of silk and unfading flowers with the Countess ever since she was first introduced to the great lady's presence; and although she had seen the Gobelin tapestry and the achievements of Flemish weavers in the interval, she continued to respect the Countess's hangings almost as much as the peeress's coronet which Lady Exmoor had worn when she walked at the Queen's coronation. Yet Phœbe no more expected to witness the Countess's hangings finished and in common use, than she expected to see the Countess in her coronet and necklace, driving her ponies along the streets of Wellfield.

Lady Exmoor greeted Phœbe willingly, but with an effort, which made itself so felt as to render it difficult for Phœbe to reply to her. Her Ladyship invited Phœbe to accompany the party to luncheon with a still greater effort, and saw that the girl was made comfortable with such a crowning effort that it became a great trial for Phœbe to swallow a morsel. Indeed it was a marvel to her that Lord Exmoor and Lady Dorothea could eat their mutton and chicken, asparagus, Stilton cheese, and Queen Claudes, and drink their Madeira and milk with so much equanimity.

Phœbe was not sorry to take leave, and traverse again the Wellfield avenue, pondering on the Exmoor reading of marrying well; on the family understanding which had destined Lady Dorothea for the Marquis of Fairchester, although the couple had hardly met since they were children; on the great things Lord Wriothlesley was to do; and, above all, on the trouble of her youth—how hard it was, because Barty Wooler, a Bohemian bachelor, chose to be impertinent and foolish, that everybody, including her father and Lady Dorothea, should be so infatuated and cruel as to take notice of the absurd extravagance, and look upon it as an excellent match in prospect. It was a sorry end to the pleasant days of her first intercourse with the artist in Folksbridge. But there is many a sorry end to a fair beginning, as Phœbe ruefully realised when the tangle of her maiden meditation refused to be dissipated even by the sight of the fallow deer—attractive and graceful beyond comparison to those who do not know the wild, startled nobility of the antlered heads of the red deer, as they look out of the mist on the mountain sides, and show themselves for a moment before their fleet hoofs spurn the heather.

DEBENHAM'S VOW.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER VI.—MISS HARDWICKE.



DEBENHAM did not need to be told that the lady was Miss Hardwicke. He should have recognised her from Archie's description, if even he had not seen her photograph. The photograph, indeed, did herno kind of justice; but the description, if it could be called a description, was correct enough. Her features were "perfect," and she had "the air of a queen." She was not, however, as he had once said, like Edith Dombey—the flashing-eyed, raven-haired, theatrical Edith Dombey of the illustrations we all know so well. Not in the least. Her beauty was of a far loftier and rarer order—classic, stately, serene. Not classic according to that current acceptation of the phrase, which limits the classicism of beauty to the Greek ideal, and takes for its universal standard some such familiar model as the Clytie of the Townley marbles; but classic after the Roman type—a type essentially real; majestic rather than alluring; intellectual rather than sensuous; expressive in the highest degree of purpose, of gravity, of command; a type, in short, which, however influenced by Greek taste and modified by Greek artists, retained from first to last, in its decadence as in its prime, the stately and impressive characteristics of Etruscan origin.

Essentially classical, then, but essentially of the Roman school, was the beauty of Claudia Hardwicke. Turned suddenly to stone by the wand of a malicious enchanter, she would have passed for a noble specimen of the art of the Augustan period. The shape and pose of her head, the somewhat massive throat, the stately sweep of the shoulders, the full and faultless modelling of the ample bust, would have borne to be transferred direct to

marble, nor have needed any refining touches from the chisel of the sculptor. As for her hand and arm, they were simply perfect. Giulia Grisi in the first splendour of her youth had not a more perfect arm. Those who had lived long enough to compare the impressions of some thirty and odd years ago with the impressions of to-day, averred that Miss Hardwicke's arm was the more beautiful of the two. Like Grisi's, it was white, rounded, dimpled at the elbow, dimpled at the wrist, almost infantile in the exquisite softness of the curves, yet suggestive of none of the feebleness of infancy—suggestive, on the contrary, of more than ordinary womanly strength. Like Grisi's, too, it was somewhat fuller than is, perhaps, prescribed by the strict canons of art. Here, however, the resemblance ceased. Miss Hardwicke's hand was not in the least like the hand of the great prima donna. It was not a small hand; neither was it a large hand; but it was as large a hand as might pertain to a finely proportioned woman. White was it, but not too white; soft, but not too soft; pleasant to hold; firm to clasp; with just an indication of dimples across the knuckles in repose, and a blush of rose-pink on the palm. And the fingers of this charming hand were not taper—for your taper finger, we take it, deserves only to be regarded as an elegant deformity, and may be cast into the same scale with small waists and arched eyebrows, and all such doubtful perfections—but they were rounded at the tips and curved upwards against the nails, which is far more beautiful. It was the sort of hand that looks best unadorned, and is almost disfigured by rings. It was the sort of hand that painters and sculptors love. Michael Angelo would have modelled it again and again—would have filled pages of one of his wonderful notebooks with sketches of it in every position and from every point of view. To say this, however, is to sum up the foregoing description in a single line. We all know what kind of hand it was that Michael Angelo loved. He would as soon have fashioned a Cleopatra or a Zenobia with a wasp-like waist as with tiny hands or taper fingers. So much, then, for Miss Hardwicke's statuesque beauty of form. Justly to describe the beauty of her face is more difficult; and here again recourse must be had to that Roman type already made use of. Her features. "perfect" as

they were, had nothing in common with those of the Niobe or the Venus of Milo; still less with those of the Clytie of the Townley marbles. But she did strikingly resemble one of the finest specimens of Roman art in the gallery of the Louvre—namely, the statue of that Julia, known as Julia Domna, who was the wife of Septimus Severus. A more majestic portrait was never shaped in marble. Beautiful with an imperial kind of beauty befitting the wife and mother of emperors, she stands with her head bent slightly forward, as in the act of graciously listening. With one hand she seems to have just drawn aside her veil; the other hand and all the rest of the figure are closely draped. She is tall—taller than the generality of tall women. Her brow is neither low nor lofty; but it is lofty enough to be intellectual, and it perfects the oval of her face. The nose, small, refined, and delicately cut, just departs sufficiently from the severe line of the Greek ideal to belong to the Roman type. The eyes are long and serious. The mouth, exquisitely modelled, but sharper in its curves than the Greek, is indicative both of sweetness and firmness; chiefly, however, of firmness. The chin, though small, is prominent, and indented with a tiny cleft. An indescribable air of dignity, of modesty, of serenity, of reserve, is expressed in all the contours of this admirable piece of art; in the turn of the head; in the position of the hands; in the arrangement of the hair; in the foot half withdrawn; in every clinging fold of the voluminous drapery. Above all, it is patrician through and through. The very marble is, as it were, informed with the subtlest element of aristocracy.

And to this statue—this statue of a Roman empress, who reigned, sinned, died, some sixteenth centuries and more ago—Miss Hardwicke bore so singular a resemblance that any written description of the one must unavoidably tally with any written description of the other. The two profiles were identical. The features of both seemed to have been cast in the same mould. There must, of course, have been minor points of divergence, and could the lady and the statue have been placed side by side, those points of divergence would probably have come into marked relief; but, taken apart, they were so slight as to escape detection. Enough that the likeness was true, marked and unmistakable—so marked, so unmistakable, that Miss Hardwicke's bust (done by a Florentine sculptor, and enthroned in a niche hung with ruby velvet curtains at the upper end of the

dining-room at Strathellan House) might well have been taken for a copy of the head and bust of the Julia Domna of the Louvre. The same royal look was there, and even more than the same pride. Not, however, the same sweetness. In Miss Hardwicke, the gracious air of the marble empress was altogether wanting. That which showed as dignity in the one became hauteur in the other; reserve hardened into scorn; serenity into icy coldness. She moved, spoke, smiled, as if no man born of woman were worthy to touch so much as the hem of her garment. She might have sprung from a line of empresses, or, like Cæsar, have claimed descent from a goddess, so imperial was her beauty and her bearing.

And yet the Hardwicks had not one drop of blue blood in their veins. They had been merchants and tradesmen, and had intermarried with the sons and daughters of merchants and tradesmen for four generations. Beyond that point all was chaos. Miss Hardwicke knew that her grandfather was a saddler, that he had been a member of the Worshipful Company of Stationers, and that he succeeded his father, Amos Hardwicke, in the saddlery business. But who the said Amos Hardwicke had married, whence his parents came, and where he was buried, were facts respecting which not even a tradition remained in the family. With this ancestor the Hardwicke pedigree came to an abrupt conclusion; and even he, Amos Hardwicke, was but a name—a mere phantom hovering dimly about the confines of the eighteenth century, with chaos behind him. Where nothing is known, however, anything is possible—at all events in the way of genealogy—and the haughty Claudia, who would have given all her fortune for a noble name, may have descended from Danish Vikings, or have owed her dower of supreme beauty to Roman ancestors, when the Romans ruled in Britain. But these were mere chaotic possibilities, only to be dreamed of now and then “’twixt sleep and wake:”—to be dreamed of, and trampled upon, and cast scornfully back into that same chaos whence they came.

And this was the Claudia Hardwicke with whom Temple Debenham, turning at the sound of her voice, found himself quite suddenly face to face.

She wore a dress of some delicate shade of grey velvet; soft, and lustrous, and pearly, like the inside of a shell, and trimmed with massive old Veronese lace about the sleeves and bosom. A single diamond star flashed

in the folds of her hair. It was brown hair—rich, crisp brown hair, with a dash of gold upon it. In her hand she held a gorgeous Oriental fan of crimson feathers. That diamond star was her only ornament, that fan her only point of colour. It was a dress that would have been infinitely trying to any woman of doubtful complexion; but to Claudia Hardwicke no colour was trying. She could wear literally what she pleased; and this because she was herself almost colourless—like marble with the warmth of life in it. All this, and infinitely more than all this, flashed upon Debenham at a glance. The pale, proud beauty, the classic grace, the scarcely concealed air of weariness and scorn, the half contemptuous tone—he observed and noted all.

"It is quite time we had some music. Does any one know where this paragon of Archie's is to be found?"

These, spoken in that low ringing voice which he then heard for the first time, were the words that caused him to turn and look at her; and in the words themselves, as well as in the tone, there was something that displeased him.

"Here is Archie," said Mr. Hardwicke, graciously shaking hands with his cousin. "And Mr. Debenham, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting before."

The organist bowed.

"My sister was just enquiring for you, Mr. Debenham," continued the merchant, with his blandest manner. "Our friends would no doubt be gratified to hear some music. You will find a piano in the middle room."

"We have heard much of Mr. Debenham's talent," added the lady.

But the words were pronounced with just that degree of indifference that robs a civil speech of its civility.

The organist bowed again—this time so profoundly that only a superficial observer could have mistaken such exaggerated deference for the deference of humility.

"To be over-estimated," he said, "is a misfortune. Mr. Blyth's opinion must, I fear, be taken rather as the measure of his regard than of my merit."

Slowly and haughtily Miss Hardwicke lifted her eyes and surveyed this hired musician who presumed to let it be seen that he appraised her speech at its value. As slowly, as haughtily, he gave back the look. No word was uttered, but the dialogue was unmistakable. The one said—"I have condescended to patronise you; it is your place to accept the patronage unquestioningly."

The other replied—"I recognise in you no right of patronage, and I decline to accept it."

This episode occupied but a moment. Miss Hardwicke just looked at him, froze into unconsciousness, and passed on. Mr. Hardwicke, already in the midst of another conversation, observed nothing. But Archie Blyth saw it all, and became supremely uncomfortable.

"Come and play, Debenham," he said, nervously. "That is better than talking about it."

Then, as they made their way to the middle room, he added:—

"Now then, old fellow, I want you to astonish them."

He could scarcely have made a more ill-advised speech. Irritable, sensitive, easily thrown out of tune with his surroundings, Temple Debenham was precisely one of those who can do nothing to order. A speech of this kind would at any time have put him out of sympathy with his audience, but coming at this unlucky moment, it placed him in direct antagonism to them. He looked round at the crowd whom he was brought there to entertain, and he told himself that he would as soon have performed before a select society of owls. He felt that he had not a taste or sentiment in common with any one of the number. He must play to them. He was bound to play to them; but—he was not bound to please them.

"Astonish them?" he repeated. "Oh, yes—I will astonish them."

And so he did. He played a pianoforte prelude and fugue by his old master, Professor Schwartz of the Zollenstrasse Academy—a marvellous composition of its kind; a miracle of learning; crabbed; scholastic; involved to the last degree, and a very curiosity of manual difficulties. This piece he played, and played superbly; but he confounded his hearers. For the first two minutes they were silent. Towards the beginning of the third minute they became restless. Then they began to whisper; and long before the middle of the fourth minute the confusion of tongues was again at its height.

Archie was agast.

"My dear friend," he said, when it was once fairly over, "that's the most hideous thing I ever heard. How *could* you play it?"

"I played it on purpose," said Debenham.

"But nobody liked it."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I watched their faces, and they looked . . ."

"Bored?"

"Well, yes—bored to death."

"I meant them to be bored," replied the organist, with grim complacency. "I am delighted to know that they *were* bored. I mean to bore them again presently. My only regret is that, in order to bore them quite thoroughly, one must feed them with pearls."

"You don't call that thing a pearl," said Archie.

"A pearl of great price—a pearl of pearls—a marvellous achievement. There is no man living, except Schwartz of Zollenstrasse, who could have written it."

"Then," said Archie, "let us pray that Schwartz of Zollenstrasse may speedily be gathered to his fathers, and leave no successor. One such masterpiece is enough."

"Nevertheless, I shall give you another of them by-and-by."

But Miss Hardwicke was too experienced a hostess to permit anything of the kind. She knew quite enough of the German school to apprehend something of the merits of the performance, but she also knew that such music was wholly unsuited to the occasion.

"It is clever enough," she said, taking her brother aside, "but no one understands it. Another piece of that kind would spoil the evening. Tell him to play Thalberg."

And Mr. Hardwicke, who obeyed his sister in everything, went up to the piano accordingly, and requested Mr. Debenham to favour him with one of Thalberg's fantasias.

"So few persons," he said apologetically, "are capable of rising to the level of such music as you have just been so good as to play to us. May I ask, Mr. Debenham, whether that—that sonata . . . Am I right in calling it a sonata?"

"It is a fugue," replied the organist, stiffly.

"Just so—a fugue. May I, then, ask whether that fugue is one of your own compositions?"

"It is by Professor Schwartz, of Zollenstrasse-am-Main," said Debenham; "the profoundest of living musicians, and one of the few surviving pupils of Beethoven."

"Professor Schwartz! I do not remember the name."

"Probably not. He is very little known in this country."

"And why so?"

"Perhaps because the English standard of taste is not sufficiently elevated."

"Ah! precisely, precisely: *caviare*, no doubt—*caviare* to the general. And now, Mr. Debenham, will you favour us with something by Thalberg?"

The musician had no resource but to comply, and so Mr. Hardwicke's guests escaped their second dose of pearls. He played Thalberg, and they listened; then a *mélange* of popular airs with showy variations, which was not only listened to, but applauded. And thus it happened that Temple Debenham made a success in spite of himself.

At a little after midnight, he stole from the rooms and made his way down-stairs; but was overtaken in the hall by Archibald Blyth.

"Not going?" exclaimed his friend.

"Why not? I have played three times."

"But there's supper at half-past twelve!"

The organist shook his head.

"I hope to be almost home by then," he said.

"Nonsense, you don't know what you miss. Hardwicke's suppers are princely. Be persuaded, my dear fellow, and take your share of what is going."

"Not if Lucullus were host."

"But you haven't said good-night?"

"No: I depute you to say it for me. Speak the speech, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue."

"Has any one affronted you?"

"Not particularly."

"Haven't you enjoyed yourself?"

"Not particularly."

"But why? What has happened? What's wrong?"

"My dear Pylades," said Debenham, preparing to be gone, "you are gifted by Providence with an enquiring mind, and an enquiring mind is the index to a lively understanding. Judiciously cultivated, it will be a credit and a comfort to you throughout the term of your natural life. Good-night. Accept my blessing."

And so, having buttoned the frogged overcoat up to his chin, and stowed away his music in one of its many pockets, he nodded a laughing farewell, ran down the steps, and, turning his back upon the splendours of Strathellan House, plunged into the outer darkness of the Regent's Park.

Undecided whether to follow his friend or stay for supper, Archie lingered for a moment in the hall and listened to Debenham's retreating footsteps. Then appetite prevailed over friendship, and he went up-stairs again.

CHAPTER VII.—AT HOME IN CANONBURY.

DEBENHAM went striding, meanwhile, along the umbrageous roadways of the Regent's Park, emerging over against the York and Albany, and striking off northwards through a maze of still swarming thoroughfares. Thus

he left behind him Camden Town, Somers Town, and the *terra incognita* adjacent to the Caledonian Road, and, coming upon higher ground at every step, arrived by-and-by upon the borders of that metropolitan Oberland which begins at Islington and thence reaches away to the uppermost regions of Highgate and Hampstead. But his home lay not very far within the boundaries of this high-level district. Canonbury was soon gained, and the line of market-gardens, and the modest little terrace where, in one tiny parlour window, a welcoming light was shining for him like a beacon.

Seeing that light, he sprang forward, cleared the bit of front garden at a bound, and opening the door with his latch key, was in the room almost before she who sat there watching had recognised his footfall on the gravel.

"Ah, *Mutter*," he said, tenderly, "naughty *Mutter*! Did I not entreat you to go to bed?"

And then he kissed her, in German fashion, on both cheeks.

"My darling, I should only have lain awake till you came home. You look tired."

"Not tired, *Mutter*—only hungry. There was a grand supper in preparation up yonder; but I would not stay for it."

"That is just as I thought it would be, my son," replied Mrs. Debenham; "and your supper is ready for you. Hush! not another word till you have eaten something."

Then, moving about him in sweet motherly fashion, she took his coat, placed his plate and tumbler, and waited upon him while he ate.

"Is the house very splendid?" she asked presently.

"Yes—after a *roturier* style."

"And the people?"

"Redolent of pounds, shillings, and pence."

She smiled, and, standing beside his chair, passed her hand lovingly through his hair.

"Was Mr. Blyth there?" she asked.

"Indeed, yes—produced in the highest style of art—*édition de luxe*—all gloves and jewellery—lost in admiration of the aldermen's wives."

"Poor Mr. Blyth! Were there many guests?"

"About four hundred. All City people—the men made of money and the women of millinery."

"Did you converse with any of them?"

"*Merci*. I heard them talking to each other, and that was more than enough. They had but one topic—money, money, money.

St. Chrysostom was not more golden-mouthed."

"And you saw no one whom you knew?"

"The virtuous and reverend Choake—looking like a canonized undertaker."

"Did he make any remark about your application for a month's holiday?"

"None. I am not sure that he saw me. He was in a state of ghostly abstraction whenever I chanced to be in his neighbourhood."

"But how long is it since you wrote to him?"

"About a fortnight."

"And though he has seen you daily ever since, he has never even alluded to the letter?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and went on with his supper.

"He is extremely ill-mannered," said Mrs. Debenham, warmly.

"Dearest *Mutter*, I must not expect courteous treatment at the hands of the sainted Choake," replied her son, bitterly. "It is not as if I were a gentleman, you know—I am only an organist."

A faint flush rose to Mrs. Debenham's wasted cheek. She seemed about to speak; but checked herself, and sat down with a sigh.

"I have been looking up routes to-day," said the young man, presently, "and I find I must give up the Highlands. For a walking tourist with only a month at command, the distance is altogether too great. I should consume half my vacation in the journey to and fro."

"There is the railway, my son," said Mrs. Debenham; "and with the ten guineas you have earned to-night . . ."

"No, no, *Mutterchen*. We have no guineas to fling away. Besides, there are plenty of other places quite as interesting and more accessible. I have almost decided for the Wye, if Archie approves of it."

"For the Wye!" repeated Mrs. Debenham, in a low, tremulous voice.

"Yes—it's such a practicable tour. We could do a bit of third class, you know, part of the way between London and Bristol; walk the rest; take the boat across to Chepstow; and fish our way the whole length of the Wye between Chepstow and Ross. I'm not sure that I don't prefer it to the Scotch scheme, after all."

"The Wye!"

"Why not, *Mutter*, dear? You repeat the name as if you objected to it."

"Oh, no!"

"You think Scotland more bracing?"

"I was not thinking of that."

"Of what, then?"

"Of—of a Monmouthshire family . . . But the point in question is your holiday, my son. The Wye runs through a beautiful country."

"You have been there, mother?"

"No, I have not been there."

And again Mrs. Debenham sighed heavily.

"It is very cheap all about Monmouthshire," said the young man.

"No doubt."

"And I should not be nearly so far away from you as in the Highlands."

"That is true. I only wish . . ."

"That you were going too? So do I, *Mutter*, with all my heart."

"No, not that, dear, because I know it is impossible. But I wish you had a more suitable companion."

"The two first requisites in a brother pedestrian are good legs and a good temper," said Debenham, smiling; "and a more cheerful and enduring fellow than poor Archie is not to be found in the three kingdoms."

"I believe Mr. Blyth to be an excellent person," replied Mrs. Debenham; "but he is in every way your inferior."

"Indeed, he is nothing of the kind. He is far more unselfish, more good-natured, better tempered than myself; he is . . ."

"He is all that I admitted him to be," interrupted Mrs. Debenham, somewhat coldly. "An excellent person—not a gentleman, and therefore an unsuitable companion for my son."

The young man pushed his plate away, and rose from table.

"Alas! mother," he said, impatiently, "what better society need I hope for? My father, you tell me, was a gentleman; but what am I? An obscure musician, thankful to earn a wretched pittance by teaching tradesmen's children, and playing at tradesmen's parties! Of what use, then, to look back? Of what use to shape the sordid present upon the ruined past? Let that dead past bury its dead. Better, far better for me, had I never inherited a pride beyond my station. How much less I should have had to endure! What tortures of conscious humiliation I should have been spared!"

Mrs. Debenham pressed her hand upon her side, as if in pain.

"Oh, Temple!" she said, "you suffer, and I do not know that you suffer!"

He stooped quickly, and kissed her brow. Already ashamed of his impatience, he would

have given much to recall those last few words—at all events, to efface them.

"I have to bear a trifling mortification now and then," he said; "but what of that? We must both take and give blows in the battle of life, you know."

"You should neither take nor give them, if I could help it," said his mother.

"But an occasional buffet is good for one's moral health. I am a fool to be fretted by these nothings, and a worse fool to speak of them."

"But what *are* these nothings?"

"Pshaw! mere intangibilities—shadows—trifles light as air—petty slights, petty omissions, petty exactions—things that vanish away when one attempts to define them."

"My own boy!"

"Nay, I will not be pitied. I should become an intolerable prig, if the conceit were not taken out of me now and then."

"When you were a little child, I would not let the winds of heaven visit your cheek too roughly. I could protect you then. Now I am helpless."

And as she said this, Mrs. Debenham's eyes were filled with tears.

The young man bent over her, and took her hand between both his own.

"You will make me hate myself, *Mutter*, if you talk like that," he said. "You are not helpless. You are stronger than ever to help and to comfort. What should I be without you? Is it not for you, and through you, that I am what I am? But for you, should I have worked as I have worked? But for you, should I hope for riches, or dream of fame? Helpless, indeed! Why, when I become a great man, it will be you, *Mutter*, who will have made me so."

The mother smiled faintly. She was comforted, but not reassured.

"And in the meanwhile," she replied, "even the great men of the future are but mortal. They must sleep. They cannot work all day and wake all night. It is just two o'clock."

"You ought to have been in bed, *Mutter*, three hours ago."

"And you, my son, have to be at St. Hildegard's by eight."

"Ah, but I need so little sleep," said Debenham.

And then he lit his mother's chamber candle, held the door open for her to pass, and followed her up-stairs. At her bed-room door, he paused to say good-night.

"You have not told me," said she, "whether Miss Hardwicke is so handsome, after all?"

"Yes," he replied coldly. "She is handsome."

And with that he kissed her, and ran quickly up to his own little room, *sous les toits*.

CHAPTER VIII.—ON THE WYE.

SCENE—a river among wooded hills; a broad, swift river broken up here and there into swirling rapids, and making at this point so deep a bend that the hills seem to close it in on every side. At the deepest point of the bend, a low wall, built of shingle and rough stones, reaching some sixteen or twenty feet into the bed of the river. No expert needs to be told that this wall, carried out as it is at an abrupt angle, is a kind of salmon trap, or rather salmon barrier, designed to keep the fish from going too far down stream. In the foreground (following the windings of the river, but half hidden by the trees which here grow so thickly as to form a natural avenue), a lonely turnpike road. Between this road and the river, a narrow slip of meadow flat sprinkled here and there with clumps of alder bushes. In the shade of one of these clumps of alder bushes, extended at full length on the grass, two young men, apparently both asleep, with their fishing-tackle lying beside them on the grass and their knapsacks under their heads. In the sky, not a cloud; on the road, not a wheel; in the air, not a sound. Time, some twenty minutes past four o'clock on a fiery August afternoon. Thermometer, eighty in the shade. Place, the pleasant river Wye, somewhere about halfway between Tintern and Monmouth. Characters, Temple Debenham and Archibald Blyth.

It was the fourth day of their tour. They had travelled down to Bristol by rail, crossed the Severn in a little Bristol steamer, and begun their pedestrian work at Chepstow. At Chepstow they had climbed the Windcliff, seen the town and the ruins, and done all that Black's Guide demands from the conscientious tourist. From Chepstow they had walked to Tintern, and at Tintern had spent one clear day and two nights, sketching, fishing, exploring the neighbourhood, and getting the beautiful old abbey off by heart. This brought them to the morning of the fourth day. On the afternoon of that fourth day, however (having lingered at Tintern till the sun was already high, and being as yet not well broken in to their work), the unwonted heat and the unwonted exercise began to tell upon them. As the day advanced, the miles seemed to grow longer, and their knapsacks heavier. At length they fairly gave in,

and, although they had already voted half-an-hour for luncheon, were fain to call a second halt at four, and lie down in the first shady nook they could find by the way. Here they fell asleep to the pleasant music of the river; or rather Archie slept, while Debenham, lying with closed eyes, inhaling the fragrance of the unmown grass, and listening to the cool lapsing of the current among the rushes hard by, suffered his thoughts to drift on vaguely towards the border land of dreams. Whither they so drifted, what fragmentary recollections of the happy student-life left behind in Germany, what half-defined hopes and plans for the uncertain future, what subtle threads of melody, what passing pictures of places and people, what echoes of wild *studenten lieder*, what rhymes and fancies and caprices flitted, shadow-like, across his mind, he could not himself have remembered when once the mood was past and the reverie broken.

Rousing himself at length by an effort, he brought out a pipe from the depths of one of his pockets, filled it, lit it, and, leaning on his elbow, smoked contemplatively. It was a regular student's pipe—such a pipe as one sees by hundreds in the streets of Heidelberg and Bonn—a pipe with a flexible tube, and a long china bowl capped with a metal lid and chain, and adorned with a painting of the inevitable German *mädchen* peeping out from a wreath of vine-leaves. It was a shabby old pipe—a dear old pipe—the friend of years. It had been given to him by a brother-student at Zollenstrasse long, long ago, when the brother-student went away to fill a musical professorship in some Austrian college; and he had kept it ever since. Only the smoker knows how true and intimate a friend a pipe may become. Only Debenham himself knew to what good resolutions, to what brave aspirations, to what dreamy and pathetic melodies that shabby old pipe had given birth. And now, as he lit and smoked it, looking up to the blue sky and the green leaves overhead, and listening to the hum of insect life in the deep grass round about, there came upon him a delicious sense of rest and thankfulness. The struggles and annoyances, the poverty and privation of the last eighteen months seemed to vanish away "into thin air." He felt once more free—free from the daily drudgery of St. Hildesgarde, and the spiritual rule of the Rev. Tobias Choake; from the dull round of suburban teaching; and, above all, from Messrs. Stumpf and Hammerfest's new patent double-action grand. Here were a hundred

and thirty—more than a hundred and thirty miles, and the breadth of the Bristol Channel, between himself and London. East, west, north, south, were alike open to him. He had but to shoulder his knapsack, set his face to whichever point of the compass he pleased, walk where he pleased, halt where he pleased, sleep where he pleased. The world was all before him where to choose—for six weeks. Yes, for six whole, delightful weeks. He had applied for only a month; but in Mr. Choake's reply, which came the very day after the Strathellan House entertainment, he begged to inform Mr. Debenham that the parish church of St. Hildegard-the-Martyr was about to be closed during the space of six weeks for purposes of repairing and whitewashing, and that he, Mr. Debenham, was therefore at liberty to absent himself during the whole or any part of that time according to his, Mr. Debenham's, convenience. The same post also brought Mr. Hardwicke's cheque for "ten pounds and ten shillings sterling;" so that both funds and holiday came together. Archie Blyth, who was employed in one of Mr. Hardwicke's City offices, had in the meanwhile obtained his own annual furlough; and here they now were, knapsacks, sketch-books, fishing rods, and all, in the fourth day of their tour.

Debenham smoked his pipe out in quiet enjoyment, and then proceeded to refill it.

"Archie," he said, "Archie, do you mean to wake to-day?"

An inarticulate murmur was Archie's only reply.

"Because, if we are to sleep at Monmouth to-night, we have eight, if not ten miles yet to do—besides catching our fish for supper."

Another inarticulate murmur, of which the only intelligible word was "chops."

"Chops!" echoed the organist, in a burst of virtuous indignation. "Who dares to utter the ignoble name of chops? Archie, I blush for you."

"Such a bore to do anything," pleaded Archie; "and chops are cheap."

"Base is the slave that pays!"

"Besides, we were an hour and twenty minutes yesterday at Tintern, before we caught anything."

"Sport, Archie—sport."

"Hang sport! Especially if it comes at the end of a long day's work, when a fellow's hot and hungry, and wants his dinner," said Archie, with a tremendous yawn.

"Sordid, unfeeling reprobate—degraded, spiritless outcast," quoted Debenham, with a flourish of his pipe.

Archie sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Gracious heavens!" said he. "That's powerful language. What a fortune you must have had spent on your education!"

Debenham laughed.

"Nay," he said, "the fortune—if fortune and I are ever to come together—must be got out of my education, for it certainly was never put into it. I don't believe my college fees ever came to more than fifteen pounds a-year."

"Fifteen pounds a-year!"

"Ay—and not even to that when I had once begun to go in for prizes and competitions, and so on. I was gaining money all the last two years at Zollenstrasse; and if I had stayed on, I should have been full professor, perhaps *kappellemeister*, by this time."

"Ah, but then you're such a wonderful fellow!" said Archie, meditatively.

"Delighted to hear it."

"You know such lots of things, I mean. You can do anything you choose."

"Can I, by Jove! I'll trouble you to prove your proposition. I *choose* to earn a thousand a-year. Tell me how to do that, and I'll be vastly obliged to you."

"You will never do it by music," said Archie.

"I fear that's true."

"But then music is not your only resource. As I said just now, you know such lots of things."

"True, again, my friend. I know how to eat *sauer-kraut* and drink Lager beer; how to make potatoe *küchen*; how to sew on a button; and how to sit through a German tea-party without yawning oftener than once in every quarter of an hour."

"Nonsense, Debenham; you know that's not what I mean."

"Then explain—not forgetting how I am to earn that thousand a-year."

"You'll never earn it by music, as I said before; but I don't see why, with your education, you should not earn it some other way," said Archie, sententiously. "There are mathematics, for instance, and languages—why you know five or six languages, don't you?"

"Thoroughly well, only two—namely, German and French. Italian and Spanish I read, but that is all; and as for classics—well, I should never make a Heine nor a Bentley, though I were to give up my life to the work as they did; but I have as fair a share of Latin and Greek as most outsiders. But why do you ask? Would you have me turn

usher in a school, or tutor in a nobleman's family?"

"I'd have you take to commerce," said Archie.

Temple Debenham took his pipe from his lips, and half rose upon his elbow.

"Commerce!" he ejaculated. "Well, you could scarcely have suggested anything for which I am in every way less suited."

"How so?"

"Because I detest trade—because I am so unfortunate as to have the tastes and prejudices of a gentleman—because I have

not received a commercial education—because"

"Because, in fact, you know nothing about commerce," said Archie, warmly; "not even the meaning of the word."

"My dear fellow, I do know the meaning of the word. Commerce means capital, of which I have not a farthing. Commerce means book-keeping (double and single entry), the mysteries of which are inscrutable to me. Commerce means iron, cotton, hides, indigo, molasses. Good heavens! what do I know, or care to know, about iron, cotton, hides,



Page 87.

indigo, or molasses? What is the use of indigo? Does any one ever buy indigo? Does any one eat molasses?"

"If I knew German and French as well as I know English, and could read and answer a letter in Spanish or Italian," said Archie, "I should now be drawing six hundred a-year instead of two. And if, added to all that, I was a really clever man, and besides being a really clever man, was a skilled mathematician, classical scholar, and so forth, and had that broad way of thinking that comes of a liberal education, I should be

worth—well, I scarcely know how much I should not be worth to my employer. A man of commanding abilities is as valuable in commerce as elsewhere, if only he devotes those abilities to his work."

"Put Pegasus to the plough, in short, and he will excel Dobbin. Many thanks. I have no mind to supersede Dobbin."

"You work harder than Dobbin as it is, my dear Pegasus," said Archie.

"Possibly."

"And the labour is not all of the most celestial kind."

Debenham was silent.

Presently a little lad came down from the high-road, driving a cow to water; and the cow looked at the travellers with her large, placid brown eyes, and waded in among the rushes, close beside where they lay in the shade of the alder bushes. And then Debenham looked at his watch, and found that it was nearly six o'clock. So they got up, lazily enough, shouldered their knapsacks, and again followed the road, which still followed the river. The sun, though less oppressive than it had been some hours earlier, still glowed above the heights to their left, and the dusty road took the impress of their feet at every step. All was silent, verdant, monotonous. Here were none of those riven, fantastic rocks that castellate the banks of the Wye at Chepstow and crown them with precipices at Symond's Yat; but only hills—rounded, undulating hills, partly wooded, partly cultivated, with here and there a mansion "bosom'd high in tufted trees," or a boat-house down among the rushes. It was the scenery of Tintern, in short; but Tintern without the abbey. Through this scenery, prolonged and reiterated mile after mile, league after league, the young men had been travelling all day; but to them, weary of London and London work, it had not seemed monotonous. Laughing and chatting as they trudged along, they had enjoyed every foot of the way.

Now, however, the gaiety and the travel-talk seemed suddenly to have evaporated from them. Debenham had become all at once moody and absorbed. He strode on in silence; his brows bent, his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was evidently revolving some painful subject in his mind. Once or twice he opened his lips as if to speak, but checked himself each time, and relapsed into a still gloomier silence. Now and then he quickened his pace impatiently.

In the meanwhile Archie, observant of these signs and tokens, made no effort to renew the conversation. Suddenly, however, having walked some three or four miles farther, they came to a bend in the road, and all was changed. The river widened out before them, one sheet of molten gold. A picturesque hamlet lay clustered about the water's edge, not an eighth of a mile ahead. There were boats drawn up along the shelving bank, and women standing on the thresholds of their cottages with babies in their arms. The ferry was just crossing with a freight of cattle. A little knot of boatmen and labourers had gathered about the land-

ing-place. There was a cart at the inn-door, waiting to cross at the next passage; and the inn itself, a very bower of greenery, with all its windows winking in the sun, looked as if it had been put there by Birket Foster's own hand.

This sudden change from solitude to habitation—from silence to the stir and hum of life—was so cheerful and unexpected, that the young men uttered a simultaneous exclamation.

"I vote we go no farther to-night," said Archie.

"Agreed."

"Proposed, seconded, and carried, without a dissentient voice."

"Provided always that we find accommodation," added Debenham.

"Nothing to fear on that head," said Archie, confidently. "This is the sort of place where nobody stays. The tourists all go on to Monmouth."

Debenham shook his head, and pointed to a spot on the opposite side of the river.

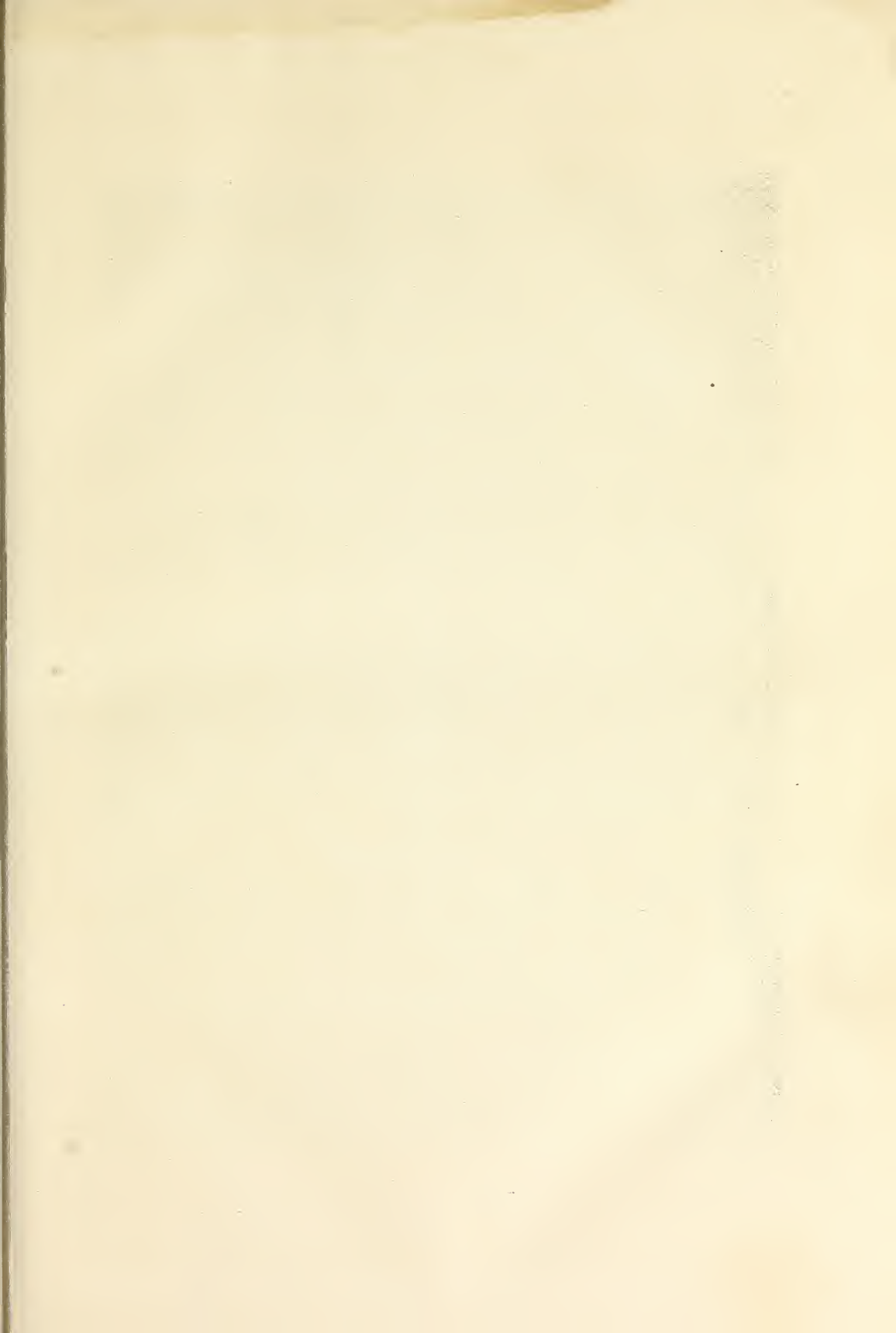
"Not all," said he. "There's an artist at work over yonder—regularly encamped, too—seems to have contrived some sort of temporary tent between the trees. He's staying at the inn, depend on it; and probably not alone. Painters run in packs at this time of the year—where you find one, you generally find more. I shall not be surprised if the place is full."

The place, however, was not full. The landlady, plump and smiling, hastened out to bid them welcome. Her two front bed-rooms were engaged, and her only sitting-room; but she had two little bed-rooms at the back of the house; and if the gentlemen would not mind eating their supper in the kitchen. . . .

The gentlemen minded nothing. They engaged the rooms without even looking at them, left their knapsacks at the bar, asked a question or two about the fishing, and then, following the landlady's instructions, went up the river to a point about half-a-mile above the ferry, to seek their supper. Here, in the course of some three-quarters of an hour, Debenham landed a plump salmon-trout weighing nearly four pounds. With this prize they returned, like Piscator and Venator, to their "honest ale-house," gave in their fish to be cooked, and were shown to their rooms—two tiny pigeon-holes at the back of the house, clean as convent cells, fragrant of lavender, and overlooking a cabbage-garden.

CHAPTER IX.—IN THE PORCH.

HAVING supped upon their salmon-trout—excellently cooked and smoking hot, albeit





"DEBENHAM'S VOW."

served in the kitchen upon wooden ware, and washed down by potations of cider from an "Uncle Toby" mug—the travellers went out to sit awhile under the porch, and smoke their pipes in the gloaming.

The evening was supremely calm. The golden glow had not yet quite faded out of the sky; but in the valley it was already night. All was silent. Here and there, a cold gleam on the river—here and there, a flickering light in some cottage window—now and then a distant bark—a footstep on the road—a passing "good-night." In the shadows that mystery, in the leaves that whispering, in the air that living stillness which are the poetry of night.

The young men sat in the porch, one at each side of the door, and both silent. To their right lay the kitchen, which was not only kitchen, but bar and tap-room as well; to their left the parlour, now given up exclusively to the artist, whose encampment they had seen on the opposite bank some two or three hours before. His name was Alleyne. He was accompanied by his daughter, and they had already been more than three weeks in their present quarters. The name of the village was Cillingford—so-called because the Cilling, a small stream coming from the hills, there emptied itself into the Wye. And the inn was known as "The Silver Trout." All these particulars they had learned from their landlady during supper.

They sat there, it has been already said, in silence; partly because the evening lay about them so still and sacred—partly, also, from a sense of restraint; for the parlour window was wide open, and the room seemed full of light. The blind, however, was drawn down, and all within was profoundly quiet. Not a word, not a movement was audible. Not even a shadow moved across the blind. If any one had stirred or whispered, they must have heard it; and yet they felt, somehow, that the room was not empty. Half-an-hour went by thus. Then Archie, unable to control his natural restlessness any longer, got up and went down to the river-side, where he amused himself by playing at ducks and drakes in the moonlight.

At the same instant that he strode away, some one moved in the parlour, and a peevish voice said:—

"My dear child, what *are* you doing?"

To which the silveriest and sweetest voice that Debenham had ever heard replied:—

"Nothing, father. I have not stirred."

"What waked me, then?"

"Footsteps outside, I think. Some person

has been sitting in the porch, smoking, and has just gone away."

"Smoking, was he? Ay—I smell the tobacco. Common enough too. Faugh!"

Debenham put out his pipe.

Presently the man's voice began again.

"How long have I slept?"

"About three quarters of an hour."

"And you were reading. Let me see—what were you reading, my love?"

"About the clouds, *padre mio*; and you were so soon lost in them, that I closed the book before getting to the end of a single page. It was dreadfully tedious. It nearly sent me to sleep, too."

"Tedious, my dear? Oh, fie! Ruskin is never tedious."

"Ah, yes, I know that is treason," laughed the girlish voice; "but how is it, then, that somebody always falls asleep when I take up a volume of 'Modern Painters'?"

"Because, my darling, you always take it up after dinner. You are not putting the wine away?"

"Indeed I am, sir, having just rung for tea. Besides, there is exactly enough left for to-morrow. Shall I draw up the blind?"

"And fill the room with bats and moths? No, thank you. A little evening society would be pleasant enough; but not of that sort. Good heavens! how dull this place is!"

Here Debenham, who had leaned eagerly forward in the hope of seeing the window opened, heard a sound as of the pushing back of a chair, and of footsteps slowly pacing to and fro.

"It is quiet," replied the sweet young voice, after a brief pause; "but then it is very beautiful. And you are not dull, dear, when you are at work. Besides, the picture is going on so well."

"I am not sure of that. I was strongly inclined to rip it across with my penknife this afternoon."

"And Lord Wyelands?"

"*Que le diable l'emporte!* I hate commission pictures. I have never had the least satisfaction in painting one—never. I have heard Jasper Chrome say the same thing. The mere fact that the picture was already priced and purchased seemed, he said, to paralyse him. And it is quite true—and quite reasonable. The thing is never your own. You can't even exhibit it without permission. There are no hopes or fears connected with it. You have only one man to please instead of the whole public. Pshaw! I wish I had never undertaken it."

"Dearest father, Mr. Chrome's sentiments

are the sentiments of a Bohemian. If he prefers uncertainty to certainty, it is because he has all a gambler's love of excitement."

The footsteps came to a sudden halt.

"Bohemian, indeed!" said the artist, irritably. "That is a ridiculous word, Juliet—a most ridiculous word. A mere scrap of French slang. I hope I shall never hear you make use of it again. Is that tea never coming?"

"I will ring again," said the young lady, gently.

And then Debenham heard the bell tinkle in the kitchen, and saw a shadow flit across the blind. He knew now that her name was Juliet—a sweet name linked to a still sweeter voice! He longed to see her face. If she would but come to the window and look out upon the moonlight! If even he could see her shadow more distinctly on the blind! And still he sat there in the leafy porch, scarcely daring to breathe, glancing every now and then in the direction of the river, and dreading lest Archie should come back and break the spell. Then he heard the tea brought in; and by-and-by, after some minutes of silence, the artist spoke again.

"Have you seen or heard anything of those two men who are putting up here to-night?" he asked, abruptly.

"Not since we caught that glimpse of them as they went up the river," was the reply.

"Humph! I wonder who and what they are."

"The tall one looked gentlemanly," said the sweet voice.

Debenham's lips quivered with just the faintest smile of gratified self-love.

"If one could only have them in, and get up a rubber! I would give anything to-night for a hand at whist."

Debenham's thoughts reverted to his knapsack. It contained, alas! no evening suit; but he remembered that he had a pair of black kid gloves and a black silk neck-tye, both new, in the compartment where he kept his papers.

"Will a game at chess do as well, *padre mio*?"

"Good heavens! no. I am bored to death as it is; but a game at chess—— By the way, Juliet, have you reminded the landlady to send into Monmouth for the curry-powder and olives?"

"Yes; and for some books also. We have come almost to the end of our own, and Mrs. Jones's library contains only Foxe's 'Martyrs,' Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and

Walton's 'Angler,' in addition to her Prayer-Book and family Bible."

"Then Mrs. Jones's library does her infinite credit. Three excellent books, Juliet—standards, every one. I should not really have expected to find three such excellent books in a little river-side inn in Monmouthshire. You may give me that volume of Balzac—the third to your right, my darling, at the end of the shelf."

"You would not prefer me to borrow one of Mrs. Jones's standards for you, sir?"

"*Comme l'esprit vient aux filles!* No, my little mocking-bird, certainly not. I am too old for Messrs. Foxe and Bunyan. As the cares of life press upon us, we want amusement. Heavy reading for the young, light reading for the old; that is my theory. So, you see, the levity of the one is corrected and the gravity of the other relieved. This tea is wretched stuff, my darling. If we are to stay here for another month, I must positively send to London for something more drinkable."

"Perhaps the second cup will be better."

"Thanks, I do not care to try. I think I will go outside and smoke a cigar."

These last words sounded Debenham's retreat. As Mr. Alleyne opened the parlour door he stole noiselessly from the porch, and when that gentleman had lighted his cigar in the kitchen and emerged into the moonlight, Debenham was sauntering to and fro within a few yards of the house.

CHAPTER X.—MR. ALLEYNE.

TEMPLE DEBENHAM was not a sociable man. His manner was cold; he disliked strangers; and strangers, for the most part, disliked him; yet he became acquainted with Mr. Alleyne in the course of a few minutes. A passing salutation as their paths crossed in the moonlight—a remark, when it came to the next turn, on the beauty of the night—a halt on both sides—a word or two about fishing, and the thing was done. By the time that Archie, attracted by the sound of their voices, gave up his ducks and drakes and came up from the landing-place, he found his friend and Mr. Alleyne in active conversation.

Seen by this imperfect light, Mr. Alleyne showed as a short, plump, fresh-coloured, pleasant-looking man, of about fifty-five years of age. His hair was almost white, but curling and abundant. He smiled a good deal, and his teeth were faultless. He was well, though somewhat carelessly, dressed. He wore a high collar, a frilled shirt-front, and a diamond ring on his little finger. His hands were par-

ticularly white and well-shaped; and he had the air of a *bon vivant*. No one would ever have taken him for an artist. He indulged neither in long hair nor moustachios, nor velvet coats, nor gorgeous cravats, nor hats of boundless brim. He looked, on the contrary, like a pleasant, gentlemanly, easy-going diner-out of the old school, and was precisely the sort of man whom one is accustomed to encounter at "the breathing time of day" along the shady side of Pall Mall.

"A dull place," he was saying, as Archie came up;—"a wretched place. I have been here three weeks, and am degenerating daily. In three weeks more I shall become a savage—a quadruped—a *bête farouche*. I shall browse. I shall chew the cud. Fancy living one's life in such a wilderness!"

"The Wye is very lovely about here," said Debenham, smiling.

"But the accommodation abominable. Believe me, sir, the finest scenery in the world is improved by a good hotel in the foreground."

"Then you do not approve of the 'Silver Trout'?"

Mr. Alleyne shrugged his shoulders, and shrugged them as a Frenchman does, significantly, yet almost imperceptibly. Before Debenham had spent an hour in his society, he discovered that Mr. Alleyne had many of the small habits of a Frenchman; but then he performed them with all a Frenchman's dexterity, so that even the shrug, which, as De Quincey says, is "an odious gesture," sat airily and almost gracefully upon him.

"Not so," he replied. "I cordially approve of the 'Silver Trout'—for the frequenters of the 'Silver Trout.' *Voilà tout*."

"You have had it pretty much to yourself here, I suppose, sir," said Archie, speaking for the first time.

Mr. Alleyne turned his head sharply, as if at once detecting the difference of tone and address.

"Yes," he said, somewhat more distantly. "We have had it entirely to ourselves. One is quite out of the world at Cillingford."

Then, turning again to Debenham, he added:—

"Your arrival is an unprecedented event. No one comes here. I believe that no one ever has come here since the beginning of time. The place is a *terra incognita* to the civilised world—known only to a few ancient Britons in coracles, and other outer barbarians. Have you seen any coracles on the river yet?"

Debenham had not yet seen any—con-

fessed, indeed, that he did not even know what a coracle was.

"If I seem to be very ignorant," he said, "I must plead that I have been brought up and educated abroad, and am almost a stranger in my own country."

"You might have lived all your life in England, and yet be as ignorant," Mr. Alleyne replied. "A coracle is a sort of rude boat made of tarred hides and osier boughs—just the shape of a turtle-shell. Cæsar describes them, you may remember, and says he learnt the use of them from the Britons. And here you find them on the Wye, and on most of the Welsh rivers, to this day. They are very curious. I mean to buy one, and take it home for a model. May I offer you a cigar?"

Debenham, remembering what had been said of his own tobacco, declined; but Archie accepted one, and even before he had lighted it, broke into praises of its fragrance.

The artist received this tribute with easy complacency.

"Yes," he said, "they are part of a case I shared the other day with a Portuguese friend. They come direct from Havana. You do not object to the perfume of Vanilla? I always keep a small piece of Vanilla in my cigar-case. A simple luxury—allow me to recommend it."

Chatting thus, they walked up and down for some twenty minutes or more, Mr. Alleyne leading the conversation; Debenham putting in an observation here and there; Archibald Blyth puffing away in serene enjoyment, and listening to all that the others were saying. Garrulous enough at most times, the City man felt, somehow or another, an "exposition" of silence upon him in Mr. Alleyne's presence. But he wanted his friend to play a more important part in the conversation, and was somewhat jealous that the stranger should have all the talk to himself.

Mr. Alleyne, however, conversed like a man who was accustomed to have the talk to himself, and Debenham seemed willing enough to drop into the position of listener. The artist was amusing. He contrived, within the space of those twenty minutes, to touch upon a variety of topics. If he did not talk in epigrams like a light-comedy wit, there was, at all events, an epigrammatic flavour about what he said. His style was light and easy. His voice was agreeable. Perhaps he sprinkled his conversation too liberally with French phrases, scraps of quotation and the names of titled persons. Perhaps, like Chaucer's serjeant of the law, who, though a busy man, seemed "busier than he was," Mr. Alleyne,

though a clever talker, had the art of saying things in a way that made them seem cleverer than they were. But, in any case, he was entertaining, and evidently a man of the world.

At last, when Archie had reluctantly cast aside the stump of his cigar, Mr. Alleyne asked if they would go in and take tea.

"It is wretched stuff," he said, "and half cold by this time—and the room is a mere kennel, about twelve feet square. I am ashamed to ask you into it."

The young men looked at each other. Debenham hesitated.

"We are pedestrians," he said, "and carry our wardrobes on our shoulders. I fear we can scarcely present ourselves before a lady . . . in the evening . . ."

Mr. Alleyne cut his apology short with a wave of the hand.

"Living as we live here, beyond the pale of civilisation," he said, smiling, "we have

almost forgotten that smockfrocks and high-lows are not *de rigueur* in the best circles. Pray dismiss every consideration of that kind, and only remember that we are living in the dreariest exile. Think what it would have been to Robinson Crusoe, had a couple of civilised strangers dropped in one evening to tea!"

With this he led the way, and the young men followed him.

Temple Debenham had too early been brought face to face with the hard realities of life, to retain any of the mere timidity of youth. As a boy, indeed, he was more than commonly self-reliant, and as a young man he prided himself upon his habitual *sang froid*. And yet at this moment, for no cause whatever, he felt his cheek flush and his breath come quicker. What was it? Why was it? But he had no time even to ask himself these questions; much less to answer them.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BOMBAY.

WHEN I last parted from my "courteous reader"—a pleasant old title indicative of a nervous desire on the writer's part to create in the reader that charity which "believeth all things," and "is not easily provoked"—I had retired to rest within mosquito-curtains in the comfortable bungalow of my kind host, on Malabar Hill. How heartily at such times does one join in Sancho's blessing on him who "invented sleep!" And doubtless every one who has been in a hot climate, and who has accordingly "paid attention to sleep," as an Irishman once expressed it, will appreciate the difficulty of finding repose even within mosquito-curtains. They can understand what it is, when hot, dusty, deliquescent, and weary, to hear the fearful sound of that tiny trumpet buzzing inside the curtains! But where? That is the question which excites the brain with a terrible intensity! Now the sufferer is sure that the tormentor is at his ear, and with passionate energy comes down thud upon it, indifferent to any blow he may inflict on himself, if he can but slay the foe. Ah! it must be dead now! That stroke which makes the hand tingle, must have destroyed the aggressor. Thinking he hears its death struggles, he breathes with more freedom. But, alas! the trumpet sounds again, with a more wicked

blast of defiance! The war rages. It is a long campaign! In vain the candle is lighted. Who can, without a microscope and a long examination, detect the pin-point on the curtains in which insolence and cruelty are concentrated? And while he is searching, the curtains may take fire, or, worse still, dozens may rush in at every opening! I know how frivolous all this may appear to the inhabitant of a northern clime. It seems out of all proportion to occupy a line about a mosquito, and a volume only on Hindostan. But such an impression has the wretch made upon me, that I could not go on until I had disburthened my mind as to this *multum* of torment in this *parvo* of size!

When I opened my eyes, after having enjoyed a period of unbroken rest, consequent on the death of one brigand—others still roving in frenzy outside the curtains of my fortress—I was able to entertain the idea of being actually in India.

My host being a bachelor (one of three indeed, all alike kind), I made my first observations very freely, that I might understand the general architectural structure and arrangements of an Indian abode. It was evident at a glance that I had no upper stories to climb. This in itself was an agreeable discovery, even in the cool season, with the

thermometer standing no higher than 78° in the shade; so I crept along the outside of what seemed to be a huge Swiss cottage or beehive, with a magnificent verandah, built on a platform raised about ten or twelve feet above the ground. This corridor opened into beautiful rooms, furnished as at home, but with access on all hands to every breeze which land or sea might contribute, and surrounded by flower-gardens, full of flowers and roses, large-leaved plants, eastern exotics, big butterflies, huge moths, and many sweet and piping birds, which ought, by the way, to have sung better from never having been troubled with sore throats. Servants there were, too, in great numbers—about forty in and out—all male, of course, and therefore the more easily rebuked by sensitive minds, when called upon to discharge this painful duty. These servants wore turbans and white cotton garments. They went barefooted, moved about like ghosts, and salaamed or stood in that respectful silence so becoming towards our superior race. By day or by night, so far as I could judge, they replied with equal readiness to the shout of “Boy!” or “Bhai!” which, they tell me, means “brother,” signifying, I presume, the relationship between native and European; and their response of “Sahib!” was as quick as a near echo. The division of labour in India seems to be carried even to fractions—almost as much so as if the man who fed the horse would not give him water, as if he who cleaned him would not harness him or drive him. So there is a “butler”—a great dignitary—and servants to wait at table, and servants to wash clothes, and servants to do this or that, nobody knows what. In particular there is a queer creature, like what I fancy a Brownie should be, called a “beestie” or “bhestie,” whose special calling is to fill the bath in that refreshing apartment of health and luxury attached to every Indian bed-room. The house, in short, like most gentlemen’s bungalows in India, was what a shopkeeper in a remote Highland village described his establishment for nails, snuff, and tobacco—“a place in which there is everything a human being can *reasonably* desire.”

My first drive through Bombay did not, I confess, excite great admiration in me. The fact is that such a “peep” of eastern life as Cairo affords, is much more strange than what he gets on landing in India. The streets of Cairo, I think, stand alone in their remarkable picturesqueness and oriental character. After seeing Damascus and Constantinople, and the famous Indian towns,

I am more and more impressed with the truth of this. Its narrow thoroughfares with their quaint projecting balconies, and here and there the huge walls of a mosque whose minaret pierces the blue far up in the sky; the thronging, turbaned crowd, with every variety of strange costume and adornment; the camels with their silent tread, and heads lifted up as if whiffing the desert air from afar; the bazaars and inner courts with their glowing colours flung from Persian rugs and carpets, lighted up by strong sun-beams, piercing the sheltering awnings—all make up a picture, which, once seen, ill prepares the traveller to be struck by anything he beholds in Bombay. Here there are no buildings, temples, mosques, or churches,—no streets or public places, which in their architectural or general appearance impress one as being anything more than might naturally be looked for in a presidency town of such wealth. Nor does one see camels or elephants, or anything to suggest the feeling of being “further East” amid new and peculiar scenes.

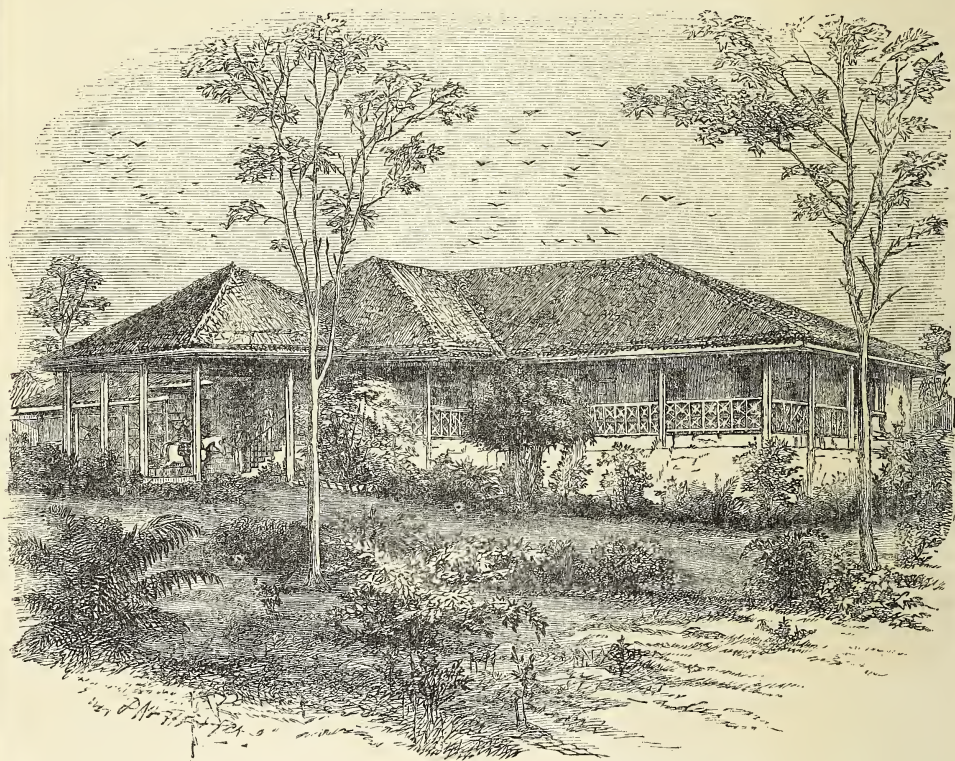
I was struck with how little has been done in an architectural point of view. Colaba Point or Malabar Hill, for instance, would tell much more on the scene, were they marked by a few minarets, or gilded domes, or something to break the sky-line and lift the whole city out of the mediocre dead level in which it lies. Save for the surrounding scenery, Bombay would be an uninteresting city to a traveller. To the merchant it is another Liverpool or Glasgow, with its long bazaars, piles of cotton, and counting-houses. True, there is one fine *place* or square in the city; the public institution, the colleges, hospitals, and town-hall, too, are all very creditable to it, while the esplanade is a noble open space. Yet I cannot but feel that Bombay deserves more than it has received in this respect. But who is to guarantee the money required for anything beyond the practical and necessary? The Europeans are only strangers and sojourners, making money to take home to England with them, not to leave behind. The natives have no pride in the city as their own; and the government cannot be allowed to be generous at the expense of the taxpayers. In the exercise of princely hospitality, however, and in subscribing to useful institutions, there are no men more liberal than the merchants of Bombay.

There is nothing very peculiar in the appearance of the streets. Neat broughams and carriages of European build are common. Natives are to be seen riding in similar equipages, drawn by the best horses, with servants

standing behind. Wooden cabs or *garics* with venetian blinds, buggies, buffalo carts and waggons, and sometimes quaint native conveyances, generally crammed full, are everywhere met with. The crowds who walk along are chiefly made up of naked coolies, with legs like those of a crane; of white-robed, soft-faced, large-eyed, material-looking Parsees, with white stockings and polished shoes; of Hindoos, including some of the better sort even, with bare feet and probably bare chest, broad featured or fine featured, dark complexioned or olive com-

plexioned, all in turbans, and many holding white umbrellas as they waddle along with their toes turned out. We saw no armed natives, no splendid dresses, but everywhere the commerce of a Europeanised city where every one is up to the ears in cotton. The very bazaars are full of "dry goods" and all sorts of goods, from the looms of England, with scarce anything more picturesque than calico. This is the impression Bombay makes on one who passes through its streets for the first time.

Some of the houses, especially those of



Our Bungalow.

rich natives on Malabar Hill, are very handsome and even ostentatious. Many more look like huge Swiss cottages, each occupying a considerable space of ground, and nestling among trees, which generally conceal the one from the other; but within all are arranged, as I have said, with the greatest comfort, and generally with the greatest elegance and luxury. Enormous sums are paid for the rent of such houses. The expense of living in Bombay is thus far beyond that of any other town in India, or perhaps in Europe. It was with the view of reclaiming

from the sea, and adding to the town, some hundreds, or possibly thousands, of acres, that the project was started of widening the famous "Back Bay," the subject of the illustration in first paper, page 25. But this became such a huge gambling transaction in Bombay, that it caused the ruin of many, who were suddenly plunged from the ideal position of millionaires into the real position of bankrupts.

As to the native town, no Irish village of the worst kind has a look of greater poverty, confusion, and utter discomfort. The low huts covered with palm leaves—the open

drains—the naked children, with their naked fathers and miserable-looking mothers, together with the absence of all attempt to give a decent look to the houses—present a most remarkable contrast to the wealth and luxury of the neighbouring city. But when I began to reflect on the climate in which these people live, my sympathy for their apparent poverty and its supposed accompanying sufferings was naturally lessened. What need is there of houses, except as mere umbrellas or tents? The tall, lanky forms revel in the warmth of the sun. The children, round, plump, and

shiny, like balls of polished ebony, or more properly, cherubs in bronze, gleam like rooks in a stubble field, and seem not to care for anything but warmth and fun. As for clothing, nature provides it gratis—save what may be accepted as a kilt in embryo. As for food, a little rice, in addition to the heat contributed by the unwearied and generous sun, is sufficient to keep up the internal combustion. What is there, then, after all, in the outward condition of these Indian natives, to call forth much sympathy, in comparison with the lot of those who suffer from cold



Bombay Town-hall.

amid the mist and rain, the smoke and mud, which combine to make the homes of our poor so wretched. Yes, I fear the "Saut Market" of Glasgow must yield, if not the palm, at least to the palm. Theoretically, one would expect these Eastern cities to be hotbeds of disease. I am not sure that they are so. The effect of heat in rapidly disposing of moisture must greatly modify causes which, in a climate like ours, would slay their thousands. I tremble, however, to approach statistics!

Turning away from man and looking

X—7

at nature, there is a feature of Bombay which never ceases to please. This is the glorious palm-trees! Palms are so associated with the East in our thoughts, that we have heard of an artist introducing them into a picture of a scene up-country where no palm tree was ever seen, on the mere ground that "the British public would expect them to adorn an Indian landscape." I never felt weary looking at these trees. Their tall stems and picturesque heads cluster in the still air of the sunny sky, and they are always beautiful, whatever their species. They are

characteristic of Bombay as of no other city visited by me on the continent of India; and they so hide portions of the scattered town as to appear almost an unbroken forest.

Observing wild-looking huts, with out-of-the-way people among the trees, I was told that they are inhabited by a class who extract "toddy" from palms, and thus make their living. A Scotchman is of course naturally interested in such a fact. He cannot but think how popular these forests would be in his own country, where, according to the opinion of many enlightened men, all classes spend their time in drinking this alcoholic mixture. But palm toddy, being a genuine product of nature, and the very blood of the tree, would be tolerated even by the severest teetotaler, however unpalatable it might be to him. A jar is fixed near the top of the tree, just under the great tuft of leaves, and a tube having been inserted through the bark, the juice is drained off into the jar. This beverage is largely drunk by the people.

Perhaps it is because of the usefulness of the cocoa-nut palm unconsciously affecting our minds, that we are inspired with a kindly feeling towards it such as we entertain only towards a domestic animal, or one peculiarly useful to man. Its utility is proverbial, and certainly very wonderful. It yields an oil which has become a valuable article of commerce,—the wheels of our railway carriages being anointed with it. The nut is in itself a treasure, its pure white lining (agreeable food too), preserving a cool and most refreshing drink. The shell, again, is easily formed into convenient basins or ladles; cables are spun out of its tough fibre, and these hold, as nothing else will do, when a ship is riding at anchor in the teeth of a heavy gale. The tree in this way furnishes the means of making a boat, with mast, spars, cordage, and sails. It provides material for building and covering a house, as well as for light and fire. It is thus meat, drink, light, clothing, and covering, supplying materials for a house or for a ship, and furniture for both.

But the temples and idols awakened in me the strongest feelings of all. In the Bombay Presidency there are 30,000 idol temples. I know not how many there are in the city itself, but there must be a considerable number. It is difficult to convey the impression made upon one when he comes across genuine idol worship for the first time. To behold human beings doing visible honour to animal or grotesque human forms, or even to a stone painted red (to indicate that a priest has made it the abode of Deity), excites quite new feel-

ings in one. He may afterwards reason about it, but at first the spectacle is simply oppressive.

But I must leave general reflections, and come to narrative. One day's experience in Bombay may be all the more fitly described, that it brought before the eye much that is in many respects typical of India as a whole.

In the morning of this day—the cool of the morning being a very busy time—we held our first meeting with the missionaries. I may state that in order to keep clearly before us the points on which it was most necessary for us to gather information when we landed on the shores of India, we had, in addition to our own suggestions as to subjects of inquiry, obtained others from various leading men with whom we were acquainted. It was to help us towards a successful result that some six missionaries, representing as many ecclesiastical bodies, kindly met us for a few hours.

Now although we learned much from their statements, as from books thrown open for our inspection, we learned more from simply coming into personal contact with the men themselves. We felt that it was something worth going for to receive a hearty and cordial welcome from men in the thick of the battle against heathenism—to be assured that we had true brethren in the representatives of the Free Church, Independent Church, Episcopal Church, Irish Presbyterian Church, and American Churches, as well as in the missionaries and chaplains of the Church of Scotland. There was here a genuine catholicity, such, alas! as is comparatively rare at home; and this, I rejoice to say, *characterizes the whole mission body in India*. We felt that it was good for us to meet men whose characters were so revered, and who could speak perfectly to the natives in their own language. Two of these men have been in India for forty years, and one for thirty. In the case of another there is a true apostolical succession. Born in India, the son of a missionary, he has for many a year nobly carried the banner which his father handed to him as he fell in the fight. All these men too, are thoroughly educated, and one—need I name Dr. Wilson of Bombay?—is a distinguished scholar, with few equals in his knowledge of Oriental philosophy and theology. As I looked on this group of heroes, I appreciated more than ever the glory of their self-sacrifice, and the grand position occupied by them towards the Church at home, towards the heathen, and, let me add, towards the Anglo-Indian. They

have devoted their lives to the civilising and Christianizing of our fellow-subjects in India, while their salaries are such as no city clerk would accept, such indeed as many of the natives whom they have educated would despise. I here lamented more than ever the ignorance and ingratitude of professing Christians of all churches, who seldom think of such men, or pray for them. I keenly felt then, as I have often felt since, that so far from our missionaries being unworthy of us, we are not worthy of them!

A Hindoo temple was visited by us immediately after our Christian meeting. We went along with one or two friends, and a Hindoo interpreter, who spoke English fluently. The temple was not one of those stately edifices met with in every part of southern India. Nor was it equal to others in the immediate neighbourhood of Bombay. But it included a large square tank, or pond, which was like a mill-dam. On all sides of it there were steps by which worshippers could descend into the water and perform their religious ablutions. There was a broad stone platform at one end, and on it were gathered the signs and symbols of Hindoo worship. There were several small chapels, or deep niches, in which were set those ugly images, whose pictures we are familiar with. A holy cow wandered about in silent meditation. Three or four wretched-looking *yogies*, or ascetics, sat on the ground, under a shade, their bodies covered with ashes, their hair matted, and their countenances betraying a blank look of stolid ignorance and intellectual weakness, without any trace of earnestness, enthusiasm, or indeed emotion of any sort.

Before the *yogies* were baby-like bouquets of flowers, and vessels containing holy water, fruit, and rice,—offerings to the holy men, and to the god. These *yogies* live on charity. The milk of the sacred cow is theirs. They are looked upon as holy; but generally they beg, lie, and tyrannize, though doubtless there are exceptions to this rule. We were not allowed to enter the holy shrines in which the painted idols sit, with hideous mouths and huge eyes—like pictures of ogres in children's books. Here is Seva, the destroyer, and as far as I remember, there is also a female deity dressed out somewhat in the fashion of the dolls of the Virgin Mary one sees abroad. In two of the shrines worshippers were engaged in painting these idols, or adorning them with flowers. At the same time they sang in a high key, with the tremulous, unmusical chant, which cannot be described, but which is, in its essen-

tial features, characteristic of all the East, Palestine included. We were told they sang Sanscrit verses which they did not themselves understand. They seemed earnest, and deeply absorbed in their devotions, or in doing *pugia*.

This temple opened into the crowded streets, and people came in and went out in constant streams. A crowd soon gathered round us with looks of inquiring curiosity. But there were no signs either of enthusiasm or fanaticism. I dare-say, had we been able, we could have preached there as long as we pleased, without receiving any insult or rudeness from the people. Their feeling I judged to be like this:—

"You gentlemen have your religion, and we have ours. We Hindoos cannot possibly receive you into our lowest caste even, as the blessing of being a Hindoo comes exclusively by birth, and has been decreed by Deity. And as to *our* becoming Christians!—there is no hope of that. It would ruin us for this world and the next, and bring us under the curse of our gods. We can listen patiently to all you say, and be interested in it too, as telling us about the religion of the great English nation. We hope you are satisfied with your religion, as we are with ours, and trust your gods and ours will live at peace, for there is plenty of room for both in the universe. Anyhow, please don't abuse us; we don't like it, and it might lead some fools among us to annoy you."

The Brahmin who showed us the place was apparently a man of intelligence. We had a conversation with him, of which this is a part:—

"Why do you worship these gods of wood and stone?"

"We do not worship wood or stone, Sahib, but the god symbolized by those figures."

"But where is the god?"

"In the image."

"What was the image before the god entered it?"

"Wood or stone! what else could it be?"

"How came the god into the image?"

"By the prayers of the Brahmin."

The explanation here given of the nature of their worship is what I believe to be universally accepted by the more intelligent Hindoos, although, from all we afterwards saw and heard, we were led to believe that millions of the grossly ignorant *do* worship the image as a *fetich*, with perhaps only some very faint and transient impression of a something more than the image. Here, of

course, I anticipate much of what I heard afterwards. But preferring always, when possible, to allow those whose opinions are in question to speak for themselves, the following extract from a lecture, in defence of Hindu worship, delivered in English by a native, before the Benares Literary Institute, may be quoted :—

"It is *not* the image that we worship as the Supreme Being, but the Omnipresent Spirit that pervades the image as He pervades the whole universe. If, firmly believing as we do in the omnipresence of God, we behold, by the aid of our imagination, in the *form* of an image, any of his glorious manifestations, ought we to be charged with identifying Him with the *matter* of the image, whilst during those moments of sincere and fervent devotion we do not even think of matter? If at the sight of a portrait of a beloved and venerated friend, no longer existing in this world, our heart is filled with sentiments of love and reverence; if we fancy him present in the picture, still looking upon us with his wonted tenderness and affection, and then indulge our feelings of love and gratitude, —should we be charged with offering the grossest insult to him, that of fancying him to be no other than a piece of painted paper? Was Cowper all the while insulting and abusing his departed mother when, holding communion with his dear parent visible to his fancy's eye in her picture, he was penning the tenderest of his verses?"

'O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see.'

"We believe that what is real in the idols is the Supreme Being, that the stone or wood is a mere illusion, seeming to exist because of the sustaining presence of the Divine Spirit. And here let me ask, If we see Him present in an image—if our heart is kindled with the holy flames of devotion under the inward belief of the Divine presence in the image—if we melt with joy and love in the contemplation of the God of blessedness and mercy,—are we to be considered as only insulting Him? They only think it an insult to the Deity to worship Him in an image, whose education prevents them from *really* and *earnestly* believing that He is present everywhere, who cannot but think of the stone or wood only, when they attempt to think of the Divine Spirit pervading an image. But because they cannot separate the ideas of gross matter from an image, ought those who can do so, and are able to contemplate the Infinite Spirit as present in it—ought they, I say, to be charged with materialism? There is not an earthly worshipper who is not an anthropomorphist, who is not an idolator, in this sense. It seems to be a startling paradox to some of us. But you shall soon see, gentlemen, that it is not a paradox—it is a truth that has been borne testimony to by the greatest philosophers of both ancient and modern times. Here are the words of that acute and deep thinker, Sir William Hamilton, reputed by many as one of the greatest modern geniuses in Metaphysics, who, let me also add, is an orthodox Christian: 'True, therefore, are the declarations of a pious philosophy, "A God understood would be no God at all; to think that God is as we can think Him to be is blasphemy." In this consummation nature and revelation, paganism and Christianity, are one.'

In a conversation with me, a highly educated native gentleman defended their idolatry on

the same grounds. Even in regard to the hideous forms of some of the idols, he remarked, that, as works of art, they were unquestionably the productions of a very early and rude time, but these very defects had an interest to him, he said, as being proofs of the vast antiquity of those typical forms, and as consecrated by the association of ages. No such explanations, however, would have been given had it not been for the education this gentleman had received.

Now I rejoice in discovering any indication of a response to God's teaching, by whatever means it has been given to heathendom. Nevertheless, wherein does the Hindoo idolatry differ from that idolatry which the Almighty condemned in Israel, as well as among the heathen nations with which Israel came into contact? It could not be imagined, even had we no evidence to prove the contrary, that Aaron literally worshipped the golden calf or the Bull Apis, now represented by the Indian holy bull or cow. On the contrary, we read that he suggested that the people should do so *on the very ground* that they "had a feast of Jehovah," and might *therefore* recognise a visible, consecrated sign of Jehovah's presence, especially as Moses, his representative, had gone up into the mount, never to return, as Aaron may have thought. It was this very attempt to worship by means of a symbol—this weakening and ultimate destruction of the spiritual capacity to "see Him who is invisible"—this tremendous falsehood of finding rest and peace in believing in a holy *thing*, because representing a holy Person, rather than in the Holy One Himself;—it was this which God always condemned, and for the doing of which He at last drove his people into exile until they re-learned the lesson of worship without symbols—a lesson which they have never forgotten again!

And here I presume to think we may possibly discover one reason why evil is pronounced against the children of the transgressors of the second commandment, to the third and fourth generation, and not against the descendants of those who transgress any other. It is this fact, that while the consequences of disobedience to all the other commandments may end with the transgressor himself, the sin of idolatry, in destroying the root of all religion—a true knowledge of God—necessarily affects posterity, descending, as it does naturally, from generation to generation. And, let me ask, what other or better theory than this, broached by the

Indian idolator to reconcile the worship of idols with the worship of God, has been advanced by Romanists, in explaining the apparent worship of the mass? "Can you be so absurd," exclaims the devout-minded Papist, "as to imagine that *we* worship the bread and wine? No—we worship the Divine Saviour in it," &c., &c. For the rest of the argument, as it affects the "worship" of the mass, or of pictures, images, and such like, we refer our readers to any intelligent Hindoo or Brahmin, such as the man who so patiently explained to us the mysteries of his heathen temple.

But to the *masses*, idol-worship is a *fetich*, a mere superstition—a thing by which evil is somehow averted, and good somehow obtained. And so in Rome, whatever the thoughtful and intelligent *may* say, there is the same gross superstition, as no one can doubt who knows the actual state of feeling among the people in Roman Catholic countries. For if the person worshipped or revered by *latria* or *doulia*, is the one thought before the mind, how comes it, as I have noticed in several instances, that one image of the Virgin is preferred and honoured above another? "Because," it is said, "more miracles have been performed by it." What is this, then, but to separate between the character of the living person and the power of the image itself? In saying this, however, I hope I do not forget that idolatries, and serious ones too, may take possession of the religious enthusiast and fanatic in every branch of the Christian church, from which "vanity" the true knowledge and worship of the living Christ alone can save.

Our next visit was to the *Jain* asylum. The Jains are a sect of the Buddhists, who were once the strongest religious party in India. But, probably, there is not now a pure Buddhist in the whole peninsula, the sect having been driven out by the Hindoos. They are now the religionists of Ceylon, Burmah, and China, and number upwards of three hundred millions of the human race. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which they hold in common with the Hindoos, is that to which this asylum owes its origin. The ideas which seem to have given rise to the Buddhist doctrine of a future state, so far as I understand it, are these:—that human existence can never be happy; and that the reward of virtue, instead of being individual existence, must therefore be *absorption* into the universal being of God. Practically, of course, this is simply annihilation, as all personality is destroyed, whilst

punishment for evil-doing must necessarily be *continued existence*. In the Buddhist mind this is conceived to be through various forms of animal life, until, more and more degraded and punished through suffering and submission, the soul finally attains the blessing of absorption into God, as a drop is lost in the ocean. Hence the religious respect for animal life that obtains among Buddhists and their followers. Not that this necessarily implies any kindness for animals on account of their own sufferings, for in no country is there greater indifference to animal pain than in India. The care bestowed is simply for the sake of those human souls who, in their transmigration journey, may *possibly* have entered into this or that animal. This ass may be an ancestor, this pigeon an old sweetheart, this baboon a foolish relative, this dog a creditor, or this flea an intolerable bore to whom they were allied by blood or by circumstance.

And if these live stock are not old acquaintances, relations, or former partners in trade, they may, at least, be human beings, doing penance and working out a higher destiny for themselves, in dog, cat, horse, or cow. It is therefore considered a crime to put any animal to *death*. To say the least, it must be a serious matter to decide so delicate a question as the sudden arrest of a human sinner in his transmigration journey. The most exacting, intemperate flea must therefore be let alone. By such patience a friend may, perhaps, be fed, or even clothed. And as the pious man does to others, others may do to him when he has cast off his mortal coil, and, for misdemeanors and imperfections, has been compelled in the progress of being to become his neighbour's ass. This is a mild form of purgatory. We must admit, however, that it is more likely, in the long run, to make one think, as well as to render one more obedient and amiable, than the terrific purgatorial pains continued for hundreds or thousands of years as may be determined by the Pope or his priests after dinner, unless shortened by a long purse before it.

Those who profess this faith in transmigration consider it, therefore, to be a meritorious act to contribute to the endowment of some asylum. I was told that there were several in which animals are maintained for life. It was one of those asylums we visited. We entered by a gate opening into a large square space of ground, several acres in extent I should suppose, and somewhat like a market-place for live stock in a great city. Covered verandahs ranged along its sides;

and there were various animals chained to stakes. These were tended by naked servants and priests. The great majority were cows, miserable-looking creatures. Many of them were lame and deformed, and all of them were pictures of wretchedness, and, in any other country, would at once have been killed, but never sold for human food. There were a few monkeys, too, and a baboon, which seemed to have greatly lost vivacity. Flocks of pigeons were also fed, and, with their free flight in the open air, seemed almost to enjoy the hospitality. In a neighbouring court were scores of dogs—as mangy a set of curs as could anywhere be seen. The smallest and meanest Scotch terrier would have “cut” them dead, as unworthy of his clan. Such was the Jain asylum. I know not whether the animals, or those who prolonged their miserable existence, were most to be pitied. But I leave the reader to moralise over what was to me a new phase of the religion of man’s invention.

We next visited a mosque. Though familiar with these places, yet I was never more struck than when, after leaving the filthy Jain asylum, we entered the clean courts of the Mahommedan church. It had no architectural interest whatever. It was a large hall, carpeted, and hung with nice lamps, and capable of containing about a thousand worshippers. But everything was simple, and wore a cleanly look, while the absence of any sign or symbol, picture or statue, together with the silence which prevailed, broken only by the faint murmur of a few devout-looking men on their knees praying to the invisible, presented a most striking contrast to the coarse and gross idolatry we had just witnessed. One could quite understand how when such a worship was first established among half-paganised and idolatrous professors of Christianity, it must have commended itself to the reason and conscience, as being much more spiritual, and more worthy of God.

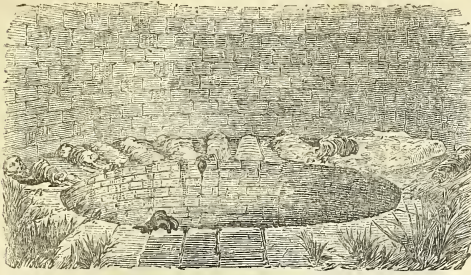
But look at these bundles of rags lying there! Draw near, and you will see that each has two eyes gleaming under matted hair, and staring at you, with sentiments anything but amiable. These are three Fakeers, from central India. They are probably Wahabees, and could you read their thoughts, you would learn what the genuine spirit of Mahommedanism still is, and how the most sincere worshipper in this silent hall is further removed from Christianity than even the Brahmin—and that he has beliefs, resolves, hopes, and religious ideals, which constitute him the most stern,

determined, and dangerous opponent to British rule, and to all the influences of Western civilisation. Do not let us misunderstand the Mahommedan. He above all others *hates* us. In our dominions there are thirty millions of Mahommedans—more than are under the sceptre of the Grand Sultan. Nevertheless as a class they form the undying foe of England and its Christianity. The Brahmin cows or bulls, in spite of their horns, or the Jain dogs, in spite of their bark, are not to be feared. The Brahmin cannot proselytise. He seeks only to be let alone. But the true Mahommedan lives to curse and to conquer; and in India there burns now in his heart as fierce a hate against the *Giaour*, as when he met him in the breach at Acre or at Askelon. So I was made to feel years ago, when I paced through the ruins of the homes of the Christians massacred at Damascus, and met the same fierce spirit gleaming from the eyes of the Eastern Fakeers in its great mosque. So I felt now, when I noticed the looks of the same “holy” people, in the calm and silent mosque in Bombay!

We then turned to the Parsees. They are, as our readers know, the living representatives of the Persian followers of Zoroaster, and are fire-worshippers. In their case, also, this worship of fire is explained as symbolical only, and no doubt it is so, to the intelligent. But the spiritual meaning thus given to all such idolatrous customs is owing, I think, chiefly to the indirect influence exercised by the purer religion of Christianity, and to its teaching regarding God,—giving transparency to a symbolism which otherwise would be opaque, and as such transmit no truth from the invisible to the eye of the worshippers.

The Parsees are a people, like the Jews, without a country—strangers everywhere, or rather, perhaps, equally at home everywhere. Their freedom from caste is a great advantage to them in this respect. They are intelligent, industrious, enterprising, and money-making. Yet in spite of their reverence for light, they never struck me as being a very sentient, luminous, or ethereal body. Their mode of sepulture is extremely peculiar. It is based on their religious ideas regarding the purity of the earth and of the elements—ideas which need not be inquired into here. On Malabar Hill, on a site of great value, stand their “towers of silence.” These are three in number—masses like Martello towers. I know not their exact size, but I should think they are

about forty or fifty feet high, and as many in diameter. A sort of shelf or grating is carried round the summit of each tower, which slopes inward towards the centre, and is open to



Interior of Tower of Silence.

the ground below. On this the bodies of the dead are laid in a certain order according to age and sex. They are thus exposed beneath the sky, but not in such a manner as to decay under the tender ministries of nature. They are left to be devoured by vultures!

These towers, I need not say, are removed from any human habitation, and, situated as they are among scattered palm trees, are greedily watched by fowl birds. When I visited the spot, one or two floated lazily in the air above, as if weary from vain watching. Flocks clustered thick as bats among the leafy tops of the palms, or in other places of retreat, until the priests should again ascend, and leave on its summit the body of some one—parent, child, or friend. Then the air becomes dark with wings hurrying down to the horrid banquet! Faugh! It is not “mere prejudice” which fills one with disgust at the thought. It is not a mere difference between worms and vultures. It is the difference between a grossness palpable to the senses, and that concealment which makes no impression calculated to disturb the gracious remembrance of the past. In the one case the imagination and fancy kindly come to our aid. They point us to mother earth receiving back her child, putting forth her green grass to cover its bed and her flowers to adorn it, and shedding her withered leaves to sympathise with it, all the while receiving the aid of the generous sun that pours beams of life and light upon it, and of the innocent birds which sing their songs around it.—But torn by vultures!

As I recall such scenes, there rises before my mind a child's grave, beside those of its kindred, in the silence of a Highland glen. Ferns droop their graceful forms round it, a tuft of heather blooms near its head, while a

snow-white lamb reposes beside the little mound, and a lark, hanging over it, sings “like an angel in the clouds.”

It being Saturday, we might also have visited a Jewish synagogue. This additional experience, so easily acquired, would have filled up more completely the “busy results of time.” But we saw in the bazaars several of the Beni-Israel, who occupy positions of wealth, influence, and high character in Bombay.

In a single day, we had thus come into personal contact with living representatives of the most famous religions of the world, each rapidly flowing on to its final issue. Here was *Christianity*, the historical and spiritual continuation of the kingdom of God, as represented by the older *Judaism*; and *Brahminism*, almost as old as Judaism, the legitimate development of the Vedas, supposed to be as old as Moses; and *Buddhism*, more recent than these, yet hoary with antiquity, and visibly great through its numbering among its disciples more than a fourth of the human race; *Zoroasterism*, dating also from a time when earth was young; and *Mahomedanism*, comparatively recent, yet one of the most powerful religions of mankind. How impressive was this spectacle to me!—how full of wonder, and fruitful of questionings, about the past and the future!

As I write those words I look up to the clock, and find that midnight is past, and that Christmas morn has again come round! At this moment the church of the Holy Sepulchre is lighted up; and millions now asleep, on waking, will salute each other with words of cheer on the return of this crowning festival. Does any other religion than Christianity profess even to greet men, amidst “the innocent brightness of a new-born day,” with such words as these—“*Glory to God in the Highest! On earth peace and goodwill to men!*” And what if the most intelligent and most holy on earth know from their deepest experience that the news is true?

But to return to Bombay. Reaching our bungalow, we are told that there are jugglers wishing to exhibit before the great and mighty *sahibs*. They have been squatting for a long time, waiting with that silent patience one often notices in the Orientals. It is to them as if time was not, and as if it mattered little whether their serene course across their shoreless ocean of existence was marked by minutes or by months. So soon after landing in India, some persons would perhaps deprecate an intrusion upon them of such low characters as jugglers. But I must

confess it was quite otherwise with me. I was glad as a boy to see them, and to witness their feats. In this strange life of ours honest men and cheats are mingled, and genuine workers are mixed up with professional jugglers—men who with sleight of hand and “cunning craftiness lie in wait to deceive.”

This is true of every country, and, alas! of all classes. Why, then, should we not see those who do not pretend to do anything else than to deceive us—if they can?

The troop which waited upon us certainly succeeded in doing so, in so far at least as I was concerned; and I will tell how it



Jugglers.

was. As I have little capacity for solving riddles, unravelling charades, or detecting tricks, I resolved, on this occasion, to gather up and to concentrate into a focus all that was left of my brains, after the exposure to the heat, and the desperate labour of getting “accurate information.” So I sat down within a few yards of the jugglers.

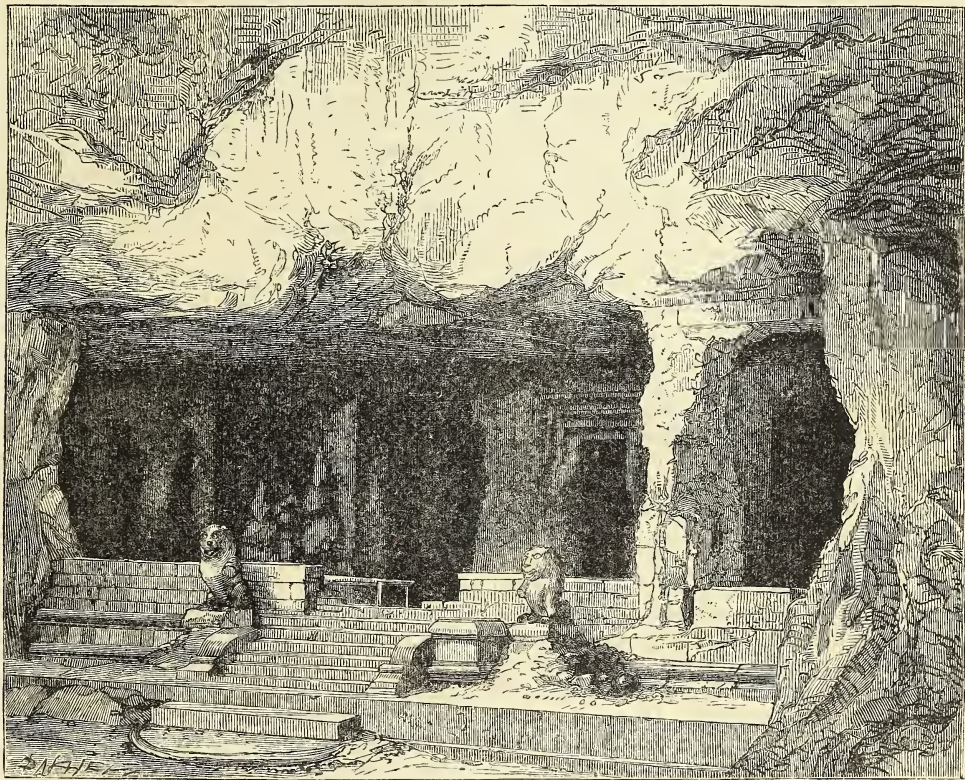
The men themselves were full of interest to me. In gazing on them I felt that we belonged to different worlds: for what thoughts had we in common? It seemed impossible that we could belong to the same race. One fellow beat the tom-tom with his fingers, in that hard, muscular, telling form, which elicits a sharp and loud reply; another

played on a sort of flageolet ; and another—but why venture into details when such a picture is given on opposite page? There they were squatted, four or five of them, a cobra spreading out his head in a basket, and a large Rock snake twisting about. The chief performer had a face which might have concealed a character fit for anything. It might possibly be good, but assuredly it had bad in it also. All, indeed, seemed types of that gipsy race, who are as much beyond the circle of our common sympathies as if

for centuries they had been camped outside amongst the débris of old worlds.

Through one of my friends, I asked for the well-known Mango trick. I am told that many intelligent young men profess to know how it is done. When inquiry is made on this point, however, I have hitherto found, to my regret, that at the moment they happen always to forget.

While the tom-tom was beating, and the pipe playing, the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in



Entrance to the Elephanta Caves.

the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place, covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip round the loins. The time seemed to have come for the detective's eye! So just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and while the tom-tom beat and the pipe shrilled more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. The juggler cheerfully complied. I examined the basket.

It was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the cloth covering. It was thin, almost transparent, and certainly there was nothing concealed in it. I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intentness that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery; and bade him go on. I felt perfectly sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; he then lifted the basket off the ground, and behold a green plant, about a foot high! Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his

incantations. After having sat a little, to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket, and the plant was now two feet high. He asked us to wait a little longer that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured by those who had seen the trick performed before, that this result would be obtained, I confessed myself "done" without the slightest notion of the how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and unturned. Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up laughing. One of his companions just then chucked a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backwards, drew forth a cord of silk, twenty yards or so in length. But this was not all the discharge, for the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning-top, a stone, and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire! If the wise reader regrets so much space being occupied by such a story, let him pass it on to the children, foolish as myself, who will be glad to read it.

One of the sights near Bombay is Elephanta. The pleasure of visiting its famous caves was, in my case, intensified by pleasant recollections of an account of it I read in days when books for the young were rarer and dearer than now, in an old volume entitled "The Wonders of the World." Elephanta was one of the wonders.

And let me remark in passing, that when thinking of the impression which books, and stories, and descriptions, made upon my own mind in early youth, I often ask myself:—Is it possible that such impressions are still made upon juvenile minds? Or do the young now-a-days live in such a world of excitement, with such a constant supply to satiate their curiosity or love of excitement, that they actually get *blasé*? I know not how far this is the case, but would that I could reproduce my first feelings in reading "The Wonders of the World?" The actual Elephanta, with its picnic, was but a feeble reproduction of the ideal.

Elephanta is an island in Bombay harbour. A large picnic party had been formed, and we were conveyed to the famous spot in a tug steamer. I need scarcely mention that it was "a fine day," without any prospect of cloud or rain. The caves are situated about half a mile from the landing-place, and a big staircase, the gift of some pious Rajah or rich native, leads up the

steepest part of the ascent. And how magnificent is the picture! The gorgeous vegetation which meets the eye is itself a grand sight, apart from any other. The palms and other tropical plants, the superb creepers and the colouring of their flowers which swung in rich festoons from tree to tree, the novelty of the plants, their variety, and their hot-house look, fill one with a new and overpowering sense of the luxuriance of the East. Over the whole landscape hung a soft sunny haze. The islands, and headlands, and winding shores, shaded by forests of palm, a joyous blue sea dotted with odd-looking picturesque boats, and a cloudless sky, against which the lines of ships in the harbour of Bombay came out distinct—all this, backed by the more distant far-stretching city itself, formed a picture scarcely to be surpassed in its beauty and many-sided interest. It was India with all its characteristics, but India also with a touch of European associations.

No details could give a true idea of this wonderful place; yet I may attempt to convey a general impression of it. In the front of a great precipice, clothed by nature with her richest adornments of flowers and plants, are doorways opening into gigantic halls. These halls are scooped out of the living rock, and some have other halls, like side chapels, branching out from them. Some lead into courts open to the sky, and others into chambers with little light. The walls are sculptured with groups of more than life-sized figures representing scenes in the life of the idol-gods, and standing out in full relief. At the end of the Great Hall in the adytum there is a sort of triune group nearly twenty feet high, representing Brahmah, Vishnu, and Seva. The idea of trinity in unity seems to be expressed by it, or, as some think, the Creating, Preserving, and Destroying powers of the one god. In another place, there is a carving which I was told signifies the incommunicable name of *Om*, the self-existent. There are also several dark and secret recesses with the *Ling*, of which I cannot speak. But whatever may have been the meanings first attached to such a symbol, or the ideas of the people regarding it now (which, however, I could not satisfactorily discover), to the inquiring mind it is suggestive of many thoughts as to early beliefs and their effects on morals, which will be understood by those best acquainted with India.

This early place of Brahminical worship has been deserted for I know not how many

ages. It is wrapped in the silence of the past like the temples of Egypt, or the Buddhist caves of India. What evil or good it represents, I cannot tell. But whatever sadness one must feel in witnessing such records of the many, and it may be devout, struggles of an early and dark time, indicating a poor and perverted response to the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," I confess it was less painful to me than the thought of how many professing Christians are worshippers of the works of their own hands, and are still practically ignorant of the only living and true God. The men who, according to what they thought was light, excavated these caves, and year after year carved out these gods, worshipping they knew not what, seem to me to have been nearer the kingdom of heaven, however far from it, than Europeans to be met with in Bombay, who claim to be leaders of thought, and boldly propound and defend what Coleridge describes as

———"the owlet Atheism,"

which

"Sailing on obscure wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, 'Where is it?'"

The only other "first impression" I shall mention at present was that made upon me by the educated, English-speaking, native gentlemen with whom I came into contact. Why they should have impressed me so much I can hardly tell. As a matter of course, I had fully anticipated meeting such persons; nevertheless few things struck me more than hearing a Hindoo speak beautiful English. By nature, one may say, the Oriental is polite. I have seldom met in any society manners more pleasing, or indicating higher breeding than those of the Hindoo gentlemen. And although this was what I expected, yet, when I met these gentlemen face to face, and recognised the genuine features of the far East, even to the caste marks on the brow, and then heard my own language spoken with a purity of diction and a correctness of accent, which, as a Scotchman, I could not emulate, it is difficult for me to convey to others what my thoughts were! And these feelings were only increased when, during conversation on various topics—literature, philosophy, or politics, there was evinced a minute knowledge

seldom found among ourselves except in very well-informed circles. I confess my first feeling was one which I had never hitherto experienced, and was somewhat allied to shame. This arose from the fear of my being regarded by these men as belonging to a conquering race, proud of triumphs over their countrymen. I seemed to be invested with a sort of social superiority gained by force, which was by no means agreeable. I was prompted to apologize, as it were, for *my* country having been obliged to thrash *theirs*, and to implore them to believe that I truly respected them and was really desirous to treat them as fellow-subjects, and as what an Irishman would call "bred and born gentlemen, by your leave, and the right sort intirely." Then there came a tumultuous rush of thoughts as to the wonderful influence of English education and Western ideas upon such men, and what all this might involve;—thoughts of English power, with its tremendous responsibility and its splendid achievements;—thoughts of the contrast between the results already attained in elevating the natives, and all that the Pundits, and Mahrattas, and Great Moguls, and Holkars, Scindias, Tippos, or Nizams, of the olden time, could ever have effected. Then I could not help questioning myself as to what might yet be accomplished by our country, for the good of this profoundly interesting people; and as to what common product might grow out of this union of Western influences with Eastern thought, and feeling, and habit. But it is not my wish to enter at present on such speculations. I only desire to give the impressions actually produced on my first landing, uncorrected by further information, which, however, did not greatly modify them.

Other impressions crowd upon me, which I dare not now indicate, but which suggest the serious question when, at such a rate of progress, I shall reach Delhi, *viâ* Madras and Calcutta? I must try, as the old coachmen used to say, to "time my stages" better. But before sailing for Beypoor I have something more to say regarding Bombay; and then there are the Ghauts, Poonah, the Deccan, Caves of Karli, dinner-parties, meetings, missions, &c., to speak of. In the meantime I must stop, even should my "Words" be good (and I hope they are), recollecting that there are better words to be furnished by other writers in this same number.

PAMPHLETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

II.—THE REASONABLENESS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Of all the strange things on earth, perhaps Christianity is the strangest.

But why is it stranger than Hindooism, or Buddhism, or Mohammedanism, or Confucianism, or any other of the religions of the world?

For this main reason amongst others: that every one of these is a local belief, bound up with the mental conformation and outward habits of a certain portion of mankind: intelligible enough when those are understood.

Given the want of a religion, and certain instincts concerning religion taking certain local forms, and I will not say that any one of these might be constructed, but I will say that any one of them is almost accounted for.

And accordingly, every one of these is localised, and has its bounds, beyond which it is not found to spread. They will not transplant. Like a thoroughly localised plant, when carried to a foreign soil, whatever care be taken, they dwindle and disappear.

It is obvious that the propagation of Mohammedanism by the sword forms no exception to these remarks. Propagation by the sword, propagation by compulsory establishment, propagation by penal canons and articles, is no propagation. You may keep up images of a plant in any soil. You may border your roads with copper palms, and adorn your terraces with leaden aloes, without a palm or an aloe ever growing in your land.

But Christianity, on the other hand, is not localised, and will transplant into every soil on earth. While those others are like exotics which flourish in no ground or climate but their own, it is like the bread-corn, which assimilates the chemical components of every soil, and stands the blights and buffetings of every atmosphere.

And in this it is no more than consistent with its origin. It sprung up among a people who never adopted it. It arose in a land which was nationally, when it arose, not a land at all. Where it was first seen, there was nothing to nourish or favour it. It was like a tender plant in a dry ground.

More than this—very much more. It was anti-national, and so became the detestation of the Jew: it was anti-imperial, and so became a thing suspected by the Roman: it was anti-philosophic, and so became the scorn

of the Greek. And yet it took up Judaism into itself, and made it the foundation faith of ages to come; yet, to borrow from the mythology which it superseded, it wrestled in its cradle with Roman imperialism and Greek philosophy, and overcame them both.

And since then, its progress has been not because of, but independently of, human accidents of time, place, coercion, or legalisation. Its progress, I say; meaning its true and genuine progress; meaning not the copper palms nor the leaden aloes, but the natural transplanted growth. It has very often not grown where it was expected to grow, and again, grown where it was not expected to grow; but, all exceptional cases allowed for, and all disappointments, it has shewn itself to be the religion, and the only religion, which can take up into itself all races of men alike, and all classes of men in the same race, and all ages of men in the same class, and both sexes of man in the same age.

If we look for a reason of this, we must of course remember, that every such phenomenon of growth has in the mind of a religious man two reasons. One reason is, the blessing of Him who gives the increase: and in this is included the arrangement which He made in creation, and by which He adapted the plant for the increase. And in the case before us, this reason will correspond to what a Christian man feels, to what I, a believer in Christianity, feel, about its divine origin, and its adaptation by God to the wants and weaknesses of mankind.

But for every phenomenon of successful growth, there is another set of reasons, which I may take leave to call the secondary, or lower reasons. God made the seed, and endowed it with its properties of growth into the particular plant which is to develop out of it. But, to make up favourable growth, we must also have genial soil and climate; we may have certain properties of the seed itself which have arisen from careful treatment before, and while it was produced. And men commonly, in talking and writing about such cases of success, treat only or chiefly these lower reasons, leaving the primary or higher ones to be pre-supposed in the mind, or even to be inferred from the fact of the success itself.

Let us do the same. Why is it that Christianity is thus not local, but general? What do we see in it, as we now find it and have it before us, that can in any measure account for this? Why does the champion of the un-faith, of whom we wrote in the last pamphlet, supposing him to know about all religions, and being sure that he despises them all alike, why does he, when distress comes on him, fly to Christianity rather than to any other?

I answer, because of its REASONABLENESS. And I use this word in a wide and comprehensive sense, explaining it thus. Our human nature is endowed with certain instincts, certain yearnings. By these instincts and these yearnings the verdicts of the common reason of mankind are arrived at. "Doth not nature herself teach you?" This is the appeal by which such verdicts are evoked. The natural affections—the natural horror of oppression, injustice, cruelty—the natural antipathies,—these, with of course a very large margin of exception for the degraded or abnormal portions of humanity, rule what is called the common sense, or practical reason, of men.

Now there is not one of these local beliefs, sprung out of the incomplete humanity of one nation or race, which does not outrage in some point or other this common sense, this practical reason, of mankind. To say of any one of them, This faith takes up into itself and hallows all my natural instincts and yearnings: I find in this faith that, the more I look into my pure common sense and my highest consciousness of good, the more thoroughly I find myself in accord with its dogmas,—would be confessed on all hands to be impossible.

And let it be noted that it is also impossible to say this of the best-known spurious forms of Christianity itself. Those forms have become what they now are by the indulgence of certain morbid tendencies of humanity, wholly alien from its best and highest natural sympathies.

Thus, for instance, the whole ascetic system, common to false religions and false forms of Christianity, is in itself revolting from the best and purest instincts of our race. Thus again the worship of images, also common to false religions and false forms of Christianity, is so abhorrent from every feeling of the dignity and truth of humanity, that the prophet Isaiah could appeal to that dignity and truth to reject it with utter scorn.

But we might seek in vain in Christianity

itself, as it came from the lips of its Founder, and from the pens of his Apostles, anything of which it could be said that it is inconsistent with the best instincts and the highest aspirations of humanity.

Let us pursue this thought awhile. We endeavoured last month to obtain some answer to the question, What are the wants of men in reference to religion? And we found that they might be specified by a desire to be free from the burden of guilt, and from the fear of death. But we also saw that these terms, expressing as they did in the main those wants, in fact include very much more in them than might at first sight appear: that both freedom from the burden of guilt, and freedom from the fear of death, cannot mean a bare relief from an inconvenience, but of necessity involve the satisfaction of aspirations after a life in which no guilt should be incurred, and after a place or state of purity and perfection beyond death.

And again, we may say more, and affirm, that for the full relief of the mind from the burden of a guilty conscience, some method must be shewn to it, which, however by the necessity of the case it may involve matters above our present human comprehension, yet, as far as we can go with it, may satisfy our natural instincts, and not contain in itself anything absolutely abhorrent from them, or in itself unreasonable.

What I mean will be sufficiently shewn by reference to a well-known argument, in which the inadequacy of the system of animal sacrifices to relieve the conscience is insisted on. The writer, as his main weapon in this argument, assumes one of these natural axioms, and appeals to the instincts of the reason of mankind. "It is not possible," says he, "that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin." This being so, any relief given in this respect by the system of animal sacrifice cannot have made the resorter thereto perfect. When he came to examine the cause and source of his relief, he must have found, if he were a reasonable man, one of the instincts of his nature standing in the way of his religious belief. Whether he had any way of escape from this contradiction, and if he had, of what sort it was, it does not belong to our present purpose to inquire. But one thing we may say: if he had, it was a way not prescribed by his religious faith itself—not contained, so to speak, within the four corners of that law by which his faith came; but it was some aspiration or hope outside that faith, and supervening upon that law from another source.

We might follow out this consideration yet further. Many of the prescribed ordinances of that law were in themselves contrary to the natural instincts of man. If the soul of man found content in obeying them, it was by holding those natural instincts in abeyance. Some agency, more powerful than they, was brought to bear upon the mind, and it followed the stronger force.

Now, compare, in these respects, the character of Christianity with that of the system which we have been considering. When the professor of the un-faith comes with his burdened conscience to Christianity for relief, he finds it at once offered him in a way which at all events professes to be amply sufficient for the purpose: a way which has been laid forth and reasoned out again and again, both by those who first promulgated it, and by thinking and feeling men since their days. The head and front of this way of relief offered to him by Christianity, is, that what he dreads as the consequence of his guilt, has been borne for him by another, and so removed from him.

It is true that against this, stated thus barely, natural instinct at once rebels. How can another be put into my place? and, if another could be thus substituted for me, where would be the justice of such substitution?

But it is also true, that Christianity answers both these questions. As I before guarded myself, so must I now again, and say, that the answer may not be, and is not, entirely within the grasp of our human comprehension. That it should be, is not at all necessary for our present purpose. A proposition need not outrage our natural instincts, because it transcends our understanding. The direct and unavoidable result of the plainest reasoning may be a truth which we are utterly powerless to comprehend. The youngest mathematician knows that he can sum an infinite series; but how this should be passes his comprehension. He knows that any assignable quantity divided by zero gives as its quotient infinity; but again his thought is entirely baffled if he attempts to give an account of this result.

Now Christianity professes to bring out, by means surpassing his understanding, a result which does not violate his natural instincts. It sets before him, as the satisfaction for his guilt, the fact that the Son of God himself has entered into manhood, and taken our nature upon himself, and has in that nature suffered the penalty due to the guilt of our entire race. Further, that in our flesh

He rendered possible, by becoming in it the Righteous Head and root of all perfection, the keeping of the pure requirements of God's holy law. Further, that He set on earth the brightest example of love, and meekness, and wisdom, that man has ever seen. Further, that He overcame death by rising again after He had died on the Cross, and carried up our glorified nature to the throne of God, thus uniting our manhood to the Godhead, and gaining for us the gift of the Spirit of God, coming to us direct through his glorified manhood. So guilt is removed from us; so death has lost its sting for us; so there is no condemnation any longer for man.

But again, thus barely put, Christianity would shock our natural instincts. Are men thus to be treated as mere machines—saved from guilt and from condemnation in spite of themselves? Not so. The remedy is universal: but the application of it must be particular. So it is with all that depends on the free-will of man. The un-faith will not be saved in un-faith. The mind and purpose and character of the Redeemer was one and uniform, and it was such that those who are to profit by Him must follow Him and be as He was; and that, by His help, and power derived through Him.

And so Christianity opens the way to all the grandest aspirations and all the highest strivings of humanity. It identifies the Redeemer, who has loved and striven and taught and suffered, with the Creator, who implanted in us the sympathies which are at the root of our affections and endurances. Whatever God has endowed us with, Christ came to elevate and hallow. He was the representative, not of one sex only, but of both. As His character is to us the pattern of man's courage and loftiness, so is it of womanly endurance and tenderness. There is not a noble effort of man, not a tender tear of woman, but may find its glorified reflection in Him. On the one hand, take any one of the instincts of our natural reason, purify it of all adventitious matter, divorce it from all worldly and selfish regards: and the more you do this, the more times you pass it through the refining crucible, the nearer will you bring it to one of the precepts of the Gospel of Christ. On the other, take any one of those His precepts, make it as simple as you can, divest it of its divine sublimity, look at it in the common light of our loves, and desires, and fears, and the more you do this, the nearer will that precept approach to one of the universally recognised instincts of the heart of our humanity.

Let not religious persons misunderstand me. I am very far from saying that our Lord came for nothing but to affirm our natural instincts: He came to lift us far, far above them. But what I say is, that His teaching is based upon them, and in our faith in Him, and our obedience to Him, not one of them is violated, but every one of them is affirmed and exalted. And when I say this, I include in our natural instincts those deep yearnings after truth, which every honest mind feels within itself: that refusal to admit and receive falsehood, however recommended. I say that Christianity does satisfy those yearnings after truth, fully and entirely. And I will explain what I mean by saying this.

Truth is of many kinds. Truth of narration, if by one alone, is simple: if by many, complex. And this complexity must be measured in some degree by the nature of the facts narrated. If *they* are simple, of one bearing only, and easily apprehended, then even many narrators may be expected to agree almost entirely, even to outward seeming of words: if they are themselves complex, of many bearings, and not easily apprehended, then many narrators cannot be expected to agree in the points by which they lay hold of them, in the bearings which each assigns to them, in the manner of labouring after their apprehension. Now the facts related in our Gospels are manifestly of this latter kind. They are not simple, but very complex: they have not one only bearing, but many: they are for the most part difficult of apprehension. And on this their nature the character of the combined truth of the narratives depends. Truth would have been infinitely more compromised by perfect mutual agreement between the narrators, than it is now, with all the varieties of

incident, diction, arrangement, and reported character.

When the champion of the un-faith tells me that, for instance, the fourth Gospel is hopelessly and irreconcilably discrepant from the former three, a certain estimate in my mind sinks very low: it is not my estimate of Christianity, but my estimate of *him*. If a thinking man can be insensible to the charms of that higher and deeper truth, which both hovers over and underlies the joint but various narratives of the Synoptists and St. John, there must be lower grades in the capacities of human thought, and feebler measures of the powers of appreciation, than I had hitherto believed to exist.

Meantime, we who hold, and strive to live by, Christianity, do profess ourselves, and claim to be, reasonable men. We know of no pure natural yearning, or instinct of our nature, which we are called upon to outrage by the belief or practice of our religion. Our yearning for truth is satisfied in its accredited history. Our social affections are hallowed and warmed by its teaching, and above all by its great Example. Our burden of guilt is removed by His sacrifice. Our dread of death has, by means of hope in Him as the Resurrection and the Life, been turned into solemn anticipation and lively hope.

And we court all honest enquiry into the grounds of our faith—all fair criticism of our Scriptures, and of their rules of life and belief. What we will not submit to, nor aid or abet in any man, is, dishonest and unfair challenge to maintain our ground against pre-judgment and clamorous scorn. We believe that such antagonisms will wear themselves out: and we have no fancy for lengthening their existence by giving them our infirmities to feed upon.

HENRY ALFORD.





MUSIC.

A SPIRIT came out from the Lord
To play on the spirit of man ;
That thrilled like a wind-shaken chord
When the hymn of the ages began.
And the spirit at first was a light,
Playing over their souls as a glass ;
And the whiteness thereof in their sight
Was full of fair colours that pass.
The spirit again was a stream
Wherein their own faces seem fair ;
Till they looked and saw new faces gleam
More beautiful still in the air ;
And they faded and left them alone ;
But they fashioned, and were not forlorn,
The ghosts of that beauty in stone,
And the word and the deed were twin-born.
And triumph, and joy, and defeat,
And the far-away echo of wrong,
Were musical, holy, and sweet,
For the spirit was changed to a song.
And thereafter they sought to the truth,
And the seeking was more than the sought ;
For the world was forsaking her youth,
And the spirit was changed to a thought.
The spirit is changed to a sound,
Vague, shapeless, without any speech ;
It is gone forth, being unbound,
Blind, aimless, of infinite reach.

That the age of our spirits might melt,
And the noise of our strife be at one,
In the raptures that never were felt,
At the deeds that have never been done,

Of a country, where uttermost bliss
And anguish are almost the same,
Of whose life we know nothing but this—
It is—and it has not a name ;

Where the perfume goes up from the flowers,
Where the lustre goes up from the dew,
That life which we know not is ours,
And the spirit's last song is most true.

For we are what we do not know,
We shall have what we do not dream ;
And our gladness, and labour, and woe
Are nothing, whatever they seem.

And the eyes of the soul shall see,
We shall find what we have not sought,
When the spirit is spirit, and free,
Not a sight, not a song, not a thought.

Are the wings of the spirit broken,
For the sound of his flying is still ?
Is the promise ineffably spoken,
For the silence alone to fulfil ?

It is darkness and silence again,
The shadowy wings are not spread,
And we echo their murmur in vain,
He is still, he is dumb, and not dead.

Yea, being a spirit, to die
Was never the law of his birth,
And he would not have needed to fly,
Except to come down to the earth.

But he rises himself, through the seas
Of the fathomless heaven, and sings,
Floating back to his Master at ease,
With our hearts folded up in his wings.

G. A. SIMCOX.



SHORT ESSAYS AND APHORISMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

No time for it.—That seems to be the thing that we all fail to consider sufficiently in this brief life of ours. Now, if we had the length of life that the patriarchs enjoyed,—after we had learnt everything that was to be learnt, and had made a few discoveries of our own, and had arranged all our affairs most comfortably, there would then be time to spare for carrying on a good, wholesome feud with any of our neighbours, and for annoying the world generally by vexatious diplomacy and long wars. One could then afford to expend a trifle of time, say twenty or thirty years of our lives, in pleasures of this kind. But with our present short period of existence, there is no time for indulging in these luxuries of mischief.

There is not greater nonsense talked about anything than about inconsistency. The truth is, no man ever is inconsistent. His utterances are inconsistent; but, did we know all about him, and about the circumstances which he has to encounter, we should not speak of the man as inconsistent.

A curious illustration of what I mean may be given in this way.

There shall be a father and a son advocating opposite views. The world says, How unlike are these two men; whereas the opposition of their views shows, perhaps, the similarity of their characters: if they agreed now, their ages and their experience of life being so different, it would be a proof of great dissimilarity of character.

When the tourist goes over some old castle or palace, and his attention is arrested by horrible dungeons, torture-chambers, and oubliettes, he wonders how, in former days, the inhabitants of that castle or palace could have slept comfortably, or revelled, or made love, having cognisance all the time of the horrors that were beneath them. But there is a similar thing everywhere—to wit, Belgravia and Bethnal Green. It is wonderful how completely people can ignore the existence of painful things that are very close to them.

People sometimes contend that the sense of property is a thing that should be dulled rather than encouraged. But this is, in some respects, a mistake. If "Rich London" had a keen sense of property in "Poor London," there would be nothing which would have more effect in removing squalidity throughout the metropolis. Whereas, not only the sense of property, but even of neighbourhood, is greatly lost in this huge city.

The squire has a painful sense of property in some poor hovel that is on the outskirts of his estate, but which is his, and unpleasantly reminds him, as he rides by, of Mr. Drummond's saying, "that property has its duties as well as its rights."

On sunny mornings in early summer, when the mind is most hopeful, and one is prone to take a favourable view of everything and of everybody, one may be disposed to enumerate eleven persons amongst one's friends, relations, and acquaintances, who, we think, might be entrusted with a whip, if we ourselves were to be classed amongst the lower animals.

On the other hand, in November days, one cannot make out a list of more than five people who could be thus trusted. Probably the mean number is the right thing; and a man of large acquaintance may admit that there are eight persons whom he would not much fear if he were one of the lower animals, and whom he would allow to be entrusted with a whip.

Among the astounding things to be seen in this strange world, not the least astonishing is the fact of such immense power over himself, over the lower animals, and, to some extent, over all those who come near him, being entrusted to every man. And the word "man," in this case, certainly includes man, woman, and child.

If there are eight persons whom one would trust with a whip to be used upon oneself, is there more than one upon earth whom one could trust to criticise our works or our actions?

Prefaces are generally very little attended to: that is the reason why so many secrets

are unintentionally betrayed. The man to whom a secret is told, remembers the secret because it is something amusing, or interesting, or scandalous; but he forgets the dull preface which preceded it, wherein he was admonished "to be sure not, for the world, to tell anybody what he was going to be told."

Our life is a continual decadence of power.

From one till three years old, we are Lord Paramount Baby. From three till about twenty-seven, we are subject to our superiors—parents, masters, college dons, senior counsel, rectors, and other authorities. From about the age of twenty-seven to the end of our lives we are ruled over by those who are facetiously called our inferiors—wives, sons, daughters, servants, clerks, deputies, and junior partners. And this is the harshest rule of all, and often the most galling; for the cruelty of the weak to the strong, of the inferior to the superior, is often very great; and there is an irony about it which is very painful, though somewhat ludicrous.

When a man in power asks for time to consider anything, it is generally in order that he may be able to consult his immediate inferior, without whose sanction he dares not assent to anything.

Any one who is much talked of, must be much maligned. This seems to be a harsh conclusion; but when you consider how much more given men are to depreciate than to appreciate, you will acknowledge that there is some truth in the saying.

The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household; but he cannot make it. That must rest with the woman, and is her greatest privilege.

We often suffer ourselves to be put out of all our bearings by some misfortune, not of the most serious kind, which looks very black at the time, but which from its nature cannot be lasting. We are thus like ignorant hens that insist upon going to roost in mid-day

because there is a brief transitory eclipse of the sun.

The love of poetry seldom commences before the beard begins to make its appearance. Boys, honest fellows! generally pronounce all poetry to be, what in their language they call "bosh." The love of poetry is apt to fade away from most men much at the same time as the liking for sweets. Again, the love of poetry is inevitably checked and somewhat suppressed by the labours and anxieties of middle life. It thus appears, that, from careless boyhood up to careful old age, the poets have but a small portion of human existence for them to work upon. Why, therefore, should they often be so laboriously obscure?

In the investigation of human character, there is one signal mistake made by nearly all investigators. They have formed a notion of the nature and effect of some particular virtue, or vice, or quality. But they will not perceive that the virtue, vice, or quality in question becomes a very different thing when implanted in different persons—for instance, one man's vanity is so very different from another man's vanity, and probably from every other man's vanity, that it requires a separate investigation for itself. Chemistry, better than anything else, will illustrate the truth of this statement. One elementary substance meets with another elementary substance with which it can combine, and the compound substance thus formed becomes quite different in its properties from either of its component parts. But, to descend from this scientific view of the matter, it will suffice to say that, no one human creature being really very like another, their respective qualities, of which, in the abstract, we know something, will take very different forms and powers, according to the personality on which they act. Now Rochefoucault knew a great deal about the selfishness of man, but he would not have been able to guide or govern individual men by means of their selfishness, any better, perhaps, than a mere clown, unless he had taken pains to study each individual.

We make some general distinctions, which are not bad, as very rough guides, in the characteristics of nations. But you shall have an Englishman or a Frenchman whom no one shall be able to accuse of being un-national, yet who has not one single characteristic of

his nation which you can rely upon, as a means to influence him.

Perhaps the greatest error of the kind alluded to is when a man makes his own mind the measure of another's mind, and thinks that it is influenced in the same way and to the same degree, by passions or qualities having only the same names.

Rapid generalisation is the ruin of scientific research.

Where flatterers fail, is from their vulgar habit of applying the same kind of flattery to all people. They would never be found out, if they knew better. It cannot be said of flattery, as was said by an old winebibber of port wine, "Sir, there are different sorts of port; but all port wine is good." Now, the "sort" is everything in flattery; that it should be the right sort, addressed to the right man. The famous line in Horace,

"Cui male si palpare recalcitret undique tutus,"

conveys the real truth. It was not that the flattery that was imagined to be addressed to Augustus was bad in itself, but that it was not of a sort which would succeed when applied to him. It is not to be asserted that any man is proof against flattery; only that he is proof against the wrong kind of flattery—that is, wrong for him. And even then it must be admitted that the great majority of persons are pleased at seeing that anybody cares to flatter them, even though it is clumsily and provokingly done.

It is a melancholy fact that one has to go through so many phases of opinion before one can rely upon the truthfulness of delineation of any character represented in history. Henry VIII. has been "whitewashed." Nero is in the process of being "whitewashed." And we are decidedly learning, from Mr. Spedding, that Bacon was not the meanest of mankind.

Now, there is an historical personage for whom I want to say something, as I suspect he has been largely calumniated. It is our patron saint, St. George of "merrie England." It will always be a good joke against the English, that they have chosen a contractor for their patron saint; for St. George made his fortune by getting a contract to supply the army with bacon. But this does not

imply the extent of vice and wickedness with which poor St. George is universally credited. Gibbon has no words too bad for him. Now, let me take down Gibbon, and show you what may be said on the other side, and how loosely the accusations against St. George are framed.

"George was born in Epiphania in Silesia, in a fuller's shop."

"From this obscure and servile origin he raised himself by the talents of a parasite."

Now, why "servile," why "parasite?" Surely a free man, as well as a serf, may be born in a fuller's shop! Suppose the poor youth, from his agreeable manners and activity in business, found friends and patrons in a higher class, is that any blame to him? Horace says well,

"Principibus placuisse viris haud ultima laus est."

Gibbon proceeds thus:—"They procured for their worthless dependent a lucrative commission or contract to supply the army with bacon."

Why "worthless?" There is not a particle of evidence to show that, at that time, he had done anything which justifies the word "worthless."

Then Gibbon tells of his malversations as regards this contract. I am not able to rebut the statement, but I should very much like to hear what St. George would have to say to it.

"He," then, says Gibbon, "embraced, with real or affected zeal, the profession of Arianism."

Why "affected?" why "profession?" Here are two most damaging words introduced in a most sinister and unwarrantable manner. This is the way in which men's characters are ruined by insinuation, and this is the way in which great historians sometimes write. How could Gibbon know whether the zeal was affected or not? Almost every Christian in that day was a vehement Arian or a vehement Athanasian!

Then observe the next sentence. "From the love or the ostentation of learning, he collected a valuable library of history, rhetoric, philosophy, and theology; and the choice of the prevailing faction promoted George of Cappadocia to the throne of Athanasius."

Why "ostentation?" Again, I say, how could Gibbon know whether it was "love," or "ostentation," of learning? It seems to me rather in a man's favour that, after he had made his fortune, as a contractor, he should have devoted a large part of it to the formation of a great library. By the way,

it was the grandest library of that age, and the Emperor Julian used to borrow books from it.

Then, of course, he is represented to have behaved infamously as an archbishop; but it must be recollected that these infamies are chiefly narrated by members of the Athanasian party, after he had been torn to pieces by that party. Now, suppose there should ever come to be such a person as a Protestant pope, and he, or one of his successors, were to make saints of the two great leaders of political parties in England, what spiteful things, by no means absolutely true, would the partizans of the opposite factions (a party would be sure to be called a faction in the future "Gibbon's" pages) bring against St. William and St. Benjamin?

Ill-natured deeds are very rare when compared with ill-natured words; in short, the proportion of the deeds to the words is as Falstaff's pennyworth of bread to his monstrous quantity of sack. It would be a shrewdly good bargain for the world to agree that ill-natured *deeds* should be multiplied by ten, if only the ill-natured *words* were to be diminished by one-half; for, though the deed may be a much larger and more potent thing than the word, it often does not give nearly as much pain. Dependents would gain very much by this bargain, for they seldom suffer much from deeds, but a great deal from words. Many a man goes through life scattering ill-natured remarks in all directions, who has never done to his knowledge, an ill-natured deed, and who probably considers himself a very good-natured fellow, but one, however, who takes a knowing view of all human beings, and of all human affairs, and is not to be imposed upon by anything or anybody.

Which, of the seven supports to human nature, under troubles and difficulties, can be most relied upon, and least spared? The seven supports are good spirits, good temper, pride, vanity, power of endurance, hopefulness, and the love of others. To the above question, a cynic answered, "Without doubt, vanity."

Why?

Because it is always present. Common parlance proves this fact. You can say of a man, He has lost his good spirits, his good temper, his love for others, his pride, his

power of endurance, his hopefulness; but who ever heard any one say of another, "He has lost his vanity?"

It would be a curious subject for investigation, to observe how those resolves are adopted which have great influence upon the lives of men. A statesman of our time once remarked that he had not been so much influenced by the things that were meant to influence him, such as wise sayings in books, or by anything that had been directly addressed to him, as he had by chance remarks, made, perhaps in common conversation, which he found were singularly applicable to himself. Perhaps a similar thing might be observed, if men were observant in such matters, as regards their resolves generally. It is in this case, as often happens, that the shaft, shot carelessly, which was not aimed at the gold, goes right into the centre of it.

That word "gradually" has come to have a wrong meaning in most men's minds. They do not think of it as applying to something which occurs by steps according to the Latin derivation, but as something which moves up or down an inclined plane. Now it was the remark of one of the shrewdest men of our time, that almost every mental operation seems to go by steps. In learning anything this is to be seen. Yesterday there was a great difficulty; to-day it is overcome by some sudden apprehension of the mind, which may be compared to a step. So, in the moral workings of our nature, every movement seems to go by steps. He noted this especially as regards retrograde movement. A good resolve is formed, but, as he said, it is gradually let down like a boat in a canal, by successive locks. This is admirably illustrated by one of Miss Ferrier's or Miss Austin's novels, where a son left very well off, is enjoined by his father, on his death-bed, to provide for his sisters. The son begins by thinking that he must allow his sisters £1,000 a-year; but by successive locks he gradually lowers his generous intention till it comes down to a determination to send them some fruit, flowers, and game occasionally, which as he, or his wife, says, is all that his good father could have intended.

What an immense respect one has for a

man who is just dead, thinking that he may have suddenly come into such a vast estate of knowledge ! This feeling goes off after a time, when one thinks that he is only one of the majority ; but at first it is a striking—nay, an almost appalling thought. And the newly-dead man may be what we call an ignorant peasant, which adds much to the dread nature of the thought.

What a remarkable thing is the *claque* in French theatres. It may not be known to all readers what this *claque* is, and so I will describe it. It consists of a body of men hired to applaud, and whose applause is regulated by the leader of the *claque*. The applause begins and ends simultaneously, and is totally unlike real applause, which rises gradually, and afterwards falls into a dropping fire of clapping.

When I am at a French theatre I am fascinated by the *claque*, which suggests to me two or three strange thoughts. First it shows me the immense strength that there is in an institution, however absurd it may be and uncalled for. Everybody despises the *claque* ; it checks the very thing it was meant to encourage ; but still it lives on. That, too, amongst such an intelligent people as the French.

Then I think how, in modern times, business, elaborate arrangement, and mechanism, have entered into all forms of pleasure. The sportsman no longer shoulders his gun and takes what luck he may find in sport ; but all is arranged for him beforehand, and he keeps his game-books with an accuracy worthy of a merchant's clerk. Dinners, balls, evening-parties, have become matters of business and policy, and there is little left in the way of pleasure that is hearty, genuine, joyous, or spontaneous.

Let us see who are the people who make society disagreeable.

First, there are managing people. The managing people are of three kinds. They are either imperious persons, or very good-natured persons, or very conceited persons. And sometimes the three motives which cause a man or woman to be troublesomely managing are combined in one and the same person.

Now, the objection which most people have to being managed is, that they have an unconquerable wish to manage for themselves.

But there is another and a very potent cause why people often reject the most excellent proposals for being managed. It is, that the managing person does not know some secret, but very strong, motive of the person to be managed ; and therefore all the manager's wise suggestions are beside the mark.

Let us take a familiar instance which might occur in real life. There is a young man (we will call him Mr. Amans) in the same house with one of the tribe of managers. Mr. Amans is asked by what train he is returning to London, and he says by the 10 o'clock train. This is in the smoking-room, after the ladies have gone to bed. Up jumps the manager, whips out his "Bradshaw," and tells Mr. Amans that it is positive insanity not to go by the 9 o'clock train. "If you go by the 10 o'clock train, a very slow train, you will not get into town till 4 o'clock in the morning—a most uncomfortable time ; whereas, if you go by the 9, you will be in by 12 at night, and have a good night's rest. Do let me order the carriage for half-past 8 o'clock !" The young man looks very sheepish, stammers out some foolish objection to the 9 o'clock train ; but holds his ground, and will not be managed. And why ? Mr. Amans thought that there was a faint return on the part of Miss Amata to the warm pressure of his hand when he bade her good night that evening ; and he would lose fifty nights' rest, and rightly too, in order to ascertain whether that faint return of pressure will be repeated, or, perhaps, increased, on the ensuing morning. Now, the family breakfast is not until 9 o'clock.

The above is an instance of a trivial and familiar nature ; but the same thing runs through life. When the manager thinks any of us unreasonable, he may reflect that perhaps he does not know all the motives, which, however unreasonable, determine us to a course of action contrary to that which he so ably recommends.

Then there is the class of people whom I venture to call the observantines. They must make remarks about everything ; and there are a great many things in this life which had better pass without any remark.

Then there are the objective people. Let any one say anything, however wise or foolish, important or unimportant, they must instantly take an objection. They really do not mean to abide by their objection ; but they must take it. Nothing should be done without being well argued over ; and it is their business to see that objection is made to whatever is proposed.

Then there are the explanative people. Now, even the cleverest man, and the most adroit talker, utters many sentences which are needless. You see at once what he is going to say. But the explanative person will not let you off one single jot of explanation. His talk is like the writing of a stupid book for children.

Then there is the discursive talker. You are discussing the effect of the large importations of gold from Australia. He unfortunately enters into the discussion, and in a short time you find that the original subject has vanished, and that you are discussing the mode of rearing pine-apples at Chatsworth. This kind of man seems to be sent into the world to destroy everything like good conversation.

— is always very great upon the subject of the rights, privileges, and duties of belligerents. One of his conclusions is rather startling. It is that a general has no right to lay waste a country and to destroy its provisions without first killing the inhabitants; for, as he says with much emphasis, nature does not provide too much food, and starvation is a most cruel form of death. Such are the tender mercies which can be maintained to be duties in the prosecution of war.

Courage is a most difficult thing either to understand or to define, as there are so many sorts of it, and it is so complicated with nervousness or the absence of nervousness. We now know that sensation is conveyed from the eye to the brain more rapidly in some men than in others. This must make a difference in readiness—a thing which is often mistaken for courage. Then again the different degrees of largeness and swiftness of intellectual apprehension must greatly affect the outward show of courage. One man, for instance, takes in at once the total danger: another, whose apprehension is not so rapid, takes in only a part. Supposing the courage of these two men to be equal, the manifestation of that courage on any given occasion of danger occurring to both of them, will be very different. And, in general, as we never know how great or how small the danger in question appears to the man whose courage we are considering, we cannot measure the extent of his courage. Then there are unconquerable aversions and terrors—probably descending from ancestors, or implanted in

early childhood; and the man who is exceedingly brave on all ordinary occasions, is childishly timid when his particular terror or aversion comes upon him. We see this when a great general shivers away from a spider, but we do not consider that there may be something similar in the case of dangers which nearly resemble one another—such, for example, as a battle and a fire. The man, who could withstand, with his fellow-men in single line, a charge of cavalry, may lose all command of himself on the occurrence of a fire in his own house, because of some homely reminiscence unknown to the observing bystander. Altogether I think it is very rash to pronounce about any man, that he is a brave man or a coward.

Of all the resources of government, none are so wastefully employed as their powers of conferring honour. This is true of nearly all countries. In Great Britain the waste is not occasioned by profusion, but by caprice, uncertainty, irrelevancy. The king (it was in George III.'s time) is asked to give a right of going through the park to some gentleman. "No, no," replies the king, "I cannot do that; but you may make him an Irish baron." The above is not an unfavourable specimen of the way in which honours have been granted.

There are many points worthy of notice as regards this subject.

First, there is the foolish idea that men do not care for honours. This is an entire mistake. There is nothing in the world they care for more.

Then there is the delusion that the granting of many honours would weaken the value of them. At present, when what few honours are granted, are given for the most trivial and inadequate reasons, these honours have anything but their full value. Of course, it takes away from the value of a peerage when a man is made a peer because he is rich, and because he has fought party battles in his county or his borough, with liberality and vigour. Everybody feels that that is not a service done to the state; and accordingly the honour loses much of its value and its dignity.

The same with knighthood. If that honour is given as a mere formality because a man has presented an address, or has received a sovereign at dinner, the honour in question is proportionately lowered.

Then it is said, and this is a favourite argument of men in power, that if you oblige

one man by giving him an honour, you disoblige three or four persons who think that they have exactly similar claims. There is some truth in this, but it must be remembered that you keep all those three or four persons in a state of hopeful expectation that if they work on, they too will eventually gain the honour. There is no telling the quantity of good service that a government might get from people, if these people only saw that they had a fair chance of receiving honour for good service. And frequently there is no other way of paying them, for they do not want money. Now, as the tendency in modern times is to make government more and more difficult, it behoves government to husband all its resources, and to make the best use of them.

I pass to another head of the subject. A state which has many colonies should seek to win its eminent colonists, and to knit the infant to the parent state by a careful distribution of honours in these colonies. When an eminent colonist can say, not merely *civis Anglicanus sum*, but *eques Anglicanus sum*, depend upon it, he is sure to become an attached citizen to the imperial government. The Privy Council of England should be enriched and enlightened by the introduction into it of some of the most distinguished colonists, who, when in this country, should be able, as it were, to have some voice in the government.

Now, to another branch of the subject.

Why should we chiefly honour and dignify the members of one or two professions or callings, to the exclusion of the rest? Why should many lawyers and soldiers be promoted to honour, while doctors and surgeons, men of science, men of letters, great merchants, great employers of labour, distinguished civil servants, are for the most part left out in the cold? In France they could have their Baron Dupuytren, while in England there is not an instance of a great medical man being raised to the peerage, though it is said Sir Astley Cooper much desired that honour.

Again, as to men of science, art, and literature, people say it would be so difficult to found an order of merit for such men. I cannot see it. It appears to me that the world knows very well, or nearly well enough, who are the distinguished men in science, art, and literature. Some mistakes would of course be made; but, upon the whole, the public would take care that the dispensers of honours to this class of men should not go far wrong.

There is another very important point connected with this subject, namely, that this just dispensation of honours would tend to correct the inordinate craving after wealth, which is the sin and sorrow of the present day. Moreover, it would tend to correct the frantic desire of getting into Parliament which besets so many men who are unfit for that vocation, but who discern in it the only way of arriving at personal honour and social distinction.

SPRING FLOWERS.

"Non semper idem floribus est honor
Vernis." HORACE.

LAST year's flowers have fled,
Last year's leaves are dead,
Last year's glories gone from earth and sky :
Now fresh flowerets blow,
Green boughs bravely show,
Spring resumes her gracious sovereignty.
But there never came
Flower or leaf the same
As were dear in days for ever past :
Tender thoughts of death
Chill your sweetest breath,
Flowers so like, yet so unlike, the last !
All that with them went,
All the sweet event
Of the household year : the loving ties
That were bound or broken,
All the love unspoken,
All the grief suppressed, within us rise.



"Now fresh flowerets blow,
Green boughs bravely show,
Spring resumes her gracious sovereignty."

Plucked by hands at rest ;
 Worn upon the breast
 Now unheaving ; touched by lips of some
 Forlorn in climes afar,
 Or who past the bar
 Hate and shame have set, no more shall come.

Never last year's flowers,
 Never last year's hours,
 Live again in flowers and hours of earth ;
 Spring must bring the pain
 Of longings felt in vain
 For the dear past that has no second birth.

Yet ye are as fair,
 New-blown flowers, as e'er
 Charmed the happy sense in earlier summers :
 Upon you lies as yet
 No shadow of regret ;
 Hues of hope adorn the sweet new-comers.

Hope to joy shall grow,
 Or be quenched in woe—
 Ye shall take the tint of each day's story ;
 When ye too shall fade,
 Ever undecayed
 Our hearts shall cherish your memorial glory.

But that last year's died,
 Ne'er in vernal pride
 Had ye come, new-fraught with joy and pain ;
 So your death assures
 Later blooms than yours—
 Life grows rich by wresting loss to gain.

Happy who forgets
 All his vain regrets,
 Dries betimes his tears, and nobly lives,
 Richer for his loss,
 Stronger for his cross,
 Using well all hap Our Father gives !

D. LAING PURVES.

HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

By THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

II.—ELISHA.

No two men are linked together more closely in Scripture history than Elijah and Elisha ; and no two are in character and the circumstances of their lives more sharply opposed to each other. Elijah stands before us suddenly, without one note of preparation, in the fulness of the prophetic office as "the Tishbite, of the inhabitants of Gilead ;" startling Ahab in his pride of power as though called by the king's sins out of the earth on which he stood ; and denouncing judgment on him in the name of "the Lord God of Israel before whom I stand." We have no hint of the training for the prophet's office which preceded this its sudden development, though we may conjecture that his frame was hardened on the mountain ranges of Gilead, and his spirit attuned by solitary musings to the notes of power and judgment which marked all his prophetic utterances.

Elisha, on the contrary, comes before us with a touch of circumstance which almost reveals to us the history of his youth. He is "Elisha the son of Shaphat, of Abel-meholah."

Instead of the child of the desert, full of the wild strength bred of lonely wanderings amidst the ranges of Gilead, we have the child of a peaceful, wealthy agricultural home in the rich valley of the Jordan. His call to the prophet's office finds him full of the employments which belonged to such a life. Elijah's homeward course from the marvels which had surrounded him at Horeb was ordered for him by the divine voice through the plain of Jordan. As he passes up it he reaches one of its pleasantest scenes, where the wood-tangled banks of Jordan, and the stern acacia groves open out into the rich arable plain, and the laughing brightness of a river-bordered meadow. He is at Abel-meholah, the "meadow of the dance," well known to the dark-eyed daughters of Judah and its jocund sons in festal seasons of rejoicing. There, on his father's lands, Elisha is superintending the ploughing of the fertile soil. The dark, awful form of the elder prophet rises suddenly on his view, and overshadows his soul with the awfulness of a spirit's presence. He does not ask the errand on which the great messenger was bound; he does not venture to disturb the stride of that silent figure even with the congenial offer of an hospitable reception. But as Elijah passes by, still, as it seems, speechless, and as one borne onward by some divine impulse, he pauses for a moment, and the young man finds cast upon his own shoulders the well-known sheepskin mantle of the mighty Tishbite. Jehovah's call even in the doing of that simple act subdues his whole spirit, and he leaves the oxen and runs after the prophet, saying, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and I will follow thee." Elijah, with that deep knowledge of the springs of human conduct which is bred in solitary spirits by the introverted gaze so familiar to their souls, does but fix the hook in the already captive will of him whom he has mystically summoned, by the seeming disavowal of his act in the words, "Go back again, for what have I done unto thee?" Elisha's soul felt what he had done, and with no half-reverted, half-longing gaze after the sweetness of the home life which he knew was lost to him, but with the determination of a settled purpose which needed not to fly from enticements which he had already in his strong will subdued, he returns back from the departing prophet, slays for a parting feast of consecration the oxen whom he should guide no more along the furrows of the familiar plain, and then, having bid adieu to his father and his mother, arises, and goes after Elijah, and ministers to him.

Doubtless he forecast all, and it may be more than all, that this ministering implied; for it was not as a mere attendant servant, such as afterwards Gehazi was to himself, but as his fellow, and as his successor in his prophetic ministry, that Elisha was called by Elijah to leave all and to follow him. So the divine command had run, "Elisha the son of Shaphat, of Abel-meholah, shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room;" and so Elisha doubtless understood it. It needed no small share of courage and devotion to accept at his hands the fearful trust of such an office in degenerate Israel. What a life had Elijah's been! How must it have shown to Elisha in the very aspect of him who now stood before him, and mystically claimed his life's companionship! As that awful figure passed on its lonely way, what impression must have rested on the mind of the home-loving, happy son of Abel-meholah! In Elijah he saw what it was in Ahab's days to be the prophet of Jehovah. He followed with his gaze the houseless, homeless, saddened, solitary man, with his grand, deep, capacious brow, even at this moment darkened with the thunder of Horeb, with his uncombed Nazarite locks falling thick upon his shoulders, with his half-clad, great limbs exhibiting the gaunt strength of one conversant with hungry, droughty marches, with toilsome days and sleepless nights, with the defiant stride of one whose life was ever in his hand, threatened alike by the impulsive violence of Ahab, and the more dangerous, revengeful hatred of his Zidonian queen, and by the capricious impulses of a perverse people. But Jehovah's call brought with it Jehovah's strength, and he arose and ministered unto him. So definite was Elisha's commission; so different even in its distinctness from the dark mystery which hangs around the unknown summons which had first compelled Elijah to bow his iron neck to the prophetic yoke.

Moreover, whereas Elijah's training is as untraceable as his call, we have at least the outline history of Elisha's. He was known afterwards to one of the servants of Jehoshaphat the king of Israel as "the son of Shaphat, which poured water on the hands of Elijah." For seven years at least the companionship and the training seems to have lasted; seven years which would stamp deeply on the receptive nature of the younger man many of the great outlines of the prophetic character of his master and his friend. And when at last he heard the fearful warning, "Knowest thou not that the Lord will take thy master from thy head to-day?" and

felt that he was henceforth to bear alone all the heavy burden of the prophet's office, we know as to Elisha the accompaniments as well as the essence of the full accomplishment of his call. The Spirit of God has recorded for us those unresting journeyings between Gilgal, Bethel, and Jericho, which preceded the ascent of the great Tishbite into heaven; the last communings of the departing prophet with his successor; the permission, "Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee," in which, as though conscious of his approaching audience with the mighty Lord of all, he offers to send back from the heavenly treasury whatever his faithful follower might know himself to need; the "hard thing" which Elisha's craving soul desired—the double portion—the eldest son's inheritance—of his master's spirit; the doubtful grant of the bold petition, confirmed by the open vision of the ascension granted to his wondering eyes; the assumption of his master's mantle by the widowed successor; and the miraculous opening of his ministry, by the smiting and dividing with it of the Jordan waters.

This diversity in the providential training of the two prophets in some degree prepares us for the broad distinction stamped from the very first upon their prophetic course. Elijah's had been a dispensation of judgment; Elisha's was a dispensation of gentleness. Elijah enters on his office with the denunciation of the fearful drought, which for three years and six months consumed the land of Israel; Elisha opens his by healing at Jericho the spring of waters which were naught, and in their flow made the land barren: "So the waters were healed unto this day," says the sacred historian; and still tradition, reaching from Josephus to the reports of our latest oriental travellers, prolongs unto the present time the "this day" of the Bible chronicler. For still, above the present town breaks forth, on its north-western side, the healed spring, belting the arid plain with a band of verdure, and perpetuating to all time the remembrance of this pervading feature of Elisha's miracles. Such in character, with exceptions which shall be noticed presently, they were throughout. Thus, to run rapidly through them, he delivers the kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom from the destruction which lay before them in their campaign against Moab; he multiplies the supply of oil from the single barrel, which was the sole remaining property of the widow of the son of the prophets, whose two sons were about to be sold for debt; he obtains for the childless "great woman of Shunem"

the coveted gift of a son, and, many years afterwards, miraculously restores him to life when the fatal stroke of the summer's sun had brought him to the grave; he heals the poisoned food, which threatened at Gilgal the lives of the company of the sons of the prophets; he multiplies the ears of corn to feed a needy crowd; he heals the leprosy of Naaman; he recovers the borrowed axe-head lost in the waters of the Jordan; and, finally, the very touch of his bones, in the tomb in which his body had been honourably laid, brings back its life to the corpse which had been thrust hastily beside his mouldering remains. It is not possible to mistake the character of this series of miracles. From first to last they bear upon them all the attributes of visitations of mercy. They are the very opposite of the judicial inflictions with which, through Elijah, the power of God broke forth to punish evil and to overawe the guilty. Yet, as in the severe course of Elijah there is one touching scene of tenderness in the bringing back to life the son of the afflicted widow; so, as though to make the contrast complete, in the midst of the long list of Elisha's miracles of mercy there occur two miracles of startling judgment, absolutely needful, probably, in the evil days on which he was cast, for the assertion of his true prophetic character, and so for his fulfilment of the work which he was set to do. The first of them belongs to the early part of his career. Going, at the beginning of his long ministry, from Jericho to Mount Carmel, he passes through the town of Bethel; there, pre-eminently, the peculiar sin of Samaria had become inveterate, and had poisoned all the springs of reverence for Jehovah and His messengers. As he treads the hot ascent skirting the forest depths which had grown rankly over ruined Ai, the children of the idol worshippers, encouraged by their fathers' sin, if not by their fathers' actual presence, mocked the new representative of Jehovah's Majesty. They had trembled, it would seem, before the personal presence of the great Nazarite, and they ridiculed the smaller stature and more ordinary aspect of Elisha. "Go up, thou hair-cropped one, go up," was the taunt of those who might have seen with something of awe in Elijah the likeness of their mighty Samson. But the message of the Lord was not to be despised, and there fell upon the prophet the inspiration of judgment; and the curse which he pronounced on them, in the name of the Lord, was forthwith executed on the mockers by the savage denizens of the neighbouring wood.

The other miracle of judgment seems dictated by a like necessity of protecting the ministry committed to him from falling into a dangerous contempt. It was the binding on Gehazi and his seed the leprosy of Naaman the Syrian. Great had been Gehazi's sin; it had dishonoured the God of Israel, in the person of his prophet, by representing him to the Syrian stranger as taking rewards for the exercise of his superhuman power; it was, too, an absolute setting at naught the divine insight granted to his master in the attempt to palm off upon him a simple falsehood. Again it was essential to vindicate God's honour that the punishment should be sharp, immediate, and patent to all. There was the same necessity as that which dictated the interruption of the gifts of life and healing, which signalised the apostolic miracles by the sudden destruction of Ananias and Sapphira, when they, too, in their day, lied in the person of St. Peter unto God the Holy Ghost. It was a note like that utterance of St. Peter against Simon Magus, "Thy money perish with thee."

But it was not only in the exercise of his miraculous gifts and the character of his miracles that this especial character of gentleness hung round the second great prophet of separated Israel, and distinguished him from his great predecessor. There is the same difference running through the whole recorded stream of his life. There is in Elisha no retiring into unknown and undiscoverable solitudes; there is none of that lightning-like presence and disappearance which marks everywhere Elijah's course. Elisha never dwelt in the lonely caverns of the range of Horeb; he is never fed by ravens in the bed of the mountain brook Cherith. His very garb bespeaks the difference between himself and the wild son of the mountains of Gilead. Instead of the scanty girdle and the sheepskin mantle, he wears the ordinary dress of those around him, so that, like them, in extreme sorrow he can "take hold of his own clothes and rend them in two pieces" (2 Kings ii. 12). He is the prophet of society, as Elijah was the prophet of solitude. He tarries with the sons of the prophets in their several haunts; he dwells in Jericho; nay, we find from incidental notices that he was possessed of a house of his own. For when, at his bidding, Naaman, the Syrian leper, is sent to him for the cure which the King of Israel had despairingly pronounced himself unable to procure, the great stranger comes "with his horses and his chariot, and stands at the door of the house of Elisha"

(2 Kings v. 9). Another passage, too, suggests an inference as to the size of his dwelling, which seems to imply that the inheritance of the son of Shaphat had not been abandoned by the prophet Elisha, for we read that "Elisha sat in his house, and the elders sat with him" (2 Kings vi. 32). Nor was it only the elders whom his mansion was capacious enough to receive, for we find the king of Israel visiting him in it; and the direction, "Open the window eastward," marks, from its possessing such an instrument almost of luxury, the character of the dwelling-place. From these passing incidents, we may with certainty infer that, whilst Elijah was in the habits of his life the counterpart of the Arab of the desert, Elisha was the example of the civilised denizen of the town. And as he lives he dies. For him no fiery chariot waits. Like ordinary men, he is "sick of the sickness whereof he dies." Round his death-bed friends gather; the king hears of his illness, and visits the departing prophet; the slow progresses of gradual decay accomplish their work; he gathers up his feet into his bed, and dies; and his honoured body is interred in a marked and well-known tomb.

Without, indeed, a far more perfect knowledge than we possess of all the particulars of their own lives, and of what was passing round them, we may be unable accurately to ascertain all the reasons which required this striking diversity; yet some of the causes, perhaps, we may discover. The first great cause, doubtless, was one which may be traced everywhere, when we search deep enough to read the laws which are revealed concerning the hidden counsels of God in His dealings with His creatures. It is that law which Elijah, the prophet of visible power, so greatly needed to learn, and which he was taught in so marvellous a manner when he stood alone with God on Horeb, when, "Behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind, an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake, a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire, a still small voice." (1 Kings xix. 11, 12). The crashing of the earthquake proclaims God's coming, but His presence is in the still small voice. It is the ever recurring lesson, "Not by power, nor by might; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Elijah's mission was the mighty earthquake, Elisha's the still small voice. The one broke up the fallow ground and prepared the earth

for the seed, yea, and sowed it often broadcast ; but the other gathered in the harvest.

In many respects, moreover, we can see that circumstances round them differed widely, and required a corresponding difference in the Witness of Jehovah. Elijah had to defy in open fight, and make head against a great and successful king. Ahab and Jezebel, in their several spheres, were persons of strong will, of powerful minds, and of widespread popularity. They were the rocks which were to be broken in pieces before the Lord. Elijah's ministry, therefore, was of the temper of the whirlwind. Elisha lives comparatively speaking in the calm. Persecution was over. There was no more hiding of the Lord's prophets by fifties in the cave, to save them from the death to which a cruel queen had doomed them ; and though the worship of Baal lingered on in the land, yet that heathen "lord of strength" had after the solemn trial of Mount Carmel, and the execution of his priests, been forced to retire into the groves for the celebration of his rites, instead of openly proclaiming in the acknowledged worship of the court his triumph over Jehovah. To cope with such altered circumstances Elisha's character was fitter than Elijah's. He could associate with the leaders of his own people ; could influence society as one who lives in the midst of it only can ; he could offer to "speak" for an applicant "to the king or to the captain of the host" (2 Kings iv. 13). He could visit Damascus not as the Bedouin of the desert, entering it suddenly, flashing out a word of fire, and then again leaving it as he came to find his safety amidst the untracked sands of the waste, before men had sufficiently recovered from the shock of his denunciations, to lay hands upon him ; but as some great foreign potentate, on whom the general in chief would wait in solemn visitation, bringing with him "a present, even every good thing in Damascus, forty camels' burden" (2 Kings viii. 9), and to whom, as the representative of his sovereign, he could say with the reverential tone in which Oriental suppleness allowed the king of men to address the messenger of God, "THY SON Benhadad, king of Syria, hath sent me to thee, saying, Shall I recover of this disease?" (2 Kings viii. 9.)

Again, the schools of the sons of the prophets with whom lingered the true faith, and on whose safety and earnestness its maintenance mainly depended, needed for their support an Elisha rather than an Elijah. They required one who could live amongst them and raise

their own habitual life, by the calm example and holy influence which distils dewlike round the man of God, in his ordinary life of devotion and obedience ; and which could not have been given to them by the earthquake visitations of the terrible Nazarite.

We must not, however, associate any idea of weakness with Elisha's character. On the contrary, though there were more dramatic incidents of outward danger, and therefore more startling displays of courage and of strength in the career of his master ; and though his desert life, and wild ministry was of necessity fuller of picturesque lights and deep shadows, than that of the child of civilisation and society, yet Elisha's was really the more perilous life to lead. The double portion of the Tishbite's spirit was needed by him quite as much to uphold Jehovah's witness in the greater temptations to which his easier life exposed him, as it was to enable him to work the larger abundance of miracles which were requisite as credentials of the prophetic character in one living as an ordinary man amongst his fellow-men. It was comparatively natural for those who only saw Elijah suddenly emerge from his unknown dwelling-place, and by some terrible denunciations strike dismay into the heart of Ahab, and then retire again into the trackless haunt from which he had issued, to believe that he was the messenger of Him who had spoken to their fathers from the thick darkness amidst the thunders and the fires of Sinai. But to force upon them the conviction that one who lived amongst them apparently just as they lived, was yet as truly Jehovah's witness, needed that perpetual display of more than human power which was so exceptionally exuberant in Elisha's ministry. And so for the inner life of his own soul greater visitations of the Divine Spirit were doubtless needed amidst the temptations of the court and the camp, and the town residence of Jericho and the country sojourning of Dothan, than when, as with Elijah, God and the soul were brought so awfully alone together, in the destitution of all outer things, amidst the savage scenes of the wilderness. But with all this difference there is no trace of weakness in the outline of Elisha's life and ministry. On the contrary, the sacred narrative seems studiously to record instances in which humanity, in all its strength of fire, of tenderness, and of daring, breaks out amidst the tamer features which surround the more civilised man. Thus as examples : In the record of Elisha's great parallel miracle

to that of Elijah, in raising to life the widow's son, there is a depth of tenderness which is not reached in the former history, touching as it is. The "great woman" of Shunem receives from the hot harvest field, with the cry of "My head, my head!" the son so marvellously given to her longing embrace. The boy sits upon her knees till noon, and then dies (2 Kings iv.). The bereaved Shunammite, with all an Eastern mother's love and inward resolution, speaks no word of sorrow; calmly tells her husband it shall be well, and mounts her ass, whilst with an eagerness which, for the first time, speaks an inward agony and purpose that will carry her through any toil, she bids her servant, "Drive and go forward; slack not thy riding for me except I bid thee." In the heat of her spirit she comes to the man of God to Mount Carmel. He, accustomed to her coming "at the new moon and the sabbath," as he worships amidst the shadows of the mountains, marks her distant approach, and waits for her until she comes to him on the hill-side, when she "caught him by the feet." Then comes that answer of Elisha, which goes straight to every heart, as he reproached the servant who would have "thrust her away:—" "Let her alone, for her soul is vexed within her, and the Lord hath hid it from me and hath not told me."

Again, what inward fire reveals itself as underlying the level outward crust of that calm character, in his words to the elders of Israel when King Jehoram sent to seize him,— "See how this son of a murderer hath sent to take away my head!" (2 Kings vi. 32).

Again, what holy daring is there in his answer to Jehoram when he came in his extremity of distress from the forces of Moab to seek counsel of the prophet of the Lord,— "What have I to do with thee? Get thee to the prophets of thy father, and to the prophets of thy mother. As the Lord of hosts liveth before whom I stand, if it were not that I regarded the presence of Jehoshaphat, the king of Judah, I would not look to thee or see thee" (2 Kings iii. 13, 14).

It is well to note these indications of vast moral strength and purpose in Elisha, not only that we may form a true estimate of his actual character, but also to prepare us for considering the last reason to be here mentioned why one so different from himself may have been chosen as the successor of Elijah.

From first to last, all holy Scripture is full of Christ. In direct prediction, in type, in example, He is ever re-appearing. It is the

perpetual presence of this one master-figure, the marvel that throughout the ten thousand mysterious characters which are inscribed upon that still unrolling scroll the same image ever recurs, which, to the eye of faith, makes up the mighty wholeness of the prophetic record.

One great instance of such acted prediction appears in the succession of Elisha to Elijah. Our Master's own express words have, in a manner, identified the prophet of Gilead with the Baptist. The resemblance is most striking: the desert home, the austere fare, the awakening message, the sinking of each great heart under the overwhelming pressure of disappointment and rejection, the cry of Elijah under the juniper tree of the wilderness echoed in the message of John from the dungeon, the scantiness of Elijah's compared with Elisha's miracles, set side by side with the fact that John did no miracles; the one rebuking Ahab, the other Herod; the persecution of Elijah by the king of Israel, stirred up by his queen, driving him, as it were, for refuge to the fiery chariot,—that of John by Herod, stirred up by his brother Philip's wife, ending John's sufferings under the sword of the executioner, and sending him to his rest. Then, too, the unfinished work of each, left to be accomplished by his successor, stamp on each alike the marked description of "forerunner." Nor when we turn from Elijah to Elisha can we fail to see the figure of the Son of man mysteriously veiled beneath the outward aspect of the second prophet. For in Elisha's life in contrast with Elijah's is the very counterpart of that which tested and condemned the wilful unbelief of the Scribes and Pharisees. "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil; the Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Again, the solitary child of the desert was the forerunner of Him who sat at the Pharisee's table and lived in the house of Mary and of Martha. Again, there is the same contrast between the moral characteristics as between the accidents recorded of the forerunner and the follower in the history of the prophets of Israel, and in the records of the evangelists. There is the almost unrelieved severity of holiness of the one; there is its entire compassionateness in the other. In both cases the biting blasts of the desert proclaim their rude contrast to the soft breezes of Abel-meholah. There is the "Let her alone" of the prophet, when the servant would thrust away the

woman who caught him by the feet; there is the "Let her alone" of the Lord when Mary anointed his feet and wiped them with her hair (1 John xii. 3—7). There is the weeping for the evils coming on the chosen people when Elisha read in Hazael's face the future woe, and when the Lord looked sadly on to the flight of the Roman eagle to Jerusalem. There are the sons of the prophets looking up in all things to their master; there are the twelve hanging on the Master's words, and St. John leaning on His breast. There is in the pitifulness of Elisha a faint human copy of the all-embracing tenderness which breathed in those words of wonder, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Again, the resemblance between the special miracles of our blessed Lord and those of Elisha is most marked. For Elisha feeds with the few ears of corn the hungry multitude; he cleanses the leper; he raises the dead to life; he multiplies the oil for the widow of the sons of the prophets, and says, "Go sell the oil and pay the debt," as our Lord puts forth his power to enable Peter to pay the tribute money. Nay, even in the last recorded miracle wrought at his tomb, when the dead man about to be buried is, by reason of the sudden incursion of the invading bands of Moabites, thrust with precipitation into Elisha's tomb, and on touching the prophet's bones rises and stands upon his feet, we have in the far back ages a wonderful picture of every Christian man's death and rising again. For does not that caverned grave speak of the new tomb hewn in the rock wherein He lay who by death overcame death; who by lying in the grave brought into it for every one of us the light of heaven

and the companionship of angels? Does it not speak of that reviving and standing on his feet which shall befall every one who by faith does indeed touch the Lord's body? and so is there not written as the interpretation of a miracle, the like of which is not to be found recorded in either Testaments, and which is at first sight startling from this singularity, as the legend of the whole life of the son of Shaphat, "Behold, a greater than Elisha is here?"

Nor is it only of the Lord in His own person of whom Elisha is thus a type. He foreshadowed in a most remarkable manner the Christ in His Church. "All the law and the prophets prophesied until John." (Matt. xi. 13.) In him the old dispensation passed away. After him, as Elisha after Elijah, came the Son of God in the Kingdom of Heaven, the Christ in His Church: with the double portion of the Spirit; with far greater powers; doing "greater works;" with the Gospel gentleness instead of the thunders of the law; with the pervading universal influence from the gift of Pentecost which was to leaven all society and spread through all empires, instead of being the witness of a solitary people in the wilderness of the world to the unity of the Godhead.

Here is the last fulfilment of all that Elisha foreshadowed. No greater prophet than the mighty Tishbite had ever shaken the heart of Israel; yet his successor in the prophets' office received a double portion of his master's spirit; and so, whilst of the great Baptist it has been declared, "Amongst them that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist," it is added, "Notwithstanding he that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he." (Matt. xi. 11.)

GOOD AND BAD:

AN EPIGRAM ON "ECCE HOMO!"

WHILST differing critics strive to find
The object in the author's mind,

The book inversely works.

Charmed by the beauty of the face,
The sceptic feels the heavenly grace

Behind the veil that lurks.

But adoration cannot brook

One least eclipse of that sweet look:

Devotion takes alarm:

And thus, however understood,
No bad book ever did such good,

No good one e'er such harm.

PHILIP HALE.



TOILING AND MOILING.

Some Account of our Working People, and How They Live.

By "GOOD WORDS" COMMISSIONER.

II.—THE CONNAUGHT COTTER.



THERE is a rich outburst of brogue in the Holyhead carriage for some minutes before the train glides out from Euston Square, and there continues to be a rich flow of it until the train runs into the Welsh station—so strongly scented with porcine perfume from the pier that it is forter, and P-jacket, and talks in a nasal drawl. But brogue now and then crops out above the drawl, and he soon proclaims himself an Irishman returning to Ireland after a long residence in Australia. His dates and reminiscences make it pretty plain that he was once a rebel, but he is now a thoroughly converted rebel of the D'Arcy M'Gee type. He still cherishes a languidly sentimental love for Ireland, but he has completely lost his whilom savage hate of England. The porcine patriot has got rid of his quills, or only keeps an odd one to make a sly prod at what he considers the folly of his countrymen. He talks of Irish rows which he remembers in a tone of amused contempt, as if he were speaking of the antics of antediluvian maniacs. A little stay-at-home Irishman, who sits beside him, is disgusted with the lanky Laodicean, and looks as if he would like to pitch into him, big as he is. Jealous for his country's present reputation for pugnacity, the little man proudly states that bhoys were kilt in Oireland during the late elections.

"More's the pity," superciliously drawls the colonist; "what's the good of such nonsense?"

difficult to believe that a windy sea still severs us from Ireland. All the other occupants of the carriage, except one, are Irish. It is a puzzle at first to guess at the nationality of the tall, yellowly sunburnt man who lolls at his ease in wide-awake, com-

"But don't ye foight at elections in Australia?"

"Why should we? We govern ourselves there."

"Ah, sure, that makes a differ. I wish we did that same."

"It seems to me that you might now-a-days, if you knew how to set about it; but the colonists are ahead of you in most things. There's the *Times* writes about 'colonial' as if it meant rubbish, and yet you've been obliged to get colonists to manage your business for you. There's Lowe, your Chancellor of the Exchequer—and it was the colonies made him the 'cute coon he is, though he does abuse them so; and there's Childers, your First Lord of the Admiralty—and he's a Melbourne man."

"H-what's thim to me? They're English."

"But they've got to govern Ireland."

"Bad luck to thim—it's the Oirish should do that. Ah, man, you've got no landlorruds in Australia."

"But we've squatters, and they'd ride us if they could—only we bucked, do ye see? Ah, Australia's the country!"

"You seem mighty loyal there—runnin' after the Prince like a pack of span'el dogs."

"Why shouldn't we be? A man's a man there, and so we can do as we like."

"And yit ye talk about cuttin' the painter?"

"No, we don't now. Colonists know when they are well off."

There is more Irish talk on board the boat. One jovial gentleman inaugurates his revels with "Come, let's be jocular—ye're a devil—am I roight?" and is constantly ordering half-glasses of whisky for himself and friends, until he is obliged to rush to his berth, and order his basin: over which he howls "Holy murther," as if sea-sickness were an evil that he had been picked out from the wide world's population to endure alone.

En route for Athlone, Irish "jocularity" again out-crops. The train, which has for some time been crawling along not very much faster than the two sleepy, half-laden barges it has passed on the black, reed-patched canal alongside the line, at last comes to a full stop. An official is asked the reason. "H-which?" is his first queer interrogative response. "Sure," he goes on, when he has convinced himself that his querist is really so abnormally constituted as to be fretting over the delay, "an engine's run aff at the crassin', an' ye wouldn't run over the poor crathur, would ye?"

In Athlone anti-English feeling ventures

to assert itself after dark. A little party of roysterers "roll up" from one of the narrow side lanes sloping to the swollen Shannon, and tramp past the old church tower, *hoo-hooing* as if they wished to wake the dead that sleep beneath the cracked, grimy grave-stones—some resting horizontally on pedestals, and others, once upright, leaning back as if they were weary of the sentry they have kept so long in the grassy old yard—and singing a parody on "The Red, White, and Blue," with a chorus of—

"The Harp and the Shamrock for ever,
Three cheers for the Shamrock so green."

"H-what are ye at-t?" growls a loyalist out of the gloom.

"Hoo-hoo-hoo!" shout the nationalists.

"They wouldn't be afther singin' that if the sojers was abroad," explains another bystander with a grin. But the "sojers" are in the patched old Plantagenet castle that still frowns down on the river from its Connaught bank, and in the huge grey barracks, pierced for musketry, hard by.

The engine shrieks, as if frightened, as it plunges into the Connaught bogs, spreading for miles on either hand. The motion and the rumble of the train change as it rolls along the low embankment raised above the peaty soil. A church tower on a hill can be seen for miles across the dreary waste, like "Boston Stump" at sea. When the sky is clear, the blue distance looks too far off to belong to this world. Let us land at this roadside station, whose dark-grey masonry looks so smart and substantial in contrast with the moist, mouldering houses, clustered like mushrooms, behind it. A barefooted woman toils along the platform with a big basket, monotonously crying,

"Apples, or'nges—buy a cake, young man?"

"I'll have some apples, mother; I don't like Orange folk at all, at all," answers a merry-eyed young fellow.

Two constables, with bayonets at their sides—set up better than a good many regulars, and looking like members of some swell rifle corps, in their trim dark-green uniforms—also patrol the platform, giving a quick glance into each compartment as they stride past the train. Bare-legged boys and girls, young women in red petticoats and dark-blue hooded cloaks, bulged out by the square baskets underneath; old women in black cloaks and smart-ribboned white night-caps, half covered by the checked kerchiefs that also cover their shoulders; old men in sodden tatters that seem to have been stripped off scarecrows,

have assembled at the station for the sake of its excitement. Two or three car-drivers, with their whips slung over their shoulders like bows, stand outside the gate. Beggars, male and female, are waiting there, in readiness to pray Heaven to "power blissins" on the giver of a penny, and to grant him "many happy Christmases on the bed of gloory."

As the car rattles down into the little town—almost flinging off its unaccustomed fare at every corner—it passes a wheeled dog-kennel in which an old woman sits knitting, whilst the young woman who wheels her about begs for both. Into the inn, and up to the table at which the traveller is taking his meal, walks a vocalist vagrant, and begs for "a thrifle for the sanger." The priests seem to be almost the only well-dressed people in the place. Their coats look more glossily black than in England, and, instead of gliding about with downcast or furtively glancing eyes, as if they did not feel quite safe from insult, their Reverences have a thoroughly at-home look which strikes a stranger. The old Father jokes paternally with the ragged throng he threads, and the young Father has a bump-tious walk, as if he felt himself master of the situation. The pigs look even more at home : they lounge about as if the world was made for them, making their morning calls wherever an open door takes their fancy, and gazed at with affectionate admiration by little knots of men, women, and children, who stop to scan their points and scratch their sides. "Please the pigs" ceases to sound like a joke in Ireland.

And now let us start on a visit to a typical Connaught cotter. We pass on the road some men who are mending it—men in black high-crowned hats, brass-buttoned frieze dress coats, corduroy breeches, and gaiters, or blue stockings—just the stage Irishman's costume—spooning about the stones with shovels as long in the handle-less hafts as hoes; an old man, similarly dressed, leading a little horse, which drags a little cart (with shafts that stick out half as far behind as in front) laden with a roped pile of turf, covered with straw, and backed with furze; and a farmer's "bhoys" (of thirty) in a ragged, caped, drab great-coat, buttoned over a ragged shirt, a limpet-shell hat hanging ragged eaves over his unshorn face, and corduroy trousers with a Vandyked fringe of tatters at the bottom of the legs. A roguish-eyed girl comes along singing like a lark, although she bends beneath the weight of a basket of cabbages heaped high above her hooded head. On both hands there are dark bog and stone-littered pasture. Out of

the bog, like a female Samuel, rises suddenly an old woman in a black cloak. A bare-legged woman, with a red shawl over her head, stands motionless in the middle of a half-flooded little meadow, staring at the car as if she wondered what could have brought a stranger into that out-of-the-way place. The stranger is betrayed into the bad taste of expressing his astonishment at Irishmen's fondness for a land so full of bog, and receives from his driver, in acknowledgment, an adroit rap across the knuckles—"Maybe your hanner's mother is a dale betther lookin' than yerself; but if not, would you like any man to spake against her, sir-r?"

Along one of the ditch-like bog lanes—its mud as damp and dark as blacking—a donkey is trudging with panniers full of turf. In front dances a carrot-headed little boy, brandishing his blackthorn in vivid anticipation of coming faction-fights; his mother follows, smiling mild approval on her vivacious son; and behind her, like a filly at foot, trots the little daughter, with her pretty little face peeping out from the petticoat she has thrown over her head like a moss-rose from its hood. Another lane is utterly impassable, and bare-legged youngsters are stalking along the brink of its bank like a file of cranes.

Our cotter's cot stands on a grassy, stony knoll that sinks into the bog. A hay crop might be mown off its thatch, and blotches of green slime dankly stain its white walls. Its single, dim little window somehow suggests a one-eyed pig. The lower-pitched out-house alongside looks quite as humanly inhabitable. Hens cluck, cocks crow in both; geese waddle into the house as well as the outhouse, and after them saunters in the pig, rubbing his shoulder against the doorpost. Turf is piled against one end of the house, and stacked in front. In a tiny little yard, with a tumble-down wall, three or four cylindrical little ricks lean drunkenly all at different angles. A little way off, a plumper one, with a pole sticking out of its apex, stands beside another broken-down wall, within which two cows are running at the donkey that has encroached upon their feed, whilst the goat gravely watches them from the outcropping boulder on which she has sought refuge. The few sheep are nibbling in a little meadow, still thickly littered with big stones, although a good many have been heaped in cairns—on which rooks are perched with their heads on one side, as if they were wondering how the sheep can thrive so well on their pebble-peppered fare. One little ploughed croft looks like smashed pavement. Another is

half-drowned, and sea-gulls are circling and screaming over the waves that the wild wind, rushing in from the Atlantic, rolls against the shores of the little lough. Out of the bog a black patch, that seems to have no road to it, has been cleared; and elsewhere rows of as apparently inaccessible cabbages, with splashes of gold and crimson on their crinkled leaves, line the sombre waste of sooty green. All round about there is a jumble of furze, still blooming in December; fragments of tumble-down iron-grey and piebald wall, spotted with orange lichens, which begin and end in the most capricious fashion; gate-posts without gates; and hedge-banks without hedges, which bulge out of the ground like festered scratches. Not far off, there are two ruined cottages, with ivy growing in bushy clumps upon the gables. Those are the deserted nests of birds that have found new homes in England and America, or, perhaps, more lasting ones in the graveyard. A still inhabited hovel clings to one of them, as its inhabitants cling to the memory of the departed members of the friendly little colony. That and others in Connaught are less home-like looking homes even than our typical cotten's. Some are of white-washed mud, with the mud showing through the whitewash in streaks and freckles; some are of brown mud, pure and simple; a few are of unmortared stone, windowless, chimneyless, with nothing but a bank of earth for their back wall—far less cosy "homes" than the queer little huts one sees perched on the sides of railway embankments in England.

Looking out over the ineffably dreary bog—palled with unhealthy vegetation of the colour of a rifleman's worn-out uniform, tussocked with rusty rushes and jaundiced grass, blotted with turf-stacks like smoke-grimed chimney-stacks and wigwams, lined with dismal dykes flowing sluggishly between weeping banks of wet snuff and clotted ink—our typical cotten's home may seem a dismal residence; but it does not seem so to him. His dread is that he may be deprived of it—however he may complain, as we shall see he does, of the hard fight he has to make for a living on his little farm. Members of four generations of his family are dwelling on it now. He is an old man, but his mother sits within the cabin—the shrivelled old woman, huddled up nose and knees in a faded red cloak, gazing dreamily from her low stool at the meal-like ash of the fragrant turf fire. The pretty, chubby, dirty little puss, with a crop of curls matted like a marsh colt's mane, who

makes a settee of her bare heels, as she looks up in the old woman's face, in hope of another fairy or Rebellion story, is one of the old woman's great grandchildren. The good-looking young woman, hanging out clothes to dry—beneath that ever-weeping sky—on bushes only a little darker and more ragged, and parenthetically washing her well-turned ankles in muddy puddles, is the wife of one of the old woman's grandsons.

An inventory might soon be made of the cabin's furniture. The "carpet-pattern" is a muddy maze of footmarks, more or less moist—human, porcine, anserine, gallinaceous. From a dark loft above, a rough ladder descends into the common room of the cabin—just as if it were a lighter's cabin. It holds a big black pot, one or two little red-stained chairs, some tubs and baskets, and a low, lame little table against the wall, with its flap hanging from one hinge like a broken wing, and its top sparsely dotted with cracked crockery. There is no lack of courtesy, however, in the cot. The cotten,—clad in fustian, and looking far more like a jobbing gardener in very poor practice than like a farmer, however small, according to English notions,—at first glances suspiciously at his questioner, but, after a while, when pipes have been lighted on both sides, he chats away freely enough, and seems glad, indeed, to be able to give *his* view of the Irish Land Question.

"Yis, sir-r," he says, "my houldin' is small, but there's smaller. From four to forty acres is how the farrums run about here. Grass farrums—gintlemen's farrums—run up to one hundred and fifty acres. The man who farrums eight acres down to two, might as well be in the workhouse. From tin to forty, he can do at prisent prices, if he has a bit of money. With a larruge family, a small farrumer can't do at all at all. Is it altherations ye're spakin' of? Sure I'm an ould man, an' have seen altherations, but none for the betther of ould Ireland—divil a bit. There's poor-rates 4s. 9d. in the pound, and county cess 2s., paid half-yearly. The poor man has to pay what the gintlemen please—for roads, and dykes, and gas, if he's within two miles of it. The Grand Jury lays on h-what it likes, do you see, and the gintlemen get their private improvements done that way for nothing; the poor man has to pay for them. Tim that pays the cess should have a voice in levying it. Do I think the Encumbered Estates Act has done good? No, sir-r, I think it has done a power of harrum to the country. If the ould landlorruds was bad, the new ones is worse."

"But haven't they brought money into the country?"

"H-what's the good of that, if they won't let a man live? I'll show ye h-what I mane. A man was getting on under his ould land-lorrudd, and had improved his farrum. The estate is sould, and a merchant, or something like that, buys it. He has it revalued, and the farrumer's rint is raised just because of his own improvements, and if he can't pay, out he goes, without a penny of the money he has put into his farrum. There's no denyin' that Ireland is ill-thrated. All the money goes out, and none comes in. H-what countryman are ye, sir-r?"

"An Englishman."

"Are ye now? But ye won't be insulted. We've a dale of dodgin' among ourselves, but we niver insult a stranger. It's the truth I'm tellin' ye, sir-r. The landlorruds won't give a poor man lave to live. Rint or land—that's h-what they want. He mustn't sub-let or sow the second crop."

"Do you ever get a reduction of rent in bad times?"

"Reduction of rint! Divil a bit. Pay or go—however could the wind may blow. They want the land for their sheep and their bulls—the poor man may go to the poor-house. And h-when he can pay his rint, they want to get him out."

"But hasn't a landlord a right to do as he likes with his own land?"

"Not at all. It's bad enough that we should have to pay rint to thim that look down on us—the land was meant for thim that are born on it. But so long as a man pays his rint, no landlorrudd has a right to turn him out."

"Were the tenants evicted from those cottages with the roofs off?"

"No, sir-r. Connaught is the quietest part of Ireland. They couldn't live here—all gone, some to England and some to America. God feed them if they didn't go—they'd ate one another, blood and bones."

"Do your landlords help their tenants to emigrate?"

"A few good landlorruds out by Dublin may, but that's not the fashion here. They help a man to emigrate! It's American money, not Irish, has got the Irish out. My son is in America two years, and he has sent me £24. I've twelve broders and broders-in-law in America. One brings out another, and then they two bring out two more; that's the way it's done. The ouldest man would go if he could, and if he came home, he'd want to go back that day next week.

I've seen ould men, stooped with age, go back."

"Where do most of the emigrants go from?"

"County Mayo, sir-r. Mayo's the poorest county in Ireland, and Galway's next—there's good land in Roscommon. Spring and autumn is the great emigrating times. We put the pertaties in, do ye see, in April, and dig them in October, and thim's the times when most of the emigrants go. Yis, we go over to England to harvest. How would we live without it? The few pounds we get helps to pay the rint. Men and women, too. Our women can rape, and sow, and cut turf as well as the men."

"What are wages about here?"

"There's bhoys, sir-r, workin' for 6d. a-day, without food. A shilling a-day, or 5s. a week certain, is the most they make in winter. If they're hired by the day, do ye see, they may lose half a day through bad weather; 1s. 6d. a-day is the wages in spring time and harvest. A bhoys that is fed and lodged at the farrum gets £6 a-year. Is it meself ye want to hear about? My houldin' is tin acres, at a pound an acre. Land, half waste, fetches 30s. an acre sometimes. The tinant has to buy iverything, and do iverything he wants. I've not laid out money on improvements—h-why would I? I might be turned out without a penny for h-what I done. Threescore leases—that's h-what we want; so that a father may be sure that his son will have the farrum after him. No, my land can't grow h-whait—yis, oats. Stock? I've two cows and sivin sheep—yis, and a goat, and a bit of a donkey to carry turf, and a little poulthry. They help the pig to pay the rint. I've as purty a pig as iver you seen. Horses? How could I kape thim, and h-what work would I have for thim? We pay bhoys that kape horses to plough for us. H-what do we ate? We're glad if we can get enough pertaties. No, I make no buttther—only a big man can do that."

"At any rate, you are well off for schools in Ireland?"

"Yis, sir-r, the schoolin' is good and chape. The praists and the nuns is very good for that, and the national schools is good. We should be all ignorant if it wasn't for the schools, and we're fond of larnin'."

"They use your national school books in the Australian schools."

"And in the same language, sir-r? Is it now? Well, well."

About Roscommon, houses, arable, and pasture, have a neat English look, and sheep may be seen munching turnips in the dark-

brown fields in English style. Let us supplement what our Galway cotten has told us by information derived from a dweller in this more favoured district.

"Sixpence a day! No, sir-r, the bhoys here get better wages than that. Thim that are fed at the farrums get £8 or £9 a year."

"How are they fed?"

"They've pertaties, and butther, and eggs, and mate once or twice a week.* They will be fed well, because they know there's plinty of masters wantin' them. A servant girl gets 30s. or £2 a quather now, and asks for her tay. If her misthress had drunk tay thirty years ago, she'd have been called a robber and an outlaw. There's a great change in the way that people dress, too. Thirty years ago a farrumer's daughter went to mass in a homespun cloak; now she goes in a fine bonnet and skirrums like a balloon. That's how it is the farrumers have no money—it costs so much to clothe the childher."

"What would satisfy the small farmers here? I mean about the land."

"Well, sir-r, they'd be contint with a thirty years' lease, and to give an average rint of 30s. an acre,—the tinant, do ye see, appointing his valuer as well as the landlorrud, and no arbirthrary eviction. A man should be safe in his houldin', so long as he pays his rint. That's h-what will satisfy us, and we shan't be contint with less."

"I suppose you don't take much interest in the Church Question?"

"Faith, Mr. Gladstone's a tunderin' nice fellow—the most popular English statesman that iver was in Ireland. But it's the land we care for. We're waitin' to see h-what he'll do about that. Bright won't stay in the Cabinet, I'm thinking, if there's any paltherin'. Ireland was niver quieter than it is now. We're waitin' to see if Mr. Gladstone will kape his promises. I mane h-whether we shall get justice about the land, h-when the Church business is settled."

"On what terms are the Connaught tenant farmers with the clergy?"

"Sure, an Irishman would die for his praist. Och, is it the Prothestant clargy ye're manin'? The couldest congaivable—though there's kind gintlemen amongst them, h-when they have the manes. Some of the livings is very poor."

"What do Connaught Catholics think of the Protestant missions in the west?"

"The soupers, ye mane. Faith, it's dis-picable. Soup and thracts! Thim as went over did it in the bad times, but they were Catholics in their harruts all the h-while, and the praist knew it. The soup was the only Prothestantism they swallowed. They did it just for the sake of the relafe, poor sowl, and small blame to thim, for they was starvin'."

Railway travelling in Ireland reminds one of children playing at trains—it is so free and easy in its time-keeping. The rooks do not fly from the fences when the train lumbers past, but watch it quizzingly, as if they looked upon it as a joke. At a Connaught station our train pulls up for just about an hour. When the guard of the train that has delayed us quietly explains that the wrong staff was given him at the last station (the line is single), the excuse is accepted as perfectly satisfactory by those that have been detained. Whilst they wait, they show no signs of impatience. A few look out of the windows now and then to see whether "she" is coming: a few get out and stretch their legs upon the platform; but most go on chatting in their carriages as merrily as if they were travelling a mile a minute. The robust Rufus who drives the engine descends from it, and gambols about the platform like a bottle-nosed whale. He lays hands on a little boy and girl who have come to see their friends off, and threatens to carry them to "Dublun" in the fire-box. He rolls up to the stranger with a familiar, "Ah, how are ye? Not know me? Well, then, ye ought to—give us your hand, man." The priest, however, who is warming himself by walking as if for a wager from one end of the station to the other—his thin face, shaven as close as an actor's, cleaving the keen air like a steam-boat's cut-water—seems a more profitable chance acquaintance to cultivate. In spite of his pinched face, he looks good-tempered. He has just stopped in his walk to chuck a penny to a beggar, who has lifted her head, hooded with her ragged gown-skirt, above the station wall; and, *apropos* of that, one can venture to intrude upon his reverence's meditations.

"What a sad number of beggars you seem to have in Ireland!"

"Ah, poor crathars. It's a poor country is Ireland, for them that aren't beggars."

"Some people seem to make a good thing out of it, according to all accounts."

"That's thure, but there's Prothestant curates that hardly know how to live. All they get is from the rector—they get nothing from the people."

* In the west of Ireland mutton is 4d., beef 6d. a pound: a good-sized goose sells for 2s.

"That all goes to your Church?"

"Because it's *their* Church, do ye see? We're the ould faith, and we belong to them."

"I suppose you wouldn't accept Government endowment?"

"Faith, the Bishops have settled that."

"And a charter for your University?"

"That's safe—all our mimbers are pledged to't."

"But Mr. Gladstone hasn't promised that."

"H-whether or not, we believe in him. He'll do justice to Ireland."

"Don't you think England has been trying to do that lately?"

"Small thanks to her—she's been forced. Stirring up revolution everywhere ilse, and ruling Ireland as she did! All the Continent and America has been cryin' out shame upon her, and, because she isn't so big as she used to be, she's giving us a bit of our rights."

"Is that the feeling of the people as well as the priests?"

"It is, faith. We belong to them, I tell ye, and we can spake their falins."

"And what are their feelings about the land?"

"I'll lave ye to ask them."

"Well, what do you think will be the effect of disestablishment?"

"Effect is it? The Prothestants will come over in dozens. There's some of their clargy would come now, if it wasn't for the State-pay they're gettin'."

"But the Maynooth Grant must go too."

"Let it, and the Regium Donum on the back of it."

"You don't seem much afraid of Clifden and Achill."

"Afraid! Have ye read Father Lavelle's letters?"

"You were talking about Protestant clergymen wanting to come over—have you got any Ritualists about here?"

"Not here, but I've read about them. It's plain that the Prothestants can't find rest for the sole of their foot. They're fluttherin' about the old Church, wanthin' to be tuk in. Prothestantism would be a fine aisy religion if there was only this worruld, but they're findin' out that it won't do for the nixt. Catholics think a dael more than Prothestants about the nixt worruld."

"Well, but about this world—has Catholicism done much for Connaught?"

"And h-where will ye find a more moral people? H-when they hear of the way your women live in your English towns, and counthry too, they think ye worrus than haythen."

"And is that because they are Catholics?"

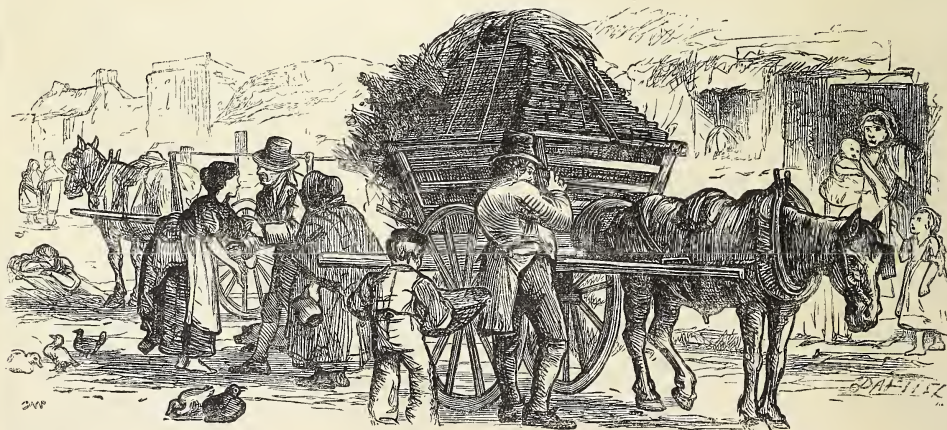
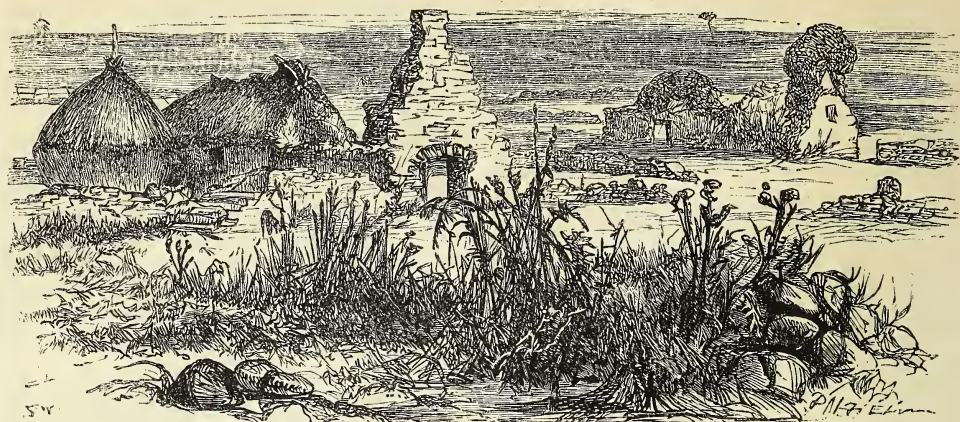
"H-what else would it be? They learn when they're young to mind their priest and come to confession, and that saves them from making baists of themselves."

"But why won't you let Protestant and Catholic children learn to spell together?"

"Because, I tell ye, we think more of religion than the Prothestants. This worruld is only a preparation for another, and ye can't get your faith by taking a mouthful now and thin, as if ye was ashamed of it. Secular and religious—ye can't siparate the tachin'. Ye've seen the fine college they've got at Galway? Well, they can't tache histry or moral philosophy there—and, I ask ye, is *that* education?"

"She" arrived just in time to obviate the necessity for a reply. When the train starts again, the third-class passengers have got on the subject of Government purchase of the Irish railways. The project meets with unanimous approval. It will "bring money into the counthry," and it will enable the poor man to "thravel chape." A halfpenny a mile is the desiderated fare.

Galway fishermen are not strictly speaking Connaught cotters, but, in order to give a glimpse of a curious cluster of Connaught cots, the term may be stretched to include those farmers of the sea. On the shore of grey Galway Bay—a sandy shore littered with dark boulders draped with dark sea-weed—stands the Claddagh, or fishermen's colony. Some of the rudest specimens of Connaught cots are huddled together there in little lanes and cross-lanes, and dropped singly or by twos and threes upon the strand. Moss and grass and weeds grow rankly on the sodden thatch, but a good many of the hovels have no roofs. Smoke-blackened fire-places, in which no fire will ever again be kindled, yawn dismally beneath the gaunt, dark, rafterless gables. The doorless doorways and windowless window-holes are partially blocked up with stones, in whose crannies mope draggle-tailed fowls. Some of the still roofed huts have no tenants: their shutters (when they have shutters) are kept to with stones. Here and there a canvas-swathed boat's mast rots upon the ground, or a boat lies bottom upwards, and patched with tarnished tin. In front of one of the cottages a stump four-post bedstead is put out in the rain, as if in ostentatious proof that the colony possesses such a piece of furniture. Dwarf yellow candles, that seem made of cheese, dangle in the tiny "shop" window; a wisp of straw and a sod of turf dangle outside against the door-post. A few women, with their baskets at their



SKETCHES IN CONNAUGHT—DECEMBER, 1868.

backs, are starting for the town; where they will wander in and out of the shops, wailing their sad "Want any herrin'?" beneath the crumbling shields that still emboss the green-grey walls of old Spanish-built houses. A few others are washing clothes in the sea, and wringing them out on the soppy sand. Dispirited men, many of whom have pawned their tackle, stand in knots under the lee of the cottages, looking in moody silence at their boats rocking idle on the side. The trawlers, they say, catch all the fish in



the bay, and kill the rest, except what they drive away. The Claddagh was an important place once, with its "king," who selected lucky days for his subjects to go out fishing on; but famine, fever, and emigration have sadly thinned its population. It still, however, proudly boasts that an illegitimate child was never born within its precincts.

Wales is not famous for the accommodation of its domestic architecture, but, after a sojourn in the Irish bogs, an Englishman feels



that he has dropped back into civilisation when he traverses Anglesey, Caernarvonshire, Denbighshire, and Flintshire, on his return route. The cottages there, whitewashed even on the roof, may be, in some instances, so far as cleanliness is concerned, but whited sepulchres; but, at least, they *look* habitable by Christians, and have the substantial "makings" of homes in them, however little



their tenants may avail themselves of the same. And yet—apt as we are to talk of the overruling omnipotence of circumstance—in those flimsy Irish pigsties, some of the brightest domestic virtues flourish luxuriantly, as if, like choice flowers or fruit, they could be forced on filth. In family affection and feminine chastity, Ireland can challenge the wide world to equal her.

THE SELF-EDUCATION OF YOUNG MEN.

A Village Sermon.

BY THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.

Proverbs ii. 10—15.

THE Proverbs of Solomon remind young men of wisdom—what it is, and how we may attain it. And this is a specially fit season for such recollections. The labours of the farm are lighter than they were in summer. The days are short, the evenings long, and labouring folk have time and leisure to think, to learn; to recollect that they have souls and minds, as well as bodies, to be fed. Many a young working man has ere now, by regular study in the long winter evenings, made himself a scholar, even a man of science; has fitted himself for the ministry, or for some other important improvement in his station of life. O that I could see some spending their winter evenings thus, in regular and earnest study! How gladly would I help them, how gladly direct them!

Meanwhile, all I can do is, to follow Solomon's method, and try, as he tries in this chapter, to stir up some of you to incline your ears to wisdom, and apply your hearts to understanding. All I can do is, my dear young men, to tell you what wisdom will do for you, and how you may get wisdom; and to leave it to your own reason and your own conscience to judge whether or not you will try to be wise. And may God, who gives wisdom, give it to you. May He make your reason sound and your conscience clear, that you may see the right, and love the right; and may say, "I will choose wisdom, and not folly; light, and not darkness; right, and not wrong."

Now, what will wisdom do for you? She will at least keep you from bad company; "from the way of the evil man, from the man that speaketh froward things; who leaves the paths of uprightness, to walk in the way of darkness;" and "from the strange woman, the stranger who flattereth with her words, who forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God."

And if any of you answer, "I do not altogether wish for that. What harm will a little bad company (as you call it) do me now and then, provided I have not too much of it?"—You thereby only show how much in want of wisdom you are. For if you were but wise, and used your eyes to see what is going on round you, you would see that bad company is the root of all manner of bad fruit. Bad

company leads to bad ways, to bad language, to bad hours, to bad debts, to bad marriages, to bad bringing up of children, to bad consciences, to bad luck, and to a bad end at last. But the reason why so many young men fall into bad company, and all the bad ways which spring from it, is not, I really believe, that they are bad-hearted. They do not go and say to themselves deliberately, "I will be bad, and I will not be good." They *fall* into bad company; sliding and stumbling downwards, step by step, because they are, as Solomon says, simple and ignorant. They are simple. They want discretion, to make them discreet, that they may discern the difference between right and wrong, between their true profit and their true loss, between their true and certain safety and their true and certain danger. They are ignorant; they want knowledge. Their brains are empty of useful information. But no man's brains can remain empty long. If they are empty of wisdom, they will get filled with folly. If they are empty of sense, they will get filled with nonsense. If they are empty of sound understanding about things as they really are, they will get filled with unsound fancies about things as they are not. If they are empty of light, they will be filled with darkness. But if your minds—the light which is in you—be darkness, what can you do save stumble and fall? Nothing will preserve you but discretion, says Solomon. Nothing will keep you save understanding. You begin life simple and ignorant. That is no blame to you. So did I; so must every human being. You cannot help being simple, till you have had experience to teach you discretion. You cannot help being ignorant till you have had learning to teach you understanding. But if you refuse to get them, you will end by being not merely simple and ignorant, you will end by being what Solomon calls fools; and then it were better for you that you had never been born.

Now, how is discretion to be got? By letting wisdom enter into your heart. By longing to be wise.

And how is understanding to be got? By letting knowledge be pleasant to your soul. By longing to know.

You must desire to improve your heart, and

so become good. You must desire to improve your head, and so become well-informed. But you must desire first to become good. That is the first and great end of life. That is what God sent you into the world for. And that is to be got by diligent prayer. The only wisdom which will make you good men and women comes from the Holy Spirit of God. But it does and will come from Him, our Lord says. "If you, being no better than you should be, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them who ask Him!"

Therefore, if any of you wish to be truly wise, wise at heart, "wise unto salvation," as St. Paul calls it; if you wish to know where you are, and what you are, and what is your duty to God; if you wish to know who God is, and who Christ is, and what is his will to you; if you wish, in one word, to learn true religion and holiness, without which no man can see the Lord—then pray for it. Pray. I do not mean merely say your prayers; but pray. Ask God to teach you, as you would ask your parent or your schoolmaster. Ask Him, beg of Him, regularly and earnestly, to make you wise. Ask for wisdom, and you shall receive it. Seek for wisdom, and you shall find it. Knock at the door of wisdom, and it shall be opened to you.

But you need not merely wisdom to cure your simplicity: you need knowledge to cure your ignorance. Therefore get useful information. I verily believe that a great deal of bad company, drunkenness, and folly, and sin, comes from mere want of knowledge; from emptiness of head. A young man or young woman will not learn, will not read, and therefore they have nothing useful or profitable to employ their leisure hours, nothing to think of when they are not actually at work; and so they run off to vain and often wicked amusements. Gambling—what does that ruinous vice come from, save from idleness of head—from having nothing to amuse your minds with save cards and dice? And so—

"The devil finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Therefore, if you want to keep your brain and thoughts out of temptation, read and learn; get useful knowledge: and all knowledge—I say all knowledge—must be useful. I care little what you read, provided you do not read wicked books; or what you think of, provided you do not think of sin and folly. For all knowledge must be useful, be-

cause it is knowledge of God's works. Nothing lives upon earth but what God has made. Nothing happens on earth but what God has done. So, whatever you study, you may be certain that you are studying God's works and God's laws; and they must always be worth the study of rational beings and children of God. Learn what you like; only learn; for you are in God's world: and, as long as you learn about God's world, your time cannot be thrown away; you are certain to get something more of that knowledge which is power; of that wisdom which says, "I Wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out the knowledge of witty inventions. Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom. I am understanding. I have strength. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule; and nobles, even all the judges of the earth. Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness."

And now, my dear young friends, if any of you say, "Why do you bid us to be wise? Why do you demand of us that we should take all this trouble to educate ourselves, over and above our daily work?"—My dear young friends, it is not I who ask you: it is God Himself. For what says Solomon the Wise? He does not say merely that you are to call after knowledge, and lift up your voice for understanding. He says that you are to do so, because they are calling already to you; because the wisdom of God, the Spirit of God, condescends to call to you, and cry, "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof. Behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you." Because you are men, rational beings, children of God, therefore the Spirit of God calls to you, offering to give you your share of that wisdom by which the Lord hath founded the earth, and established the heavens; of that knowledge by which He breaks up the deep, and makes the clouds drop down dew. To teach you all things needful for your souls and bodies; to teach you the laws of this visible world, which we call knowledge and science, and the laws of the invisible and heavenly world, which we call the Gospel of Jesus Christ;—this, and no less than this, does God offer. And dare you refuse the offer of God? Will you turn away, as St. Paul asks, from Christ who speaks from heaven? When Christ offers you light, will you choose darkness? When Christ offers you wisdom, will you

choose folly? To educate yourselves to the best of your power is your duty, not to yourselves only: it is your duty to God. Do not say, "I have no time; I have no opportunities; I am not clever, as some are; I have not talents, as some have." Are you trying to use what you have? Remember the parable of the talent: how the lazy servant, when he hid his one talent in the earth, instead of putting it out to interest, got only blame, as a wicked and slothful servant, and the little which he had at first was taken from him. Educate yourselves, then; train yourselves; teach yourselves; lest, at the last day, Christ say to you, "I gave thee a head; I gave thee the experience of a whole life—fifty, sixty, seventy years—to fill that head with knowledge. What is it like now? As empty, for all useful purposes, as the day thou wast born. I gave thee a heart. I sowed in that heart the seeds of gracious, pure, and noble feelings, even the grace of my Holy Spirit. What is it like now? Worse than empty; a garden overrun with foul weeds. Thou hast let foolish lusts and evil passions grow up in it, and choke the good seed which I sowed

therein. Is this all that thou hast to show me, after fifty, sixty, seventy years of life? Thou wicked and slothful servant!"

O that but one person would take my words to heart! O that but one would say to himself, or herself, once for all, "I will educate myself; I will be something worth being; I will know something worth knowing." For the moment (so I believe) that you made that good resolution, Christ himself would answer (as it were) in heaven: "Thou longest for wisdom? Then thou shalt have thy heart's desire. Thou wishest to know? Then thou shalt know at last. Thou wishest to be wise? Then wisdom—slowly, perhaps, but surely—shall come to thee. I will inform thee," saith the Lord, "and teach thee in the way in which thou shalt go; and I will guide thee with mine eyes." For whensoever any one begins to educate himself, God begins to educate him. Whosoever tries to teach himself, God begins to teach him. For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. And if God himself be our teacher, what can we do but learn?

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

An English Story of To-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JAQUELINE."

CHAPTER V.—BARTY WOOLER MAKES A SUGGESTION.



OTHER, I should like you to have Paston's wife and daughter here while I am at home. Paston never goes out himself, and he is busy just now, but the women of the family might come, if you have no objection."

Barty Wooler said these words abruptly as he walked up and down

within the narrow bounds of his mother's parlour, which looked very much as if it

were a cage, and he a creature half-tamed. Yet he was stout of limb, and fair of face—full of healthy, hardy philosophy and good humour. There was no womanish intolerance about him, although when driven to express himself in Dr. Johnson's "Well no, sir," he would set a face of iron to his opponents. "Pure in body, and noble in soul," yet he had that peculiar restiveness of temper by which the best conditioned Saxon may be capable of showing his descent from the Sea Dogs.

"And why should I have that poor, fretting creature and her fine stuck-up miss of a daughter in my house at this time of day, son Barty? They haven't asked my price all these years, and we owe them nothing. And what has come over Caleb Paston that he cannot go out? I have no wish to see his lantern jaws; but has he lost the use of his limbs or his wits, or is it only that my gentleman has grown so mighty grand?"

Thus Mrs. Wooler directly questioned her son, with an overwhelming directness, that brooked no interruption.

It was "like son, like mother," in their case. Only, the strong will and racy tongue which had enabled Judith Clay, the yeoman's daughter, to captivate Clerk Wooler, the delicate curate, were traits which in the son had been refined and mellowed by education and contact with the world. The mother was left unmistakably the yeoman's daughter still, while the son, with his father's æsthetic bent grafted on his mother's vigorous constitution, was as unmistakably a professional man and a gentleman.

"Perhaps because I don't care to bear malice, mother," Barty replied to his mother's first question, as he pulled his reddish beard.

"You haven't borne malice, Barty Wooler; you've shown that plain enough, and long enough, already; and if ever there was a dirty dog's trick——"

"Hush, say no more about it, mother;" Barty interrupted her hastily. "You never mentioned the affair to any one in Wellfield?" he added in a more anxious tone. "Now did you, mother? Think, and tell me, for it's important I should know," he insisted.

"Do you think I would go to mention such a thing, son Barty?" Mrs. Wooler promptly replied. "Think ye I would tell how my boy had been fooled by a knave? Little good that would do. I knew a trick worth two of it. I have waited to see how long cheaterly would take to choke a man, and when pride would have a fall."

"Easy, mother, easy," enjoined Barty, with a gleam of mingled vexation and humour. "You don't think so little of what I've done, and what I've come to, as to be spiteful at this date, and against a man like Paston too. Why there was no great loss suffered. I tell you, I never could have submitted and deferred to my lord and patron as he has done. To a certainty I should have broken with Brockcotes, and been on the world within six months after my promotion."

"There *was* great harm done. You need not think to come over me with silly nonsense," Mrs. Wooler rejoined. "The theft—for it was barefaced robbery, as well as deceit—did you a world of harm when there was never a thought but what was innocent in your head."

"Well, mother, if you'll believe me, it's wiser to let bygones be bygones."

But Mrs. Wooler would not be put down yet. "'Have in Caleb Paston, mother; he's an old charity school boy, and a deal poorer than me;' or, 'Let me halve uncle Jonathan's paints with Caleb, for it is a cruel shame to see so clever a drawer working with such

beastly colours,' was your constant cry, my lad. He ought to have been banished, if not hanged and quartered, for the evil he returned you for good. It wrecked you, say what you will; it unsettled you for many a year and day afterwards. Careless as you make yourself seem, it put ill-blood into your heart where your native place and your fellow-townsmen were concerned. Don't your own mother know you? don't she know there's more body of you for devilry once your blood is poisoned than in a sorry knave of a Caleb Paston ten times over? It was God's mercy and a righteous upbringing, and coming of a good kind on both sides of the house, that kept you from devilry, Barty. But you have never halted from then till now; you have never sat down doggedly to show folk what you were made of, but have kept roving over land and sea, a rolling stone for the best of your days, till it is too late ever to be at the top of the tree, where you ought to have been."

Here Mrs. Wooler paused through sheer breathlessness; but as Barty did not speak, and only looked at her with rueful deprecation, she went on:—

"Ay, I know it's too late. Were it not for my old uncles, the Clays, and their fortune, that you never gained or helped to gain a penny of, my big man, you would have ended nothing but a poor, stuck-in-life, flighty fool of an artist, down to the very superscription on your gravestone."

"Like enough, mother, like enough; and where would have been the mighty misfortune?" argued Barty, with a little of the bluster occasioned by the taste of sour grapes between the teeth. "If I ever believed in such rubbish as fame and glory, it looks a whole hundred years back when I try to recall it. If I have not done my duty as I ought, and have disappointed you, I hope that I may yet atone," he added in a lower and sadder tone.

"I don't complain, boy," his mother contradicted him; "you've been a good son to me always,—no mistake about that. It goes against the grain for either you or me to care to stand in dead men's shoes, but you'll be the richest man in Folksbridge yet, that will you; and then you may follow art after your own cranky, roaming fashion, and not be a loser in your pocket leastways. But to think that of your own free will you should cross that Haman's threshold, as you told me you did last night, is what I term not natural, and what I don't like."

"Now, listen a moment, mother——"

But, before Barty could say another word, his mother was off again :—

"I don't care what you would persuade me, my lad; it isn't for nothing that you show yourself mean-spirited. But it's hard; looks as if you were given over to a strong delusion to believe a lie. I cannot understand it; to be made a cat's-paw and stepping-stone once was bad enough, but to be so a second time and at your age, Barty, and for a girl! I declare her face is as brown as if I had smeared it out of my sugar-can, like they smear the mulattoes in the Indies; and she mince, minces her words like any affected boarding-school miss. But she has come from the boarding-school, in course, or, as good as that, from her grand uncle's at Folksbridge, whom the brothers Clay could buy up, lodge and carriage and all, and not know themselves a bit the poorer."

"Fie, mother, I have scarce patience to hear you."

"But I speak truth, son Barty," Mrs. Wooler went on; "she turns back the wisps of her hair, that lass of Paston's, and sets up her moon of a face, as if she had nothing better given her to copy than some trollop of an immodest, light-living play-actor. Lady Dorothy, up at Brockcotes, has spoilt the girl, that's what it is. She has had her up as a humble companion and toad-eater, and has left her a miserable effigy of a great lady of her kind, or of a fool of a lady's-maid like Anne Thorpe's niece."

Barty had striven to carry out his resolution of being easy under his mother's rough and trying attack. So far he had vindicated a man's provoking sense of cool superiority and command of temper. He had raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and even laughed outright at the thought of the brown face smeared as "they smear the mulattoes in the Indies." But at last his own face, massive and bronzed by exposure and the extremes of climate, contracted and gloomed while he said slowly, as if it were a warning which he desired should be laid to heart,—

"This is too bad, mother; you are going a great deal too far. If you do not wish to oblige me by inviting Mrs. and Miss Paston to your house, decline to do so. You are mistress here, and I shall take good care not to constrain and compel you. But I will have no evil-speaking where innocent people are concerned. Mark me, I will not stay to be a party to it; and I must say, it isn't like you to be guilty of it."

Mrs. Wooler groaned aloud at the delibe-

rate expression "innocent people." But whether propitiated, or touched, or cowed, she all at once became meek as a lamb, smoothed her black apron, and asserted in a tone of injured virtue,—

"No, son Barty, I am not mistress here to the exclusion of my son's friends. You haven't been here so often all these years; and I haven't had so many opportunities of entertaining strangers for you, as to be tired out yet. You shall have what company you like, though it should be chimney-sweeps, or the horsemanship-troop in the race week. If they be but honest at the present moment, we will not say a word about the past. You shan't have it to say that your mother stood in your way—not though it be over her head and heart you're going. I will put on my best bonnet and shawl, and go and do myself the honour of calling for Mr. Caleb Paston's wife and daughter. I hope I shall behave proper before such fine folk, though we remember when the head of the house was taken from the gutter or the charity school, only too glad to sit at our fireside and borrow your leavings. I suppose he thought them *all* your leavings, Barty; we'll give him the benefit of the doubt; and I hope I know what is due both to their house and mine, as well as to keep a civil tongue in my head when I'm among high gentry as I never was accustomed to, and not affront you on your old mother's account."

Mrs. Wooler was in a huff again, and whisked out of the room in as great a heat as her portly person and stiff joints could admit.

Barty Wooler looked after her with conflicting feelings—amusement, annoyance, and the gratification of a point gained struggling for mastery in his comely English face. But when the door was closed, there came over the kindly countenance the look it had worn when the man was driven over land and sea, and found no city to dwell in, no resting-place where it was worth while to curb his grudging, growling fastidiousness—that look of chronic doubt and dreary incredulity, of impatience and disgust, which once settled on an Englishman's face, the palm is wrested from his sound judgment, and the patient islander becomes renowned among his continental brethren as the most impracticably eccentric and splenetic of men.

"The old lady is right," thought Barty Wooler moodily; "my schoolboy friendship for Caleb Paston, and what it led to, marred what I might have been. No great thing after all, I dare say; we are all too fond of sounding jeremiads over what we might have been

Even Paston is not free from it, as I saw last night; and what a spare, shy, morose subject he has shrunk and dried into, in the midst of all his prosperity! his wife, too, a peevish cipher, like nothing in the world but a superannuated canary.—But Phoebe is worth an unconditional surrender of arms in deadlier feuds than ours, and faint heart never won fair lady. Therefore I go in for my mother entertaining the Paston womankind as an overture in form. I can trust the old woman not to show the rising of her gorge too plainly. She will do the thing handsomely when she is to do it. I shall bring her round in time; I have no fear of that, any more than that she will not be as fond of Phoebe for a daughter in reality, as she dislikes her for a daughter in prospect. If I did not credit this much, I could hardly take it upon me to go the length I am prepared to go, not even with the proverbial blindness of passion. And I conclude I am in love, with the desperate madness of an old stager, so that in one sense it is all up with me if I don't succeed."

Within her son's recollection, Mrs. Wooler had always lived in the same small house, built a little back from the High Street of Wellfield. It was separated from the street by a mouldy paved court, which was fenced by a low wall parapet and railing, and ornamented with a single row of dropsical mildewed laburnums. In an artist's inspiration, Barty had improved matters by a free importation of common ferns, which lent to the cellar-like court the cool depths of green and luxuriance of vegetation that belong to the neighbourhood of a woodland spring. Even a pleasant irregular innovation of this kind Mrs. Wooler would not have tolerated from any hand less privileged than her son's.

To a woman brought up as Mrs. Wooler had been, in the space and liberty of a great farm-house, her entrance into this little home at the commencement of the single year of Clerk Wooler's married life was an entrance into genteel imprisonment; yet she had continued in it throughout her long widowhood, preserving the superiority of its slender claim to retirement. This she did at first by heroic motherly struggles for the child Barty's sake. To occupy a house capped and crowned even with a row of dwindling, pining trees, formed an important item in settling the scale of social rank at Wellfield. In other respects the trees were of no account to anybody, either in the way of beauty or of use. They only flowered in a sickly, straw-coloured fashion. They served

as a noted resort for wasps in early autumn, while their poor leaves did not afford Mrs. Wooler a shelter from the profane gaze of the vulgar. Indeed, as long back as Barty's memory could retain images, it had held that of his mother seen through these branches, her head in its old-fashioned lace cap, elevated above the half venetian blind. It was a high head, and a stiff neck of its kind, not the less so that a slight affection of palsy, dating from a considerable number of years back, gave it a tremulous motion, the vibration of which seemed to be controlled and kept down, as it were, by force of will.

But her little infirmity did not impair the zest with which Mrs. Wooler pursued the sole excitement of her life. This was looking out for, catching in the act, and condemning to summary chastisement, the street boys who chalked her wall with offensive caricatures of "pleeemen" and Mother Hubbards; or flung up their caps among her scanty boughs; or, resting their message baskets on her parapet, swung upon her railings. It was not that Mrs. Wooler had an aversion to boys in the abstract, or that she could not put up with them better than with girls, or was otherwise than liberal to them in an aristocratical way. But she had grand ideas of discipline; the daughter of a race of yeomen, she had as mortal a hatred to trespassers as ever was exhibited by the lords of the manor whose acres her father had tilled.

The laburnums and the court, moreover, had all along been part of Mrs. Wooler's credentials. Having obtained these, she was minded not to part with them, but to hand them down intact to her child, notwithstanding that all the privilege which they had secured for her had been admittance to the borderland of the better society of Wellfield. She could not do more than keep her own in the earlier days of her possession, and she had been obliged for a period of years to eke out her means, by having the successors of Mr. Wooler as lodgers, and by working for her uncles the great linendrapers in Folksbridge. Then she was relieved from the support of Barty, and received assistance from him instead of giving it to him. At last the old bachelor brothers Clay came round, after having been twice so deeply offended as to withdraw their favour—first, by the marriage of their blooming niece Judith to the sickly, scholarly curate, and again by Barty Wooler's taking it upon him to make his own choice of a profession, and fixing on what was wont to be considered the unthrifty, poverty-stricken profession of an artist.

CHAPTER VI.—MRS. WOOLER RECEIVES HER GUESTS.

It was a characteristic of Mrs. Wooler, that having once made up her mind, she never lost time. So she at once made her way to Woovers' Alley. Nor did she fail in her overture, which was accepted with only the affectation of a demur from Mrs. Paston.

Men and women are constantly finding themselves on the verge of situations which they never expected to fill. To the helpless chagrin of Phoebe, she saw that she would have to make her first appearance with

her mother at an evening party, in the labour-num-supported house in the High Street, to the edification of the Wellfield world.

Mrs. Wooler and her maid-servant, Becky, were engaged all the day in preparing for the party. The event was improved by the inauguration of a thorough cleansing of the house, from garret to cellar. It is doubtful whether this was done with a grim intention of making Barty pay a small instalment of the price of his folly, or as a practical example to Becky of the duty of avoiding whited sepulchres—a text on which



Page 141.

Mrs. Wooler was prone to hold forth. As she finished the new bag for the onions in the back kitchen, and as Becky completed the scouring beneath her bed, Mrs. Wooler excused herself for any irrelevancy in her present preparations, by observing that nobody could tell what might happen. Thus she escaped all leisure for fretting, if she ever fretted over what was inevitable.

As for Becky, who was cast in a softer mould than her mistress, and could have prized a few minutes' leisure, she had, simultaneously with the first ring of the bell, to

shake herself into her company gown with a gulp of haste, and to poise her cap behind her ears, her face glowing and shining from exercise and brown soap, in place of enjoying the doubtful liberty of sighing over her confiscated finery of glass ear-drops and immense crinoline.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Wooler's extensive preparations, nothing was done for partial effect. To Barty's relief the two parlours remained in the state in which they always were. There was hardly a distinguishing mark between the two—unless the distinc-

tion of colour which marked off the Vicar of Wakefield's blue bed from his brown. There was nothing positive to indicate dining-room or drawing-room,—neither in sideboard nor lounging-chair, nor in the absence or the presence of ornament. The most definite marks were Mrs. Wooler's utilitarian work-table, and an equally heavy, unpretending bow-pot, filled with a pot-pourri of rose leaves and lavender, smelling more of the fruit of cloves than of flower blossom. Even the terms "best" and "worst" became vague where everything was well preserved alike. Mrs. Wooler's rooms resembled the old stage of the old theatre, where the character and the interest of each scene were to be derived from the occupants and their intercourse, the players and their play.

Phœbe, in spite of her prejudice, gave a kind of consent to this austerity of detail, on account of the unities being preserved. She was sensible that there was a greater likeness between it and the stately propriety and unconsciousness of Brockcotes, than could be detected between the chambers of the castle and the theatrical artistickness of the painter's house in Woollers' Alley, or the heap of elegant but incongruous surroundings at Garnet Lodge. She was aware of a harmony, not displeasing to the eye, in the primitive, unpretending baldness of Mrs. Wooler's parlour. She felt it was like the bareness of an upland which caps the sky.

But Phœbe's perception was little better than a truthful instinct. There was not enough *noblesse oblige* in her class to enable her to get over the disadvantage of being the Woolers' guest against her will. She knew that it would be a breach of fair conventionality to behave otherwise than what her mother called "prettily" to her enemy in her enemy's own house. Beyond that trifle she contributed nothing which she could help to what should have been life in its higher and purer dramatic element in the Woolers' unsophisticated sitting-room. It need not be wondered at, then, that no sooner had she passed between the laburnums, crossed the flags of the court and the threshold, been welcomed by Mrs. Wooler with stern courtesy, and by her son with what was in the circumstances quite comprehensible but quite delicate cordiality, than Barty saw that he had taken another false step in dragging Phœbe to the house which owned him as master.

But though Barty was notably rash and blundering, he had one superiority from his years. He was not tempted to throw up his chances for one false step more or less: he was

rather inclined to contest his chances inch by inch, and make the best or the worst of them.

Phœbe behaved prettily, yet she was anybody but herself, as she sat there nailed to her mother's side, mincing her words, as his mother had said she did. In such a position Mrs. Wooler in her day would have been either stonily silent or outrageously saucy.

Mrs. Paston at her marriage had been a very pretty woman, as an artist's bride is given to be. She had not been brown like Phœbe, but golden-haired, with hyacinth blue eyes and apple-blossom cheeks. But her beauty had not worn well; her eyes had waxed weak; her maiden blush had become what painters term "streaky," and her golden hair had become wonderfully like an orange wig under her blonde head-dress. After Mr. Paston had ceased to attire her as a lay figure, and to tell her what she ought to wear, she had adopted the utmost insipidity in the style of her dress. Now that Phœbe was grown up, Mrs. Paston had a daughter's taste and conscience to appeal to; but she complained, inconsistently enough, that Phœbe had a mind of her own on these points. Mrs. Paston sat there with her cap fallen back from her out-of-date orange head, and with her tintless, shapeless, yet handsome gown dropping down about her flat body. But she did not look more out of place beside the strong, rasping life of Mrs. Wooler in her thick, black silk gown with its old-fashioned folds, than did Phœbe in her girlish labyrinth of pique and nervous affectation.

Nor did Phœbe present a less broad contrast to four out of the eight Miss Medlars, who were present in exuberant health and spirits. The Miss Medlars were the daughters of the first attorney in Wellfield. They were all grown up, and all ready to marry. But not one of them had so much as entered on the necessary preliminary of being courted.

The low and vulgar Wellfield wags had multiplied the number of the Miss Medlars to forty—"the forty Miss Medlars." Then, by a natural wicked association, they had changed the Miss Medlars into thieves,—"the forty thieves," innocent though they were of stealing men's hearts. The Miss Medlars were tall, stout, passably good-looking girls. Their bane was plethora in constitution as well as in number. Few men could serenely contemplate a wife of eleven-stone weight, any more than thirty-nine sisters-in-law.

The Miss Medlars had this evening armed themselves for conquest. They came in white grenadines with blue Swiss bands, and

very short sleeves which they filled to overflowing, as some children do. Like children too, their massive white arms and hands showed only dimples, where in a less generous formation bones would have been. They had huge chignons of abundant hair—a ruddier bronze in hue than Barty Wooler's. Beside so much warmth of colour, Phœbe Paston's hair took an olive hue like her eyes. Whether or not it was because Barty had never shown the slightest inclination towards any one of the forty, Mrs. Wooler maintained to herself that she would have been better pleased if he had sought to marry the whole forty open, dashing girls, than cast sheep's eyes on a demure, deceitful minx like Phœbe Paston.

Mrs. Wooler was somewhat less partial to the two Miss Staceys, whom she called in her old expressive vernacular “dawlish young madams.” Not that they were not affable. They were only too affable for the daughters of a retired Folksbridge merchant, who had further refined his family by retiring from the world altogether, and leaving to a widow and co-heiresses a modest amount of fortune. This was, happily, sufficient to allow them to play at being country gentry in the fancy cottage of Exwood, about half a mile from Wellfield, where they kept a one-horse chaise, and hired, for mingled protection and service, one man-servant in addition to their maid-servants. This man-servant was a sort of Jehu and Adam in one, and it was principally in right of the one-horse chaise and the Jehu-Adam, that the two Miss Staceys had arrived at the distinction of meeting Miss Adelaide Coke, on such occasions as choral practising, and sewing mornings at the Rectory, just as Miss Adelaide Coke met Lady Dorothea at county balls. The Miss Staceys were may-poles of girls, with everything about them elongated, even to their faces and hands—involving such tenuity that it reminded Barty Wooler of the uniform trait of the Virgin's figure in the Byzantine pictures, and the far from exhilarating impression of imbecility it conveyed.

Miss Rowe, the only remaining lady, was “a well connected person,” as she would have specially insisted on describing herself. She had had a brother a major in the army, and an uncle a commodore in the navy. She was past the age of probable conquests, past the age even of forlorn hopes directed against the elderly bald-headed widower, Mr. Mossman, who kept Barty Wooler in countenance, the only other man among so many women; but though past schemes and disappointments, she was not past parties. She was

in that happy tranquil St. Martin's summer when an invitation meant an unmistakable opportunity to wear her moire, her rings and brooches. One of these last was a minute ship spun in filigree; another a small model of a cannon. She wore an elaborate head-dress of feathers, flowers, and family lace. Her highest pleasure was to sit in a warm, well-lit room, with the covers off the furniture, and to eat and drink all the delicacies of the season; play a few rubbers of good, serious whist; and receive and impart the most whetting scandals going in the neighbourhood. At Miss Rowe's age there was no disturbing chance of important consequences lurking behind an invitation, unless indeed it might be the risk of catching cold, and Miss Rowe could take precautions in wraps. She had reached the period of life when bosom friends are generally interpreted by tangible tough pieces of knitted wool, and when a prudence cap, an old velvet bonnet, and a thick veil, are more in request for an evening walk, than an airy, cashmere hood in the loveliest moonlight.

Mrs. Wooler had some genuine respect and regard for Miss Rowe, but there was still a rivalry of ancient standing between the two, which had begun in the early preference of Clerk Wooler for Judith Clay. The weapons of the strife were, on the one hand, rigid yeoman principles and great trade expectations; and on the other, comparative laxity of tone, and superior birth and breeding. In moments of provocation, Mrs. Wooler, who relished Miss Rowe's society well enough, was yet guilty of speaking of her to Barty as another Jezebel and Delilah up in years.

Gentlemen were not, like ladies, to be picked up on a moment's notice at Wellfield. Married men thought they discharged their duty fully, when they did the honours of their own houses. Young men, eligible partners either for an evening or for life, were so scarce that not more than one could be expected to appear, and he was made much of on an ordinary occasion. It is not surprising, then, that Mrs. Wooler had been able to do no more than procure Mr. Mossman, the mildest, most inoffensive specimen of his kind. During his late wife's lifetime he had depended on her fortune, and had found his chief employment in escorting her, and carrying her basket with her head-dress when she went out to tea. Perhaps it was because of this that he had inherited, along with his widower's annuity, a free pass to all such parties. From long practice he was as well qualified to speak on the markets, the

prospects of gardens, the health of children, the moral condition of servants, as any lady in the land. The ladies called him a great acquisition; but the men groaned over him. Widow and maiden atoned to him, however, by chirping and twittering round him with antique airs and palpitations and subdued jealousies. Mrs. Wooler and Miss Rowe were two exceptions,—merely tolerating their admirer; for in the perversity of mankind, or in the fate which continued to pit the ancient women against each other, they were the forbidden fruit after which Mr. Mossman had a meek hankering.

There was an absence of the Church element at Mrs. Wooler's party. This, however, was not from any disrespect entertained by Mrs. Wooler towards the clergy. She had been brought up in the faith of Church and State. She had a lofty veneration for the very boards of her Prayer-book, and a tenderness half fond, half fierce, for the cloth to which Clerk Wooler had belonged. But to tell the truth, there was, owing to various causes, an absence of the Church element, not to say of Christianity, in those walks of Wellfield society which did not include the dissenting interest. The vicar of St. Basil's—a distant connexion of the Exmoor family—was an old bachelor, aristocratic, learned, and dry, who insisted on performing the duties of his parish himself, without the aid of a curate, except when he made use of Lady Dorothea. The rector of St. Mary's was elderly, as well as dull-witted in his conscientiousness—a man who employed slow, drudging curates like himself, and whose childless wife was a *bona fide* invalid. There was not even a feud between St. Basil's and St. Mary's.

Among the resolutely cheerful guests, Phoebe sat with her black dog on her back, irreconcilably hostile. She was intensely conscious of the fact that the Medlars and the Staceys were watching every tittle of her intercourse with Barty Wooler. She knew that the interest of a rumoured marriage between her and Barty, afforded their neighbours an absorbing study, with the added zest arising from disparity of years, as well as from great prospects on the one side, and all the coyness and reluctance of a spoilt girl on the other. Such lively speculations, in the midst of the envy they could not fail to excite, were a priceless treasure in the stagnation of Wellfield. Miss Rowe would pop them newly gathered into her scandal-bag, and make two or three additional cosy parties out of them. Had Phoebe been of a temper and an age for

bland philosophy, this reflection ought to have consoled her; but it did not. Barty Wooler had causelessly brought upon her such mortification and confusion of face, that she felt she could not stop till she hated him.

Mrs. Wooler, as she sat behind her tea-urn, took in the spectacle with a shade of ironical satisfaction. She had warned Barty, and he would not listen—see what came of it. Here was the pert, boarding-school miss, Caleb Paston's daughter, turning up her fine nose, if not even losing her head, at this misplaced homage of her betters, whom she ought to serve humbly with all she has. Mrs. Wooler had a strong sentiment of justice, and a supreme faith in her own instincts, which greatly helped her to bear the sight of Barty's discomfiture and a Paston's heartless arrogance. But she was somewhat enraged with the fool and baby of a girl, who at the outset, and before the world, scouted Barty, answered him in snappish monosyllables, and looked another way when she spoke to him.

This was enough to make Barty's old wound burn again. The lines round his mouth drew together and hardened with yearning and pain, although, it must be added, with a little tormenting sense of diversion, which would not have laughed out at him under similar provocation when he was twenty years younger. He was older by a lifetime than Phoebe, and could easily read her self-will. But it did not shake him in his reasonable conviction that he—a man in his strength—was a fit mate for her, could he but take her fancy.

CHAPTER VII.—AFTER TEA.

BARTY WOOLER had heaps of portfolios, and notwithstanding his being a professional man, he was not chary in vouchsafing their contents to his acquaintances for their inspection. But he had a way of his own in doing it. He made light of his work, touching only on its defects. He went on turning it into ridicule, till the simple, matter-of-fact Wellfield people did not know how to take such treatment. They were provoked, as at the exposure of an imposition vouchsafed by the impostor himself.

"That group of muleteers is about the most meretricious of all the meretricious affairs I ever perpetrated," Barty would confess candidly. Or he would explain, "I painted these rocks when I was waiting for a ferry-boat, which came too soon in the end, and so you observe I threw into the water a monotonous bed of slate, like the seas of lava in the moon." Or he would vary his

confession with, "I hope you like my willow-tinted oak trees. I remember I was eager after the effect of a silvery green foliage against an opal sky, and you see my little liberty with one half of the oaks saved me the trouble of drawing a batch of willows."

This behaviour came from the bad side of Barty's character; and Phœbe Paston, who was accustomed to hold his profession in honour, had thought so badly of his tone in speaking of it, that she had quarrelled with him about it when the two were free to dispute.

"You are ashamed of being a painter, sir," she had said, "as some writers are ashamed of being literary men."

"No, Miss Paston," he had soberly denied the charge; "I must let you have a glimpse into the real state of the case—I am ashamed of my own shortcomings."

Then Phœbe, having an idea how much had been expected of him, and how he had unaccountably fallen short of the goal, judged that he was self-condemned, and in the abundance of her youthful generosity was sorry for him. But to-night, when he tossed about his landscapes,—most of which Phœbe had seen before,—and scoffed at them, for the benefit or the bewilderment of his audience, he got no quarter from her.

Certainly there was no lack of variety either in subject or in treatment. There were sketches of Italian pines and poplars; Dutch summer-houses and ferry-boats; German bits of forest and sandy road; French vistas of trellised vines and cherry trees, with pepper-boxed châteaux at the end; glimpses of Indian rice-fields, and bamboo plantations; and South American baobabs, and wrought-out silver mines.

Phœbe had heard her father speak in high terms of Wooler's masterly sketches. She herself had sufficient familiarity with art, though without hereditary genius, to see that the drawing was bold and true, the colouring harmonious and vigorous, sometimes wonderful in its flashes of insight. But all were mere sketches, hardly studies even. They were slight, hasty, often unfinished. They showed nowhere brooding forethought, nor anxious care in design and execution. On the contrary, they betrayed sloth, trifling, recklessness, and careless sin against knowledge, with the corresponding vice of audacious license in crowding figures, and massing and contrasting tints to hide the absence of sterling qualities.

Phœbe knew another sort of workman and another sort of art—an art so full of worship

and lowliness, that each touch was a prayer; an art pursued, too, with such longing and striving after the ideal, and against such baffling infirmities and obstacles, that the pursuit meant heavy toil and bitter pain. Yet, to him who followed it, it was dearer than anything else, unless it were the love of his only child—ininitely dearer than rest and ease, than peace and health. It was like a fire in the bones,—something to be looked at with an approach to awe, to be mourned for at times as if it were a possession, and to be gloried in because it constituted a noble career. Mr. Paston was not a very original painter. His inspiration was slow, his work plodding. He had the defects and the excellences which one expects to find in a rarely endowed and well-instructed woman. His genius was not creative but descriptive; still his work had a finish, a faithfulness, a delicacy, and a tenderness which no intelligent man or woman could fail to appreciate. To Phœbe it seemed that the result was produced by the draining of drop after drop of the artist's life-blood.

Well might Phœbe decline to have anything to do with what seemed to her a heartless, light-minded exhibition. She had been offended before; and she was as much affronted now as if she had listened to a scurrilous jest on a holy life.

So far as numbers were concerned, Barty Wooler might not have missed Phœbe's approval. With the exception of Mrs. Wooler, who was still "on hospitable thoughts intent;" of Mrs. Paston, who was tired of the subject; and of Miss Rowe, who was a little out of sorts at the loss of her whist, the company gathered round their host while he acted as showman. They elected him their painter, their hero, no matter how he might jeer and sneer. The Miss Staceys bent like willows over the table, giggled at the very graveyard of Scutari, wondered how he could do anything and everything—put in a tree or manage a stone. In their own eyes the Staceys were, without doubt, far above the social rank of artists; but they had just enough sense and experience to guess that it would be extremely difficult for them to meet with husbands of what they considered their rank in life, since they had not such fortunes as would bribe needy officers or small sprigs of the aristocracy. They had learnt from Miss Coke that art was more genteel, although less remunerative, than trade. They believed, moreover, that Lord Wriothlesley was an amateur artist, and mixed somewhat freely with professional men at



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

home and abroad. Barty Wooler himself might be classed as an amateur artist when once he had entered on the Messrs. Clay's riches. Nay, he might then ignore the source of his funds, by sinking them in the purchase of an estate, and subsiding gracefully into a country gentleman with an elegant taste for the fine arts. The Miss Staceys had thus wit to contemplate possibilities. Neither did they neglect to take into account and give due weight to Barty Wooler's handsome person and gentleman-like attributes. They had far more worldly wisdom than that brusque bundle of airs, Phœbe Paston. They were not many years older than her, yet they did not think Wooler a day too old for them, though they would never have ceased to feel that they were condescending to the painter, and would have been mortally ashamed, as well as mortally afraid, of the plain tart old woman, his mother.

Milly Medlar, though she knew no more of pictures than the top from the bottom, deliberately sat down to the task of examining every sketch. She went into the business hilariously and hopefully too, although she had done her hair, and shaken out an evening dress similar to this grenadine, a thousand and one times without producing any commensurate result. She praised right through the portfolios without a particle of discrimination—accumulating a pile of rubbishy, false phrases of admiration.

Dora Medlar sang second to her sister's unqualified approval in a piano-pianissimo, which was almost refreshing, and sounded nearly sincere after what had gone before.

As for Bella Medlar, her line was that of romping, quizzing coquetry. She made as flagrant pretences to criticism as Milly did to flattery, all with the object of making Barty exert himself to do what men are not usually slow to do—prove himself in the right, and her in the wrong. It was an ingenious, insinuating game, even when coarsely played; and Bella, though the least comely and the least amiable of the Medlars, had been the most frequently on the verge of having a lover.

"I am sure that square tower is askew, Mr. Wooler. I declare it gives me a crick in the neck to look at it," cried Bella.

"Oh, Bella!" protested Milly and Dora, for Bella was the wit of the family. The tactics of the Medlar girls did not clash. However much they might have set their hearts on being parted and scattered to the four winds for the last dozen years, they were more united than the stuck-together Staceys.

"Do me the favour to look at my mother's alabaster candlestick from the same point of view, Miss Bella, and tell me if it gives you another crick in the neck," urged Barty, with his cynical humour.

"Good gracious! the candlestick is awry now. Mr. Wooler, you are a wizard. Surely you must have learned the black art in your travels. Miss Clarissa Stacey, keep away from him; he is what the Scotch call 'no canny.' I am dying with fright of him."

All this was like "idle tales" to Barty; although it did not irritate and exasperate him so much as it would have done Caleb Paston. But he felt the evening drag wearily, while Phœbe stood apart and said nothing—her brown face, which he had seen all aglow as only brown faces can glow, now cold and blank.

"Why don't you paint men and women, and not stocks and stones, Mr. Wooler?" inquired Miss Rowe.

"Because I have not found men and women so safe and sure an investment, Miss Rowe." Then, as the girls round him clamoured in opposition to this statement, he went on: "They are not so kind in bestowing their best upon poor sinners of men and painters, though I dare say it is the fault of the men and painters as well as their misfortune. But I do paint men and women, if you please, Miss Rowe. Do you not call these fishermen and hop-gatherers men and women? I hope so, for I do."

"Ah, yes; but I mean men and women doing something which tells a story plainly, as in Mr. Paston's pictures—historical painting and *genre* painting, as I think you call it."

"So you would not call the figures in Nicolas Poussin's and Rubens's landscapes men and women?" persisted Wooler.

"I know nothing about Nicolas Poussin, and not much about Rubens, except that he was a great, gross, improper sort of fellow, whom I should not care to speak of before these girls," Miss Rowe answered, in a loud aside, and with commendable strength of mind and coolness.

"I wonder the family up at Brockcotes are so fond of Rubens," Miss Rowe resumed. "Yet I must confess my brother the major, who was at Brussels—or Antwerp, was it?—and acquainted with Rubens's masterpieces, never would hear a word said against him: 'A free man with his brush, Mill,' he used to allege—the major always contracted my name Mildred into Mill, telling me flatly, for he was an outspoken man the

major, that I was too plain-headed for a Milly, —‘a free man with his brush, but, Lord love you, a giant at his frolics.’”

“Miss Paston knows more about the Brockcotes galleries than any of us,” suggested Miss Stacey, inquisitively; “don’t you, Miss Paston? It is in your way; at least, in Mr. Paston’s. Has he been painting any of his charming pictures for the Earl lately?”

“Papa is generally painting for the family one way or another,” answered Phoebe, quietly; “taking portraits, or making duplicates for Swinely, when he isn’t doing anything original.”

“Dear! to think that Lord Exmoor keeps an artist!” exclaimed Lucy Stacey, in the very tone in which she would have announced her amazement at his Lordship’s keeping a dwarf or a jester; “and no doubt Mr. Paston will command the Marquis of Fairchester’s patronage. What a lucky man Mr. Paston has been!”

“I don’t call it luck altogether,” Phoebe spoke up, stoutly, “nor favour either. Papa gets a ready sale for his pictures when he sends them elsewhere.”

“Merit would be the right word, Miss Paston,” interposed Barty, decidedly.

But Phoebe was infatuated in her prejudice, and resented Barty’s freedom even in agreeing with her to applaud her father.

“Did you ever happen to see your papa’s first picture for Lord Exmoor?” inquired Miss Rowe, with some curiosity. “It was the picture of Lord Thomas, who was the greatest prodigal and the most gallant man I have heard of among the Latimers. He is represented as coming back to put down the Popish rioters, and buttoning his coat or knotting his cravat, I forget which, to hide the stain of his wound, until the fatted calf should be killed and eaten,—that is, till the great breakfast to the retainers and neighbours should be served, and all the toasts drunk, and thanks returned for the family deliverance and reconciliation,—when he could call for his bed to be made, that he might lie down and sleep without the plague of waking. I remember the picture made a great noise at the time, because the subject was a grand incident in the Exmoor family history, although not very well known. People had been shy of alluding to it when it happened, I suppose, so it had dropped out of mind. However, it won the entire approbation and support of the old Earl, one of your modish noblemen, who was keen on ancient tapestry and Dutch tiles and mosaics dug up at Pompeii, or any toy in vogue at the time. You must remem-

ber something of the picture of Lord Thomas, Mr. Wooler, though you were little more than a boy when it was done?”

Barty stooped over a portfolio, and waited for Phoebe to reply first to Miss Rowe’s double question.

Mrs. Wooler sat bolt upright, sniffing the air, and twirling her thumbs.

“Yes, I have seen the picture,” Phoebe affirmed, without the least reluctance. “Papa sets no store on it now, though it was of great consequence to him at the time; it is crude, of course, but I like it.”

Barty Wooler looked up quickly as if he were going to speak, but he changed his mind and said nothing.

Miss Rowe, too, looked all round her, with an aroused comprehensive glance. She had not had malice aforethought, but now a recollection flashed upon her which she could not help coupling with the expression on the Wooler faces before her. There had been a protracted coolness between the Woolers and the Pastons, long preceding the present extension of the olive branch. So far as Miss Rowe knew, there had never been a satisfactory explanation of the affair.

As the great gossip of the town, Miss Rowe now felt it a duty which she had neglected too long, to sift the old quarrel to the bottom, notwithstanding that the parties most concerned seemed disposed to let it lapse into oblivion. It was really from a sense of duty, and from what might be called professional pride of character, that Miss Rowe was induced to prosecute the investigation. She was not a radically ill-natured woman. In spite of some rankling at the loss of her evening’s whist, and a distinct impression that Judith Clay and her [son, as well as the Pastons,—all alike upstarts in the Wellfield world,—would be none the worse of being taken down a peg or two in their own and the public’s estimation, she did not enter on the work maliciously. The way she went about it was to offer a gratuitous and hypocritical apology for the questions she had been asking, which was a thousand times worse than the slip of the tongue which afforded the opportunity for making it.

“I beg your pardon, perhaps I ought not to have alluded to the Lord Thomas story on canvas. It has just occurred to me that the picture was done in competition for Lord Exmoor’s favour, and that Mr. Wooler’s name was among those of the competitors. But what a boy you must have been then, sir, to make such an attempt!”

“Not such a boy. I was nineteen; only

some five years younger than Paston, who was the successful competitor. But, perhaps, you are not aware, Miss Rowe, though you seem to remember so much, that I withdrew from the competition before the decision."

Phoebe's eye and ear were quick to seize on the clouded brow and the asperity of the tone; it pained her to receive a hint of her father's friend having borne a grudge, and nourished a petty spite and vindictiveness against him all these years. She had heard of the loss of a college-prize wrecking a lad's future career; but she could not think how defeat on a fair field should have so told on the frank, strong man who now stood before her. Inadvertently she stared at Barty until he looked up and directly met her gaze. He read its meaning, and with a fiery flush through his bronzed skin, seemed about to address her in indignant refutation of the unspoken accusation. But he changed his mind a second time the same moment, and diverted the current of conversation.

"Do you go often to Brockcotes, Miss Paston? Isn't it horribly irksome to be lifted up among the gods?"

Phoebe, at once recovering herself, gave no other response than a shake of her head and a decided "No."

Mrs. Paston here came to her help, answering for her, with a half simpering, half peevish vanity, "I don't think it is at all irksome to Phoebe, she is so well accustomed to it. I don't care for it myself, because I never know exactly how to behave; whether to offer to shake hands or to sit down before I am asked, or how to address the Earl and the Countess,—I mean how often I should say my Lord and my Lady, and if Lady Dorothea is as much entitled to be my-ladied as her mother. Won't it be a confusion between my Lord the Earl and Lord Wriothsley when he comes home. You know, what with the university and his regiment, he has not lived here since he grew up. He was not even at home for the great fête and dinner when he came of age; he was forced to be with his regiment at the camp in Ireland at the time. Only think how awkward it would have been if war had broken out, and the only son and heir of Lord Exmoor had got to go to it, and be killed among all the common soldiers! No wonder the Earl has made him sell out on account of his duties and honours at home. When I go to Brockcotes I can never get rid of the idea that I shall do something wrong. Mr. Paston, he won't take the trouble to show me beforehand, and Phoebe professes she don't know neither what is to

come. But she is used to it all, and don't mind the grandeur. The Countess, for as proud a woman as she is, is quite kind to Phoebe."

"For my part I shouldn't fancy such unequal intercourse agreeable," Barty took up the subject; "not that I see such a prodigious inequality except in territorial possessions, and any man with a heavy purse may attain to them."

"Oh, Mr. Wooler!" at least two voices broke in.

"Now, you old Wellfield people, pray don't set me down as leveller, chartist, socialist, if such ill-names yet exist among you," Barty argued. "I know you used to hang dogs with them an age ago when I was a youngster, as Miss Rowe may remember. I should like to know what deed your oracular mediocre Earls of Exmoor and their imperious Countesses have done to entitle them to immortality and boundless sway over men's minds?"

This outburst took the company completely by surprise. It fell like a bomb-shell, which did not hit anybody in particular, but raised a cloud of confusion and dismay. It struck at the very foundations of Wellfield society. Wooler enjoyed the sensation—it was a refreshment to him after having been worried and stung. His only doubt was whether he might not pay too dear for his pastime. But he was not too old for mischief, nor nearly too old for waxing dogged and defiant under injury.

"Has the present Earl merged into the queer old fogie he threatened to be when he was Lord Wriothsley?" he questioned carelessly. "He had a habit of going a-fishing in a Quaker's hat, and of sitting cross-legged to read his letters on the steps of that precious encumbrance of a statue to the man who, as I have heard tell, hunted over my grandfather's farm in season and out of season, and at the same time hunted the poor old Methodist preachers out of the town. I can't recall much about the present woman," declared Barty deliberately—"the Countess, I should say—save that she was a stunted fright, who brought a fresh property, and a fresh infirmity, to be handed down among the other venerable heir-looms. Have any of the young folk succeeded to the Dugdale hardness of hearing, in addition to the blink of the Latimer eye?"

"Oh, fie, Mr. Wooler, you are too bad. How can you make such rude remarks?" was chorused in a wild flutter of half delicious terror at the profane criticism,—terror which

but served as a piquant encouragement from Barty's parasites. And Barty rode his hobby hard even to hide the wound he was enduring from the undeserved scorn of Phoebe Paston, just as Lord Thomas did to hide the sudden rebellion of his sweet but hasty temper. And though in the heat of his momentary retaliation Barty was sensible that he was damaging his own cause, and hurting the girl he loved, he was only goaded on by the conviction.

Phoebe, recognising the old right of patron in her father's earliest employers, would have been single-heartedly loyal to the family at Brockcotes on that account; but the Latimers were her best friends, before even her kindred the Halls. Lady Dorothea had not merely been like a bright, particular star to her, but was something between her princess and her sister, from whom she had never swerved in her allegiance. She did not care if some people called her "a snob;" but she could not bear to listen to Barty's scornful sarcasms. There was one good thing, she did not think that when she had told her father what had been said, he would wish her to go to the Woolers' house again to hear such words.

But if men like Barty Wooler are born to fill opposition benches, women like Mrs. Wooler with yeoman blood in their veins, are born to live and die true conservatives.

"Son Barty," said the old woman, imperatively interrupting him, "there is a text forbidding to speak evil of dignities. Your father's son ought to pay heed to what is in both collect and epistle."

"What evil was I speaking? Mayn't a cat look at a king? are the patent defects of ears and countesses to be ignored? I don't call that a compliment to their understandings, if indeed it be allowable to hint that

they have understandings any more than that a queen has legs."

"I tell you," insisted Mrs. Wooler, not listening to him, "there are to be superiors and inferiors. The Bible and the Prayer-book say it, and Nature is clerk and says amen to them. I'll have no railing, infidel speeches here, son Barty. Why, the very dogs might teach you a different lesson. Would you go to compare any mangy cur in Wellfield High Street to my father's greyhound Joan, that twice ran the course at Bridlepath in six minutes, and won the silver cup at Sheenbury against all the squires' dogs in the county—old Joan did. I gave her a cup of well-creamed, strong green tea after it with my own hands, and she lapped it for her good, as wise-like as an old woman. If we are to have superiors, as is ordained, let us have them which have run the course, and for the most part gallantly, these hundreds of years, and not interlopers and whipper-snappers growing up, all along of full purses, in a night's time like toadstools."

"Commend me to women for bolstering up what is left of the feudal system, and the barbarous old world's enormities and anomalies," protested Barty. "And when women lay down the law on their own floors, of course men must lay down their arms."

Barty ended by submitting to necessity, not inconsiderately or untenderly, though there lurked in the tolerant kindness of his speech a grain of the contempt which so often lurks under the broad shield of protection and indulgence towards women and children. Phoebe picked up the noxious grain of stolidity and arrogance, while she utterly rejected the treasure of fondness that caused Barty Wooler to smooth his ruffled plumes and smile covertly at the solitary point of agreement between Phoebe and his mother.



DEBENHAM'S VOW.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XI.—MUSICAL AND ÆSTHETIC.



THEY found a little room poorly furnished, but brightly lighted, the tea still upon the table, and a young lady standing by the fireplace reading. Her book lay open before her on the mantel-piece. She closed it when they came in, and received them courteously. Mr. Alleyne then

tasted the tea, pronounced it undrinkable, rang for a fresh supply, produced a portfolio of sketches, and made his guests at home in a few moments.

Archie, painfully conscious of his clump-soled boots, sat on the edge of his chair, silent and shy, lamenting the gorgeous shirt-fronts and resplendent waistcoats that he had left at home in his London lodgings.

Debenham, feigning to be absorbed in the sketches, saw only Miss Alleyne.

He thought he had never beheld so dainty a creature. He scarcely dared to look at her, and yet he could not keep his eyes away. She was small—very small—exquisitely proportioned, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with the slenderest throat, the tiniest hands, the sweetest mouth imaginable. Her eyes were large, lustrous, "changeable as the winds or seas;" her complexion of that pure, glowing, transparent olive, which the French describe as the *peau meridional*, and which, when pale is the most pathetic, and when flushed, the most radiant in the world. But it was neither to the lustre of her eyes, nor the splendour of her skin, nor the supple grace of her figure, that Miss Alleyne owed the great charm of her beauty. It was to her smile. That smile was magical. Taken in repose, the face wore a thoughtful expression that bordered upon melancholy; but the smile transformed it, illuminated it, flooded it like sudden

sunshine. Debenham saw it for the first time before he had been half-an-hour in her presence, and it was one of her father's sketches that called it forth.

Taking the drawing from the folio—a river scene, with flat, low banks, a line of pollard willows, and a punt moored against a speary "plump" of bulrushes—Mr. Alleyne turned it towards her, and said:—

"Juliet, do you remember the bull?"

She had been sitting by till then, silent enough, with her face half averted, and her cheek resting on her hand; but the flash of mirth came on the instant, lightening over every feature.

"Shall I ever forget the bull—or you," she replied; "or the tragical end of the sketching umbrella?"

And then Mr. Alleyne laughed too, and told them how he had been besieged by a bull while peacefully sketching his own punt from the opposite side of the river; and how, being unable to get at the punt and unable to swim, he had contrived to clamber up a tree, while the bull made war *à outrance* on the sketching umbrella.

"I never remember that adventure," said he, "without marvelling at my own activity."

"If you could but have seen yourself, papa, as I saw you when I came to row you back," said Miss Alleyne, "perched in the tree like some strange bird, brooding over the ruins of the umbrella!"

"If you could but have seen the bull, my love, defying it, bellowing at it, stalking round it, goring it, tossing it, trampling upon it! It was a sight for Landseer. He was a magnanimous bull, however, to give him his due. He respected the fine arts, and spared my sketch-book."

"And this happened lately, on the Wye?" said Debenham; asking the question for the sake of saying something.

"Oh no! it happened at a little place in Hertfordshire, where we spent a few days in the spring. Do you know the neighbourhood of Berkhamstead?"

The young man shook his head.

"I am quite a stranger in England," he replied. "I left it when a child, and only came back some eighteen months ago."

"Then you have travelled a great deal?"

"No; we were always at Zollenstrasse. I was educated there."

Mr. Alleyne had heard of Zollenstrasse—

had passed once within a few miles of the frontier—had known some one who afterwards became a professor at the Academy. This set them talking more freely; and as Mr. Alleyne, in his airy way, asked a multiplicity of questions, it was not long before Debenham had been led into an unwonted degree of expansiveness, telling his name and his profession, and even drawing, in some half-dozen sentences, a sarcastic sketch of the Grand-Ducal court, and the formal life of that self-important little capital. He described a court-day at the Residenz—the washerwomen bringing home the ladies' flounced petticoats dangling from long poles, as if they were some kind of portentous fish just caught—the Lord High Chamberlain, in his nankeen morning-coat, trotting home, bareheaded, from Kopf the barber's, not daring to put on his hat for fear of disturbing the hair-powder—the six tall cuirassiers, who were regularly selected from the *corps de garde* and transformed into footmen for the day, to swell the somewhat scanty pomp of the Grand-Ducal establishment—the old yellow chariot from the Hôtel des Rois, which all Zollenstrasse wanted to hire at the same moment, and which was to be seen in every part of the town at once, throughout the afternoon—the gentlemen who had walked, dusting their pumps and shaking out their ruffles in the entrance-hall of the palace—the Baroness von Schlitte and the Baroness von Pfeffer squabbling for precedence in the ante-room—the Grand Duke yawning behind the plume of his cocked-hat—the Grand Duchess scolding the princesses for tittering—the gentlemen ushers and the gold sticks in waiting cutting jokes on the sly—the dust, the fuss, the flutter, the bustle that pervaded the whole town from seven in the morning till five in the afternoon; and the relief it was to every one concerned when the gun up at the old Schloss gave notice that the Residenz gates were about to be closed, and the reception was over.

All this he told, and told it with humour; for Miss Alleyne, though still sitting somewhat apart, listened and smiled; and each time she smiled he thought her more bewitching than before, and longed to make her smile again.

Then the conversation drifted into more serious channels. Zollenstrasse led, somehow, to Munich; and then they talked of German music and poetry—of Goethe, and the wonderful Weimar period—of Wagner, and King Ludwig of Bavaria.

"As for Carl August," said Mr. Alleyne,

"he has been so effaced by Goethe that the world has scarcely done him full justice. He was almost a great man."

"Must he not have been quite great, so to appreciate greatness?" asked Miss Alleyne.

"He was certainly a magnanimous man," said Debenham; "for Goethe, with his Olympian airs, his pomposity, and his infinite egotism, must have been a difficult person to deal with. Merely to have been the friend of such a man, and to have maintained that friendship unimpaired, without loss of dignity, throughout a period of fifty-five years, augurs a high degree of forbearance."

"It was an unequal friendship, too," observed Miss Alleyne.

"And unequal friendships are as full of shoals and quicksands as unequal marriages," said Mr. Alleyne, sententiously.

"It was unequal in a manner particularly trying to the Duke," said Debenham; "for all the rank was on his side, and all the fame on Goethe's."

"Yet the Duke must have been an able man," said Miss Alleyne.

"The Duke was a very able man," replied her father; "but he was able as a statesman and reformer; so that, his field of operation being small, his abilities went for nothing in the eyes of the world. He must have felt this, and chafed under it; for, after all, it is not pleasant to be obliterated, even by the friends we love best."

"Was Mr. Blyth also a Zollenstrasse student?" asked the young lady; thinking, perhaps, that poor Archie was undergoing that very process of obliteration, and kindly trying to give him some share in the conversation.

Archie blushed up to the eyes.

"I?" he stammered. "Oh, no. I was at Merchant Taylors.' But I've been in Germany. I've been up the Rhine."

"The one place in Germany that I have now any special desire to visit is Munich," said the artist. "Vienna and Dresden I know by heart; but the treasures of the Pinacothek I have yet to see. I should not wish to die without having seen Titian's 'Presentation in the Temple.'"

"And I would give the world to hear *Tannhäuser*, and see Herr Wagner!" said his daughter.

"Mr. Debenham has, no doubt, done both, and can give us every information."

But Debenham had never been in Munich, nor, though the music of it was familiar to him, heard *Tannhäuser* performed. He had, however, seen not only Herr Wagner, but his eccentric friend and patron, the Ex-King of

Bavaria; both having been present at one of the great Zollenstrasse festivals some three years before.

"On which occasion," said he, "a symphony of Herr Wagner's was performed by the orchestra of the Academy; and a more crabbed, distort, and singular composition I never took part in before or since. Yet there were wild, wonderful fragments of melody cropping up throughout it, in all sorts of unexpected places; often quite lost to sight—buried in the heart of the score, like diamonds in a block of quartz, and only discoverable by an adept. I remember one little passage of about four bars played by the oboe—a delicate, airy, exquisite flight of notes that haunted me for weeks after; but it was imbedded in a crash of other instruments, and probably not a soul among the audience, unless it were King Ludwig, even suspected its existence."

"Then there may really be a soul of beauty in things discordant!" said Miss Alleyne, smiling.

"In Wagner's music—yes; but you must be an analyst to find it out."

"Is King Ludwig an analyst?"

"King Ludwig is not a Pericles, nor even a second Carl August; but he has a real knowledge and real love of art," replied Debenham. "Whether he is an analyst, in the technical sense, I cannot say; but he has insight; and it needs insight to pierce the rough, and sometimes grotesque husk in which Wagner chooses to swathe his musical ideas. He has as rich a vein of mere melody as other composers, but he values it less, and employs it differently. His whole career, we must remember, is a re-action against the school of melodists—his every composition a protest against Bellini and the followers of Bellini. Like all re-actionists, however, he pushes his theory too far. He is not content to deny that melody is of paramount importance in music. He is not content to establish melody and harmony on a footing of equality. He insists on degrading melody. He uses it as a mere accessory—as the cheapest of accessories; and lavishes it just where it is least observed and least needed."

"Like the Count of Monte Christo, who wore no jewels, but caused a priceless emerald to be hollowed out, to make a box for his opium lozenges," said Miss Alleyne.

"Mr. Debenham is the first admirer of Wagner whom I have had the pleasure of conversing with," observed the artist.

"Pardon me," replied Debenham. "I do not class myself with Herr Wagner's admirers.

I recognise his talent, but I entirely disapprove of his style. I hold that beauty is the end of art, as truth is the end of science; and I cannot but regard music from which melody is banished (or in which melody is so far obscured as to be virtually banished) as essentially inartistic. Still the composer of *Tannhäuser* is a man of mark."

"And originality."

"Oh, he is startlingly original. There is but one Wagner."

"And Ludwig of Bavaria is his prophet! We painters, however, have no right to poke our fun at the ex-king. No living sovereign has done so much for contemporary art."

"Why, then, deny him the title of a second Carl August?" asked Miss Alleyne.

"Goethe's Duke, my love, always kept up his personal dignity. He never said or did anything to make himself absurd in the eyes of the world; but King Ludwig is—well, suppose we say impulsive, and his impulsiveness has led him into many follies. His quarrels and reconciliations with Herr Wagner alone are notoriously ludicrous."

"Still, if he has so much taste and cultivation—if he is such a liberal patron of the arts——"

"I fear, even so, that he will not bear comparison with so noble and steadfast a man as Carl August," said Debenham. "Or, at best, we must regard him as a mere whimsical, erratic, half-pathetic, half-ludicrous imitation—like the jester at the funeral pageant of a Roman emperor, whose office it was to strut in the robes and mimic the bearing of 'imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay.'"

"And your own Grand Duke—he of Zollenstrasse—is he musical?" asked Mr. Alleyne.

"He partakes of the nature of the Academy," replied Debenham, laughingly. "He is a little of everything. He paints a little, composes a little, models a little; handles a lathe as dexterously as a bow, and turns a tune or a needle-case with equal facility."

"I hope you do not imply that your academic studies at Zollenstrasse are conducted on that principle!"

"With this difference,—each student learns a great deal of something, and a little of everything."

"And you, I suppose, learned a great deal of music and a little of the fine arts. Do you paint?"

"I sketch—very indifferently. One cannot help it when half one's fellow-students are artists," replied the young man apologetically.

"I hope you will let us see your sketch-book."

But Debenham protested he had not courage to show it; and so, the inn-clock in the kitchen loudly striking eleven, rose to say good-night.

"There, I have frightened you away," said the artist. "But I think you will let me see it to-morrow, all the same. Shall you be here to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes; we shall be here to-morrow."

"I don't ask if you make any stay; it's such a wretched place, and the river is so much finer higher up."

"I can scarcely tell," replied Debenham, with an air of great indifference. "It depends on the fishing. If we get very good sport here, we may stay some days."

"Then I hope you may get excellent sport," said Mr. Alleyne. "What—you will go? Then good-night."

And so they shook hands, and parted; but Debenham did not dare to offer his hand to Miss Alleyne. He only bowed profoundly, and Archie, who was just stepping forward with outstretched palm, checked himself, and bowed also.

"I suppose that's foreign manners, old fellow," he said, as they went up-stairs.

"Foreign manners! what do you mean?"

"Why, not shaking hands with Miss What's-her-name."

"I know little enough of English manners," replied Debenham, "so I cannot tell where mine differ from them; but abroad, certainly, no man would venture to shake hands with a young unmarried lady. It would be an unheard-of liberty."

"You did not even say good-night to her. Would that also have been a liberty?"

"I think so. What right have I to wish her a good-night? Had it been her birthday, should I have presumed to wish her many happy returns of the day?"

"Not if that's the light in which you look at it; but it's an artificial light, to my thinking. I prefer English manners. I should have liked to shake hands with her—I should, uncommonly."

"Well, good-night," said Debenham, abruptly.

They had now reached the landing, and his hand was already on the latch of his own bedroom door.

"Don't be in such a hurry; I want to ask you a question. What was that you said about staying here some days? Did you mean it?"

"Mean it? Well, perhaps. I don't know."

"But I thought you were so eager to push

on. I had no idea you cared so much about the fishing."

"My dear fellow," said Debenham, impatiently, "we can talk of this to-morrow. Let us go to bed now. I'm horribly tired."

"All right. I only asked because I was surprised. And you wanted to have slept at Monmouth to-night, you know. However, I don't care—not a bit. And if you've taken a fancy to the place . . ."

"Good night, Archie."

"Good night, then. But, I say . . ."

"What do you say?"

"Isn't Miss Alleyne a little beauty?"

Debenham shut the door in his face.

CHAPTER XII.—"FOR THE FIRST TIME."

THE next day, and the next, and yet the next went by, and still, to Archie's infinite perplexity and *ennui*, Temple Debenham lingered on at Cillingford. He liked the place; he liked the fishing; he liked the landlady; he liked the "Silver Trout;" he liked sketching with Mr. Alleyne; he liked anything, in short, except sticking to the programme they had laid out for themselves at starting. Archie, to be sure, though he liked neither the "Silver Trout," nor the landlady, nor Mr. Alleyne, could only sigh and obey. That Debenham should do as he pleased, and that Archie should do as Debenham pleased, was inevitable. The one always led, and the other always followed. Their friendship, indeed, had been based on this hypothesis from the first, and the result, till now, had been uniformly satisfactory.

On the present occasion, however, Archie's allegiance pressed somewhat heavily upon him. They had been out only a few days; the weather was superb; the pleasure of their holiday was all to come; and yet Debenham had already called a halt, and showed no sign of moving. Nor was this all. There were strangers in the way—strangers who sketched, and talked German æsthetics—and to these people his friend devoted all his time and conversation. So Archie, who neither sketched nor talked German æsthetics, found it decidedly dull.

In the meanwhile, Temple Debenham had fallen irretrievably in love.

For the first time—literally for the first time. Till this moment, he had cared for no woman but his mother. He had never known even a boy's passing fancy. All the bright eyes in Zollenstrasse (and they were not a few) had never cost him a single heartbeat. As for his fellow-students, they cultivated the tender passion as they cultivated their beards

and hair—that is, profusely. Full to the brim of *Kunst* and sentiment and Vaterland, they lived in a chronic state of romance, and would not have known how to live out of it. Perhaps the sight of these tender-hearted German youths prosing together about their Gretchens and Annchens, as they quaffed their Bairische beer, and smoked their cheap tobacco under the trees in the Linden platz, may have had something to do with Debenham's indifference. He saw too much of love and love-making, and, like a nurse in a fever hospital, lived in such an atmosphere of contagion, that he became proof against danger. But, now that he no longer lived in that atmosphere, he was no longer safe. For him, as for other men, there was peril in "a rosie cheek or a coral lip." His turn had come at last to take that "falling sickness," yclept love; and, like all who take it late, he took it severely.

The mischief was partly done before he had ever seen her. Sitting in the porch that first night, he listened to the music of her voice till he had half listened his heart away. The tender shades of the gloaming, the dawning stars overhead, the peace and poetry of the coming night, the very novelty of the situation, all predisposed him to any new impression. He was just in that mood when a man cannot help falling in love. Then her father came out, and invited them into her very presence; and he went in; and he saw her; and he found that she was as fair to see as her voice was sweet to hear; and then it was all over with him, and he was as desperately in love as any of those poor Karls and Heinrichs whom he used to laugh at so heartlessly in the old Zollenstrasse days.

However slowly the time may have dragged by for Archie, for Debenham, at all events, the days and hours flowed past in one enchanting stream of poetry. Cillingford became his terrestrial paradise. No other air was ever so laden with perfume; no other skies were ever so blue; no other hills so golden in light, so purple in shadow. It seemed to him as if some strange and subtle spell had suddenly descended on the earth. Never had nature shown so fair; never had he, at all events, been so keenly conscious of the boundless beauty of forest and field.

As for Miss Alleyne, he contrived to be with her, or near her, all the long day. He organized walks. He taught, or pretended to teach her the art and mystery of fly-fishing. He sketched, and Mr. Alleyne corrected his perspective, and touched up his foliage. He

read aloud, while the father painted at the door of his temporary tent, and the daughter, sitting close by in the shade, pursued some deft little handicraft that looked like lace-making, less the pillow and bobbins. And then he talked—ah! never before had he talked so well! Never had his memory been so reproductive, his imagination so vivid, his illustrations so happy. All his reading came suddenly to the surface, and things long forgotten were remembered like things of yesterday. It almost seemed to him as if he had never known till now how much he had thought, or how extensive his observations had been; but then, till now, he had never been in love, and love is of all stimulants the most powerful. It sharpens the wits like danger, and the memory like hatred; it spurs the will like ambition; it exalts the imagination like *haschich*; it intoxicates like wine. A man of real power who, loving for the first time, loves with all the force of his intellect and all the fire of his blood, feels himself capable of all things. He holds the world and its gifts in the hollow of his hand. He has but to will and to do. He is no longer a man, but a demigod.

And so it was with Temple Debenham. A new world had opened to him—a new life had descended upon him—a glory of hope and gladness was about his head. Rapt, inspired, lifted out of himself, he felt like a hero—he talked like a poet. All the genius that was in him blazed suddenly into love. The coldness, the selfishness, the hardness of his nature, seemed all at once to shrivel away, and be consumed in that Promethean fire. He longed to do something great, that he might be worthier of her affection. He would fain have been called upon to make some heavy sacrifice or undergo some poignant suffering for her sake. How easy to achieve, endure, resign anything in her name! He was ready, in short, to undertake the impossible.

It was a condition of things that could not long remain a secret to the lookers-on. The landlady of the "Silver Trout" found it out immediately, and told it, of course, to her married sister, and her sister's husband, and the sister's husband's niece, and all her friends and acquaintances. The ruddy, red-haired, slatternly drudge called by courtesy the "chambermaid," made the discovery for herself quite as promptly, and shared the information with every gossiping crone and giggling chit in the place. Archie, to his unutterable consternation, stumbled upon the truth in the course of the fourth day. Mr.

Alleyne, however, being, like all selfish persons, extremely unobservant of matters not directly affecting his own comforts, painted and talked, sipped his port and smoked his scented Havannahs in the most luxurious disregard of the little drama which was being enacted before his eyes. He either did not see it at all, or, seeing it, mistook the whole performance for a mere ordinary flirtation, "signifying nothing."

And Miss Alleyne?

Well—Miss Alleyne was a woman; and no woman, however modest or dull, was ever yet so modest or so dull as to be unconscious of the admiration of a man. Juliet Alleyne was perfectly aware from the first that Debenham admired her; but then she was used to admiration, and even a little tired of it—or tried to believe that she was so. She accepted his homage, at all events, as a matter of course, and attached no more importance to it than she had already attached to the homage of a score of others. She listened to him, however, and knew that he was worth listening to. She made entries in her diary of the books he praised and the authors he quoted. In the mornings, when she was getting up, she began to wonder where and how soon she should see him; whether he would join them over at the tent, or meet them first on the Cillingford side, or cross with them in the ferry. At night, she fell into a habit of sitting on the side of her bed and remembering the things he had talked about during the day, and how he looked when he said them. Perhaps she even began to miss him when he was absent, and to listen, involuntarily, for the sound of his voice on the stairs, or his footstep on the gravel. But of this she was not even conscious. She liked him, of course. She would have answered frankly enough on that head, had she been questioned; but that she liked him better than she might, under similar circumstances, have liked any other chance acquaintance, was a proposition that never occurred to her for a moment.

And so she suffered the acquaintance to glide into something almost approaching to intimacy before any suspicion of love—earnest, vehement, passionate love, such as this dark-eyed stranger might be capable not only of feeling but inspiring—had even flashed across her thoughts.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CHURCH AMONG THE HILLS.

WANDERING at hot noon in the scented gloom of the pine woods; climbing at sunset by steep lanes and stony footpaths to

every neighbouring hill-top; following the windings of the steel-bright river in the early summer moonlight; reading Shakespeare in the shade of an antique oak that might have struck root in the forest of Arden; gathering poppies in the corn-fields, and wild strawberries in the woods; listening to the nightingale in the gloaming, and to the cuckoo's double note in the sultry silence of midday; talking of music, of art, of poetry, of places and people famed in song and story, of the Alps and the sweet south—of everything, save love—these two drifted on day by day, setting their hearts to the music of the joyous present, as if life had never a past behind nor a future before it.

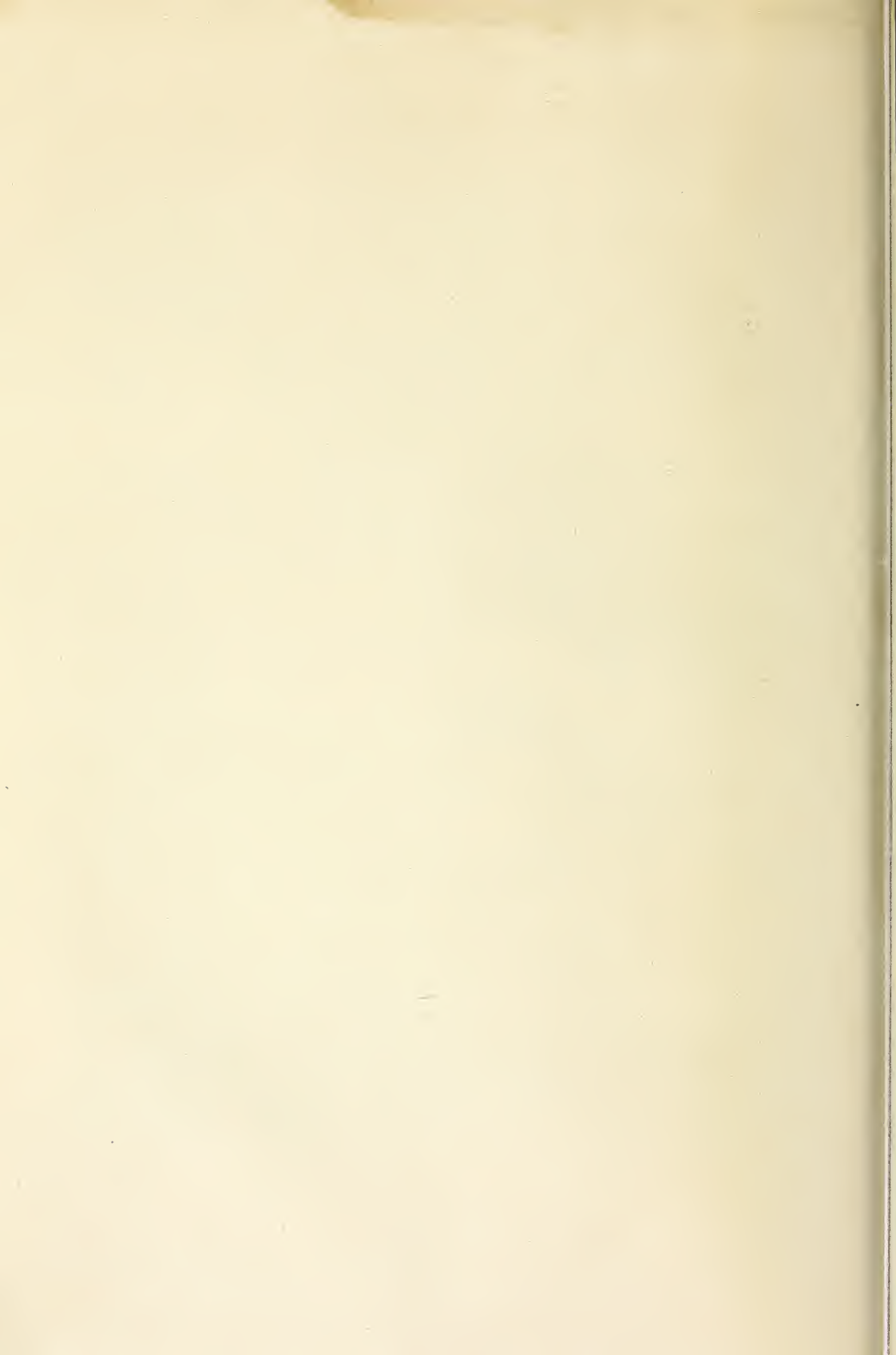
An enchanted time! Perhaps, take it for all in all, the very sweetest time that lovers know—when the frail barrier of silence is yet unbroken; when nothing has yet been asked, and nothing granted; when lips that have never met are tremulous with untasted kisses; when the passion that has not yet found language vibrates in the voice, and thrills the lingering palm; when nothing is certain but hope, and nothing worth hoping for but certainty; when the fair face of nature seems all at once to be divinely transfigured, and every common thing is informed with beauty, and the very air is love. An enchanted time; but, by necessity, a brief one! Love will out, no less than murder; and, however sweet the suspense of silence, lovers will speak and end it. Debenham spoke and ended it before many days were past.

It happened thus.

Miss Alleyne had said that she would like to hear him play, and the landlady had told them of a little church up in a fold of the hills some three or four miles away, where there was an organ. So Debenham beat up the neighbourhood for a donkey, and at about four o'clock one brilliant afternoon they started—Miss Alleyne heading the procession on donkey-back; Debenham leading the gallant animal by the rein; Mr. Alleyne and Archie bringing up the rear.

The way was steep, and led, for the most part, through young plantations, and clearings populous with rabbits. Once they passed a woodcutter's cottage, with its bit of garden, its beehives, its hollyhocks, its yelping cur and group of wondering children at the gate. Sometimes they startled a covey of partridges, and once or twice heard the whirr of a pheasant. But it was a wild, solitary climb, on the whole, and, till they came to a cross road a long way up, leading to a space of furzy common where stood a cluster of some six or





eight dilapidated cottages, they met not a single wayside passenger. Hence they were directed along a green road still trending upwards, and so came to an old-fashioned parsonage half hidden in trees, and a tiny church so overgrown with ivy that the windows and door, the little wooden belfry, and part of the roof, were alone visible. They found the church-yard gate unfastened; the parson's cob feeding among the graves; the church door standing wide open for all who chose to enter. So Miss Alleyne alighted, and they tied the donkey to the gate, and went in.

A quainter, quieter, sadder little church it would be impossible to conceive. The raftered roof, the screen, the pews, panels, and pulpit, were all of black, worm-eaten oak. Old scutcheons and death's-head tablets crowded the walls. The altar-cloth, once red, looked like a rusty pall. The footsteps of generations had worn the pavement into deep hollows, and half trodden away a pair of monumental brasses near the altar rails. As for the windows, they were so darkened with ivy, and so overladen with the dust of years, that it was impossible to distinguish even the colour of the few patches of stained glass that yet remained in them. The organ stood in a little dusk corner against the choir, partly hidden by the screen, and partly by a faded red curtain.

"And now, my dear sir," said Mr. Alleyne, at once doing the honours of the place as if he were lord of the manor or bishop of the diocese, "we are all impatience to hear you. Is the organ locked? If so, we must apply at the parsonage for the key."

"It is not locked," said Miss Alleyne, peeping through the curtain. "It is open—and it is the strangest little organ! The keys are all ebony, as if its very teeth were black with age; and it looks so feeble and decrepit that it seems impossible it should have any voice left."

"Here is some trace of an inscription," said the artist, adjusting his double eyeglass; "but the gilding is so worn, and the place so dark, that I cannot decipher it."

Debenham, taking his seat on the organist's bench, bent down and read aloud the name of "Edward Fisher, Maker, London, 1622."

"It is nearly two hundred and fifty years old," he said, running his fingers lightly along the keys, which, there being no wind in the bellows, gave out a hollow sound like the rattling of dry bones. "Two hundred and fifty years—a long life for such a thing of pipes and valves. Why, Milton might have played

upon it—Cromwell might have listened to it."

"Has it been hidden up here in these wild hills, I wonder, all that time?" said Miss Alleyne. "One would like to know its history."

"A chequered one, most likely," replied Debenham. "It has changed its religion and its politics more than once, we may be certain. Organs are sad renegades, and this one is old enough to have turned its coat a good many times. It may have been Royalist and Roundhead, Papist and Protestant—have droned Puritan psalm tunes in the days of the Protectorate, lilted secular airs to the rhymes of Sternhold and Hopkins for the merry monarch, and lent itself to Palestrina's mass-music under James II. There is nothing in the world so shamelessly inconsistent as a church organ, except a peal of bells."

"Or a woman," said Mr. Alleyne.

"That observation, *Monsieur mon père*, has not even the merit of novelty," said his daughter, saucily.

"Eternal truths never have, my love. But Mr. Debenham wants some one to blow for him."

"I'll blow," said Archie, eagerly.

"Then you must let me relieve guard when you are tired," said the artist condescendingly.

Archie laughed and shook his head. His coat was off already.

"I'm never tired," he replied. "I'm used to it. Now, Debenham, say when."

But Debenham was not yet ready. He was examining the stops, the names on which were almost illegible, and trying the compass of the pedals.

"Here is a stop," he said presently, "which is seldom, if ever, made by modern builders—the Vox Humana."

"I should like to hear that," said Miss Alleyne.

"It is sure to be very bad. These Vox Humana stops are generally failures, even in the best instruments. Still, the thing has been done. There are two Vox Humana stops in the great organ at Freiburg—a soprano and tenor—the effect of which is simply indescribable."

"Do they really sound like human voices?" asked Miss Alleyne.

"They sound like superhuman voices—like the voices of angels making use of no articulate speech. Imagine an absolutely faultless voice singing without the utterance of even a vowel sound. But there! one cannot imagine it. A voice *must* utter a note by means of a

vowel sound, and an organ can only utter the note. This it is which gives such unearthly effect to a good Vox Humana stop."

"And this one . . ."

"I predict that it is a bad specimen. Now, Archie, blow!"

CHAPTER XIV.—THE VOX HUMANA.

ARCHIE fell upon the bellows with a will. Mr. Alleyne, having ensconced himself in the most comfortable corner of the squire's pew, closed his eyes and prepared to listen luxuriously—or, it may be, to sleep. Miss Alleyne remained in the choir, separated from the organ by only a rail and a half-drawn curtain.

"Do you mind being overlooked while you play?" she said. "Shall I go away?"

He was playing now—a few soft preliminary chords.

"Ah, no," he said, dreamily, without looking round. "Never go away. Stay here, and let me play to you always."

"Always?" she repeated with a gay little laugh.

"Ay; if one could arrest the shadow on the dial!"

"And lose the pleasure of expecting to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? There is no to-morrow for those who——"

He checked himself; drew out another stop; went on playing.

"To-morrow!" he resumed, after a moment's pause, still not looking round; still in the same low, musing tone. "To-morrow may bring doubt, or certainty worse than doubt. To-morrow may bring death, or parting worse than death. Do not speak of to-morrow; it makes a coward of me."

Miss Alleyne drew back a little into the shade of the curtain, but said nothing.

"I used to live in and for the future," he went on. "Ten days ago, I thought of nothing else. The present, with its disappointments and struggles, was a mere probation. Now the present is all in all; the future, nothing."

"You have had disappointments and struggles?" said Miss Alleyne, with a touch of tremor in her voice.

"Who that is ambitious has not? They are the purchase-money of success."

He did not see the bright look that flashed across her face as he said this.

"But—but if one pays for success too dearly?" she said, hesitatingly.

"There are some things for which it is impossible to pay too dearly."

"For instance, fame?"

"No; one may pay too high a price for fame; but for happiness——"

He broke off abruptly. All this time he had not ceased playing. All this time the stream of sound kept swelling under his fingers like a gathering tide, as he added fresh stops and wandered on to richer and remoter combinations of harmony.

"It is perhaps one of our heaviest misfortunes," he began again presently, "that we do not know when we are happy. Blind to the wealth of the present, we go on staking upon the future till we have lost all. Now, had I the power given to Joshua of old, I would bid the sun and moon stand still in the heavens for ever. I would go on playing, you should go on listening—for ever. The trees out yonder should never shed their leaves, the cornfields never ripen, the shadows never lengthen on the grass."

"And papa should never have his dinner, and poor Mr. Blyth should never leave off blowing!" laughed Miss Alleyne. "I fear they would not accept immortality upon such hard conditions. But you have not yet used the Vox Humana stop."

"I am leading up to it," he replied. "All this is introduction. I will use it now—as a solo."

"As a solo? What do you mean?"

"I mean that I will take it alone, without the admixture of any other stops, on this upper row of keys, playing it, as you will see, with the right hand, while the left hand on the row below, and the pedals, supply the accompaniment."

"Like a voice, in fact, singing to an accompaniment?"

"Exactly. And now you must imagine that it is night. Scene, a garden; the moon gleaming through broken rifts of cloud, the trees whispering prophetically as the night-wind comes and goes, the façade of an Italian palazzo all ghostly in the moonlight, a girlish figure on the balcony, a moving shadow among the cypresses below . . ."

"The garden scene in 'Romeo and Juliet'! Yes, Mr. Debenham, I will try to imagine all that. Having done so, what next?"

"Having done so, we will suppose this Vox Humana to be the voice from the garden."

"Romeo singing to Juliet."

For the first time since he had begun to play, Debenham lifted his head and flashed a sudden glance at her.

"I have not said that it is Romeo," he replied.

Something in his voice, in his words,

brought the warm colour in a tide to Miss Alleyne's cheek and brow. Something in his glance seemed to scathe her like fire. But, even as he spoke, his master-touch evoked the first low, detached tones of the *Vox Humana*.

The stop was not a fine one—that was hardly to be expected; but it was not, as Debenham had predicted, a very bad one. In quality it was somewhat dry and harsh: but as it belonged to the swell organ, the player had it in his power to make this defect

less apparent. It was capable, at all events, of expression.

And now, warming to his subject as he went on, the young man flung his whole soul into his improvisation. It was no longer the voice of an imaginary lover in an imaginary garden. It was his own voice telling the tale of his own passion. Hesitatingly, timidly, the *Vox Humana* began, like the uncertain utterances of a love hitherto unspoken. Phrased like a recitative—interrupted by frequent pauses—now breaking off abruptly on



Page 162.

some unresolved note, as if waiting a reply—now hurrying on, as if eagerly pleading—now passionately uplifted, now falling to a whisper, the voice part scarcely needed words to make its story plainer. Declaration, suspense, hope, fear, entreaty, were all poured forth in turn. The very soul of the player seemed to pass into the instrument. The pipes obeyed his touch as if informed with a conscious sympathy—as if breathing the language of a living passion.

Then suddenly these speaking, striving irregular utterances ceased. The accompaniment, no longer waiting upon the voice as in dra-

matic recitative, swept into a magnificent flow of chromatic passages, rising and falling, coming and going, now dying in the distance, now returning in might, like the fitful swelling of a summer wind; while clear above all, earnest, and full, and impetuous, the voice-part rose in a strain of impassioned melody.

Miss Alleyne had moved away before; but now, constrained, as it were, by the spell of his "so-potent art," she drew insensibly nearer till she found herself standing breathless, fascinated, close behind the player. Such music as this she had never heard before. Not

that it was so wonderful in point of manual skill, for Debenham was too profound a musician in the largest sense of the phrase to attach undue importance to the mechanism of his art; and, finely as he played, it would at any time have been easy to find a dozen public performers who, as mere executants, surpassed him in dexterity. But his playing was the direct interpretation of his genius. It was mind expressed in sound—every passage an inspiration—every touch an idea. Between such playing as this—the playing of a great improvisatore—and the playing of a mere performer, there is the same difference as between the speech of a fervid orator and the conventional *rechauffé* of a newspaper reporter.

Upon Archie Blyth labouring at the back of the organ in his shirt sleeves, and upon Mr. Alleyne placidly dozing among the cushions of the squire's pew, this wealth of harmony was cast away; but not so upon the one hearer for whom alone it was created. She, at all events, listened as though she were listening to the music of the spheres.

"Have you skill to interpret this dumb singing?" he asked, presently.

"I am skilled in nothing, Mr. Debenham," she replied; "but—but I suppose no one ever played Mendelssohn's *Lieder Ohne Worte* without imagining words of some sort to the melodies."

"Then what words have you given to our Vox Humana all this time?"

Miss Alleyne hesitated.

"I do not think it is possible," she said, "to put actual words to music which one hears for the first time. One may ascribe a general meaning to the whole; but unless one knows what is coming next—unless, indeed, the music is written——"

"True; but you have ascribed a general meaning?"

"I supposed you had taken the garden scene in 'Romeo and Juliet' for your theme."

"And this voice?"

"Romeo's, of course."

"Nay, I warned you against that conclusion, Miss Alleyne."

"True; but you bade me at the same time imagine a garden and moonlight—an Italian palazzo—a lady, who could be none other than Juliet, on the balcony . . ."

"Ah, Miss Alleyne, take Juliet for granted, if you will!" he said, half turning in his place; his left hand still resting on the keys; his eyes looking into hers; his voice low, and hurried, and eager. "Let it be Juliet who listens; but not Romeo, not Romeo, who sings! This song,

could you read it aright, would tell a tale of love as sudden, as deep, as passionate as his; but with this difference—it is a tale of first love. Romeo, remember, loved Rosaline before ever he loved Juliet; and may have loved a score of others besides. But he who made this song never gave a thought, or a hope, to any but the one Juliet whom he loved for the first and last time in his life. Nay, I beseech you do not draw away—I beseech you, hear me! What I have to say cannot be new to you. You must have known that I love you. You must have seen it in my face—heard it in my voice—felt it in the very air we breathe together! I have loved you from the first moment I beheld you; I have gone on since then loving you more and more every day, every hour. Perhaps, had I been sure you could never have loved me back again, I might have overcome it at the first—I might have forced myself to fly from you and never see your face again; but now it is too late. I have not a hope, or an aim, or an end in life that does not centre in you. If I am to work now, it must be for you—if I am to excel, it must be for you—if I am to live the life and fight the fight that lay before me a week ago, it must still be for you. Failing that motive—and a man's heart is so fearfully strong in hope that it needs a mighty effort even to think of adverse possibilities—failing that motive, Ju—Miss Alleyne, I hardly think I should be equal to anything, or worth anything, in the time that lies before me!"

He broke off abruptly. Miss Alleyne turned a frightened glance upon the squire's pew; but her father still slept the sleep of the just.

"I—I had not expected this," she said, falteringly.

"Does it surprise you? Is it possible you had not seen how I loved you?"

The question was inconvenient. Like a true woman, she answered it, after a moment's hesitation, by another.

"But why do you love me?"

She had a spice of the coquette in her composition—granted. But, unless she were the veriest coquette that ever lived, she could not have asked that question if she had meant to bid him despair. It was a question that authorised him to launch out into all the foolish, fond, extravagant reasons that a lover's wit could devise. Why did he love her? Why did the sun shine in the heavens by day and the stars by night? Why did the birds sing in the springtime, and the tides obey the moon, and the kindly fruits of the earth succeed each other season after season? Was

it not that all things were governed by "a law divine"—a law of order, of fitness, of beauty, of sympathy, of love? Was it not in obedience to that law that heart sought heart, and hand was outstretched for hand throughout the pilgrimage of life? And across what a desert that pilgrimage lay for those whose fate it was to perform it alone! For himself he dared not contemplate it. For himself there was nothing but Paradise or the desert. Why did he love her? Not because she was beautiful—graceful—accomplished; not because her tastes were his tastes; not because she loved art, music, books; not because chance had thrown them together in a romantic spot at the sweetest season of the year. No—for none of these reasons; but for her very self. Were she unbeautiful, ungraceful, untaught, he felt he must have loved her just the same. It was that he had found himself constrained to love her—irresistibly drawn towards her as towards a second self—and this even at the first sound of her voice, before he had so much as seen her face! Was this accident, or the result of circumstance? No—it was destiny. It was that divine law of fitness and sympathy—*et cætera*, *et cætera*.

In short, Temple Debenham, being not yet twenty-six years of age and very much in earnest, talked a vast deal of eloquent nonsense, to all of which Miss Alleyne listened with a beating heart and a changing colour. Had she disliked the speaker, or read all these pretty things in a second-rate novel, or overheard them addressed to another, she would have been ready enough to criticize them; but what woman ever yet detected faults of style in the declaration of the lover she really cared for? As for Debenham, he would have been less fluent had he been less hopeful. Miss Alleyne's one little question as to why he loved her had buoyed him up to the seventh heaven at once.

Having talked himself out of breath, he came by-and-by to a pause.

"You have asked me," he said, looking longingly at her hand, which was resting on the curtain rail, but not daring to touch it, "why I love you, and I have tried to tell you. Perhaps my best and shortest answer, after all, would be to say that I love you because I cannot help it. Will you tell me in return if there is any reason why I should not love you?"

"I—I don't know," she answered, with the faintest flitting of a smile about her mouth. "I should think there were a good many reasons."

"Do you dislike me?"

"N—no."

"Do you love any one else?"

"Yes. I love that excellent man asleep in yonder pew."

"Ah, do not trifle with me, Miss Alleyne! You know what I mean, and . . . You must have had so many lovers!"

"A flattering supposition. Many thanks."

"This is cruel! You jest with me, knowing how desperately I am in earnest."

"But what do you want?"

"One word of hope."

"It is the first time you have even asked for it!"

"Good heavens! what have I been doing for the last half-hour?"

"Let me see . . . Well, you have been telling me, in the first place, how much you love me; and, in the second place, why you love me; and, in the third place, you wanted to know if there were any reasons why you should not love me. Now, I think, there are several."

Her hand was still resting on the curtain rail, and he was still looking at it. Timidly, as if it were a sacred thing, he stooped and touched it with his lips. She blushed, and withdrew it.

"Name them," he said, gently.

"You do not know me."

"I think I do."

"Indeed, you do not. I am neither so good, nor so clever, nor so—so pretty, as you seem to fancy. And you know nothing of how I have been brought up, nor of my surroundings, nor of my disposition. I repeat it—you don't know me."

"I beg leave to hold my own opinion on that point. What else?"

"Well, I don't know you."

"You know more of me in some respects than my own mother knows of me; and I think I have told you all my story, such as it is. However, the question is not whether you know me, but—but whether you can love me."

Miss Alleyne's hand had by this time returned, somehow or another, to the curtain rail. He kissed it again, imprisoned it fast within his own, laid his cheek against it, felt it tremble, struggle for a moment to be free, and then yield itself passively into captivity.

"I know I am not worthy of you," he said, tenderly; "but I love you, and I will work for you, and some day you shall be proud of me."

"I am proud of you already," she whispered.

His arm was round her waist now ; but he was still sitting, she still standing, the envious curtain rail still between them. He drew her nearer, but still not near enough. He laid his head back against the curtain rail, but also against her bosom ; for she was half bending over it. He looked up into her face with those dark, deep, passionate eyes that were his only personal beauty.

"If it is true," he said ; "if it is not all a dream—kiss me."

But she averted her face, and held back silently.

"I have never been kissed in my life," he said, simply, "except by my mother."

Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"My mother died without having kissed me—without having seen me," she faltered.

"Poor child !"

"You are sorry ?"

"Yes ; because you have lost so much. I love you ; but what of that ? It is but a man's love, after all ; whereas a mother's . . . Well, the human being whose childhood has been blessed with the love of a good and tender mother gets his heaven at both ends of life, instead of at the latter end only."

"How good Mrs. Debenham must be, for you to say that !" exclaimed Miss Alleyne.

The young man bent his head as reverently as a devotee who hears the name of his patron saint.

"My mother," he said, "is an angel."

"Do you think that—that she will like me ?" said Miss Alleyne, shyly, but with a gleam of coquetry.

"She will adore you !"

"But I am not an angel, you know."

"*Dieu merci !* What hope would there be for me if you were ? I should never get that kiss, for instance . . ."

"Hush ! My father is waking."

"No ; he has only moved his head. But he will wake presently ; I must go on playing. See, I cannot get up—I cannot take you in my arms. Be generous, and give me what I think you would not refuse if I were free to take it."

"For your mother's sake, then," she whispered ; and, blushing crimson, bent forward and touched his forehead lightly with her lips.

At that instant Mr. Alleyne sneezed and woke. He sat up, looked round him, and, remembering where he was and all about it, patted his hands softly together in decorous applause.

"Thanks, Mr. Debenham," he said, graciously, "many thanks. A very charming

performance, indeed. Quite a treat—quite a treat. I have enjoyed it immensely."

"The music, papa, or the nap ?" asked his daughter, laughingly.

"My love, I have not been asleep."

"Oh, *padre mio !*"

"Not for a moment—not for a moment, I assure you. I have not lost a single note."

Debenham, to conclude with, played Mendelssohn's immortal Wedding March.

CHAPTER XV.—ARCHIE DISAPPROVES.

THE lovers went back to Cillingford by the direct road to Paradise, and spent the evening in a delicious dream, talking but little, drinking enchanted tea out of enchanted cups, and looking out oftener than was strictly necessary at the moon. Later in the evening Mr. Alleyne proposed the now habitual rubber, in the course of which Temple Debenham repeatedly trumped his partner's best card, and Miss Alleyne invariably forgot to follow suit.

After they had all bidden good night and gone up to bed, Debenham called Archie into his room and invited him to sit down.

"There is the bed," he said, "and there is the chair. The chair, however, has only three legs—I recommend the bed."

Archie perched himself upon the side of the bed, and stared at his friend in ominous silence. Debenham was evidently embarrassed, and Archie was not disposed to help him out of his embarrassment. A solemn pause ensued ; Debenham walking excitedly backwards and forwards in his shirt-sleeves and slippers ; Archie swinging his legs to and fro, and waiting to be spoken to. All at once, Debenham plunged his hand into his knapsack and brought out his cigar-case.

"Have a weed, Archie ?" he exclaimed, in a burst of hospitality.

But Archie was not to be thawed. He took the cigar with a nod, put it unlighted between his lips, and sat gloomily sucking it.

"I have something to tell you, old man," said the other, presently.

Archie removed the cigar, grunted, put it back again, and still answered not a word.

"There,—I may as well tell it in half-a-dozen words as a thousand. I love her, Archie, and she loves me. It's all right, and I'm the happiest fellow in the world. Congratulate me."

He put out his hand as he said this, so that Archie could do no less than shake it ; but he pursed up his mouth and, as it were, performed that ceremony under protest.

"I don't see that it's all right at all," he said, gloomily. "I should be more inclined to say it was all wrong. It'll be the ruin of you."

"The ruin of me! What, in heaven's name, do you mean?"

"I mean that it's all nonsense, and worse than nonsense. A man with your genius—why, you'll be making love when you ought to be making money. Such an engagement as that will weigh like a millstone round your neck."

"Nothing of the kind. It will inspire me to do greater things than ever."

Archie shook his head.

"It gives me something to work for."

"You had fame to work for—fame and fortune."

"Well, now I shall have fame, fortune, and a wife to work for."

"A wife! Why, you've only known her a week. What are you to live upon?"

"I haven't the slightest idea—counterpoint and kisses."

Archie shrugged his shoulders dolefully.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said he, "if you had only had a business education! If you had only been brought up in the City! What will Mr. Alleyne say?"

"Can't imagine."

"And Mrs. Debenham?"

"My mother will be utterly happy to have such a daughter. They will adore each other."

Archie groaned aloud.

"I'd bet any sum you pleased," said he, "that she hasn't a farthing. The old man spends everything on himself."

"And is welcome to do so for me," exclaimed the lover. "Do you think I want money with the woman I love? Not I! I'd rather have Juliet Alleyne without a farthing, as you call it, than with twenty thousand pounds for her fortune."

Archie got up, and turned towards the door.

"You are mad," he said, "stark, staring, raving mad. But there!—it's no business of mine. I will say no more. I am only making myself disagreeable."

"Confoundedly disagreeable, old fellow; and for nothing. I thought you'd be delighted."

"How can I be delighted? I'm disappointed—awfully disappointed. I'm not clever. I don't pretend to be clever; but I know what genius is when I see it. I thought you were going to be a great man. I had set my heart on it. I thought you'd

write something wonderful in the way of music; or do something wonderful; for it seems to me there's nothing you could not do, if you liked. And then I thought you'd be famous, and marry a girl with lots of money—Claudia Hardwicke, perhaps; and then——"

Debenham burst into a hearty laugh.

"Marry Claudia Hardwicke!" he repeated. "Why, I'd as soon marry Lady Macbeth or the Minerva Medica. No, thank you, Archie; I won't trouble you to choose a wife for me. I think I can please myself best in that matter. Nay, don't look so grave. Wish me joy, at least, before you go."

"Oh, I wish you joy—of course, I wish you joy," replied Archie, his hand upon the door.

"I'm afraid it has been a little dull for you these last few days, dear old fellow."

Archie made a sort of grimace.

"Well, it—it hasn't been amusing," said he. "You've thrown me over, you know, altogether. The tour is at an end, I suppose, as far as you are concerned?"

"Indeed, I do not say that. I certainly shall not let you go on alone."

"Ah, that means that you would like to stay on here for ever, playing at Corydon and Phillis, with me for audience."

"No—it means that I want neither to part from you nor from her. Mr. Alleyne's picture will be finished in another week or ten days, and then he will go back to London. If we stay on till then, we shall still have three weeks left."

"Bother Mr. Alleyne's picture!" said Archie, pettishly. "Be hanged if I'll wait for it. Good night."

And with this he went out, and banged the door.

Poor Archie! It was very rude, of course. Of all known evidences of temper there is, perhaps, not one more futile, more ridiculous, more vulgar than door-banging. But it is very natural, and, no doubt, very comforting. Besides, it was a case of real provocation. Archie's was, at all events, a loving nature—honest, forbearing, faithful as a dog's; and Debenham had, verily and indeed, "thrown him over" for a pretty face of a week's standing. Large allowances should be made for the aberrations of jealousy.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE TRYST BY THE RIVER.

WHAT will Mr. Alleyne say?

It was a question that had flitted across Debenham's mind before ever Archibald Blyth translated it into down-right, common-

place English. And it was a very unpleasant question—a question open to a variety of disagreeable answers, and suggestive of all kinds of inconvenient possibilities. That Mr. Alleyne would inquire of him concerning his means and prospects, was certain. That unless Mr. Alleyne took an exceedingly elevated and artistic view of the matter, he would be highly dissatisfied with the result of those inquiries, was no less certain. But, then, was Mr. Alleyne likely to take that elevated and artistic view? He was an artist. He abounded in lofty sentiments. He was fond of talking of himself as a servant of the Ideal, a high priest of the Beautiful, and all that sort of thing. But, on the other hand, he was particular about his dinners, curious in his wines, extravagant in the matter of cigars, olives, liqueurs, and all such personal luxuries. Was it not, then, gravely to be feared that, *beau parleur* though he was, Mr. Alleyne might in the present instance incline towards that prosaic view of love and matrimony which is formed upon the oracular columns of Letts's "Housekeeper," rather than towards that ideal standard which measures all such matters by the law of pure sentiment, and is founded on a recognition of the eternal fitness of things?

Oppressed by these misgivings, the lover could not refrain from expressing something of his apprehension to Miss Alleyne when they met next morning, not wholly by accident, up at the weir, a good hour before the high priest of the Beautiful was up and stirring.

"You see, my own Juliet," he said, caressing the little hand that rested confidently upon his arm, "I have no money."

"None at all?"

"None at all—except what I earn."

"But that is our own case! Papa has only what he earns."

"But I earn so little! Mr. Alleyne has an established reputation—an aristocratic connection—commissions in plenty. Mr. Alleyne, I doubt not, can sell whatever he paints."

"He could sell ten times more than he paints," replied Miss Alleyne. "The difficulty is to get him to work."

"Whereas I work nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, and can neither get my compositions performed nor published—much less paid for."

"Then how——"

She checked herself, and blushed; but he finished the sentence for her.

"How do I live? Well, I give lessons; I play the organ at a little church in the City;

I—in short, I barely earn enough to pay for the food I eat and the coat on my back."

"But you support your mother!"

"No. My mother has a small annuity—a salvage from the wreck of my father's fortune. He had been rich once, I believe; but was already a ruined man when they married. She has always been poor; but she is a millionaire compared with myself."

Miss Alleyne pointed to a felled trunk a few yards distant.

"Let us sit down there," she said, "and talk it over."

So they sat down, his arm about her waist, her head half resting against his shoulder; and for a few moments they were silent—silent and very happy.

"What folly it seems to talk of anything but love!" said Debenham presently. "Listen to the birds—they vex their little throats with no questions of ways and means. They build their nests on the first branch they fancy, and leave all the rest to Providence. How divinely that thrush is singing! The fellow is as happy this morning as ourselves."

"It must be very pleasant to live in a tree," said Juliet. "I should like it so much. How delicious to go to sleep at night to the rustling of the leaves, and wake to the first glow of sunrise!"

"Ay, and how economical! No rent to pay, no taxes, no servants, no appearances to keep up! Shall we try it? Fancy how the address would look upon our wedding cards: 'Mr. and Mrs. Temple Debenham, at home, Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens, second elm to the right, fourth branch. *Nota Bene.*—The nest being somewhat high up, visitors are requested to provide themselves with wings.'"

"What nonsense!"

"Nay, for a couple with no money . . ."

"I do not really see that it matters in the least whether we have money or not," interrupted Miss Alleyne, tracing figures of eight in the dust with the end of her parasol, and assuming an immensely practical air. "It is not as if we cared about getting married . . ."

"I beg your pardon. I care about getting married!"

Miss Alleyne shook her pretty head, and went on as if he had not spoken.

"It is not, I repeat, as if we cared about getting married. It is enough for us that we love each other, and are happy. We are both young; and if we were to wait for fifteen or twenty years . . ."

"My darling! The age of man is but threescore years and ten," remonstrated

Debenham. "You forget that we are not living before the deluge."

"Well, supposing, then, that we waited ten or fifteen years . . ."

"I decline to listen to any proposition founded on such monstrous premises!"

"You cannot decline, Signore. It is a form of high treason. It is your duty to give heed to the voice of your charmer, charm she never so wisely or never so unwisely—to obey her in all things reasonable and unreasonable—to see with her eyes, hear with her ears, speak with her tongue; and, above all, never to interrupt her."

"Thy slave hears, O Queen!"

"You see, Temple" (how deliciously she pronounced his name, hesitating at it a little, and then hurrying over it, like a shy young colt at a five-barred gate! He longed to take her in his arms and kiss her every time she did it)—"I know papa thoroughly, and I am about to give you valuable advice; but instead of listening to me as if I was an oracle—which I am—you interrupt me at every other word."

"I admit the infallibility of the oracle. I am all submission."

"Then begin by believing that I know papa better than any one knows him—better than he knows himself. I know all his little ways, all his little weaknesses, all his prejudices. He loves me, of course; but apart from his love, he is utterly dependent on me. I regulate his expenditure; I keep notes of his engagements; I answer his letters; I invent his dinners; I keep him up to his work. In short, I supply the clockwork without which his existence could not go on. It is therefore impossible that I should ever leave him."

Debenham began to look grave.

"And if—if ever we are rich enough to marry during his lifetime, it can only be on condition that we live as one family, and that I am never one bit less devoted to him than I am now."

Debenham looked graver still.

"What you have to do, therefore," said Miss Alleyne, with the most delightful air of decision, "is to tell him first of all that we don't want to marry for years and years to come—till you are quite rich and famous, you know; and then to promise that you will never dream of taking me away from him."

"But that is a very important promise, my dear Juliet," said the young man, seriously.

"To him; yes."

"To all of us. So important that very few men, I think, would like to give it."

"If you were a prince of the blood, and offered to settle thousands a year on him," she replied, "papa would never give his consent on any other terms."

"But if I once gave that promise . . ."

"Then I don't think papa would mind your being poor—not in the least. In fact, he would prefer it; because I should remain unmarried all the longer."

"That was not what I meant. I was about to say that if once I gave that promise, I should feel sacredly bound to keep it—and it might prove impracticable."

"How is that possible?"

He might have said, because Mr. Alleyne was utterly selfish, and that selfish people were difficult to live with; or again, he might have said, because such duties and such devotion as Mr. Alleyne was in the habit of exacting from his daughter would be incompatible with the performance of her duties as a wife. But he would not be so ungracious. He only sighed, and said:—

"We are all human; we all have our tempers and jealousies. These schemes, I know, seldom answer, and generally end in mutual disagreement."

"But we would resolve to let nothing of that sort creep in. It depends on ourselves, you know, after all; and as for papa, why he is the most courteous and charming person in the world, if only he is allowed to have his own way."

"But when that is every one's case?"

"It is not every one's case. It is not mine; and I'm sure it is not yours."

"Then there is my mother."

"She shall live with us too, of course; and then we shall be always four to make up the evening rubber. Why, it will be perfect paradise! And oh, Temple . . ."

"Well, my darling?"

"Suppose they fell in love too?"

"What do you mean? Who?"

"Mrs. Debenham and papa! There, I prophesy it—the oracle prophesies it! They will fall in love with each other, and be married too, and we shall be the happiest household in the whole world!"

The air rang again with her joyous laughter; but Debenham forced a grave smile, and made no reply.

Miss Alleyne looked at her watch.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "it is breakfast time. Who would believe that we had been here an hour?"

"If you told me we had been here three hours, I should not be surprised," said Debenham.

"Indeed! Does the time seem so long?"

"Ah, you have never read a poem of Longfellow's, called 'The Monk Felix.'"

"Yes, I have. The Monk Felix went out for a walk, and stopped to listen to the singing of a bird; and when he came back to his convent all the monks were changed, and he found he had been gone a hundred years."

"Ay, but the bird sang of heavenly things, so that the monk fell into a miraculous ecstasy, and the hundred years went by like a few minutes. Now my case, you see, is even stronger. I have not merely heard of the joys of paradise—I have been in paradise. Tell me that I have been here with you three days—three weeks—three months—and I will believe it immediately."

"A very pretty compliment," laughed Miss Alleyne; "but a trifle too elaborate. But indeed I must not linger here another moment."

"Yes, one moment. I shall go into Monmouth to-day, to see if I can find a ring for this dear little finger. How I wish I had anything by which to measure the size of it!"

"No, no—I never wear rings."

"The more reason why you should wear mine. I must label you 'sold,' you know, as they label the pictures in the exhibition. I suppose I had better not walk back with you to the house?"

"Oh, no—not for the world. Papa will be dreadfully cross, too, when he comes down and finds no coffee ready."

"Like the rest of the world, Mr. Alleyne's most benevolent time, of course, is after dinner."

"I think it is—but pray, pray let me go now. You will see me again, you know, in an hour."

"Ah, it is hard to let you go, even for an hour!"

And he held her, and kissed her again and again, and when she broke from him, half angry, half laughing, stood looking after her till the last flutter of her dress had vanished behind the willows.

And then he sighed, and gnawed his moustache, and remained there for a long time, thinking. His thoughts, however, seemed scarcely to be the thoughts of a happy lover. He looked perplexed and anxious, and by-and-by began throwing stones into the river in a dreary, abstracted way, as if hardly conscious of what he was doing.

"Well, I needn't speak to him to-day, anyhow," he muttered, presently. "To-morrow will do, after dinner."

And then, shaking off his reverie, he turned, with long, swift strides, towards the village.

To-morrow—ah, who can foresee to-morrow!

TOILING AND MOILING.

Some Account of our Working People, and How They Live.

BY "GOOD WORDS" COMMISSIONER.

III.—THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTER.

ON one side of a tunnel there are green meadows, hedges, and hedge-row trees, spreading clear, and quiet, and lonely; on the other, the train rushes out into light dimmed by the omnipresent smoke of the crowded Potteries—a series of dingy towns and most unrural villages that run into one another, and sprawl for miles along the bottom and up the sides of what was once (as its outlying portions and grassy, timbered oases in its murky midst are left to prove) a picturesquely verdant valley. Longton, Stoke, Hanley, Etruria, Burslem, Longport, &c., have coalesced or are coalescing like the cities and towns and hamlets that make up what we call "London." Seen from the top of Mow Cop, the Potteries look like one straggling clay-built, clay-moulding city. Traversing the district by rail

at night, when misty darkness blots from view the portions still unbuilt upon—stopping at the frequent stations, whose names, shouted in Staffordshire vernacular, are unrecognisable without a reference to *Bradshaw*—the inexperienced traveller feels himself to be momentarily getting more and more hopelessly bewildered in a Babylon of crockery. Always on one hand, sometimes on both hands, there is a far-reaching jumble of buildings dotted with long lines and confused constellations of dim gaslights. Towering chimney-stalks and corpulent kiln-cones loom through the gloom north, south, east, and west. Every now and then a glimpse is caught of the spectral black wheels gibbeted above the mouth of a coal-pit; or the lambent flames of a row of iron-furnaces luridly light up the dark gal-

lery that connects the blazing forts. The district is not less bewildering to wander through by day. But there is no mistaking the big, handsome Stoke station, the central one of the North Staffordshire line, with its red brick Tudor arcades, paved with encaustic tiles (dimmed by muddy clogs), looking over at the still handsomer great red brick railway hotel, with a statue of Josiah Wedgwood in the middle of the wide space between the two rich-looking Elizabethan buildings. Everywhere you hear a clatter of clogs on foot-paths paved with bricks—some plain, some diced, some

figured like a chimney-sweeper's smutty ten-of-diamonds—placed lengthwise at the borders of the path, crossed in a matting pattern in the middle, and fringed with an iron border like a cog-wheel beaten straight. Black clogs with gilt soles are a frequently recurrent sign; large square sign-boards hang over the road as they do in Hogarth's pictures; sometimes, instead of the mere emblazoned name of the thing that gives the hostelry its title, a full-sized model of the same is slung over the doorway. Public-houses are plentiful as blackberries, in which lounging imbibers pour

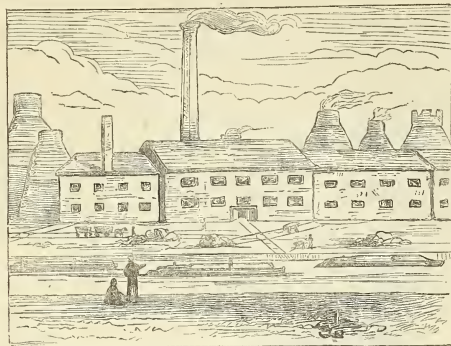


Page 175.

Burton ale, drawn in earthenware jugs, into slim glasses like champagne-glasses, with tiny hop-leaves and such-like ground upon their lips. Meeting-houses as well as public-houses are plentiful in the Potteries—big meeting-houses, like old-fashioned inns or town-halls, in broad thoroughfares, and queer little conventicles, like Silas Marner's, in queer little corners. Some of the little ones are Welsh. Weighing-machines squarely blotch the roadways, rails are ruled rectilinearly along them, or flourished curvilinearly about them. The stranger hails as a guiding-star the yellow street-railway car—like a crammed Noah's ark

on wheels—when he comes upon it, toiling up a hill behind its unicorn team, or rumbling down a hill with break-locked wheels. Donkeys, with unpainted milk-cans, like magnified tea-canisters, swung pannier-fashion over their black pads, amble by; milkmen bearing green milk-cans in their hands, milkwomen dragging green milk-cans mounted on wheels, trudge along. Coal-carts, red, black, and blue, everywhere grind through the mud, or jolt over the frozen ruts. Some of the potteries consume a thousand tons each a week. Canals, with long narrow barges floating on their peasoupy water, and Burton-

ale-drinking bargees indulging in the broad chaff which used to raise the spirits of the melancholy-anatomizing namesake of the beer, run right alongside the potteries, and



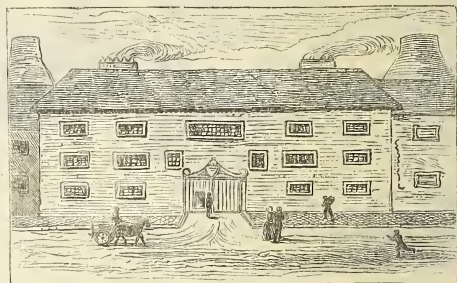
litter their wharfs—scored with narrow tramways and tiny turn-tables—with Cornish clay, coals, bones, and flint.

Everywhere there are potteries. The air is thick with smoke, as if “all the world and his wife” had got their chimneys on fire. A cloacinal odour, like that of Bromley and Bow Common, at times overpowers the comparatively wholesome scent of soot. The sparrows are blacker even than in London. The cows and donkeys grazing in the rough waste land, here and there interspersed between the houses, are dusty as a door-mat. Green can scarcely be called the dominant hue of the pastures in which they lie down, melancholy-musing. These “meadows” are fenced with broken rail, ragged, fragmentary hedge, black rope, and jumbles of brick, tile, stone, and slag. Horrible pits of miry clay yawn in them, with almost perpendicular tramways reaching from the dull-brown brink to the yellow-green pool of water at the bottom. Ponds of hot water steam in them; heaps of hot rubbish smoke in them. They are littered with mounds of smashed crockery, and cracked “saggars,” piled one upon another like mildewed cheeses. In other places, the lumpy waste is lined with a road, whose fresh kerb-stones show that another link of building is soon to be welded into the dingy Potteries’ chain. In others, squat domed kilns are dropped, like black Arab tents upon the desert; protected from intrusion only by the board, nailed to a high pole, which announces, “No admittance to these works, except on business.”

On all sides of the waste ground, little streets pull up abruptly, as if deterred from going further by its dreariness. Some of the older of the small houses in the Potteries

are miserable enough; but, generally speaking, the potters seem to be substantially housed. The outside brick-often has the faintly-blushing negro tint that red-brick houses have in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green; but the floors, paved with red and black tiles, in a magnified Rob Roy pattern, the classical red-on-black flower-pots, the abundance of chimney ornaments (sometimes including covetable little Parian busts), and the white porcelain number-plates upon the doors, make the potters’ cottages look neat and cosy, in spite of one’s invincible impression that they are being cured like hams in the smoke, which gives a foggy look to the Potteries, even on the brightest day. There are plenty of good-looking houses of a superior class in the Potteries; modern villas, and old-fashioned square blocks of brick, with stone facings and stone globes on the piers of the tall iron gates—and sometimes ivy-draped—like those which abound in Hampstead, and Highgate, and Clapton.

For some ten miles the pottery towns and suburbs stretch and straggle along continuously. The whole district bristles with kilns, showing above barrack-like dead walls, and many-windowed barrack-like ranges of buildings. The two or three storied central portion of the “bank” sometimes has a carved quartered shield above its great gates; sometimes it is heavily old-fashioned; sometimes it is built of modern, ornamented, streaky-



bacon brick; but everywhere a plethora of china and earthenware shows through its many windows. Some of the kilns are like little pyramids, some like big bellows minus a nozzle, some like water monkeys, some like high-shouldered case bottles; some are ringed with bulging rims; some are varicosely veined with capriciously diverging cracks; some are castellated; some are pierced at the top as if for musketry; some push out their plump proportions at the angle between two flat walls, like the corner towers of castles. Gallows-like black beams and cranes, with great chains dangling from them, protrude

from the "banks." When the great gates are opened, you see a court-yard littered with straw and choked with crates. It is in these huge concerns that the typical industry of the Staffordshire Potteries is carried on. The rough ware, popularly known as "Staffordshire," made with no aid from moulds and steam machinery, is, I was told, almost extinct in Staffordshire.

It is easy to obtain admission to one of these great "banks." A more courteous set of people than the Staffordshire people, of all the classes I encountered, I never came across. Wherever I applied for admission I instantly got it, but I would particularly mention the courteous manner in which I was treated at the works of the Messrs. Davenport, of Longport, Liverpool, and London; a gentleman connected with the firm consenting at considerable inconvenience—

"Partem solido demere de die—"

to give up to me the busiest hours of the business day, in order that I might obtain intelligent guidance over their great factory. (He was, by-the-bye, "a subscriber from the commencement" to GOOD WORDS).

The pottery-manufacturers are as proud of their show-rooms as a young wife is of her drawing-room; and the feeling extends to those who have no interest in the show beyond that which springs from living in its neighbourhood. When I was going up to the Messrs. Copeland's beautiful show-room at Stoke, a police-sergeant, who was chatting with the porter in the lodge, anxiously informed me that I must be sure to see Minton's when I had seen that, because they had "the foinest show-room hin hall Hurup." The show-room, accordingly, is the first place to which the stranger is conducted in the Potteries. It is a sight of which its owners—and still more its makers—may well be proud. In a long room like a picture-gallery, lighted by day through its many windows, and by night with prismatic, many-dropped glass gasaliers, the choicest products of the potter's art are exhibited: on the long tables that stretch along the middle of the room, on side tables, on shelves, and in recesses on the floor. Vistas of vases, colonnades of dwarf pillars, breakfast and dinner and dessert services, whose snowy purity, and rich gilding, and blue and blushing flowers, it seems profanity to think of obscuring with coffee, gravy, or even fruit-juice; basins and ewers that only water-nymphs seem fit to use; delicately flowered porcelain panels and finger-plates and tables; quaintly gorgeous vessels of majolica; Parian Graces; Santa Filomenas, with lamps; Bea-

trices with stars upon their brows; listening Egerias, holding back their tresses: it is the apotheosis of alumina—a congregation of ground clay made perfect.

It is difficult to believe that things so soft and pure can have been produced from such coarse stuff and in so rough a place, when you descend from the show-room and wander through the works, littered with the raw material of the "slip." The buildings make you think of a very dirty Inn of Court. There is no symmetry, and there seems to be no system in them. They are of dark brick, with the outside staircases of stone, and the inside staircases of wood. The work-rooms, however, in schoolboy phrase, are "jolly warm." One dark room—in which a pale-faced man, technically called the "looker to the ware," is turning basins ranged on racks—seems hotter than the Kew tropical aquarium. The pale-faced man's wages are 6½*d.* to every shilling earned by the maker of the ware. Out in the yard, here is a heap of Cornish china clay, like lumpy white-brown sugar, and there a little Arabia Petraea of flints waiting to be calcined, and beyond a valley of dry bones. On an upper floor square axles are revolving, horizontal cogged wheels grinding round and round, and vertical axles, with broad, heavy-weighted arms, are crushing to pulp some of the materials of the "slip," in headless white drums. You ask the white-splashed man in charge why those great stones are placed upon the arms. "Ho, ho," he says, "ah couldn't grind wi' out un;" and then, as if to make up for having laughed at your ignorance, he takes off some rough wooden lids and shows you little tanks of beautiful pink and green and blue; for the colours are ground here also, at a saving to the manufacturer, on colourman's price, of 4*d.* in the pound. In a dusty cave below, what looks like a dislocated portcullis thumps down its bars one after another in an opening in the wall: that, too, is crushing for the "slip." Against the walls of this long store, clay is stacked in square blocks, like unbaked loaves of "seconds" flour that have not risen. Clay, you are told, improves, like wine, through being kept. You are invited, also, to notice the difference in quality between the blocks. As the realm has its four estates, so clay has its four "bodies." In the middle of the store stands a pug-mill. The clay-stained miller presses on an iron lever protruding from the floor, and the knife-armed shaft begins to revolve in the iron-bound cylinder, slicing and kneading up the

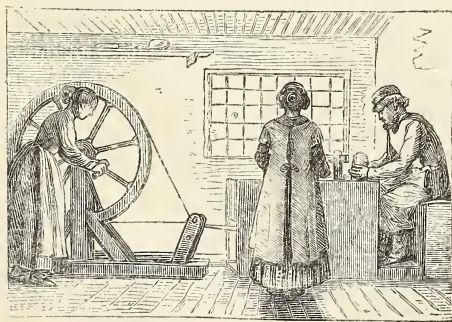
lumpy clay until it is forced out at the bottom in a putty-like mass, which the miller cuts into loaves with one swift down-stroke of a wire held between his hands. If his department makes you think of an Otomac bake-house, the room in which the slip is mixed makes you think of an Otomac dairy. There are vats on both sides. In some, graduated with knobs, gaunt dairymen, in white-splashed, loose flannel coats and coarse aprons, are blending into what looks like thick milk the liquefied blue clay, Cornish clay, calcined flint, and granite, together with the "stain" (mineral oxide that gives the ware its tint): each so many ounces to the pint. In china slip calcined bones take the place of the so-called blue clay. Over other vats similar dairymen are straining their milk through very fine sieves, called "lawns," which they pull and push backwards and forwards along boards which bridge the vats: 18s. a week is the slip-maker's remuneration. The earthenware slip is dried into paste in shallow, oblong tanks, paved with square quarries. There is a fire at one end, and flues run along the sides: the heat filling the chamber with a wash-house-like vapour. There is no vapour over the tanks in which the china slip is dried, these being cased with plaster of Paris, which rapidly absorbs the moisture. Above the level surface of the drying paste rise flaky hummocks, making the tank look like a miniature frozen sea. Before the china slip can get into the tank, it has to run the gauntlet through serried ranks of magnets, planted in the trough through which it flows, to catch any iron it may hold.

And now let us see the pasty clay moulded into form. The venerable, hand-turned potter's wheel still revolves in Staffordshire; and though the use of moulds may turn out more

interesting of pottery operations. The thrower has two feminine familiars in pinafores, although they are women middle-aged and young; one turns his wheel, and the other hands the thrower his clay and places his completed vessels on the shelf: each receiving 4d. to every shilling which he earns. The girls, who merrily bob up and down, with arms a-kimbo, on the treadles of the potter's lathes, are paid in the same proportion. Round spins the thrower's disc, and, glancing now and then at the little bar protruding from his table for a gauge, the potter moulds the whirling clay into a great elongated acorn. Up and down it goes, like a snail's horn. Presently one hand dips into the mass, then both are deftly pressing out its sides, and soon, as if by magic, the amorphous lump has become a shapely bowl. You are told that the thrower's trade is very injurious to his health, owing to the cramped position which he has to keep for so many hours as he stoops over his work. From six to six in summer—nominally from seven to seven, but generally to six in winter—with intervals for meals, are the working hours in the Potteries.

The thrower who overhears the remark is a light-bearded, ruddy young fellow, as broad across the shoulders as Tom Sayers. He grins merrily at the notion of *his* being made out to be an invalid, but adds, "Ah reckon theer een't many so thickset as ah ham." It is the pallor, rather than the smallness, of the men employed in the Potteries, however, that strikes a stranger. There are plenty of big fellows amongst them, but almost all have a tallow-candle complexion. A good many of the women, on the other hand, preserve the rosy, buxom comeliness which seems to be a very common characteristic of their sex in Staffordshire. The dark-haired young woman who is turning our thrower's wheel is ruddily handsome, and looks as strong as a horse. She, too, gives a broad grin when she overhears a jesting remark that "ballers and turners" get so plethorically wealthy, when they behave themselves properly and the throwers with whom they work are not lazy scamps, that they are obliged to keep husbands in order to get rid of their superfluous riches.

It is by the score of dozens that the throwers, &c., are paid. The greatest part of Staffordshire earthenware and china is made in or on moulds, by "flat-pressing" and "hollow-ware pressing." A plaster-of-Paris cast is placed on a disc which a handle-turning "jigger-boy" causes to revolve; a short-cake



uniform sets of ware, the sharpness of eye and the skill of hand which it requires make the "thrower's" work, independently of its historical associations, one of the most in-

of clay is dabbed down on or fitted into that ; and then, by hand, and pressing-tools, and knife, which slices off superfluous clay like strips of dough, the presser makes his vessel. Vessels of complex construction, of course, require many moulds ; the different parts being articulated while the clay is still moist. The jigger-boys are paid by the pressers, and make from 5s. to 8s. a-week.

You ask a flat-presser, who is making plates, what he earns a week. He gives you a sly, sidelong glance, which plainly says, "What's that to you?" You apologize for having intruded on his private affairs. "It *is* provit," he rejoins with a flickering grin. "Ah reckon whet ah mek is naught to nawbody 'cept maself. Haverage? Thaht's moor loike. Welly moost on hus meks a poond a wake." I learned from employers that this was a very *low* average. The flat-presser, however, is exceptionally reticent. Most of the men will chat readily enough, and will put themselves to inconvenience in order that you may see something done which they are not doing at the moment. Let us ask this hollow-ware presser, who is making pie-dishes, very much as a cook makes under pie-crust, what he earns. He says that he can make about twenty-two pieces in the day at 3*d.* each. His neighbour, who is making soup-tureens, is also pleased when his swift workmanship is admired, but he is still more pleased when a little stranger that hinders him in his work attracts attention. He has got before him a little bird in a cage, which he intends to take home to his children at dinner-time, but which he now keeps on glancing at as proud as any child. He explains that the bird has been taught to draw its own seed and water, but that, as soon as he bought it, he took away the little bucket and chain, because they seemed to weigh on the "bird's moind loike," and kept it from singing. It is refreshing to note the serious interest with which the big fellow and his big fellow-craftsmen discuss the probability of the little bird's recovering its voice under new circumstances.

When the ware has been dried in a stove, it is packed in the hollow-cheese-like "saggars," coarse vessels made of marl, luted with clay to prevent air from getting in. All kinds of things are packed in one saggarr, to economize space, but since they would coalesce if they were allowed to touch, they are kept apart by various kinds of clay props. The commonest is the "spur,"—in shape something like the Manx arms. As the points of this often leave three marks on the bottoms of the

plates, &c., such ware is now sometimes "cranked"—stacked with intervening clay thimbles at the sides of the piles, so made and arranged as to disfigure less the articles they separate. A board leads into the open centre of the kiln, through which the heat will come up. When the saggars have been ranged in rings of basaltic columns round these open spaces the door-way is blocked up with bricks, and the furnaces are lighted. These are in a pediment that bulges out at the bottom of the great black drum-like kiln, and are so arranged that the fireman can let air into them, or exclude air from them, at pleasure. He "makes his proofs" by taking out bricks at different heights in the blocked-up doorway, and so regulates the heat—a very ticklish operation. "Theer, sir," he says, as we stand outside the kiln in the gloomy cone, whose top looks like the shaft of a tunnel, "luke at thaht." He has taken out a brick from the doorway high up, and a glowing oblong of red emblazons the dingy brown. "And now luke at this," he says, as he takes out a brick nearer the bottom. "It een't nigh so red—it'll be as black as my hat at breakfast-time to-morrow. It's the nature o' heat to hascend." From forty-eight to fifty hours is the average time a kiln is kept alight. In cases of emergency the firing is done in twenty-four hours ; but such quick work is very "risky." The minimum pay of a furnace-man is £2 a week. Every potter stamps his work with a mark or number ; and when it comes out finally from the kiln, the ware is sorted, and each man, of course, is credited with all of his that has come "good from the furnace." The failures are then scrutinised. If the fireman has spoilt them, the loss falls on the firm ; if the potter's bad workmanship is manifestly to blame, it is he who is mulcted ; and if the negligence cannot be traced with certainty, the potter gets half-pay.

When ware has been once fired, it is called "biscuit"—the drying-stove etymologically justifying the use of the "bis." Let us go up into this first-floor room to see the biscuit enamel-printed. An aproned engraver heats a plate upon a stove, he dabs sticky colouring matter on it, he pulls a proof on "flimsy" from his little hand-press. "Coot it hoop, Helizabeth," he says. Elizabeth—a girl of thirteen, with scissors that turn corners as swiftly and as skilfully as a Hansom cabman—cuts the pattern for the border of the plate into two ladies' collars ; she cuts out the patterns for the centre, and the "opaque china" trade-mark on the bottom, as rapidly ; and with equal neat-handedness

a young woman in a wash-leather apron applies all to the proper places, rubs the patterns in, dips the plate into water, and brings it out looking, to inexperienced eyes, as if it did not need anything more to be done to it—although this is very far from being the case. The enamel-printer, when complimented on her quickness, responds, with languid satire, “Ah moost do a many to mek oot mah dee’s work.” “And how much does that come to in the week?” “Oh, we doan’t mek moor then ten shilluns; boot the men thaht ken peent mek their twenty-three shilluns, an’ moor.”

The printed ware is next put into the “hardening-on” stove, to have “the oil burnt out of the colour,” and then it is carried to be glazed. The glazer is not an old man, but much stooping over his poison-breathing tub has made him very pale and lean, and literally leaden-eyed. He dips the plate into his tub, swishes it about, and brings it out with a pale-red covering, quite obliterating the pattern. “It’s bitty,” he remarks, apologetically, pointing to the little lumps that pimple the glaze; “but ah oun’y did it for a mek-shift, to let yer see.” Interrogated as to the symptoms of the complaint his lead-inhaling calling causes, the glazer croaks like a raven—“Chronic—rheumatiz—p’isons the system.” “It’s unhealthy work,” you hear in explanation; “but we do the best we can for them. The Factories Act makes us, indeed. We provide them with towels and nail-brushes to clean their hands before they take their meals.” “Yes, ah’ve two tow’ls an’ a neel-broosh,” echoes the glazer in a comically grateful tone, as if he thought both Government and employers had been exceedingly generous in securing him such luxuries. The earthenware, when it has been glazed, is once more fired, and then carried to the sorting-room, where a bevy of silently smiling lasses sit upon the floor “dressing” the ware—chipping off the kiln-marks with stumpy chisels.

China is coloured and gilded *after* it has been glazed. Here gilders are drawing faultless circles of brown gold as the ware spins round beneath their slender brushes. There, seated at tables that run along the sides of a long room, female burnishers are rubbing up the fired gilding into glowing brightness. This intelligent-looking young fellow in black is painting a dessert-service with flowers. He takes nature for his model, he says; and his wild-roses justify his speech. He studied at the Stoke School of Design, which now numbers some eighty pupils; and he has just

finished a picture for the School of Arts which he modestly hopes may be “lucky.” Yonder artists in beards and blouses are



making Parian statuettes. One of them is combing out the hair of a head, whose torso trunk and *dissecta membra* lie huddled in a box. A Musidora, just finished for the Crystal Palace, stands upon the table. Another female figure with flying drapery is waiting for the furnace, and presents an odd appearance, supported on all sides with props that are kept from sticking to her by powdered flint. Her modeller points out little holes in the Parian. “Those are for ventilation,” he says; “she would blow up in the furnace, if it were not for them.” His brother-artist places two figures of the same design, a little Cupid and a big Cupid, side by side. They were of the same size originally, he says, but one has, and one has not, passed through the fire. Next he shows you the number of moulds that are needed to make a Parian figure—its parts, which look as if they were carved out of a single block of marble, being really joined together with adroiteest skill whilst the material is still damp. That uncooked-hasty-pudding-like stuff in the corpulent white jug on the table is liquid Parian—*i.e.*, fine china “slip.” He pours some of it into plaster-of-Paris moulds, and in a very short time it has become a semi-solid dog on its hind legs. Parian-moulding, however, can scarcely be included in the toiling and moiling of pottery.

A few more words as to the potter’s social condition. The Staffordshire Potter of the Period is a very different man from his grandfather, or even his father. He no longer looks upon machinery as a device of the Evil One to deprive human hands of work. He clubs with three or four of his fellows to take in a daily paper, which they read aloud by turns at dinner-time. A great many, both of the potters and the potteresses, regularly attend some place of worship on the Sunday, and very “splendacious” often is the

attire of the potteresses at service. I do not mean to say that the potters are all church or chapel goers. For some little time before the public empty on Saturday night, the songs sung inside become uncertain both in time and tune. On Sunday morning, unshaven potters may be seen smoking in their shirt-sleeves over their fires during service-time, and, spruced up in monkey-jacket and gay comforter, taking their walks abroad, like young and old ladies of the period, with their canine pets in leash. These pets are critically compared. "Doost think thaht a bad coor?" inquires one potter. "He lukes as if he'd foight," says another. "Ah'd coot his tail if ah'd thaht chep," says a third.

Nevertheless, Sunday in the Potteries, which used to be the fair-day there, is almost as quiet as a Scotch Sabbath. The public-houses are open, to be sure, in the middle and at the end of the day; but I did not hear nearly as much noise in them as at a love-feast on which I ventured to intrude. In these sceptical, nothingarian times, it was a curious surprise to listen to the day-of-the-month, hour-of-the-day, dates which the honest potters gave of their "conversion," and the confident manner in which they spoke of their constant "growth in grace," whilst their brethren joined in a chorus of "Amen, A-men," "Yes, thaht's it," "Glory be to God!" The wording of the various confessions of faith was very piquant. One brother spurned the thought of "blowin' hup the hashes of a hextinguished hexper'ence." A second began, "Ah'm happy to se that ah know ah'm a sinner—preese the Lord!" A third, "Ah ken't mek foin spee-aches loike soom folk." A fourth, when several of his predecessors had dwelt on the inestimable advantage they had derived from being born of pious parents, commenced, somewhat satirically, "Ah ken't se as *ah* wor born o' pious perents, boot ah went to schule wi' Jesus Chroist, an' He teach'd me hall ah wahnt to know." (This speaker seemed to consider, it rather namby-pamby to be born of pious parents, as not giving a man a chance of being religious "under creditable circumstances.") A fifth brother precluded with this enviously dogmatical utterance, "Ah know mah hown *heart*, an' ah know mah hown *moind*, an' ah know whet ah *mane*." So far as the heart was concerned, there could be no doubt as to the genuineness of any of the potters' utterances, and therefore it was a treat to listen to them.

Next day I foregathered with a potter of the old school, and his reminiscences will serve as a foil to the "love-feast experiences." A

remark on the unexpected quietness of the Potteries unlocks the old man's memories. "Th' wouldn'tst ha' thowt so fifty yare back, nor forty nayther. Theer wor cockin' an' dog foightin' then. Theer's a cock-pit at Fenton now, ah've heered, boot ah never seed it. Ah'd rayther see a cock-foight then a dog-battle any dee. The dogs welly worry theirsels to regs, boot the cocks, if they's any spoonk in 'em, soon gets it ower. It moost be a geme cockerel thaht 'ull stahnd the stale. Ah'd one once fowt for an hou-er, an' wor hall coot hoop joost as if ye'd carved un. He wor a black-bristed red. A little loomp o' a cock, he wor. Fou-er poond height wor his foightin' weight. Ah bred foive from un, boot they was hall stou'n, hand then ah give ower cockin'. Hif yer keers about cockin', ah'll tell yer soommut that'll seeve yer money. Soom folk says it's hall bosh about the colour o' yer cockerels, boot ah knows better. Doan't yer never foight a dark cock on a laight dee, nor a laight cock on a dark dee. A dark cock should be fowt on a dark dee, an' a laight cock on a laight dee. An' soom folk says it's hall bosh about charmin' yer cock, boot they're wrong wo-ally. Ah moind, when ah wor a lahd, mah feyther an' another chep backed a cock agin a parson's, for ten poond a soide. Mah feyther was a teelor, an' t'other chep wor a waver. Yer've heered about t'old witch o' Lane End? Doan't metter—she wor well knawed in these parts; an' mah feyther took a feather o' his cock to t'old witch, an' she charmed un; an' as soon as the cocks wor put down, parson's turns ower, an' wouldn't so mooch as look at t'other. 'You've been to t' devil,' says parson; 'boot ah've got a stronger devil then yourn;' an' he broke t' charm, an' his cock won arter hall. It wor one o' them, wi' a tassell on t' head."

Considering the character of the magazine which I had the honour to represent at the time, I could not help being tickled at the old man's belief that the "cocking" information which he was giving was likely to prove of personal benefit to his hearer. Although he was a cock-fighter, he plumed himself on his respectability. In reply to his remark that, though he had "heered mooch talk o' Loonnon," he had never been there, and didn't suppose that he ever should go now, I pointed out the facilities for travel which excursion trains afford. "Hexcoorsion treens!" the old potter cried, with aristocratic disdain. "Ah went hin one o' they, when t' Queen kem to Manchester, boot ah'll never gaw agin—theer's hall soart o' coompany!"

FOUR SONNETS.



I.

A SNOW MOUNTAIN.

CAN I make white enough my thought for thee,
 Or wash my words in light? Thou hast no mate
 To sit aloft in the silence silently
 And twin those matchless heights undecorate.
 Reverend as Lear, when, lorn of shelter, he
 Stood, with his old white head, surprised at fate;
 Alone as Galileo, when, set free,
 Before the stars he mused disconsolate.
 Ay, and remote, as the dead lords of song,
 Great masters who have made us what we are,
 For thou and they have taught us how to long
 And feel a sacred want of the fair and far:
 Reign, and keep life in this our deep desire—
 Our only greatness is that we aspire.

II.

SLEEP.

(A WOMAN SPEAKS.)

O SLEEP, we are beholden to thee, sleep,
 Thou bearest angels to us in the night,
 Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by thy light
 Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;
 Love is a pouting child. Once I did sweep
 Through space with thee, and lo, a dazzling sight—
 Stars! They came on, I felt their drawing and might;
 And some had dark companions. Once (I weep
 When I remember that) we sailed the tide,
 And found fair isles, where no isles used to bide,
 And met there my lost love, who said to me,
That 'twas a long mistake: he had not died.
 Sleep, in the world to come how strange
 'twill be
 Never to want, never to wish for thee!





III.

PROMISING.

(A MAN SPEAKS.)

ONCE, a new world, the sunswart marinere
 Columbus, promised, and was sore with-
 stood,
 Ungraced, unhelped, unheard for many a
 year ;
 But let at last to make his promise good.
 Promised and promising I go, most dear,
 To better my dull heart with love's sweet
 feud,
 My life with its most reverent hope and
 fear,
 And my religion, with fair gratitude.
 O we must part ; the stars for me contend,
 And all the winds that blow on all the seas.
 Through wonderful waste places I must
 wend,
 And with a promise my sad soul appease.
 Promise then, promise much of far-off bliss ;
 But—ah, for present joy, give me one kiss.

IV.

Who veileth love should first have vanquished
 fate.

She folded up the dream in her deep heart,
 Her fair full lips were silent on that smart,
 Thick fringed eyes did on the grasses wait
 What good? one eloquent blush, but one,
 and straight

The meaning of a life was known ; for art
 Is often foiled in playing nature's part,
 And time holds nothing long inviolate.
 Earth's buried seed springs up—slowly, or
 fast :

The ring came home, that one in ages past
 Flung to the keeping of unfathom'd seas :
 And golden apples on the mystic trees
 Were sought and found, and borne away at
 last,
 Though watched of the divine Hesperides.

JEAN INGELOW.



PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.—BOMBAY—POONA.

THE preaching of the missionaries in the streets of Bombay, and the teaching given by them to the natives in the school, were features of Indian life which greatly impressed me. Let me first describe the preaching. At the appointed hour we went to the American chapel, from the doorsteps of which the Rev. Mr. Bowen has preached every week for, I suppose, a quarter of a century. He is, I think, connected with the "American Board for Foreign Missions," which like the London Missionary Society, includes all Evangelical denominations, but is practically identified with the Congregationalists or Independents. He is one of the best known and most honoured men in Bombay. In order to convince the natives of the unselfishness of his motives, he has lived for years as poorly almost as themselves—refusing all official pay. He has thus sought to convince the people, as it were by a visible sign, that he has no object whatever except to testify his love to God and man in preaching the Gospel of Christ. Whether this course was wisely chosen or not there may be different opinions and some difficulty in determining; but no Christian man can doubt its devotion and self-denial. In this spirit, and at a money expense so small as to be scarce worth reckoning, he has lived and laboured with a beautiful and unconscious self-sacrifice. I feel that I owe an apology for the apparent indelicacy of thus mentioning the name of one whose life is so unobtrusive and simple, and whose work is so true towards God and man, that he must dislike to have it thus dragged forth into the light of common day.

Mr. Bowen has maintained a strong faith, not merely in the truth of Christianity as a power to revolutionise man's nature, for this we all believe, but in "preaching" as the best means of so gaining access to the understanding and the heart as to produce these results. The question about "preaching," as we understand the term, is not an easy one to settle. There are practical difficulties of a most serious and complex kind connected with it. It must be confessed that we have as yet won to our side comparatively few intelligent Hindoos, possessing either such intellectual power and eloquence, or such spiritual perception and firmness of principle, as are essential to effective preaching. Nor

should it be forgotten that these same gifts are just as much required in the European who preaches to the natives. He must be well informed as to the views, prejudices, difficulties, and opinions of the people; and have full sympathy with them, so as to be able to see as they see, to doubt and question and tremble and rejoice as they do. Preaching is something more than communicating Gospel truth. It is a revelation of the truth as known and possessed by the speaker. He is not a mere dead voice transmitting accurately the message given him, but a living person who has sympathy with the message, and delivers it accordingly. And such preaching alone, whether at home or abroad, can find a response from living men.

In India, above all other places, the preacher should have readiness of wit, quickness of repartee, and power of argument. It is essential to the success of one who addresses thoughtful and inquiring Hindoos that he should have such a knowledge of Christianity as will enable him to bring its doctrines fearlessly into "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," so as to commend them to men's consciences. And surely it should enter into our idea of the accomplished missionary, who might hope to get at the inner spirit of his more thoughtful and therefore more hopeful hearers, that he should be able to see the good as well as the evil in those beliefs which have lived so long, and have been held with such tenacity. It is his duty to inquire:—what light is in them? What elements have contributed to preserve them so long? What difficulties in man's experience or destiny have they aimed at solving? What good has the human soul with its fears and aspirations been searching for in them? What has been its hunger and thirst, and how have they satisfied these? How and where, notwithstanding them, has the soul gone astray, lost the road, and become poor and miserable, blind and naked? And what mean its orphan-cries? Thus the missionary, with his glorious revelation of God to man in Christ Jesus, may, as a true prophet, interpret man to himself—interpret his thoughts, his longings, what he unconsciously seeks but has not found; and proclaim that rest and satisfaction, which can be found

only in Jesus Christ, the light, the truth, the Saviour, the *all* for every man who believeth.

Such gifts as these we have mentioned are confessedly rare, more especially when they have to be exercised through the medium of a foreign language, which can only be thoroughly mastered by long and severe study. But even where such powers are present the difficulties of making any definite and lasting impression by preaching, are far greater than we at home are well able to realise. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the difficulty of conveying, in one sermon or even in a series of sermons, any true idea of the Christian system, to an audience gathered rapidly together in a busy thoroughfare or bazaar, and composed of heathens, having hardly one thought as to religion in common with the preacher—their consciences almost dead, and their wills enfeebled; while their passions are strong, and their ignorance of truth profound—their whole souls appearing to be saturated with a superstition well adapted to the peculiarities of their nature and mode of thinking; and not only so, but all of them cemented together in the bonds of caste as firmly as granite blocks in an Egyptian temple. For a foreigner, in such circumstances, to make this people—to whom, indeed, he is an unclean being—even understand in the slightest degree what he means by God, Creation, Providence, the Son of God, atonement, regeneration, new birth, repentance, eternal life, moral evil and good, is perhaps one of the most difficult tasks any man can attempt to perform. But when we consider that the aim of the preacher is, not only to make them understand, but to make them so *believe* what is preached as that they shall, as a necessary consequence, separate themselves from their families, their countrymen, and become vile outcasts, and, in the estimation of their own people, lost and cursed things in this world and the next, then we shall perceive the difficulty of converting Hindoos. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that it would be far easier, humanly speaking, for a Brahmin or Buddhist to preach in the streets of London, and make those of the crowd who might listen to him, understand his creed and his views respecting soul and body, good and evil, God and men, or the teaching of the Mahābhārata or of Sāṅkhya!*

My remarks, of course, do not apply to preaching among the aborigines or low castes,

who are fettered by fewer ties and prejudices; nor to cases where the missionary can meet the same audience week after week in a native village; nor to preaching by *able* natives who understand their countrymen, and can follow it up by constant intercourse with them; far less to preaching, where there has been such an education given, whether in English or the vernacular, as prepares the mind to comprehend the terms made use of. I merely wish to make Christian people at home comprehend in some degree the position of their missionaries who have to deal with Hindoos, and beg them to abate their wonder and disappointment at there not being more numerous and *immediate* conversions.

Mr. Bowen, as I have said, preached from the steps of the American chapel. We were accommodated with chairs under the verandah and above the steps, so that we could hear and see all. The venerable and learned Dr. Wilson of Bombay, and the eloquent Mr. Taylor of Guzerat, also addressed the meeting, which numbered about two hundred persons. The services began by a short address from a native catechist, who read the Scriptures until the people who were passing along gathered together.

I was much struck with several things. The general attention and courtesy of the audience, for instance, was very remarkable. A most respectful silence was maintained throughout, with one exception only, and that was when two young men interrupted the speaker with such remarks as these: "How much money did you give that catechist who began the service?" "How much do you pay to converts?" &c., &c. Their features and the expression of their countenance indicated a characteristic type of a low stratum of "Young Bombay," being full of vulgar conceit and arrogance. I was so moved by their conduct, that by signs I invited one of them to come and speak with me.

I said to him, "Young man, you interrupt a gentleman who, before you were born, left his native country and came here from motives so unselfish and loving that, I fear, you can but faintly comprehend them. You profess to have no faith in the Christian religion; but these men, whom you sneer and laugh at, believing in that religion, bear such a good-will to you that, were it necessary, they would die for your good. Looking at your souls in the light of God and Christ, we all value you. But were I to estimate you at the value you put on yourselves, my opinion of you would not be very high."

* I have dwelt at some length upon this and other questions connected with Christian Missions in my "Address" published by William Blackwood and Sons.

"You evidently think very little of us," was his answer.

"Very little of you, indeed," I replied, "as mere creatures, the great end of whose existence is to enter the Government employment, and rise in it; and whose motto is, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die';—so little, I tell you, that if one anna each would purchase you, and induce you to profess Christianity, I would not give it for you! You have been very rude, and very unlike your gentlemanly countrymen. Give my compliments to your companion, and tell him that is my opinion of you both."

They soon retired from the meeting, which I confess, added very much to my estimate of them.

We had thus before us a sample of one class of young men, which I am disposed to rank among the emptiest, whose small amount of knowledge has puffed them up, and made them what the Germans call "Wind-beutels," or wind-bags—a considerable class in every part of India where English education is given. They require a firm and wise handling to break them into more humble bearing.

I did not, of course, understand the language in which the addresses were given; but it was deeply interesting to witness these signs of contact between the East and the West—this meeting of two streams of thought and belief, which had flowed down through so many ages in such different forms, and with such different results. Christianity and heathendom were now beginning, however feebly, to try their strength in a contest which must end by one or other possessing Hindostan as long as the world exists. The very names which you could distinguish now and then in the "barbarian speech," such as "Abraham," "Moses," "Christ," "Brahma," "Mahommed," made you realise that worlds of history were being seen by the dark, piercing eyes of the silent and turbaned crowd, as well as by the preachers who addressed them. A smile would pass over this face, and a frown gather on that brow, indicating how thought was working in the minds of these hearers, while others again would break away from the crowd to express their feelings vehemently in Oriental fashion outside it, ere they separated with mutual satisfaction in their common rejection of the foreign heresy. The very fact, however, of such ideas being listened to and canvassed is itself an education, and a preparation for the reception of Christianity, when better understood, and more widely diffused.

I may add that, whatever breaking up of the ground there may be in such preaching as I have described, by a tried and self-sacrificing man like Mr. Bowen, it has not as yet *told* to any large extent. He himself frankly confessed that, as far as he knew, he had never made a convert. His experience, in so far as Hindoos in the cities are concerned, is not singular. Such successes in preaching as we can claim have been attained in totally different circumstances, and among a different class of people. But in the meantime, I beg my intelligent reader not to assume hastily on this ground that missions have been a failure. Nothing can be further from the truth.

To come now to the mission schools. As the Privy Council in this country gives grants in aid to any school which can educate up to a certain standard in secular knowledge, so does the Indian Government. Each school that can prepare pupils to pass an entrance examination before the University Examiner, and afterwards go forward to their degree, receives a certain allowance for each pupil passed. Thus, in each missionary institute there is a school for boys, who receive the elements of education, and are taught by means of the vernacular; and also a college for advanced lads who are being trained to pass the university examination. For all secular branches native teachers are employed, and it is not absolutely required that they should be Christians. The object the young men have in view in coming to a mission school is purely selfish. They wish a good education as cheaply as possible, in order to obtain good appointments by passing the required examinations. The object which the missionary has in view, on the other hand, is to give a good education in secular knowledge, in order that he may thus have an opportunity of imparting sound Christian instruction, and by his influence from day to day elevate the whole moral tone of the pupils, and, if possible, bring them personally to know and believe in Jesus Christ. The college students are all taught the English language, and generally acquire, sooner or later, a fair knowledge of it. They quite understand the conditions on which the missionary receives them, and acquiesce in these conditions. By this means there are every year a large number of young men—Hindoos and Mahommedans—sent forth to occupy situations of trust, and to exercise influence in the community. These men are at least acquainted with historical Christianity, and have seen its spirit represented in

the noble lives and unwearying labours of its teachers.

Now, whatever immediate results may flow from this system of Christian education, it is obvious that it must have great influence in preparing the natives for the ultimate reception of Christianity. It may be slow, but it is sure in its general influence. It has little to impress the minds of those at home, who demand what will affect the imagination and excite the feelings. But it requires a patience, a perseverance, and a faith in the missionary, which ought to call forth our deepest sympathy and admiration. There is nothing in it of the dash of the cavalry charge, with waving of flags and sounding of trumpets, exciting the most indifferent spectator. It has more of the character of military mining work, which, unseen, is pushed forward in darkness and amidst innumerable obstacles, but which is destined at last to make such a breach in the battlements as will admit the eager and anxious besiegers. And, besides, it is out of the materials furnished by the best mission schools that we shall most likely obtain the one thing essential to any real advance of the Gospel in India, and that is, earnest and intelligent native preachers and pastors. But I have no wish to dogmatise as to the best method of conducting missions. I would allow every wise missionary to preach or teach; to educate or print; to heal the body; to plant, build, or sow—or do whatever he thinks best to make known to the race or tribe amongst whom he labours, be they ignorant or learned, savage or civilised, high castes or no castes, in rural villages or in great cities, that Gospel which he is commissioned to communicate.

Let us now look into one of the schools and see what it is like. To begin with the outward and material. The school buildings are necessarily large, not only to meet the increasing demands for education, but also for coolness and comfort. At all events, they generally look magnificent edifices, with pillared porticoes, noble verandahs, great flights of stairs, and spacious halls. There is little stone used in their construction; but the lime—*chunam*—with which the pillars are constructed, gives a remarkably fine polished surface. As for the pupils: they range from the merest children to young men, some of whom are married, and they all strike one as being singularly pleasing and intelligent-looking. They are uniformly clean and comely, with white dresses, stately turbans, beautiful shining teeth, brilliant full-orbed eyes, and finely cut features. There is a look of gene-

ral intelligence which whets one's appetite to come into intellectual contact with them. But in the girls' schools it is quite otherwise. These more resemble our infant schools. Some of the girls are like nice round india-rubber balls. Others, however, are brides, affianced at a very early age. One subdued-looking creature I saw in Dr. Wilson's school, was covered with all sorts of chains and jewels, from the nose to the toes, and with ringlets on wrist and ankle. The whole family jewel box, which had been secured from Pindaories, Mahrattas, and Dacoits, seemed to have been hung round this quiet pleasant-looking child. But there is a singular want of life, vivacity, or fun about them all, boys and girls alike. The whole young generation, indeed, appeared to me to be always in a state of physical subduedness because of the heat. One saw nowhere any sign of that exuberance of life and spirit which is exhibited in the sports and frolics of a northern playground.

Although, of course, it was a thing I expected, yet I confess it was strange to me to hear these boys speak English. My friend happened to ask (I forget in what school),

"Do you ever read poetry?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply.

"What poetry?"

"Milton, Scott, and such-like."

"Which of Scott's poems have you read?"

"'The Lady of the Lake,' and others."

"What lake?"

"Loch Katrine, of course," was the reply.

Was I indeed in a school of Hindoos!

As to the religion taught in the mission schools, it is no exaggeration to affirm that their higher classes could compete in Scripture knowledge and the evidences of Christianity with the best of our common schools at home, and probably surpass many of them. Why, then, do not the pupils become Christians? it may be asked. How is it they can prove truths by arguments which they themselves regard as unanswerable, and yet refuse to receive them as living powers into their hearts? How can teachers in mission schools, and their pupils, lose all faith in Hinduism, yet conform to its practices and refuse to be baptized? How can they produce the best and soundest arguments against their own superstitious practices, demonstrate and laugh at their absurdity, and yet daily conform to them? What means this trifling—this want of all moral earnestness? I cannot at present pause to reply. But such facts, although there are many exceptions, are patent to every one who carefully examines a mission school. In a stranger, at all events, these things

excite a new feeling of wonder, and suggest more than a suspicion that he has very much to learn before he can account for the difference between East and West, in spite of many things common to both, revealing the same contrast and opposition between knowing and being—the intellect and the will.

We had the presence of one of the most intellectual natives of Bombay—Narayan Mandlik, who occupies a high position at the bar—in the examination of our mission school. He came to speak kind words to us as a deputation to India. Yet he is not a Christian by profession. This, however, only made his sympathy the more touching, and filled one with thoughts, many and hopeful, as to our relationship with such men.

But while saying this, I may take the opportunity of referring to the timidity of many of even the educated native gentlemen. We made a return call on one, who received us with all the high breeding of his class, and in a splendid mansion. His English was perfect, his frankness great, and his conversation most interesting, although naturally he was strong on the native side of things generally. He was not a professing Christian; but neither had he any faith in Brahminism as a religious system. Yet, when his brother-in-law broke caste by going to England, he insisted that, before the offender could be received again into his patriarchal household, he must undergo the ceremonies, too disgusting to be stated, necessary to restore his caste! He defended this conduct on several grounds—such as the importance of all natives considering national and family feelings, and the necessity of their complying with even foolish customs which a philosophic mind can afford to despise, but which a kind man will comply with for the sake of others. My informant, before whom he laid his case, respectfully suggested to him that his conduct seemed wanting in moral courage. "Moral courage!" he exclaimed, "I neither have nor pretend to have any such courage. Did we as a people possess it, you wouldn't be here!"

But let us leave Bombay for a few days, and take a run to Poona.

Our journey by railway occupied about nine hours. The weather was hot, but the carriages were roomy, cool, and as comfortable as possible, thanks to their double roofs. The windows have venetian blinds to keep out the heat, and over each there is a projection which throws off the rays of the sun.

An Indian railway-station is unique as affording an easy study of native races and

manners. The crowds of third-class passengers, especially, startle one. For however great the stride in Europe between the smartest and most rapid stage-coach and a railway train, it is still greater in India between a bullock-garry, grinding and jolting along, and the hurricane speed of the locomotive. The difference is also great in the ideas of time suggested by both modes of conveyance. In the minds of the natives it would seem as if there were no clear distinction between time and eternity. Hours to them seem mere names, days insignificant. One gets a rude notion of how the antediluvians, who lived for centuries, must have thought of engagements, as contrasted with the way in which engagements are thought of now by short-lived and busy mortals, who reckon up minutes as well as days. No man who has been a week in India can have any faith in native chronology. The inexorable bell and guard's whistle are thus perplexing in the extreme to the natives. They assemble hours before the time of starting; and squat down and smoke their pipes till the hour arrives. Then they rush to and fro in earnest excitement, dragging their children, conveying pots and pans, beds and bedding, as they yell and jabber. With looks of frantic despair they crush and push along in a continuous turbaned stream; and, wholly forgetful for the moment of all caste distinctions, they pour into the place assigned to them. Should a high caste man discover to his anguish that he has to enter a compartment already to all appearance crammed with low caste or no caste men, it is in vain that he turns and shrinks back. The English guard pushes him in, locks the door, whistles sharply, and waves his hand, crying, "All right." Puff, puff goes the engine, whirling off more than a dozen carriages filled with Brahmins, and Sudras, holy and unholy, twice born and low-born—all of them originally emanations from the head or legs of the divine Brahma, but now united as second or third or fourth class passengers speeding along the iron path of destiny at five-and-twenty miles an hour. It is evident that the railway, like other civilising gifts of God, is, in its own way, working out the good of India. It is developing industry and commerce, bringing the people, who have been long and effectually separated from each other by distance, race, religion, and caste, into closer contact; while it is undoubtedly adding immensely to the central power of Government, making its presence felt at the farthest points, and enabling it to hold the vast empire more firmly together.

It is also rapidly and visibly telling upon the system of pilgrimages, and on the idle and confused gatherings of vast multitudes to the *melas*, or holy places. Whatever has to be done is now done quickly, conveniently, and cheaply; and what the priests, and beggars, and moving hordes of mendicants lose, the country and the people gain.

The route between Bombay and Poona is one of the most picturesque I ever beheld. The earlier part of the line goes across the dead flat island of Bombay, passing through extensive palm groves. In these are scattered the cottages of a large population descended from the original Portuguese settlers. After passing along an extended causeway, which reaches to the station of Tanta, and before ascending the Ghauts, a most striking view reveals itself on emerging from a tunnel. This is a plain through which the sea worms its way from the north inland through innumerable channels like rivers. These are dotted with white sails, and surrounded by hills with most beautiful and fantastic outlines, and under the light and brilliancy of an eastern sky are grand and impressive. The scenery becomes more and more striking as the Ghauts are ascended. We reach at last a remarkable interruption in the Bhore Ghaut. A deep chasm had been bridged over by a dizzy and extensive viaduct. Some months before our visit a train had safely passed over this high arched path. Another train very soon after approached it within a few hundred feet, when it was suddenly arrested by the engine driver, who saw the whole bridge crash and crumble down before him into the unseen depths of the valley! The new bridge was being built as we reached this chasm; and we shivered as we thought of what a few seconds more would have witnessed had that train not been stopped! But we need not enlarge on such a sensation spectacle. The travellers were in the meantime conveyed in palinkins, or palkis, by a circuit of four miles to a station beyond the point of danger; for it was probable that other bridges within that distance were likewise in an unsafe condition. Nevertheless, such is the curiosity of travellers, that we were anxious to travel by the break which conveyed the mails and baggage, and through the kindness of friends managed to do so both in going and returning. The scenery was worth all the risk. With the exception of the Neilgherries and Vellore, it was the only bit of rock and glen I saw in India. The line certainly had neither been planned nor constructed by persons in the least subject to nervousness.

The gradients in some places were 1 in 37. At one time we looked down slopes which end in abrupt sweeps lost in depths of jungle where bears and tigers roam undisturbed by the steam whistle. At another, we had long descents, with corresponding ascents ending in further ranges of level precipice, with wide glens branching off, green below and gorgeously golden above, from the colouring derived from the decay of a peculiar grass.

We had several most wonderful peeps into lower plains as well as into lower gorges, with expanses of green fields, sparkling tanks, and *spurs* of picturesque hills. Far down, a tank was pointed out to us in which it is said the Duke of Wellington lost his only gun—it having sunk in the mud during his rapid advance to Poona in 1802.

The glory of the scenery of this pass through the Ghauts continues unabated till the picturesque station of Kandalla is reached.

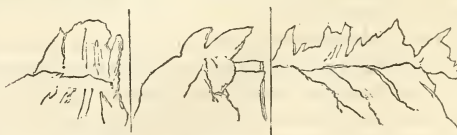
The Ghauts, I should have mentioned before this, are a range of hills which in some places rise to ridges of 4,500 feet. They follow the whole line of coast, descending almost with the abruptness of precipices into a plain called the Konkan, which varies in breadth, separating them from the sea. This outline may give a better idea of what I mean:—



If one dare hazard a conjecture as to their geological history from seeing them from the window of a railway carriage, the conclusion would be that their summits represent the highest portion left of what was once the original plain; and that denudation, and the violent action of tropical torrents through long ages, have produced all their present characteristic features, and the fan-



tastic groupings of the rocks, thus:—

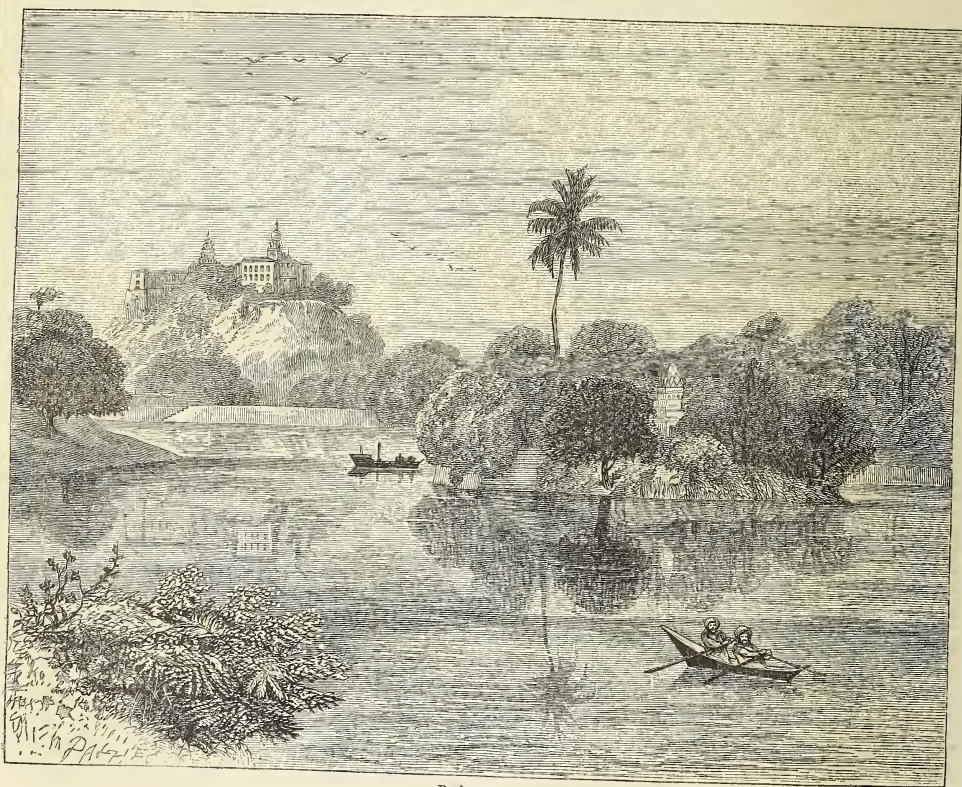


Poona is very different from Bombay. The rich vegetation of the latter has almost entirely

disappeared. The whole plateau on which Poona rests has an arid, ill-wooded appearance in comparison with the lower margin near the sea. But in the very expanse of plain, in the fine broad roads which everywhere intersect the locality, there is a pleasant sense of relief. The neat, scattered bungalows, set amidst flowers and shrubs, give a fresh, healthy look, resembling very much an inland English watering-place. I breathed more freely here, and had less of the sensation of close, hot *mugginess* than in Bombay.

The only excursion we had time to make

in the immediate neighbourhood was to Parbutty, once the citadel and palace of the last Peishwa. It is situated on a conical hill, which is ascended by a huge paved pathway or staircase; but so gentle that horses or elephants can ascend it. The once majestic palace is now in ruins. But the old temples, with their gods, still remain in a walled enclosure near the inner gateway. This formed the private chapel or chapels of his highness, and, what with cupolas and gilding, must have been handsome in its day. The several gods in their several shrines were described



Parbutty.

and lighted up for us that we might see them better; and we looked at them through the closed gratings with eager attention. They had the same ugly look as those we had seen before, and were without any pretence to artistic form.

The Peishwa played a conspicuous part in the Mahratta war of 1817—18. He was grossly superstitious and very treacherous. His court was like most native courts, which, especially in those days, were scenes of frightful profligacy. His government was one of tyranny and oppression. But he was such a devotee as

to have given a dinner to 100,000 Brahmins in order to atone for the crime his father committed in having murdered one of the holy order. A vile slave who had risen to be prime minister, hated the English with such a hate as only Orientals feel. The Peishwa entered into an alliance to attack the English, and laid a plan to assassinate the English resident, the distinguished Mountstuart Elphinstone. The resident, in self-defence, and with only 3,000 infantry, took a position at Kirkee. He was attacked by 10,000 cavalry, and as many infantry; but finally gained a splendid

victory and seized Poona. Two of the most wonderful battles were fought about the same time. One took place about three weeks after, on the Setabuldee hills, when 1,350 troops, almost all native, beat the Peishwa with 12,000 horse and 8,000 foot, after a desperate battle which lasted eighteen hours! The other, which was still more wonderful in its details, took place about six weeks later, when 600 Bombay native infantry, 26 European artillery, and 350 irregular horse, at Keirgaur, near Poona, fought from ten in the morning till nine in the evening against fearful

odds—something like 20,000 horse and 8,000 foot, and remained masters of the field! Such results as these might seem incredible were they not among the most notorious facts of our Indian history. In the last-mentioned battle, for example, one of the British guns was seized, when Lieutenant Pattinson—a man six feet seven inches in height—who was lying on the ground, bayoneted with a mortal wound, rose, and calling on his grenadiers to follow him, clutched a musket and rushed into the midst of the enemy, crushing them down right and left, until,



Playing the National Tunes.

wounded a second time by a gun shot, he fell down dead! His heroic deed rallied the handful of troops, and the gun was retaken.

The Peishwa was eventually so harassed that he retired from the war, giving up his dominions on receiving a pension of £80,000 a year, together with the territory of Bithoor, where he died. His adopted son and heir was *Nana Sahib*, the murderer of Cawnpore; and it was his dispute with the Government and their refusal to continue the Peishwa's pension which chiefly roused his hatred

against the British, and his implacable thirst for revenge.

In such a history as that of the Peishwa we have a type of what has been often repeated in the history of our conquest of India. Some powerful chief, urged on by a set of profligate adventurers whose lives were spent in gratifying every evil propensity of their nature, made the attempt, when some plot was ripe, to crush the British power, which checked their insatiable love of war and vengeance. The Home Government, on its part, determined to keep out of war, and to avoid

aggression ; but it was ultimately forced in sheer self-defence to fight, and finally to have districts and kingdoms delivered up to it. When the stronghold was stormed and its former possessors scattered, it was a stern necessity at first, and, in the end, a blessing for all concerned, to occupy it with British forces, and to reform it by British justice.

Opposite the gateway, and overlooking the temple area, was a band of six musicians, who every evening at six o'clock play hymns in honour of the gods. Their instruments were two pipes, played like flageolets, and two drums, which they beat with the fore and middle fingers of the right hand laid horizontally on the drum. From long practice these fingers seemed to have attained the firm elasticity of steel, so sharp and distinct was the sound they elicited. It is impossible to describe the music. It was slow in its measure ; but to me it was harsh and grating as if pigs, or some stranger animals, kept on squeaking whilst pots and pans were being hammered. Its very wildness, however, and uncouth discord, had an interest, as being in harmony with the moral discord of idolatry.

Poona, with the neighbouring military station of Kirkee, has a large English population, to which I had the happiness of preaching. I should think it is one of the most agreeable stations north of the Neilgherries.

We had the pleasure while here of being the guests of Sir Alexander Grant. He was kind enough to ask a large party to meet us in the evening. This was composed both of European and native gentlemen, who could give us most reliable and intelligent information on the topics which interested us. From the circumstance of our able and distinguished host being the director of public instruction in the Bombay Presidency, and of Poona containing several important educational institutes, we had the opportunity for the first time of meeting natives who were able to take a prominent part in the work of education as teachers, inspectors, &c. There were present among others a Deputy Inspector ; the Principal of the Training College ; the translator of the "Arabian Nights," a Pundit ; a college fellow ; and a college student. All these were singularly pleasing and intelligent gentlemen. The whole of them had renounced caste, and ate and drank with us, although one of them evidently felt a little awkward in doing so, and was good naturedly twitted by the others on account of this. None of them, however, professed Christianity. With one I had a long and interesting conversation as to what

he thought were its peculiar doctrines. On many points he was not very well-informed ; and on others, the impressions which had been conveyed to him, whether by books or discussions, were of such a strong, one-sided, and narrow form as could not but be offensive to a thoughtful and cultivated mind. The conviction left on me by my contact with this native gentleman was certainly not that he *preferred* the darkness to the light, but that the light had not been given to him in regard to the truths which demanded his faith. There was every willingness on his part to discuss religious questions with the greatest patience and fairness. He was a typical specimen, I believe, of a large class.

I cannot enter into details regarding the Free Church Mission Schools, or the Orphanage of the Church of Scotland, at Poona—the only two institutions of the kind we had time to visit. Suffice it to say that I was much pleased with all I saw, and regret much that here as elsewhere it was impossible to see more. The Free Church School building had been the house of some great man—a general or minister of the Peishwa. It gave one an excellent idea of those "good old times." The entrance gateway ; the inner court ; the three stories of verandahs, with rooms branching from them ; the pillared hall of audience ; the rooms with their grotesque frescoes ; and—what struck me more than once in India—the narrow stair which communicated with the different stories—so narrow and steep, indeed, that a certain stout Western questioned the possibility of his being able to ascend it ;—all these revealed a world of history. They spoke of sudden attacks, insecurity, and treachery.

Among other means of giving us pleasure, Sir Alexander had engaged three or four of the best native musicians to play national tunes. One of the instruments is not represented in the engraving. It was shaped somewhat like an Æolian harp, resting horizontally on the ground whilst played with both hands. The music was interesting in its structure, and pleasing too. The pieces played were not melodies, but long and intricate compositions. The performers had more agreeable and intelligent countenances than appear in our illustration ; and the native gentlemen seemed to appreciate and enjoy the performance as Europeans could scarcely be expected to do.

Accompanied by our friend, the Rev. Mr. Ross,—a military chaplain of the Church of Scotland, stationed at Poona,—we travelled,

I should think, for about thirty miles further on along the same line which had brought us from Bombay. The sun had set when we reached the station; but we soon found our way to "The Travellers' Bungalow," about a mile or so farther on.

I may here inform the reader that along all these splendid roads, made through long years of labour by Government,—and which stood to the old tracks intersecting Hindustan as the railways now stand to these roads,—comfortable wooden houses have been erected at certain distances. These bungalows contain several rooms, sufficiently large and well furnished with tables, chairs, and bedding, to afford shelter and rest to travellers in a country, not only too thinly peopled for "hotels," but even for a traveller relying upon their most agreeable substitute, the hospitable home of some European civil servant. They are built always near some village; and the policeman, or peon of the village, has official charge of them; but, when they happen to be in places more frequented, a sort of native manager or mess-master resides on the premises. He can lay down the beds, furnish lights, and provide coffee and a dish of curry, or, at all events, what is necessary to keep soul and body together. But English travellers are, of course, generally too prudent not to carry with them some stores of their own, in order, in such circumstances, to add a few luxuries to the necessities of life. Many of these bungalows are now falling into ruins, chiefly in places where the railway stations either provide sufficient food and accommodation, or carry the passengers past them. In the present case the bungalow was required, as being the central point on the line of road which connected the station with important places in the interior.

We found two good-sized rooms unoccupied—their floors, as is usual in such places as well as in native houses, covered with cow-dung, which had become hard, yet sent forth a peculiar aroma, perfectly bearable, but singularly suggestive of what is perceived everywhere in India. This kind of carpet, it may be mentioned, has nothing to do with any religious respect for the cow, but is used solely to relieve the discomfort which would be caused by a damp clay floor, if, indeed, clay could always be had. I believe it has also something to do in the way of checking insect life.

Another part of the bungalow was occupied by Major G—— and his sweet English wife. They kindly sent us their cards; and in their society we spent a portion of the evening

most agreeably. This was our first experience of the *kind* of life lived by our civilians in India—a class for whom I entertain the highest respect and admiration. Think of these gentlemen, often for months together dwelling in tents, and in places which are even unknown to the inhabitants of the country a few miles off; moving about from this place ending in "pore" or "lore," to that other, ending in "doore" or "foore"—administering justice, collecting revenue, reconciling families and villages in bitter hostility about this field or that claim, exercising such influence over thousands as casts into the shade that of a lord-lieutenant or a high-sheriff at home—their white faces being more powerful than any battery, and their word of honour more trusted than the parchment or seal of any Peishwa or Nizam ever was! To me this is a picture which powerfully affects the imagination, and gives a slight idea of the influence of a class of which our own country should be proud!

I shall no doubt return to this subject again in illustrating English life in India. In the meantime I will only say that Tom or Dick who brings a wife to India to share this life with him, should be kind to a degree which in England and by selfish bachelors might be termed "spoony." He should give her as much of his time as possible, and try to interest her in his work. He should endeavour to get her to do what she can in the way of opening up the hearts of Hindoo families to British sympathy and Christian civilisation. He should soothe her if she is despairing; make her pillows comfortable on the couch if she is wearied; and chaff her gently and lovingly, with a kiss on the forehead, if she is "nervous." He should never blame her, as she should never blame him, for being "irritable" when every nerve is tingling; but, believing that climate changes people, and invests most Europeans in India with a thinner skin than is known in Europe, they should live in faith of a healthier region north of Suez, where both will one day, in their English or Scotch home, wonder at their peevish past, and, mutually confessing their short-comings, cordially maintain that there is not a more loving or a happier couple on earth! And then the wife must never say to Tom that he ought not to have married but have remained a bachelor, because she was never fit to be his wife! Rather, if she will confess it, let her admit that she is "very foolish," and "nervous," and "out of sorts," and "silly;" but that she is sure Tom loves her and is the best of husbands, and will bear with her and treat her like a

spoiled child. But let no third party, whether the chaplain, or the wife of any military man or "civil servant," be called in, or all peace is over! No, no! Believe in each other, and, what is best of all, believe in One who knows and loves you, and can unite your hearts and give you such love as our friends in the bungalow were blessed with. So ends my sermon.

This bungalow was memorable to me as being the only place in India in which I had, what at the time appeared to me, a dangerous encounter with a snake. I had wished to see a snake, a *cobra* more especially, if such a meeting could be arranged with perfect safety—to myself at least. Now my friend Dr. Watson, with a smile, reported to me that he was persuaded there was a cobra basking in the moonlight, near the bungalow. Hearing this, I seized my large Lochaber crook, which has shared all my wanderings, and which I knew could be depended on as a courageous and faithful ally. What a night it was! Not a cloud was in the sky. It almost seemed possible to get a peep round the corner of the moon, as she stood out sharp and clear from the sky. Slowly and cautiously I approached, with uplifted staff, to the spot where the dragon lay. I saw him; a long, grey monster! As the chivalrous St. George flashed upon my mind, I administered a fearful stroke to the brute; and, from a sense of duty to my wife and family, rushed back to the bungalow, in case of any forth-putting of venom, which might cause a vacancy in the Barony. I resolved to delay approaching the "worm" till next morning; but, whatever the cause was, no one, strange to say, could discover the dead body when morning dawned! A few decayed branches of a tree were discovered near his foul den, and these had unquestionably been broken by some mighty stroke; but the

cobra was never seen afterwards, dead or alive! This was my first and only deadly encounter with a snake; and I trust the reader will duly appreciate my courage, and wonder at my escape.

At daybreak we started for a station between twenty and thirty miles off, called Colgaum, in order to be present at a characteristic meeting in connection with the American mission. We travelled by "tongas"—a most agreeable kind of native conveyance. The "tonga" resembles a low-hung dog-cart, with a canvas hood like that of a *hansom* cab, covering the seats before and behind, each of which can accommodate two persons. It has two strong wheels, and numerous "lashings" and supports, as if meant for rough work; and is drawn by two small, active ponies, harnessed to a powerful pole, with a cross-bar at the end, like a yoke, which goes across the back of their necks. The road over the flat plain was tolerably good. We reached the river Bem or Bema in an hour or so. It is a fine clear stream, and is easily crossed at this point by a broad, shallow ford; but no sooner had our ponies entered it, dragging their burden through the yielding sand, than, influenced as it seemed at once by the irksomeness of their toil and the delicious coolness of the water, they both lay down, their heads alone remaining above the surface, supported by the yoke. In vain were blows administered, and every sort of phrase, whether of remonstrance or rebuke, addressed to them. The perverse creatures preferred the water to the land, in spite of public opinion condemnatory of their conduct. We were obliged to lessen their pains and share their pleasures, by forgetting our dignity, and wading to the farther shore. As I cross this Jordan with my staff, I shall for another month take leave of my readers.

THE HISTORY OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM,

As Illustrative of the Evidences for the Truth of Christianity.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE story of the fall of Jerusalem has been often told, and with great poetic power by Dean Milman, in his "History of the Jews," which is accessible to all. It may be thought by some that we do not find any very direct testimony to the truth of Christianity in this page of history. But this at all events I think we shall perceive, how well all we know of this history agrees with the supposition that

the facts recorded in the Christian Scriptures are true—how easily and naturally it takes its position in that vacant space which is left in the records of the chosen people of God, where the narrative of the Gospels and the Acts fails us.

But, first of all, it may be well to meet what to some has appeared a difficulty. How is it, we are asked, that we find so little

mention of the rise and progress of the Christian Church in the writings of the Jewish historian, who details to us the melancholy account of the capture and utter destruction of the metropolis of his country? Josephus was born at Jerusalem, of a priestly family, in the year of our Lord 37—that is, within a very few years of the crucifixion. Early in life he set himself to examine the tenets of the chief Jewish sects, and ultimately attached himself to the Pharisees. At twenty-six years of age, in the eleventh year of the Emperor Nero, he went to Rome, to plead the cause of some Jewish priests, sent there on a charge by Felix, that procurator of Judæa whom, the writer of the Acts tells us, St. Paul's preaching had caused to tremble, though it could not convert him from his wicked life. Josephus would seem to have been at Rome at the same time as St. Paul. It is curious to remark that, like St. Paul, in his voyage thither, he narrowly escaped losing his life by shipwreck, being picked up by a vessel of Cyrene, and being landed in Italy, again like St. Paul, at the port of Puteoli. Thence he reached Rome by the same Appian Road along which St. Paul travelled, and was introduced to the notice of Poppeæ, the infamous mistress and afterwards wife of Nero, whose supposed inclinations towards Judaism we have before mentioned. When he returned to the East, he found his countrymen bent on revolt against the Romans. He was chosen one of their generals, and became governor of Galilee. Now it is said this man, moving at that time in the very scenes in which the Christians moved, must have seen much of them. He could scarcely fail to be greatly struck by them. Why does not he make more explicit mention of them?

To clear up this supposed difficulty, I will first state that Josephus's character is a peculiar one, and that his circumstances at the time when he wrote his history were peculiar. We have said he was a Pharisee: it would have been more correct, perhaps, to designate him a Herodian. He might be professedly a Pharisee in religious tenets, but his political views greatly affected his religion. As the Herodians in our Lord's time had devoted themselves to the family of the Herods, who were always supported by the Roman power, and felt none of those stern longings after national independence which so soon led to the great national catastrophe; so Josephus was from an early period, certainly from the date of his visit to Rome, a great admirer of the Roman power. Notwithstanding these feelings, he for a time

bore arms against the Romans, and that gallantly, till, being taken prisoner, he found himself at the mercy of Vespasian and his son Titus. But when brought before them, he saved his life by paying them the most abject flattery. He pretended to be a prophet, and to have a commission from God to foretell that Vespasian, then only the general of Nero, commanding against the Jews, was destined soon to be himself emperor. This saying got abroad, and doubtless greatly influenced Vespasian in his subsequent attempt upon the empire, how it had been foretold by ancient seers that a chief coming from Judæa should become ruler of the world. There is no reason to doubt that it was Josephus who thus impiously suggested that the ancient prophecies of the Messiah applied to the heathen soldier. Now a Jewish priest, who could thus tamper with all that his countrymen revered as most sacred, and who was contented to secure for himself the quiet possession of wealth and a palace in Rome by this unworthy flattery, when his country was desolated with fire and sword, and his countrymen sold by tens of thousands in the slave market, was not a very likely man to embrace the self-denying and despised religion of the Cross, especially when he had not improbably seen with his own eyes, while in Rome, the fires of Nero's persecution. "He that is of God," said Christ, "heareth my words. Ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God." Josephus was not likely to feel any attraction towards Christianity. It had no connection with an introduction into the high places of princely favour in which he loved to be seated. It was making its way, as we have proved abundantly from other history, and as cannot be denied by any one who knows anything of the times, amongst classes with which he had little sympathy. And his making no mention of it, supposing him to have made none, would rather show that the subject was disagreeable to him—a subject on which he did not exactly know what to say. His silence in the matter, if silence there be, would prove too much: for other history shows beyond a doubt that at this time there were Christians, and many of them, and that their sect was hated and dreaded, and had even attracted much attention in the emperor's court at Rome. Josephus would not have been silent as to Christianity except from design.

But is he thus silent? Here two especial passages, besides that general agreement with the New Testament which we find in his account of all the main facts of the Jewish his-

tory, as interwoven in the narrative of the Gospels and Acts, are well worth referring to, as containing strong confirmations of the statements of Christian history. The first is found in the "Jewish Antiquities," b. xviii., ch. v., § 3. Speaking of the loss which Herod Antipas had sustained in his war with his father-in-law, Aretus, king of Arabia—a war caused by Herod's desertion of his lawful wife, Aretus's daughter, that he might indulge his unlawful love for Herodias—Josephus writes :—

"Some of the Jews thought that the destruction of Herod's army came from God, and that very justly, as a punishment for what he did against John, who was called the Baptist; for Herod slew him, who was a good man, and commanded the Jews to exercise virtue both as to righteousness towards one another and piety towards God, and so to come to baptism; for that the washing (with water) would be acceptable to Him, if they made use of it, not in order to the putting away (or the remission) of some sins (only), but for the purification of the body, supposing still that the soul was thoroughly purified beforehand by righteousness. Now when many others came in crowds about him, for they were greatly moved (or pleased) by hearing his words, Herod, who feared lest the great influence John had over the people might put it into his power and inclination to raise rebellion, for they seemed ready to do anything he should advise, thought it best, by putting him to death, to prevent any mischief he might cause, and not bring himself into difficulties, by sparing a man who might make him repent of it when it should be too late. Accordingly he was sent a prisoner, out of Herod's suspicious temper, to Macherus, the castle I before mentioned, and there put to death. Now the Jews had an opinion that the destruction of this army was sent as a punishment upon Herod, and a mark of God's displeasure against him."

This passage may very well illustrate the general agreement between the New Testament and Josephus's statements, where he touches on the same matters with the sacred writers, and is not led by any prejudice to avoid the points of which they treat.

The second passage I shall adduce is from the 19th book of the "Antiquities," ch. ix., § 1. It refers to a matter of church history not mentioned in the New Testament, but in all uninspired Christian histories—the death of James, who is pointed out in the sixth of the Acts as the first bishop of Jerusalem :—

"And now Caesar (that is, Nero), upon hearing of the death of Festus (the same Festus before whom it will be remembered St. Paul preached when he almost persuaded King Agrippa), sent Albinus into Judæa as procurator. But the king (that is, Agrippa II., the King Agrippa of the Acts) deprived Joseph of the high priesthood, and bestowed the succession to that dignity on the son of Ananus, who was also himself called Ananus. . . . This younger Ananus was . . . a bold man in his temper, and very insolent. He was also of the sect of the Sadducees, who were very rigid in judging offenders above all the rest of the Jews. . . . When, therefore, Ananus was of this disposition, he thought he had now a proper opportunity [to exercise his authority]. Festus was now

dead, and Albinus was but upon the road; so he assembled the sanhedrim of judges, and brought before them the brother of Jesus, who was called Christ, whose name was James, and some others [for some of his companions], and when he had found an accusation against them as breakers of the law, he delivered them to be stoned. But as for those who seemed the most equitable of the citizens, and such as were most uneasy at the breach of the laws, they disliked what was done. They also sent to the king [Agrippa], desiring him to send to Ananus that he should act so no more, for that what he had already done was not to be justified; nay, some of them went also to meet Albinus, as he was upon his journey from Alexandria, and informed him that it was not lawful for Ananus to hold a sanhedrim without his consent."

These two accounts of the death of John the Baptist and of James the Just, the brother of our Lord, may each be taken as examples of the way in which Josephus's writings illustrate the Christian Scriptures.

Many will remember that there is another notable passage (that, viz., in the 18th book of the "Antiquities," 3rd chap., § 3), which has raised much discussion :—

"Now there was about this time (the time of Pilate's government of Judæa) Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was [the] Christ. And when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him; for he appeared to them alive again the third day; as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of Christians, so named from him, is not extinct at this day."

It will at once occur to all that the expressions in this passage are too strong to be likely to be used by any one who was not a believer in Christ's divine power. Hence the suspicion with which the passage has been regarded, notwithstanding the strong external evidence for its genuineness, and notwithstanding that some have urged also that the temporising Josephus may not have been unwilling to throw into his history, when led to mention this eventful time, a few expressions which might secure the favour of persons who were certainly growing into importance when he wrote. There were, as we have before seen, in Domitian's time, Christians even in the circle of the emperor's family: it has been thought Josephus might be anxious to conciliate these, since they might have the power to help him. Or, again, the passage may in the main be genuine, though the strongest expressions may have been inserted by some unscrupulous, over-zealous Christian of later times, through a pious fraud. But the whole subject of the criticism of this passage is too much involved in doubtful

discussion to allow us to ground any stable argument upon it. Nor is it needful that we should use it to answer the objection of which we are now treating. Though Josephus gives us no detailed account of the rise and progress of Christianity, his writings bear the strongest indirect testimony to the general historic truth of the Christian narratives.

And now we proceed to the history of the events which led to that great catastrophe of which Josephus is the historian. The narrative of the details of this catastrophe when it actually came, as well as of the events which preceded it, certainly accords well with the belief that the religion of Christ is what it professes to be.

One of the most interesting monuments to be found in Rome is the Arch of Titus, erected by the senate and people to commemorate the triumph which followed the capture of Jerusalem. Who can look on that single Arch of Greek marble which still stands at the foot of the Palatine Hill on the road leading from the Colosseum to the Forum, eighteen centuries after it was erected, and trace its sculptures, without being deeply moved? Above you have the inscription:—"The senate and people of Rome, to the glorified Titus Vespasianus Augustus, the son of the glorified Vespasianus." The word *Divo* and *Divi*, which we have translated "glorified," shows that both the father and son who led the Roman armies to the conquest of Judæa were dead before the Arch was erected. The Jewish war was ended by the burning of the temple in the year 70 A.D. In 71 Titus led his triumphant procession through the streets of Rome, in which both father and son received the honour awarded to their common victory. Nothing, we are told, could equal the splendour of the procession—rich with gold and jewels and the rarest animals, and the wondrous exhibition of the representation of countries ravaged and cities stormed, and all the horrors and glories of war. Amongst the spoils were borne the golden table and golden seven-branched candlestick, and the sacred book of the law, and here in the sculptured representation on the Arch appears a procession bearing such sacred spoils:* we can recognise, besides the table and candlestick, the sacred vessel of incense and two trumpets, which remind us of the sacred trumpets of silver spoken of in the tenth chapter of Numbers (ch. x., ver. 2), "Make thee two trumpets of silver: of a whole piece shalt thou make them, that thou mayest use them

for the calling of the assembly and for the journeying of the camp." These sculptures ought to be compared with the descriptions which Moses has left us. The candlestick is described in the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus, from the 31st verse, and seems to agree wonderfully with the sculptured figure on the Arch. The table is described in the 23rd and following verses of the same chapter. At verse 26 we are told that it is to have rings in the four corners on the four feet, to enable it to be easily carried; but these are not visible in the sculpture. Perhaps, as has been suggested, the edges in the stonework have been rounded off by time. Two vessels stand on the table.

The sight of these sculptures very vividly recalls to our minds how God employed Titus to bring to accomplishment our Lord's and Daniel's prophecy, while the abomination of desolation took possession of the holy place where these sacred things so long had stood.

We cannot say whether these articles for the furniture of the Temple thus exhibited, were the very same which had been taken to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar 600 years before, and which were brought back to Jerusalem after the seventy years' captivity. But we have a record of their subsequent history down to a late period. The Ark of the Covenant is said to be preserved amongst the relics of the church of St. John Lateran, but it does not appear from Josephus that it was ever carried to Rome. The sacred veil and books of the law were placed in the Imperial Palace, while the candlestick and other spoils were kept in the Temple of Peace. When this temple was burned a hundred years later, these treasures were not destroyed, for the Hebrew vessels which Titus brought from Jerusalem are mentioned* amongst the spoils carried off to Africa by (Genseric) the Vandal king when he sacked Rome nearly 400 years† after the fall of Jerusalem. From Africa, after the lapse of over eighty years, they were borne to Constantinople by the conqueror of the Vandal kingdom. Thence they are said to have been sent to the Christian Churches of Jerusalem, from fear lest they should bring down some judgment of God unless they were sent to rest in the place where Solomon had dedicated them.

It was, we have said, in the year 71 that the triumphal procession in which these sacred things were borne passed through the streets of Rome. As it reached the Capitol

* Vide the authorities as given by Dr. Burton.

† *i.e.*, in the summer of 455 A.D. Vide Biographical Dictionary, "Genseric."

* Burton's Rome, vol. i., p. 235.

it paused, while execution was done on Simon, whose name is so well known as one of the reckless and desperate defenders of Jerusalem.* His ignominious death under the halter and the scourge was announced as the crowning act of Roman victory; forthwith the appointed sacrifices were offered on the altar of Jupiter, and all the people raised a shout, as if to mark that the gods of Rome were now victorious over the God of the Jews, who had so long resisted them.

The Arch, as we have seen from the inscription, could not have been dedicated till some time after the triumph. The triumph was celebrated A.D. 71. Titus died in A.D. 81. We have seen that he was dead when the Arch was erected.

But our chief business now is with the victory which both the triumph and the Arch were intended to commemorate. Never in the history of Roman warfare was there a more deadly struggle than that which ended in the triumph of Titus. For years the clouds had been lowering, before that fearful storm burst which deluged Judæa with blood and cast her cities down to the earth. In tracing some of the symptoms which gave notice of the approaching catastrophe it will be well to go back to the year A.D. 40, within ten years of our Lord's crucifixion. In that year a remarkable deputation of Jews repaired to Rome, with the hope of obtaining from the reigning emperor some redress of the grievances under which they laboured. The history of this deputation, of which a detailed account has been preserved in the works of Philo, himself one of the deputies, will throw some light on the position in which the Jews at this time were placed, and the events which were hurrying on their destruction as a nation. The deputies reached Rome five years before the sudden death of Herod Agrippa, mentioned in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

Now, I think, it would not be out of place did our limits allow, to introduce this Herod Agrippa by referring to Josephus's account of his death, for he and his son, King Agrippa, as he is called in the Acts, are so much mixed up with the whole history of these struggles of their ill-fated countrymen that we cannot follow the history without frequent mention of them. At all events, no one can hesitate to allow that, in the Jewish historian's account of the death of Herod Agrippa (*Antiq.* xix., ch. viii.), we have substantially the same narrative which is given us in the twelfth chapter of the Acts, ver. 21.

The allusion to the owl in Josephus's account carries us back to an early period of this king's chequered life, and his connection with the Roman court. He had come to Rome shortly before the death of his grandfather Herod, called "the Great;" and had been brought up with Drusus, the son of Tiberius, and Claudius, the future emperor. He had plunged early into reckless extravagance, vying with the great men of Rome; and, as a natural consequence, was soon entangled in hopeless embarrassments. To escape from the pressure of his debts, he was put to great shifts, and was obliged to remove from place to place. At one time we find him, in his native country, accused of receiving bribes; at another, a princely beggar in Alexandria, and again returning to Italy. On this second visit he was admitted for a time into high favour with Tiberius, and contracted an especial intimacy with the young Caius, afterwards the emperor generally known to us as Caligula. But to be very intimate with one so likely to be heir to the throne was not the way to retain the favour of the jealous Tiberius. We soon find Herod in chains; and Josephus has recorded a foolish story that while he was standing one day in chains in front of the palace, and an owl was observed to sit upon the tree against which he was leaning, a certain German, who was his fellow-prisoner, augured, according to the custom of his country, from the appearance of the bird, which was above Herod's head, that he should soon be loosed from his bonds; adding, "But do thou remember that when thou shalt see this bird again thou shalt have but five days to live." It was the remembrance of this warning which Josephus would have us suppose so filled him with alarm when he felt the pangs of his last illness seize him, and saw the owl above his throne.

Be this as it may, Herod Agrippa had been instantly released from his bonds when Tiberius died, and was succeeded by Caius or Caligula, and he was soon raised by his imperial friend to great wealth and power. The next year, his uncle, Herod Antipas (the murderer of John the Baptist), was deposed by his influence; and the emperor added the uncle's dominions to the kingdom of his favourite. Thus Herod Agrippa grew in power. His dominions in his native country formed a goodly kingdom, and he retained his power at Rome. He was present in Rome when the imperial throne became again vacant, and it was greatly through his influence that his early friend Claudius succeeded to his nephew. The very intimate friend

of two emperors, Herod Agrippa went on prospering to the day of his death; and Claudius showed his sense of the favours which he owed to him by adding Judæa and Samaria to his already ample dominions. It was this which gave him power of life and death in Jerusalem when, as we read in the twelfth chapter of the Acts, he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword, and, because he saw it pleased the Jews, stretched forth his hand to take Peter also.

Now Herod Agrippa, thus raised to more extensive kingly power than had been enjoyed even by his grandfather, in whose reign our Lord was born, was, we have said, much mixed up with the struggles of his countrymen which preceded the fatal war. When the deputation of Jews which we have mentioned reached Rome in the year A.D. 40, Caligula was on the imperial throne. The deputies came from Alexandria to represent that their countrymen had been subjected to disgraceful treatment contrary to the laws by the Roman governor (Flaccus Aquilius), on his way from Rome to take possession of his newly-acquired dominions; and the arrival of Herod Agrippa at Alexandria—a Jew adorned through the favour of the emperor with all the insignia of kingly power—had been one moving cause which called forth the rage of the populace against his countrymen.

Up to the reign of Caligula the Jews had been treated, on the whole, considerably, and even kindly, by their Roman masters. Governors like Pontius Pilate had at times vexed them by acts of cruelty or rapacity, but Pilate had been recalled and disgraced, and the central government had usually been very cautious of giving offence to the Jews, and had especially avoided doing anything that might shock their national religious prejudices. But on the 16th of March, A.D. 37—that is, within five years of our Lord's crucifixion—Caius (or Caligula) had, as we have seen, succeeded his granduncle on the Roman throne. The young Caius (or Caligula) was in truth a madman, very different from the cautious old man whom he succeeded, who seldom allowed either his depraved love of vice, or the suspicious malignity of his temper, to mislead him into acts which were impolitic.* Caius was little known till his granduncle's death. The number of those who had come into close contact with him, and discovered his unnatural wickedness before his accession to the throne, was very small. He was in the bloom of life (being

twenty-five), and his beautiful features, which we still admire in his statues, gained him popular favour, while they recalled by their resemblance the memory of his noble father (Germanicus), over whose untimely bier the whole civilised world had mourned with true and deep sorrow. But the joy with which Caius was hailed emperor was very short-lived: Rome soon found out that he was a madman of the worst kind. Niebuhr has compared him to Christian VII. of Denmark, whose madness burst forth in the same combination of obscurity and cruelty. "Men like these two," he says, "are occasionally met with among Eastern princes, especially among the Mohammedans." Unable to sleep at nights from the perpetual restlessness of a diseased brain, he would probably have soon worn himself out; but the Romans could not wait for a release in the course of nature, and after he had disgraced the purple for four years, he was murdered in his palace by his own officers. But these four years of mad misrule were fraught with melancholy consequences to the Jewish nation. Caius, in his insane vanity, had resolved that divine honours should be paid to him by the whole empire, and he would not allow any exception to be made in favour of the Jews, or pay any respect to their national abhorrence of idolatry. He issued an edict, the execution of which was entrusted to the Præfect of Syria (Petronius), that a gilded colossal statue of himself should be erected in the holy of holies at Jerusalem.

Now, about the same time with the issuing of this edict, those disturbances had broken out in Alexandria which were connected with the arrival of Herod Agrippa in Egypt, on his voyage to take possession of his dominions, and which caused the deputation of Jews, we have noticed, to be sent to Italy to seek an audience of the emperor. In Egypt, at this time, it is calculated that there were a million of Jewish residents (a circumstance, by the way, which naturally accounts for our Lord's being taken down to Egypt in his childhood). And these colonists had long enjoyed special privileges; they were wealthy, and amongst them were to be found the most enterprising traders of the great city of Alexandria. As we might naturally expect, they were looked upon with great jealousy by the Greek population, who would be very ready to avail themselves of any opportunity which might be afforded by the emperor's expressed determination that he would set at naught the long-respected scruples of the Jewish religion. The Greeks of Alexandria were too happy to

* Niebuhr's Lectures, vol. ii., lect. lxiii.

have a show of imperial authority for insulting their hated rivals.

Matters seem to have been in this state when Herod Agrippa, as we have said, landed at Alexandria on his way to his native country to take possession of his newly-acquired kingdom. The Grecian faction, we have said, could not bear the sight of a Jew parading their streets with the splendour of a king—a Jew, too, whom they remembered but a short time before visiting their town in very different plight in his days of penury. The wits of the place wrote satirical verses on the Jewish king; he was ridiculed on the stage; and derided, as it were, in effigy, or by deputy, in their streets. It was now that that scene was acted which has often been noted from its strange likeness to the treatment which the real King of the Jews received, some six years before, at the hands of the Roman soldiers in Jerusalem. The Greek rabble seized a poor idiot, well known in their town, and determined to make him represent Herod Agrippa. They placed him on a lofty throne, dressed him in an old mat for a robe, put a paper crown on his head, and a reed in his hand, and bowed the knee to him, presenting to him petitions, and calling him lord. Herod—probably unwilling to be the cause of stirring up further animosity by his presence—seems to have speedily departed; but he did not fail to take steps which he hoped might conciliate for his countrymen the good-will of his imperial friend. He received from the Jews of Alexandria a decree which they had passed, in which they offered to pay to Caius all honours which were permitted by their law; and not long afterwards we find him at Rome, and, according to Josephus, interceding at court that the barbarous edict for the profanation of the Temple might not be put in force. Meanwhile, the tumult at Alexandria burst all restraint, while the rioters were encouraged by the connivance of Flaccus, the governor. The Jewish places of worship were profaned; the mob rushed into them under pretext of erecting the emperor's statue, and many were burned to the ground. And Flaccus, instead of putting down the tumult, issued a decree by which the people were encouraged to drive the Jews from their houses. Their shops and storehouses were ransacked; and, chased into a narrow quarter of the city, they were there cooped up, and exposed to all the miseries of disease and famine; while day by day deeds of violence became more frequent, whole families perished in the flames, and some of the most unoffending, after being scourged and put to the tor-

ture, were crucified. Flaccus seemed daily more disposed to encourage these atrocities. He affected to apprehend a dangerous revolt amongst the Jews, and added also the severities of judicial violence to the outrages of the populace, till at last his own hour came. The evil he was doing by allowing such outrages was reported at the seat of government. The emperor issued orders for his deposition and arrest, and he was carried to Rome, tried, banished, and at last executed.

And now that deputation reached Rome, which was appointed to plead the cause of the Jewish people of Alexandria before the emperor. The Jewish writer Philo, himself, as we have said, a deputy, has left us an account of these proceedings. At first the Jewish deputies had good hope that their prayer would be granted, and that their places of worship would be protected from desecration by idols. But gradually these hopes disappeared. In the final audience to which the deputies were summoned, the Emperor did not appear in a public court, but received the Embassy in the apartments of two contiguous villas, where he treated them with such scorn and insult that they were glad to retire, Philo remarking that "the Jews felt happy to escape with their lives." (p. 179.)

A collision between the Jewish people and their Roman masters now seemed inevitable, and such a collision could only end in the ruin of the Jews. Most definite orders were issued to Petronius, the governor of Syria, to place the emperor's statue in the temple at Jerusalem, whatever might be the consequences. But Petronius was a man of sense and good feeling. He knew that to carry out the order was to deluge Judæa with blood. Thousands of the Jewish people assembled from all quarters, with every sign of the deepest mourning, and threw themselves in his way as he advanced towards the capital, declaring their readiness to lay down their lives rather than consent to the profanation. No rebukes nor entreaties moved them; the chiefs and the people alike declared that they had no wish to rebel, but that they feared the wrath of God more than that of the emperor, offering their throats to the swords of the Roman soldiers. The whole land remained uncultivated, though it was the time of sowing, and Petronius saw that to enforce Caius' edict must be the utter ruin of his province.

Moved by the entreaties of the people, seconded by Herod's brother, and other men of great influence, he resolved, on his own responsibility, to suspend the edict at whatever risk to himself; and meanwhile King

Herod Agrippa, at Rome, seems to have pressed the cause of his countrymen upon the emperor.* Common sense and good feeling seemed at last to prevail. Orders were indeed given for the degradation of Petronius from his government, in punishment of his disobedience, but the offensive edict for the profanation of the temple was not put into effect, and the death of Caius came opportunely to give the Jews a short breathing time.

But the bursting of the storm through which prophecy was to be fulfilled, and the ancient people of God punished for their many sins, though delayed for the time by this mad tyrant's death, could not be averted. Claudius became emperor on the assassination of his nephew Caius, in the year 41 A.D., having received, as we have seen, no small assistance in asserting his rights from the influence of King Herod Agrippa, who was then at Rome. Claudius seems to have been, on the whole, mildly disposed to the countrymen of his friend, and when he confirmed him in kingly power over the whole of the Holy Land, he gave the Jewish people more of the semblance of national independence than they had known since Herod, called the Great, died. A few years after—to use the words of prophecy—Shiloh came, and the sceptre departed from a Jewish prince to be vested in a Roman governor.

Claudius, as is well known, was not a man of at all a bad natural disposition. He was in his fiftieth year when he came to the throne, and his earlier life had been spent amid great trials. Not devoid of a certain degree of talent, especially for literary pursuits, but evidently wanting in some of those common gifts which are indispensable to make a sensible and useful man, he had been regarded by his family as little better than an idiot. Augustus would never allow him to appear at all in public, and his grandmother (Livia), wife of Augustus, had treated him with great cruelty. He had felt this treatment keenly, and sought consolation in literary pursuits. But this taste had only aggravated his misfortunes; for he wrote a history of the times during which his family established their fame, and spoke in his book so much more truthfully than prudently, that the whole family were enraged with him. Tiberius had only suffered him to live because he thought him utterly contemptible. The poor man had been unfortunate in his marriages, and, with a heart yearning after love, he could not find a true friend. His affection

for Herod Agrippa was undoubtedly great, but the king died in the fourth year after Claudius became emperor, and with him disappeared again the nominal independence of the Jewish people.

The son, the young Agrippa—he before whom St. Paul preached—was not neglected by his father's friend. Deemed too young to succeed to his father's extensive dominions (he was only seventeen years of age), he was first kept at Rome in the immediate society of Claudius, while Judæa was reduced again to the form of a Roman province. But eight years afterwards, on the death of another member of the Herodian family (Herod, king of Chalcis), the young prince was invested by the emperor with the principality which thus became vacant, and with the right of appointing the high priest, and superintending the temple at Jerusalem. To these favours was added, four years afterwards, the right of exchanging the principality for other dominions held formerly by his granduncle, and the title of king was conferred upon him. Hence when St. Paul pleaded before him he is called King Agrippa.

Meanwhile, disputes had arisen at Jerusalem between the chiefs of the Jews and the Roman governor, Cuspius Fadus. In these disputes Agrippa had been employed by his countrymen as their advocate with the emperor, and Claudius had decided in their favour.

It is not our intention to follow the steps by which, as governor succeeded governor, the Jewish people became more and more embittered against the Roman yoke. Claudius, in the end of his reign, A.D. 54, would seem to have turned against the Jews. We read in the eighteenth chapter of the book of the Acts, and also in two heathen writers (Suetonius, Claud. 25; and Dio Cassius, ix. 6), that he commanded all Jews to depart from Rome. His heathen biographer adds an account of their continual seditions as excited by one named Christus—a remarkable proof, it would seem, that thus early the attention of the imperial court was directed to the progress of the Christian sect, and the violent opposition which it met with from the unbelieving Jews. Long before this time the weak emperor had fallen completely under the dominion of unworthy favourites selected from his freed slaves. Of these, one of the worst was Pallas, a wretch who reduced his helpless master to so despicable a thralldom as to select for him Agrippina as the second wife he was to marry after the murder of his first, the shameless empress Messalina. And report accused the freed slave of having made

* Josephus's account is here followed, not Philo's, which is less creditable to Herod. *Vide* Milman, p. 185.

this representative of the house of the Cæsars, the daughter of Germanicus, sister of Caius, and mother of Nero, purchase his support by her dishonour before he admitted her to share the emperor's bed. It was by these partners in iniquity, the degraded empress and this insolent slave, her paramour, that the wretched Claudius was despatched by poison after he had reigned thirteen years. But Pallas had a brother, himself also a slave by birth, whom, in an evil hour, the Jewish chiefs, smarting under the pillage and slaughter which they had suffered from the tyranny of the last governor (Ventidius Cumanus), used all their influence to have appointed to the command of their province. This brother of Pallas was Claudius Felix, before whom St. Paul pleaded his cause and reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. This slave vied with his brother in the magnificence of his profligacy. He had three wives, all of royal birth—one, a Jewess, who sat by his side when he heard St. Paul concerning the faith in Christ, was the beautiful Drusilla, daughter of the first Herod Agrippa and sister of the second, whom he had seduced and carried away from her first husband, himself king of Emesa.

The government of this man was ruinous to Judæa. He continued in his place after the reign of Claudius had ended. Relying on the influence of his brother, first with the old emperor, and afterwards with his successor, he thought he might commit any crime with impunity. He even stooped to enter into confederacy with two bands of armed assassins, who afterwards played so notable a part in utter destruction of the Holy Land, and did not hesitate to employ their daggers to rid himself of the high priest, whose influence had been exerted to obtain for him the government. The whole country became one scene of robbery and lawlessness of every kind. Jerusalem was stained with blood, and in the Roman states of Cæsarea the animosity of the opposing nations rose to such a height, that at last the Jews and Roman soldiers fought in the streets under the very eyes of Felix. By this time Nero had succeeded Claudius on the imperial throne. The influence of Pallas, great at first with the new emperor, could no longer protect his brother, and Felix was recalled.

And now the Jews had again a short respite under the moderate and wise government of Porcius Festus. The account in the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth chapters of the Acts of the calm hearing which Festus gave to St. Paul, and of the way in which, feeling unskilled in Jewish questions, he sought to

be guided by the aid of the young Agrippa, who was visiting him with his sister Berenice, corresponds well with the character of the man. But the lull was only for a brief space. The just Festus died during his government, and the province was given up to a successor who was worse than Felix (Albinus). Rapine and murder stalked unrestrained throughout the land. This man seemed a fit representative of the imperial power now wielded by the bloody Nero. But even this man found a successor worse than himself, as if God had resolved that the country of his ancient people should be now given up to suffer the deepest humiliation from the hands of the most abandoned of the heathen. Gessius Florus, the worst of all the bad governors who had pillaged the province, at last goaded the Jews to madness. It seemed as if he and his superior, Cestus Gallus, the Proconsul of Syria, had no other object than to hurry on war which might insure the utter destruction of the nation which they hated and oppressed. It would be tedious and useless to go through the long list of their enormities. As one example out of many, in one day 3,600 unoffending men, women, and children were slaughtered without warning in the streets of Jerusalem, while there was an attempt to plunder the sacred treasury of the Temple in the confusion which ensued. All this seems to have happened in the year A.D. 66, one year after St. Peter and St. Paul were put to death in Rome.

King Agrippa, who had been absent during these scenes of violence, vainly endeavoured, on his return, to induce his countrymen to submit patiently, in the hope that better days would soon come and bring a better governor. The state of the public mind was such that no moderate counsels could now be listened to, and all influence passed into the hands of the violent and fanatical. Agrippa tried to compel the war party to give way by force, and sent 3,000 horse to overcome their violence; but all was tried in vain. The contending factions fought in the city. The palace of Agrippa and his sister and the house of the chief priest were burned. Next day the fortress of the Antonia was stormed by the insurgents. For a time, the scanty Roman garrison held out, but was soon induced to surrender on terms which were immediately violated. The whole body of Romans in the town, with the exception of their leader, was treacherously put to the sword. This act of perfidy, which made all accommodation with the Romans utterly hopeless, took place upon the Sabbath; and as if in

just retribution, on that very day, as Josephus tells us, a vast body of Jews was slaughtered by the Greek inhabitants of Cæsarea. There was nothing for it now but war to the knife. The Jews rose all through Syria, and seized many cities, and the twelfth year of Nero was darkened in the Roman annals by a defeat of the Roman legions under Cestius, in which the Jews slaughtered 5,300 foot and 380 horse—a disaster such as made it absolutely necessary for the empire that a nation so formidable in its desperation should be destroyed.

It is not my intention to go through the revolting details of the next few years, the last of which saw Jerusalem and the Temple levelled with the earth. The strange story of the fierce zeal of the contending parties, who fought with each other to the last moment, while they were threatened daily with destruction from the common enemy, speaks in unmistakable language of a people utterly given up by God. So hideous were the forms of wild fanaticism and brutal violence that raged amongst the defenders of the national independence, that a Jew who really loved his country and the worship of his God could have no sympathy with those who had constituted themselves the national champions. The better sort must have looked on almost with stupefied indifference, scarce knowing whether the stern heathen foe, or the diabolical men who called themselves the champions of God, were most truly his worst enemies. It would almost seem to give some excuse for the temporising conduct of Josephus, that he saw his countrymen so manifestly given up of God. King Agrippa, like Josephus, after the final capture of the city, went with his sister Berenice to take up his abode in Rome, where he attained a high civic dignity, and died long after, the contented vassal of the emperor, in his seventieth year.

Meanwhile, the four years rolled on. The world was relieved of the tyranny of Nero. The eighteen insecure months of his three feeble successors passed, and Vespasian, whom, on the defeat of Cestius' legionaries, Nero had appointed to command in the Jewish war, is recalled to Italy to mount the throne, and Titus advances to the siege.

A few words ought to be said here of the character of Titus. His father, Vespasian, was a rude soldier, unscrupulous to a proverb in the means by which he sought the riches which he knew to be indispensable for his power. But Titus has the reputation of being the mildest and most benevolent of Roman princes—the darling and delight, as his flatterers have it, of the human race. Yet Titus, be-

fore and after his accession to the throne, has two different characters. Niebuhr (lect. lxxv.) even holds that some of the worst severities of the father's reign are really attributable to the son. The history of the siege of Jerusalem gives evidence certainly of his sternness, as well as at times of his compassionate feeling. Five hundred Jews, who had fallen into his hands crucified in one morning under the walls in sight of their countrymen—this was a strange exaggeration of Roman severity. Yet there seems enough to prove that it was the mad violence of the Jewish defenders of the city which made him lose all patience, for he certainly showed that he had some compassion and feeling for the holy city; and it is curious to know, that, called as he was to be the destroyer of the Jews, the tenderest feelings of his heart became enlisted on the Jewish side, for he loved a Jewess, Berenice, King Agrippa's sister, so passionately, that nothing but fear of unpopularity caused him to refrain from making her the partner of his throne.

It was now the 13th of April; and the city, even in this time of mortal conflict, was crowded with worshippers, who had come from distant countries to adore the God of their fathers in his holy and beautiful house, to which the heart of every Jew turned with longing as his home. It may be well to recall to mind the localities of the city now destined to destruction. Thirty-seven years had now passed since the Lord Jesus, two days before his crucifixion, had taken his stand with his disciples on the slope of the Mount of Olives, and looked with love and tender pity for the last time on the fair spot which had so long been honoured to be the centre of religious light in the midst of a world lying in darkness. Certainly, the city must have looked surpassingly beautiful, as, standing on the eminence on its eastern side, Christ and his faithful company, thirty-seven years before, watched the sun set amid the western hills, gilding the towers and minarets, and the Temple roof with its thousand golden spikes glittering as if on fire. Standing on the Mount of Olives, they looked over the dark glades which skirted the hill, and across deep ravines of the valley of the brook Kedron. Directly in front rose the stately temple in all the splendour which Herod's forty and six years of restoration had conferred on it. Facing the valley was the golden gate which opened into the beautiful cloisters that surrounded the outer court, while the inner courts, and the Temple itself, were in the centre; and, at a little distance, was Herod's palace. On the right hand, to the north,

close to the temple, on a rock, frowned the dark fortifications of the tower of the Antonia. Mount Zion, too, the city of David, rose on the south-west, across the valley of the Tyropœon, calling up many images of the days of the man after God's own heart, and the theme of many a sacred song—Zion, the boldest and most extensive of the hills on which the city stood. At its base, on the south and west, stretched the valley of Hinnom, where the children had passed through the fire to Moloch in the old days of the idolatrous kings, and which, for half a thousand years ever since Josiah's reformation, had been polluted and regarded as a place accursed, to remind the nation of their fathers' sin. And away over the lower city, without both the first and second walls, still facing the ground on which He stood, the Lord's eye might catch a glimpse of Calvary, which He was so soon to make known as the saddest spot on earth; and yet, for the lesson it taught, most full of comforting associations for the race of sinful men. His disciples, with excusable natural pride, called attention to the huge stones and massive building of the Temple; and far beyond the Temple, the two walls, with their frowning towers of rugged strength, seemed to ensure success against all invaders. The city was great and full of inhabitants and noble buildings within its walls, while all along the north side, inclining to the east, stretched the great suburb, as large as all the rest of the city, not as yet enclosed with that wall which was soon afterwards erected as its bulwark to the north, east, and west, by King Agrippa. All the mass of buildings and hills must have formed a noble outline against the western sky, and the rugged grandeur of the whole scene would be relieved by beautiful gardens, with their cedars and sycamores and bubbling fountains of clear water that had everywhere been created in the naturally barren soil for the sons and daughters of Jerusalem to wander in and take their pleasure with their families, or give themselves up to meditation on the outskirts of the bustling city.

We know how deep and holy, and full at once of sad recollections of the past and of even sadder forebodings for the future, were the emotions which the sight of all these varied beauties called up in the Redeemer's heart; and now, when thirty-seven years had passed and Titus' army drew near, the day was fast approaching when the prophecy with which the Lord had closed the day standing on the hill-side was to be fulfilled in irretrievable ruin.

As Titus drew near, he stationed the tenth legion at the foot of the Mount of Olives.

The third or outer wall, erected by Agrippa, and the suburb soon fell into his hands. But more than one tremendous sally of the infuriated defenders soon taught him the danger of an assault upon the more ancient precincts of the town. Taking up his station about a quarter of a mile from the wall, he cast a trench about the city, and compassed it round and kept it in on every side. And soon famine began to do its work more effectually than the sword of the Romans. All this time, the mad party spirit of the defenders made them war with one another at every moment they could spare from their warfare with the Romans. Now, two well-known parties of robbers and fanatics, under Eleazer and John of Giscala, were in the Temple, while another, under Simon, occupied the upper part of the city. Assassins prowled through the streets, and in every house there was a death. Meanwhile, famine rages, and the well-known story of Mary of Bethazor fulfilled the most melancholy page of Old Testament prophecy—"the tender and delicate woman" of Jeremiah xix. 8, 9 (cf. Deut. xxviii. 53—56; Lam. iv. 10, cf. 2 Kings vi. 28), the parallel to which in 2 Kings vi. 28, is mentioned as the lowest misery in the siege of Samaria. Between the 14th of April, when the siege began, and the 1st of July, it is said that 115,000 bodies had been buried in the city at the public expense; and the Roman general wept as he saw the misery, calling heaven to witness that not his enmity, but the madness of the Jews themselves, was the cause of these unheard-of sufferings. At length, by the latter weeks of July, the Antonia was stormed. The daily sacrifice had ceased; no hope seemed left, and the defenders of the Temple were exposed to an irresistible assault from the fortress, which commanded its courts. But their furious zeal made them defend the holy precincts inch by inch. Titus himself watched the assault, and urged on his soldiers, but to little purpose. It was not till the 10th of August, the day, it was remarked, on which the king of Babylon had destroyed the first temple, that all was lost. Titus, it was well known, was anxious to save the magnificent building, hallowed by the religious associations of so many centuries; and this may account, in part, for the slow progress of his victory. But on this fated evening, a soldier, against orders, cast a brand into a small gilded doorway on the north side, and in a few moments the whole Temple was in a blaze. A loud shriek of horror from the defenders announced the catastrophe to Titus, who had retired to rest, intending to

begin the assault the next morning. Wildly rose the uproar; blazing rafters lighted up the darkness, while all around the crackling of the flames and the crashing of the falling roofs mingled with the shouts of the victors and the death-cry of the Jews. Titus rushed forth, and in vain gave orders to stay the conflagration. His soldiers were in the Holy of holies; they seized upon the treasures, which were scattered all around; not even Roman discipline could restrain them, and the abomination of desolation took possession of the holy place. When the flames subsided, nothing was left of the Temple but a small portion of the outer cloister.

Even in this hour of horror the wild fanaticism of the Jews was scarcely quelled. The Messiah had been looked for as a deliverer by many, even in this last extremity. The small remnant of the cloister was now burned by the Roman soldiers, and 6,000 unarmed people, with women and children, were destroyed in it, who had been led up to the Temple shortly before by a false prophet, confident that a great deliverer was at hand. But the actual destruction of the Temple—not one stone left upon another—was a death-blow; the spirit of the wildest was now effectually broken. The upper city (the stronghold of Zion) still, indeed, resisted. There Simon had been joined by his rival John. Some time was necessarily lost before the Romans could raise their works against the steep bank of the valley of the Tyropœon. When they did commence the assault, they found that the defenders had lost their wonted courage; when, on the 7th of September, the Romans burst, with shouts of triumph, into the last stronghold of their enemies, they found little but silent streets, and houses full of dead bodies; while John and Simon long baffled all search, being concealed amidst the ruins and in the subterranean passages.

Thus Jerusalem was utterly cast down. A portion of the western wall and three great towers were left standing, to shelter the Roman soldiers; but all the city, Zion, Acra, and the Temple, was left in a mass of scarcely distinguishable ruins.

The fearful catalogue which Josephus has preserved of those who lost their lives in the siege and the massacres which had preceded it in this war, tells us that they exceeded 1,300,000. And even if this be supposed to be an exaggeration, no one can read the account of the horrors of the war, and especially of its last struggle, without seeing that it well called for that terrific imagery with

which its approach had been announced in our Lord's prophecy.

And now it may be asked, Where, during all this time, were those whom these prophecies had warned of the impending misery? The portents which had been noticed, according to the Jewish historian, in the siege, had not spoken to them in vain. The heavenly voice related to have been heard from the holy place in the stillness, "Let us depart hence;" the oft-repeated warning of Jesus the son of Ananias, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem;"—some of these were, perhaps, the echoes of the Christian prophecies; and before the siege was formed, Eusebius tells us that the Christian community, acting on their Lord's injunctions, left the capital in a body, and retired to the town of Pella, beyond the Jordan. There they waited calmly for the event which they knew to be inevitable, and recognised in it the righteous judgment of God against the murderers of his Son. They learned more clearly than as Jews they could have learned before, that the time was really come when neither in Jerusalem nor in any other holy spot was henceforward to be the peculiar seat of acceptable worship, but that the Judaism, which they could not but love as Jews for its time-honoured associations, had indeed perished; and that henceforward the true worshippers of a spiritual religion were to be accepted everywhere if they worshipped the Father through the Son in spirit and in truth. The effects on the Christian Church of the utter destruction of the holy city and the breaking up of the Jewish nation, were very important in establishing amongst Christians of Jewish birth a distinct conviction (for which St. Paul had so earnestly contended) that the obligations of the Jewish law were at an end. As Jews, the Christians of Pella could not but deeply mourn for the sad events which had befallen their country; but they comforted themselves doubtless, as they studied the ancient prophecies and compared them with the words of Christ, in the thought that all blessings they ever expected from the earthly would be received tenfold in the heavenly Jerusalem: that a day was coming, and not very distant, when the true Messiah would return, and establish that mountain of the Lord's house, of which their beloved earthly Zion had been but a type; and that all nations should flow into it; and honour such as their race never had before, even in the brightest days of their independent kingdom, should be enjoyed for ever and ever by the true Israel of God.

UNDER THE PALMS.

I.

LED on—not driven by mere outward force ;
 Led on—not drifting at my own weak will ;
 For falt'ring footsteps, an appointed course ;
 For nerveless grasp, a Hand firm-holding still !

Led on—past childhood's easy grassy ways,
 Past youth's glad scaling of a flower-fringed steep,
 Past plans and failures of less sanguine days,
 Past graves where I had thought to stay and weep.

Led on—but how ? I stumble as I go ;
 Led on—but whither ? clouds seem all I see :
 My trust, a purpose higher than I know ;
 My hope, a goal yet undescried by me.

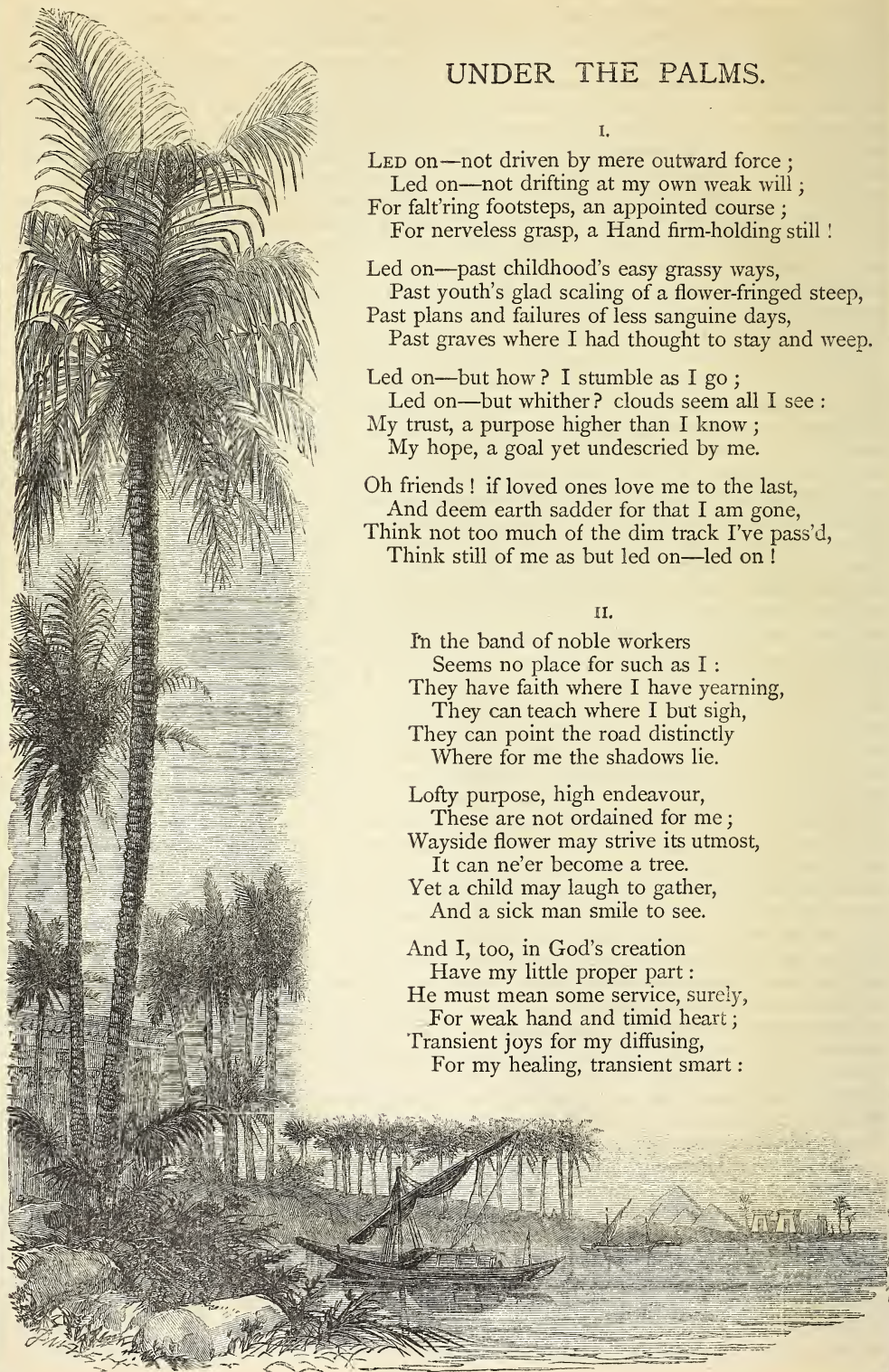
Oh friends ! if loved ones love me to the last,
 And deem earth sadder for that I am gone,
 Think not too much of the dim track I've pass'd,
 Think still of me as but led on—led on !

II.

In the band of noble workers
 Seems no place for such as I :
 They have faith where I have yearning,
 They can teach where I but sigh,
 They can point the road distinctly
 Where for me the shadows lie.

Lofty purpose, high endeavour,
 These are not ordained for me ;
 Wayside flower may strive its utmost,
 It can ne'er become a tree.
 Yet a child may laugh to gather,
 And a sick man smile to see.

And I, too, in God's creation
 Have my little proper part :
 He must mean some service, surely,
 For weak hand and timid heart ;
 Transient joys for my diffusing,
 For my healing, transient smart :



Just to fling a ray of comfort
 O'er life's downcast, dreary ways !
 Just to fan a better impulse
 By a full and ready praise !
 Pitying, where I may not succour ;
 Loving, where I cannot raise !

III.

Why would you have me dwell on Death,
 Rehearse the awful parting hour,
 The creeping chill, the ebbing power,
 The gasping for the latest breath ?

Why vex a child 'neath noontide sky
 With image of his nightly rest ?
 Just now his games, his toys seem best—
 He will be weary by-and-by !

Just now a hand is linked in mine,
 Just now thought flashes far and free,
 I joy in everything I see,
 I call *this* God-made world divine !

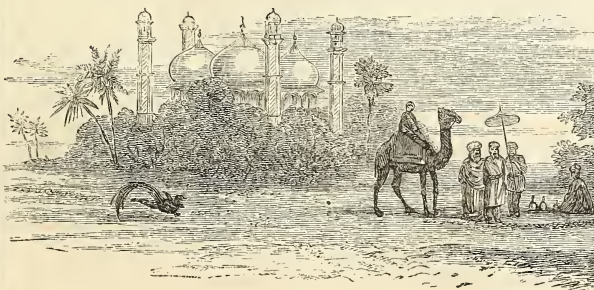
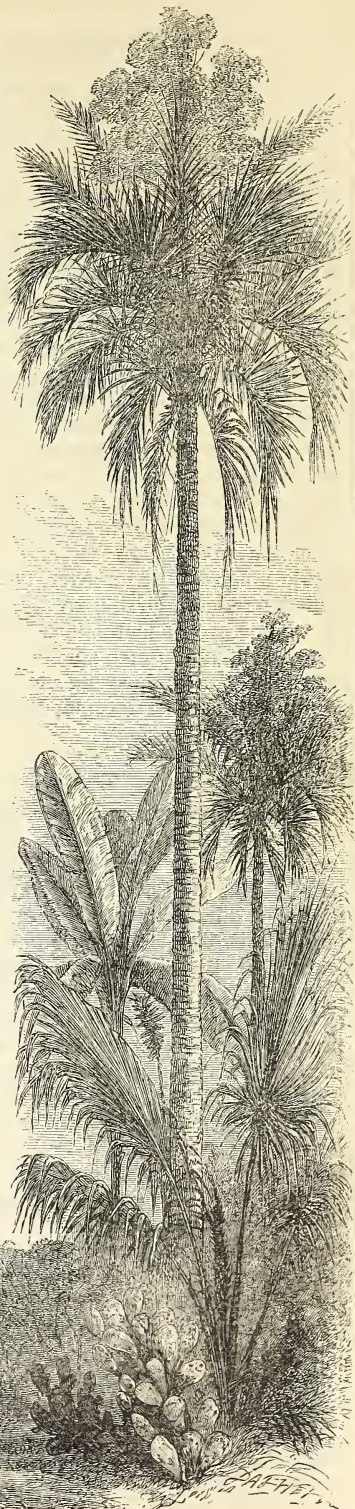
Wait—till night fall at His behest,
 Wait—till He hush to sleep through pain,
 Wait—till He show me Death is gain,
 And give the longing, with the power to rest !

IV.

Not my will, gracious Lord,
 Not my blind will and wayward be fulfill'd !
 I dare not say that bowing to Thy word
 All my heart's wishes are subdued and still'd.
 My will might crave some boon by Thee denied,
 Covet the praise that ministers to pride ;
 Shrink back from taking up a needed cross,
 And shun the furnace to retain the dross.
 Not my will, O my Lord,
 No—be Thy name adored :

Though too much to the dust affection clings,
 And self-wrought chains hold down the spirit's wings,
 Yet out of sorrows past and present fears,
 Out of experience bought by loss and tears,
 At least the breathing of one prayer I've won—
 Not my will, Father, but Thy will be done.

L. C. S.



SHORT ESSAYS AND APHORISMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

SECOND SERIES.

What will become of the doll?—The doll affords the most significant distinction between the natures of man and woman. The boy breaks it to pieces to see what it is made of, while the girl treats it with infinite tenderness and love. It would be a great mistake to imagine that the affection for the doll is ever absent from the feminine heart. Although the little creature compounded of wax, or wood and sawdust, may be laid aside, another doll always takes its place. It may be a father, or a brother, or a lover, or a husband, or a child, or the clergy, or a pet author, or a favourite politician; but there is always the doll of some kind or other, which must be taken care of, and caressed, and made much of. Moreover, the doll's life is chiefly made enduring to it by this petting. If women are to enter largely and seriously into the affairs of men; if they are to become merchants, and lawyers, and doctors, and politicians, and statesmen, I only ask, *What is to become of the doll?*

It may be very stupid of me, but I cannot recognise the justice of the present laws of copyright. If I have a piece of land only big enough to grow three gooseberry bushes upon it, the law is my friend for ever as regards this little bit of land. I may have gained it by a dexterous manipulation of butter. It may have descended to me because my great-great-great-great-grandfather knocked down somebody and took the land. Or that much-respected relative may have contrived, not without some loss of character, to have been always on the right side, in times of civil discord. Perhaps this distant ancestor was a judicious gipsy, who squatted upon a piece of waste land, which, however, has now become very valuable. In whatever way this land may have been gained, the law loves and protects me, its possessor, or rather loves it as a bit of property. The law even gives me a valid right to all the air above my land, and all the minerals beneath it.

Now look at the other case. Out of my mind I construct something which I cause to be recorded in black marks upon pieces of white paper. Some people—perhaps wisely, perhaps foolishly—are willing to give me bits of gold and silver for these blackened pieces

of paper of mine. It is not so very easy to persuade them to make this exchange; and I often, perhaps, blacken paper much to my own detriment. But, still, sometimes these good people are quite ready and willing to give their silver and gold for my blackened paper. Now why should the good law, that is so tender and loving to me as regards the bit of land that I possess, be so harsh to me about my bits of blackened paper? It says that anybody else may blacken the paper in the same way as I have done, after a few years have passed, and that my poor grandchild—so like me too, as everybody says he is—shall have no interest or property in my blackened bits of paper. I cannot see the justice of this proceeding. It seems to me very much like robbery.

Some say—but their saying does not console me—that my blackening of paper may be very interesting and valuable to the human race, and that my naughty grandchild may say that there has been enough of this blackening of grandpapa's, and that he should wish to put a stop to it. I have not, however, observed that many persons are anxious to put a stop to anything, however injurious to the public, from which they derive a revenue. And in this case it has been admitted that this blackening of paper done by me has been useful and valuable to mankind. My grandson, if he is at all like his grandfather, will not refuse any money which may come to him honestly.

Almost everybody is agreed that everything in the way of a function, as they call it now-a-days, is too long. Of course there are exceptions. A pantomime is never too long for a child; but, as a general rule, everybody would be glad to have these functions shortened. The only question is, what should be the amount of shortening? The timid and the conservative would only shorten by one-fifth; the extreme reformers by one-half; the moderate party—amongst whom I should wish to class myself—would be contented with one-third. The advantage to religion of this shortening would be incalculable. At present we do everything to make religion hateful to the young.

It is very puzzling, sometimes, to distinguish between jealousy and envy, for they often run into one another, and are blended together. The most valid distinction seems to be this, that jealousy is always personal. The envious man desires some good which another possesses; the jealous man would often be content to be without the good so that that other did not possess it.

It would be comparatively much less difficult to invent a plausible account of the meaning and purpose of this world if it were only inhabited by human beings. But the existence of animals complicates the question hugely. It would be well if we could believe with Descartes, that animals were mere phantasms, and had no real existence. But who can look at that bull-dog, and consider him to be a phantasm? Observe how intelligently he looks up at the sound of his name, and expresses a wish to contradict this vain theory, observing that Descartes was only a Frenchman; or, taking it another way, that French poodle dogs might possibly be phantasms, but English bull-dogs certainly not.

The disciples of Confucius have given a description of the behaviour of The Master, as they called him, on the important occasions of his life. They say that, when in the presence of the prince, his manner displayed his *respectful uneasiness*. There could hardly be given any two words which more fitly describe the manner of most Englishmen when in society.

I am lost in astonishment when I contemplate the "questions," as they are called, which are debated by the different religious parties, and respecting which they become furious. Vestments, intonings, processions, altar-cloths, rood-screens, and genuflections, are made to be matters of the utmost importance; and all the while the really great questions are in abeyance. It reminds me of children playing at marbles on the slopes of a volcano, which has already given sure signs of an approaching eruption.

I wish I could persuade men of science and men who have peculiar gifts of investigation and examination, that it would be most

desirable for them, and a worthy employment of their gifts, to examine what, for want of a better term, we may call spiritual phenomena. Let them remember, that to dispel error may be nearly as important as to ascertain truth. Then, let them recollect, that almost all great discoveries have been accompanied by a great deal of quackery and imposture. Let them think how much these investigations might tend to promote medical science. Let them reflect how important a thing it is to investigate the value of testimony. Let them further reflect what a world of mystery we live in. Now look at the powers of memory. It is not too much to say, that if the records of memory, even of a peasant, were written out in full, the weight alone of the ink would probably be greater than the weight of the brain that remembers. After this, can they say that any process of the human mind is astonishing? There are numbers of statements, apparently well authenticated, in which it appears that the last thoughts and wishes of a dying person have had great influence over relatives and friends, divided from these dying persons by large distances of land and sea. Let us carefully record and examine into all these statements. It would be an unutterable comfort to many minds to have it well ascertained that there was any influence after death of one mind upon another.

But I do not rest my case upon these high metaphysical grounds. I rest it upon three other grounds. First, that, in investigating these so-called spiritual phenomena, we should ascertain more about the laws of evidence; secondly, that we should ascertain whether there are any powers, forces, or influences, of which we are at present not aware, that have their place in the creation; and, thirdly, whether disease brings into operation faculties of hearing, eyesight, or imagination, of which we have at present no adequate conception, medically, morally, metaphysically, or scientifically. These questions demand the most careful investigation from our best weighers of evidence, and from our most accomplished scientific men.

The greatest perplexity in contemplating life is seeing of how little account is the individual, and what small pity or provision Nature seems to have made for his sufferings. It seems such a world of caprice. Think of the difference of suffering endured by the man or woman who had to undergo a severe

operation twenty years ago, from that which any person having to undergo a similar operation suffers now. And yet the former sufferer might have been quite as good a man as the present one. Think of the treatment of fever cases in past times. Think of what reputed witches and wizards must have suffered, and of the torments that heretics endured. But there is no need to contrast the present with the past. Now-a-days there is just the same horrible inequality in the fortunes of individuals. One is a pet, and the other a victim, without any apparent reason.

There is the same thing in the lower creation. Think of the difference between the conditions of the Arabian horse—the pet of the family, in old age never ill-treated—and of the horse that comes under the tender mercies of the vivisectioning French veterinary surgeon; of the butterfly that is pinned by a collector, and of the butterfly which finishes its existence in its own happy butterfly manner; of the cat which is the joint property of three schoolboys, and of the cat that is the darling of one elderly lady. There is certainly a considerable difference in the conditions of men, animals, birds, and insects, not by any means resulting from their own peculiar qualities or merits.

The only ray of comfort is to have a belief and hope that there is a "solidarity" of interest, as the French would say, throughout the universe. We know so little of the Divine government, that we may not unreasonably indulge ourselves by such hopes and beliefs. And then these martyrs—it is a grand expression, "The noble army of martyrs"—may have some reward for their martyrdom.

A very useful book might be written with the sole object of advising what parts of what books should be read. It should not be a book of elegant extracts, but should merely refer to the passages which are advised to be read. It might also indicate what are the chief works upon any given subject. For example, take Rent. The important passages in Adam Smith, Ricardo, Jones, Mill, and other writers, should be referred to.

Of course, this work must be the product of more than one mind. I have often heard it said that when the London Library was founded, there was scarcely any work of any kind, and of any age, proposed for purchase, respecting which some member of the learned committee which formed and regulated that library, could not tell something desirable to

be known about it. If the knowledge about books embodied in that committee could have been given to the world, it would have been a most valuable addition to the world's knowledge. Often a great but obscure student dies without having given to it any of the results of his extensive reading.

There is hardly anything in which mankind is so thoughtless, so servile, and, as regards ideas, so poverty-stricken, as in ornamentation. The imitative nature of the monkey comes out strongly in man upon such occasions. But perhaps the death-blow was given to beauty and variety of ornament when once the system of moulding was invented. This, of course, suits men's indolence, as similar ornaments, if ornaments they can be called, may be turned out by the thousand with but little trouble, and at small expense.

I am one of those who think that lectures are a great means of advancing knowledge for the human race. As regards the improvement of agriculture, it may be observed that there are no people so dense as agriculturists, and so adverse to adopting any new thing. Now, there are men, a few only, who have studied agriculture very profoundly. I do not think that they could make a better use of their knowledge and their time, than by going about the country, and giving agricultural lectures. There is not one person in a thousand who understands the principles of drainage, and how the capillary system acts in drainage. The agricultural lecturer would at first have to lecture to a small and most sceptical audience. But the good seed would have been sown; and some amongst his audience would have received ideas which they could not easily get rid of, and which they would gradually test by practical experience.

No doubt all knowledge is good, and will eventually prove serviceable to the world. But, speaking for myself—if I had been consulted first—if it had rested with me to decide—I think I should have voted against the invention of the electric telegraph. It appears to me that the electric telegraph chiefly serves to convey the news of misfortune rapidly, inaccurately, abruptly, and partially.

We have now the fifth act of the tragedy before we know anything of the preceding ones. Then, again, the system of telegraphing tends more and more to divide official men into two classes—idiots and madmen. The facility for conveying information at once, and desiring instructions, gradually dwarfs the mental powers and activity of the subordinate in the distance; while the principal man at home is driven into madness by never having a sure moment of peace.

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There was some talk in a company of men of experience about misstatements, and how they should be dealt with. It arose thus. One said, "There is a title of a Spanish newspaper which always amuses me—*El Clamor Público*—it is such an honest title."

Then there was talk about false rumours and misstatements generally, when one said, "The question of refuting false statements has always seemed very difficult to me. I have gone through several phases of opinion about it. When I was very young in office, I remember a minister being very much abused in the newspapers for having done, as it was supposed, a base and mean thing. Now he was quite innocent. He had not done that thing, but quite other, as Mr. Carlyle would say; and I knew this, having docketed the correspondence. One day I had to wait upon the minister to get some papers signed, and so I ventured to say to him, being in a state of much indignation myself, 'How can you, my lord, suffer these scandalous things to be said about you? You know, of course, that I know how utterly false they are.' 'You are an excellent fellow,' said the good-humoured minister to me, 'and it is very kind of you to take such an interest in my reputation. But you are young, my dear boy—very young. When you have come to my time of life, and have been as much abused as I have been, you will endure these things as patiently as I do.'

"'But the truth, my lord—the truth! Is it not always desirable that the truth should be known?' You see I was very young at the time.

"'Well, now,' he said, 'I'll convince you that I am right. Suppose I were to answer this thing, which I can answer, then in a few weeks there comes some other attack, and I cannot answer it. I may be equally innocent; but my duty to my colleagues, my duty to the public service, my anxiety to preserve amicable relations with foreign governments,

absolutely prevent my giving a complete explanation. Then the world cries out: "He answered *that*, he cannot answer *this*; of course *this* is true." No, my dear fellow, you are young in the public service. You do not know that every public man should be pachydermatous. I am.'

"I went away silenced, but not convinced."

I have often told this story before; but I think it is a valuable one, and I do not fear to repeat it.

Then said another: "Let me tell my story. I, too, was very young; but it did happen that I had to take a leading part on one of the great questions of the day. The part that I took was unpopular, and thundering articles were written against me. I was perfectly right, as the event proved. There was no merit in that, for it was my business to understand the subject in question thoroughly; but before the event took place I was very miserable. To tell the truth, I thought I was ruined as a public man. I prepared an elaborate answer to the attacks upon me. I was one day in my study hard at work at my refutation, when an editor of one of our greatest publications called upon me. 'What are you about?' he said; 'I see you are in a state of great agitation.' 'I'm answering these fellows,' I replied. 'I assure you I have a perfectly good case.'

"'I dare say you have,' replied the great editor; 'but do you think any editor is fool enough to allow himself to be answered in his own newspaper?'

"The remark, coming from an editor, was convincing, and I stayed my hand."

"Well, now, let me tell my story," said another. "I had a friend, a most learned man, a great philosopher; and he had fallen out with some philosophic system. If I recollect rightly, it was the Hegelian system. He published his big book. I did not read the book, but I read an elaborate review of it, in which the man was stated to be a disciple of Hegel.

"Shortly afterwards I met my friend in the street. 'How long is it,' I said, 'since you have changed your mind, and have become a disciple of Hegel?'

"'The rascals!' he replied. 'In my first forty pages I thought it right to explain the Hegelian doctrine. They only read those forty pages, and did not look at my refutation. I wrote and explained to them the state of the case. They replied to me that criticism was a matter of opinion. They had their opinion, I might have mine.'

"Now I must tell my story," said a fourth. "I saw the other day that a statement I had publicly made was declared to be inaccurate. Now, if there is anything I pride myself upon, it is being accurate. I had rather be called a scoundrel than an inaccurate man. Home I go, planning as I walk a complete answer to this attack. But when I arrive at home, I find grave domestic matters awaiting me. My little daughter's favourite canary bird is seriously ill; and I am imperatively required to attend to the case. After much pondering over it, having summoned all my ignorance to my aid, I prescribe a warm bath, and I have to superintend the operation. Moreover, Juno, my pet pointer, the best pointer, I believe, in the world, has met with an accident. Worst of all, old Nurse Broadwood, who lives in the neighbouring village, is worse to-day, and thinks it would do her good, I hear, if young Master George were to come and see her. You would not perhaps think it, but "young Master George" is the slightly bald, somewhat rotund, and decidedly middle-aged gentleman who has the honour, at the present moment, of addressing you. These cares and troubles absorb my mind. The next day I am determined I will write the refutation. The next day, however, brings its own cares and duties with it. The day after that, I say to myself, 'I don't care so much about this thing; but for the sake of the public, I will answer it some day. On the fourth day, I am quite cool and indifferent about the matter, and say to myself, 'The public will not care a bit more about it than I do.'"

It may be noticed that in each of these instances, from some reason or other, a misstatement was left uncontradicted.

"Now," said another person in the company, "I am going to put before you a great idea. Let us set up a refutation paper, which shall occupy itself solely in refuting the errors, falsehoods, calumnies, lies, and unjust criticisms, put forth in the course of the week. Oh! you say, it would never sell. I think it would. The victims would form a large body of buyers. But at any rate, it would be a curious experiment. Let us try it."

"No," said another, "let us get some well-known paper to devote a portion of its space solely to these refutations. That appears a more feasible scheme; and this part of the paper might really be made very interesting."

We all thought that this scheme was the best; and here the conversation ended.

It has been a favourite fancy of imaginative men, to picture to themselves the persons whom they would like to have known. And they generally name historical personages, or men of literary renown—such as Dr. Johnson, Milton, Cromwell, Charles I., Queen Elizabeth, Roger Bacon, or Alfred the Great. My fancy runs most amidst the great obscure. I should like to have known the man who first ventured to leave off wearing his pigtail. What a great man he must have been! The pigtail possessed every feature of folly which costume can present. It was ugly, inconvenient, ridiculous; it took up time, it spoilt clothes; it needed assistance. Think of a regiment having their pigtails arranged under the inspection of the prudent captain late at night, in order that his regiment might be the earliest ready for battle, or parade, on the ensuing morning!

What heaps of calumny must have been piled upon the man who first left off his pigtail! If he had a wife, the neighbours doubtless said that he beat her; if he had children, that he starved them; and all agreed that he was an atheist. In moments of depression, and they must have been frequent, how fervently he wished that he had never dismissed his pigtail! But there is no returning in such a course, and to have taken to the pigtail again would not have condoned the original offence. With the deep insight into things which misery gives, he no doubt often said to himself, "Better conform to the foolishness of human follies, than be ever so wise but withal so lonely in the world." Thus he went, staggering under his burthen of eccentricity, sometimes morbidly courageous, sometimes morbidly timid and shamefaced; now thinking himself a presumptuous idiot, and now a glorious martyr; but never again enjoying that sweet peace which abides with commonplace.

We have many pigtails now—moral, physical, metaphysical, and theological. But woe to the man who makes a first appearance in broad daylight without his pigtail! Yes: I should like to have known the man who first left off the pigtail of hair. Depend upon it, he had most of the qualities which rendered the great personages above-named famous in literature or in history.

When people talk of women's claims, and women's rights, I think of the tournaments of former days. If the ladies had descended into the arena, most of them would have

made but sorry knights ; whereas, remaining in the gallery, it was they who gave the prizes, and it was to win the meed of praise from them that each knight did his best. There is something of the same kind even in the most unchivalrous ages.

Observe a dog or a cat turning and twisting about, and perhaps beating with its paws before it can make up its mind to lie down even upon the softest cushion. This, naturalists tell us, is a reminiscence of its former state when a wild animal, and when it had to make its bed for itself. Thousands of years of domesticity have not obliterated this habit derived from its ancestors, the dwellers in the forest. See the force of ancestry. There is doubtless the same thing to be seen in the ways and habits of men ; and probably his most distant ancestors still live, in some extent, in each individual man.

The common notion about the springing of a serpent is mistaken. Those who have watched the creature say that it gradually uncoils itself before it makes its spring. So it is with most calamities and disasters. There is generally time to do something to avert or avoid them ; but we are fascinated by the sense of danger, and watch the uncoiling without doing anything to help ourselves.

It is very significant to observe in speeches delivered in parliament, that the greatest orators speaking on the most interesting subject, cannot keep up the interest and attention of their audience the moment that they begin to read out a quotation. What an argument this is for extemporary preaching !

I think that men might be taught oratory. Not as Lord Brougham would have taught it. No man will become an orator by studying his Demosthenes ; and, indeed, models of eloquence are of next to no use, for every man must create his own form of eloquence.

But there are certain rules of general application which would go far to ensure success in public speaking.

Of course, I presume that the man has something to speak about, which he knows

about and cares about. There must be a certain amount of passion in all good oratory.

The rules that I would suggest are these :—

1. To arrange methodically and in just sequence the order of the topics ; and not to vary from that method and that sequence. Inferior speakers wander about to and fro like a dog on a journey in their speaking ; and nothing is more tiresome to the hearer than this fault.

2. Not to commit to memory a single sentence, except, perhaps, the first and the last. Speakers would be astonished to find what strength, what facility, and what assurance this practice would give them. And for a very simple reason. I admit that the mind has such powers, and that it can go on speaking and recollecting what it has to say at the same time. But, if so engaged, it will not have the power of exercising other functions, which are absolutely required for great success in public speaking. When you notice a man much embarrassed in the course of a speech, and you are sufficiently his friend to cross-examine him afterwards as to the cause of this embarrassment, you will generally find that he will acknowledge that he was endeavouring to recollect something which he had resolved to say, and *the words* in which he had resolved to say it. There never should be any occasion for such a painful effort of memory.

Now as to the other occupations of the mind, which should go on while a man is speaking, he ought to be observing his audience, and watching which topic of his discourse interests them most, and therefore enlarging upon that. He ought to reserve the spare powers of his mind to encounter and make the most of any interruption or any hostile demonstration. This will never be done by the man who is taxing his memory to recollect the exact words in which he has in his study embodied his thoughts.

I admit that considerable speeches have been made by men who have learnt every word of these speeches off by heart. But these men are not orators ; they are speaking essayists. The world finds them out directly. They hold a middle place between the man who manifestly reads out something, and the man who speaks unpreparedly as regards the mere words—preparedly as regards the matter and the order and sequence of its arrangement—and who is the real great orator.

3. Cultivate the memory to the uttermost—not for the purpose of recollecting how you shall express your thoughts, but for recollecting the facts upon which you speak. One who has had unvaried success in speak-

ing, tells me that he has made it a rule, never to be varied from, not to read anything by way of extract or quotation. Long lines of figures are dull things; but it is astonishing how interesting they may be made by a man who has that vast and reliable memory, that he can quote them without reference to books or papers. You feel a respect for that man. You feel that he has acquired that mastery over the figures that they will be his slaves for ever—that they are not his servants merely for to-day.

Why, making an exception to my rule, I say that a man may learn by heart his first sentiments and his peroration, is this: it is a concession to human weakness. Even the greatest speakers, perhaps—especially the

greatest speakers from the fineness and sensitiveness of their natures—are apt to be a little tremulous and embarrassed at the outset of a speech. The heart beats painfully, the nerves are somewhat overcome at the first rising to address a great audience; and it is well to be prepared for this.

Again, as regards the peroration, one of the most difficult things in human life is to know how to leave off; and, therefore, it is well to be prepared with something which may form a good ending, and tempt you to leave off. Few people can quit a room at the right time; few people can break off an audience at the right moment; and very few people, indeed, know when and how to leave off public speaking.

HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

III.—MICAIAH, THE SON OF IMLA.

It is strictly in accordance with that system of correlation which is implied in the very notion of the government of the earth and all that dwell on it by an ever-present, ever-acting personal God, that great sins should call forth marked interference, and that great sinners should be met by great witnesses of God sent to withstand their evil deeds. All nature is full of material types of such a system of moral proportions. The vast plains of Africa abound with the large carnivora, and with countless tribes of all the large ruminating animals. In the wild northern expanse of waters the huge cetacea have their home: as round the tops of the chiefest mountain-peaks may ever be seen the wide-winged flight of the great vultures and the sweep of the imperial eagles. The very rocks tell the same tale in their shadowy pictures of the melancholy wastes of those primæval times which followed first upon the chaos, and which stand before us full of the hideous and terrible tribe of Saurian monsters. This graduated scale in nature marks on the material world the impress of the same hand which, in His government of man, proportions the instruments of moral resistance to the instruments of sin.

It is not, therefore, in any sense surprising that, to meet so great a criminal as Ahab, other prophets of the Lord beside Elijah should from time to time have been raised up in Israel. For Ahab was indeed great in all the powers and proportions of his evil cha-

racter. His influence over Jehoshaphat the king of Judah exhibits in striking colours his commanding nature. Scarcely any other king of Judah receives such commendation in the sacred record as is bestowed on Jehoshaphat the son of Asa. He fortified his kingdom with widely diffused garrisons. He furnished it with cities of store, to equalise in bad times the supply of food to its working classes; he established a system of national religious education, sending a royal commission, who "went about through all the cities of Judah and taught the people." He provided in it for the administration of justice; setting "judges in all the fenced cities," and giving them the remarkable charge, "Take heed what ye do; for ye judge not for man, but for the Lord, who is with you in the judgment; wherefore now let the fear of the Lord be before you: take heed and do it, for there is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts. Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good." (2 Chron. xix. 5—11.) But, above all, he was a great reformer in religion; he "took away the high places and the groves out of Judah," which his father Asa, even in the first heat of his zealous restoration of the worship of Jehovah, had not dared to do. And in this great work he laboured by a personal progress through his kingdom, "for he went out through the people from Beersheba to Mount Ephraim, and brought them back unto the Lord God of their fathers." (2 Chron. xix. 4.)

Moreover, when trouble came upon the land from their heathen enemies, and the Moabites and the Ammonites came in "a great multitude" to invade Judah, he set his people the example of trusting, not to the wise military preparations he had so judiciously made, but to the arm of Jehovah. "He set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah." And such was his influence with his people for good, that at his call "they came out of all the cities to seek the Lord." And then, when God's prophet brought them a message of encouragement, "Jehoshaphat bowed his head with his face to the ground: and all Judah and all the inhabitants of Jerusalem fell before the Lord, worshipping the Lord." With the watchful wisdom which sought to seize on all favourable opportunities to promote the service of the Lord, he used this softening of their hearts to restore amongst them, with their own assent, and not as forcing it on them, that ritual of public thanksgiving which his great progenitor David had delighted to establish for the honour of his God. For, "when he had consulted with the people, he appointed singers unto the Lord, and that should praise the beauty of holiness." (2 Chron. xx. 21.)

Such were his outward works. There was, moreover, behind them what gave them their deepest value, a true, earnest, personal faith in his God. "He sought to the Lord God of his fathers, and walked after his commandments, and not after the ways of Israel." Yea, so thoroughly did he so, that he is found worthy of the high praise, "He walked in the first ways of his father David, and his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord." (2 Chron. xvii. 3, 4, 6.) Temporal prosperity followed largely on this devoted faithfulness. "He waxed great exceedingly. He built in Judah palaces: the men of war, mighty men, were in Jerusalem: and the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were round about Judah, so that they made no war on Jehoshaphat: and he had riches and honour in abundance." Such a man as this we might have expected to find visibly counteracting the influence and designs of the king of Israel, who had wholly sold himself to work iniquity, even though Jehoshaphat's wiser policy might have kept him from renewing with Ahab the war which, through all their days, had lasted "between Asa and Baasha, king of Israel." Yet, it would seem certain that he would in nothing mix himself up with the enemy of the God in whom he so sincerely trusted; and that he would use all his endeavours to keep his own family and

his people free from the infection which familiar communications with the idolatrous court and nation would be so sure to spread amongst them. What a proof, then, of Ahab's power over others is given us in the startling contradiction of all such expectations which the actual facts exhibit! For, in immediate connection with the inspired statement of Jehoshaphat's abundant riches and honour, stands, in God's Word, the solemn note of condemnation, "And he joined affinity with Ahab." To such a degree did this power extend, which the naturally stronger mind exerted over the weaker, that it was not wholly swept away even by such words of terrible threatening as reached the king of Judah from the mouth of Jehu, the son of Hanani the seer, when, after the greatest perils of death, he "returned to his house in peace at Jerusalem," to hear, instead of the welcome which had so often greeted him from sacred lips, the startling reproach, "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from the Lord."

Terrible in its consequences even towards so favoured a servant of God was the wrath kindled against him by this fellowship with the evil house of Ahab. It cost him the overthrow of that army he had formed so carefully, and with such success; it led to his navy being scattered, and his great "works broken of the Lord;" and it brought the sword, which followed the seed of Omri to destroy them, into his own house. For, first, that sword, in the hand of his own son Jehoram, cruelly and treacherously devoured all his younger children; then the Lord had smote the murderer of his brethren himself with an incurable disease, of which he died miserably in his prime, leaving behind an evil name; "departing without being desired," and being borne to his lonely grave without honours; for "his people made no burning for him like the burning of his fathers, and they buried him not in the sepulchres of the kings." But this was not all, for the wrath reached on in the new generation to Jehoram's own sons, with consequences of destruction told with fearful plainness in the words of inspiration. "Ahaziah walked in the ways of the house of Ahab, for his mother was his counsellor to do wickedly. Wherefore he did evil in the sight of the Lord like the house of Ahab, for they were his counsellors after the death of his father to his destruction. And the destruction of Ahaziah was of God by coming to Joram; for when he was come, he went out with Jehoram against Jehu, the son of

Nimshi, whom the Lord had appointed to cut off the house of Ahab. And it came to pass that when Jehu was executing judgment upon the house of Ahab, and found the princes of Judah, he slew them. And sought Ahaziah, and they caught him (for he was hid in Samaria), and brought him to Jehu, and when they had slain him they buried him." And even yet the sword ate on. For when Athaliah, the mother of Ahaziah, and his evil counsellor, saw that her son was dead, with the wild vengeance which lay ready to be aroused in the proud dark heart of the daughter of the Zidonian Jezebel, she arose, and with fiend-like cruelty destroyed, so far as she could, all the seed royal of the house of Judah. So far reaching in its issues of iniquity, so terribly remembered in its consequences of punishment, was the sinful subjugation of Jehoshaphat to the imperious will of Ahab.

It was not, we may readily conceive, without many resistances, though all too weak to stand the strong strain of temptation, without self-deceptions, ever ready to blind half-willing eyes, and remorse, bitter, but too late to be effectual, that Jehoshaphat yielded to the great but wicked king of Israel.

It is in the record of a signal example of this moral trial and failure of the good but over-mastered king that Micaiah, the son of Imla, first comes by name before us. The scene exhibits him as the witness for Jehovah, in one peculiar trial of his faithfulness, to which we have no record of Elijah's exposure, and without seeing which we cannot estimate at its full height the severe testing in those evil days of those who bore unflinchingly the burden of the Lord. We must have before us the whole scene, with what we know of the relation to each other of the kings of Israel and of Judah, to enter fully into the nobleness of Micaiah's grand bearing of his witness. Jehoshaphat had been persuaded to go down and visit Ahab in that city of Samaria where, in open defiance of the God of Israel, he had set up for the worship of the court the statue of the obscene and abominable Baal. To come in friendly guise as the guest of such a court was of itself offence enough in one who feared the Lord. But according to its law of accursed fruitfulness sin ever follows sin; and one point of right yielded, is but the harbinger of the yielding of another; and so the king of Judah next consents on the enticement of his royal host to join him in a confederate attack upon the king of Syria. So far the evil influence triumphed unrebuked.

Then succeeded one of those hesitating impulses bred of his better nature. As principal he would undertake no war without inquiry at the word of the Lord, nor engage in battle without "seeking the Lord God of his fathers." And so before the expedition was actually undertaken, he said to his royal compeer, "Inquire, I pray thee, at the word of the Lord to-day." It was easy for the king of Israel to yield a seeming compliance to what he doubtless deemed the hereditary weakness of his new ally: and with all the accidents of royal estate the two kings sat in a void place near to the gate of Samaria, "either of them on their throne, clothed with their robes," to hold solemn consultation with the oracles of God. The summons of the king brought at once before them four hundred prophets to declare the bidding of the Lord. A far larger number doubtless Samaria could easily have furnished, even after the destruction of the priests of Baal upon the mount of Carmel. For under its evil kings Israel had imported into the Holy Land all the idolatries of the heathen round them, and with each false god came an attendant troop of priests, and diviners, and soothsayers, and magicians. With such Elijah had contended in the solemn lists of the mountain of decision, and had triumphed over them openly. But it was not such as these whom Ahab would have called to remove the scruples of the good king of Judah. We may be sure that the four hundred who this day with one mouth declared good unto the king spake as spake Zedekiah, the son of Chenaanah, in the name of the Lord, whose word Jehoshaphat required. But he was not satisfied with the loud voice of the consenting chorus. So spake not at the court of Jerusalem the aged Hanani; nor with such semi-heathen tumults of utterance did his fathers' God reveal His will through Jehu, the son of Hanani, and Jehaziel, the son of Benaiah; and, as one perplexed by the din of this artificial consent rather than convinced by its deceitful voice, the king of Judah asked, "Is there not here a prophet of the Lord beside, that we might inquire of him?" Ahab's keen discernment read at once, in all its causes and meaning, the secret dissatisfaction of the heart he desired to win, and he knew where to find the prophet, for whom, through all that surging number, the troubled glance of Jehoshaphat had searched in vain. But that man, for reasons of his own, he would not willingly produce. "There is yet one man by whom we may inquire of the Lord; but I hate him, for he

never prophesied good of me, but always evil. The same is Micaiah, the son of Imla." Jehoshaphat's courteous disclaimer of such treason for the prophet, "Let not the king say so," was an irresistible demand of his presence; and an officer is sent to fetch him quickly. Then begins in all its severity the faithful prophet's trial. The officer who brings him tells him, as they hasten through the streets, the outline of all that has passed in that open space where in hushed expectancy the crowd await his arrival; he hears of the gathered company, the royal presences, the momentous issue, the concurring oracles, and that "the words of the prophets declare good unto the king with one assent;" and he is urged, with friendly importunity, "Let thy word therefore, I pray thee, be like one of theirs, and speak that which is good."

From Ahab's words, it is plain that this was not the first time these two men had met and measured their strength together. "He never prophesieth good concerning me, but always evil." What a sore, proud, revengeful, and yet crouching spirit the words betray! How gladly, but for the trembling of his spirit under an overmastering eye, would he have rid himself of those fearless, detested prophesying tyrants! How plainly does the "I dare not wait upon the I would" of the conscience-stricken tyrant! How did he detest this intrusive prophet as such men ever do hate fearless reprovers! How far pleasanter to hear those voices prophesying good things with that glad accord! If only it were possible quite thoroughly to believe them! And now the king of Judah had uttered in outspoken syllables the voice which was murmuring already its dull, hollow sound to the sleepy conscience of the evil king; and he sends for this dark, unwelcome sayer of sad truths. When these prophecies of evil had been spoken by Micaiah the Bible does not tell us; but we have in this case no reason to distrust the statement of Josephus, that one instance of them is to be found in Holy Writ, although the prophet's name is not there recorded. It was, Josephus tells us, the son of Imla who administered to Ahab in his hour of victory over Benhadad that reproof from God which must have been so especially galling to the proud and prosperous king. There had been on that occasion a certain magnificence of triumph about his conduct. There was, first, the entire success of his arms against the mighty Syrian monarch, and then the seeming magnanimity of dismissing him in safety. And now the first was rudely wrested from him by the open declaration before his glittering staff that not his valour but God's

judgment had subdued Benhadad; and then, for the second, his noble magnanimity is changed into his having disloyally allowed the escape of a great criminal committed by another to his keeping; and all this angry irritation is aggravated by his own sentence being unawares extorted from his own unconscious lips: "So shall thy judgment be; thyself hast decided it." The severity of that sentence must have burned in its fiery sharpness into the very fibres of that angry and excited soul: "Because thou hast let go out of thy hand a man whom I appointed to utter destruction, therefore thy life shall go for his life, and thy people for his people." No wonder that the proud king "went to his house heavy and displeased." We can hear the echo of his growl of rage in the fierce outbreak to the king of Judah: "I hate him, for he never prophesieth good concerning me, but always evil."

With this scene before us, we can have no difficulty in believing further, what Josephus asserts, that the king's hatred had broken forth in its natural expression by casting Micaiah into a dungeon: sooner or later the usual home under such a king of Jehovah's fearless witnesses. This account agrees entirely with Ahab's knowing, as he evidently did, where the prophet was; and being able to send at once for him, and command his presence, when "the king called an officer, and said, Hasten hither Micaiah, the son of Imla." What a dungeon was in those hard old days, we read in the book of Jeremiah: "In the dungeon there was no water, but mire; so Jeremiah sunk in the mire" (Jer. xxxviii. 6). From some such dark and dreary tenement the prophet was drawn forth to stand before these kings. It seems as if his estate had touched the heart of the officer who brought him, and who, for his own sake, besought him, "Let thy word, I pray thee, be like the word of one of them."

This was the special point of his trial. It was comparatively easy to stand against the prophets of Baal. In such an encounter, Jehovah was evidently with his faithful servant. It was the sham god against the true; it was the spirit of devils against the Spirit of the Lord. There was no room for choice: there was scarcely room for fear. Against such as these, though gathered against him by hundreds, Elijah had stood single-handed, and had triumphed openly. But Micaiah's trial was far subtler of approach, and so more difficult to resist. These men professed themselves to be, even as he was, prophets of Jehovah. In His holy name they uttered

their predictions. Probably as to many, if not all of them, there had been a time when the true voice visited them. In that peculiar dispensation the prophetic gift was the one only feature of the great Mosaic institutes of worship and communion with God, which remained to them. Altar, sacrifice, high priest, Urim and Thummim, the very law itself,—all were gone. There was left but the gift of men on whom fell the afflatus of the Spirit, from whom yet breathed, now in whispers, and anon in thunders, the oracles of Jehovah. No one could foretell on whom the gift would fall. There were schools for those who sought the office, but not all of them were taken; whilst at its will the free Spirit fell as upon Amos, who was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but “a gatherer of sycamore fruit, a herdsman of Tekoah.” This gift, like all god’s gifts, could, it seems plain, be turned by the receiver into evil. He might trifle with it; he might dumb its utterances through fear of man; he might pervert them for gifts and rewards. And as he thus trifled with the great power which had rested on him, he drove away its presence; and as the Holy One withdrew Himself, the evil one came near, “and entered in and dwelt there.” He became a false prophet,—a prophet of lies. It may be that in the several utterances of the Spirit within him, he was at most but dimly conscious of the awful change which had passed upon him. The moral trial had been when first, for fear or for gain, he tampered consciously with the truth; when he “divined for money.” Now he was the victim of what then he chose. We read not so much of the false prophet prophesying consciously a lie as of their seeing lying visions, and so uttering deceptions. As of old the vision spread itself before them in a dream, an ecstasy, or an inspiration, and what they saw they spoke. But it was a vision painted for them by the evil one; it was an inspiration bred of the low vapours of their own hearts, of their covetousness, their worldliness, or their greed. The next step in their evil course was the endeavouring by excitement, or even by forbidden arts of magic, to recall the ebbing power of prophecy. This darkening of the evil soul which once had known the light, is what Micah so awfully portrays, “Concerning the prophets that make my people err, that bite with their teeth, and cry, Peace. Therefore night shall be unto you, that ye shall not have a vision; and it shall be dark unto you, that ye shall not divine; and the sun shall go down over the prophets, and the day shall be dark over them.” (Micah iii. 5, 6.)

Yet it was only by the event that the falsehood of such prophecies could be determined, and he, therefore, who resolutely withstood them, took upon himself the risk of withstanding the true word of God. What it was which led Jehoshaphat, in distrust of those now gathered round him, to desire “a prophet of the Lord besides,” we know not certainly. It may have been, as has been already suggested, the excitement of these professed possessors of Jehovah’s Spirit. It may have been that he had heard of Micaiah in his dungeon, and that his heart turned sadly to the record of his father’s sin in putting the seer into a prison house, and of the disease and death which, as God’s chastisement, avenged that idle rage against the instrument of God’s rebuke, and so that the very fact of Micaiah’s imprisonment for a faithful utterance, awoke within his soul an irresistible desire to test by such a witness the truth or hollowness of this consenting band of prophecies. Great must have been the rage of these prophets of lies at this emphatic declaration of the king of Judah’s distrust, eager their readiness to turn on him who was thus preferred before them.

Amongst this crew the single prophet stood. To him the dull stillness of the dungeon was suddenly exchanged for the eager interrogations of the king, the angry taunts of the prophets, and deep, expectant hum of the people. Instead of the darkened light and dreary outlines of the pit, in which he had been fed with “the bread of affliction and the water of affliction,” there was the eastern sun, in all its glory, pouring down its rays on the splendour of the thrones of the two royally appalled monarchs, and on the living sea of faces which filled the void space of Samaria. A feeble spirit might have been utterly dashed by the mere suddenness of the change—a weaker heart might have fainted under the heaviness of the burden laid so singly upon his solitary strength. But it was not so with him. Jehovah stood beside him, and he was not alone; he saw “the Lord sitting upon the throne, and all the host of heaven standing by Him on his right hand and on his left;” and the sun in its glory paled beneath that keener light, and the crowned kings, the crowding multitude, and the cursing and smiting prophets were as though they were not when set beside that grander company; and so the Spirit of the Lord fell on him, and found its utterance through him. This loud consenting chant of coming triumph was but the baseness of a mercenary lie. These prophets had prophesied for hire; and

in counselling in Jehovah's name their counsel of deceit, had opened their hearts and prostrated their intellects to the lying spirit. Their leader in iniquity, who had made him "horns of iron" for the misleading of his prince, and who had smitten God's true prophet on the cheek, should fly in vain from chamber to chamber from the avenging sword; the monarch on his throne of pride should be lured on to a defeat of ignominy and to a death of violence—he should come no more to his fathers' hill-crowning city in peace. Such was the word of Jehovah. Most bravely was it spoken; calmly, in the face of uttermost danger; resolutely, against all seeming improbabilities. The great warrior should be beaten down; the confederate kings should be overthrown; Israel, which had been taught to trust their own successful monarch as an unfailing conqueror, should be scattered upon the hill as sheep that have not a shepherd; nay, even the awful sentence of the great Elijah should as it seemed be brought to nought; for how—if Ahab fell at Ramoth Gilead, three days' journey from Samaria—could the dogs lick his blood in

the vineyard of Naboth, hard beside his palace home? Yet so the message was, and it was spoken out; a warning not to be listened to, but a prophecy to be fulfilled. Yet a few hours more, and all was accomplished. From that void space in the entrance of Samaria the royal train rolled grandly back to the ivory house of Ahab; the company of prophets, whose voice of counsel had succeeded, swept triumphantly away; the gathered crowd melted and dispersed. The one man with whom was Jehovah's presence was led back dishonoured, smitten, and reviled, to eat the prison's bread and drink its waters. The silent night drew on, and all was hushed; the stars looked coldly down upon the silent square; angel bands guarded the dungeon prisoner; and he too, the day's tumult over, slept the sleep of peace. But the decree had gone forth, and the watchers were fulfilling it; and but a few days later on Gilead's mountains a king miserably dying, and an army slaughtered, scattered, and fugitive, attested the reality of Micaiah's mission and the verity of his words, "If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not sent me."

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

THERE is no foreign country in the world with which Englishmen ought to be so well acquainted as America, and yet there are few about which greater mistakes are made. Many educated persons know very little of its geography; and of those who understand the constitution of the United States, the limits of the power of Congress, and the extent of State rights with which that power sometimes comes into conflict, I suspect that the number is small indeed. The names of the two great political parties—Democrats and Republicans—into which the nation is divided, convey no real idea of their meaning, and in themselves rather tend to mislead; they are, in fact, only intelligible to those who have taken some pains to study the history of the States. The manners, habits, and institutions of the country can be very imperfectly known from books, which are too often written with a one-sided and prejudiced view by travellers who make the whole people responsible for individual peculiarities, and remind one of the pedant mentioned by Hierocles, who, having a house for sale, carried about in his pocket a brick as a specimen.

I do not believe that it is possible to understand the Americans without visiting them at home, and I am very sure that a hasty visit, such as I have lately paid to the

United States, is not enough to make an Englishman understand them; but it has enabled me to correct some false impressions on my own mind of the people and country, and I shall be very glad if I can correct them in the minds of others, for my earnest desire is to do all in my power to promote good-will between our trans-Atlantic cousins and ourselves. I know I shall make some mistakes even in the few random recollections which form the subject of this article, but they are, I believe, inevitable in the case of every traveller, and at all events I have done my best to observe accurately, and I can promise to relate faithfully.

And first as to manners. This is a point upon which every nation is sensitive, for it is that upon which ridicule most easily fastens its attacks, and ridicule is often more keenly felt, and causes more irritation, than a real or supposed injury. Now a great deal of ridicule has been lavished by writers on this side the Atlantic upon American manners, and the effect has been to make us imagine that what may have been characteristic of the past, when society was in a more rough and unsettled state, is characteristic of the present, and to stereotype in our minds ideas which have ceased to have any foundation in fact. Such a book as Mrs. Trollope's "America" would now be simply a caricature; and

it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to find persons who could sit for the portraits drawn in "Martin Chuzzlewit." An Englishman is apt to think that, as regards manners, America is a vulgar edition of England, and that if he travels there he will find, even in good society, his sense of propriety more or less offended. Before my visit to the States I was strongly possessed with this idea, and I am sure that I do not exaggerate when I say that it is general. I went there prepared to admire the material wealth and prosperity of that magnificent country, and the energy and enterprise of the people, and yet I found that my imagination was outstripped by the reality; but I confess I expected to meet with sins against the code of good society in Europe. I was, however, entirely mistaken, and I feel as if I owe an apology to my American friends for the erroneous ideas I had formed. As regards the middle and lower classes, they carry, I think, independence of manner a little too far. What we consider only respectful, seems to them to be servile; and they have a quick, short mode of answering a question, which is very like incivility, and certainly does not tempt a stranger to pursue his inquiries. They appear to think that the more curt their reply, so much the less time will be wasted. But rudeness is extremely rare. I travelled a good deal on the railways and in the steam-boats—going west as far as Chicago, on Lake Michigan, and St. Louis, on the Mississippi—and I was struck by the entire absence of that inquisitiveness which is generally supposed to be characteristic of the Americans, and which we have been accustomed to regard as impertinence. They talk freely and energetically enough to their friends and acquaintances, but to those who are neither they are, I think, more reserved and silent than ourselves. By this I mean that they do not volunteer conversation with a stranger, although, when it is commenced, they carry it on with remarkable fluency and intelligence.

But of the manners of the upper classes, or what is called Society, it is difficult to speak too highly. There is far more refinement than we give them credit for; and an American gentleman is as good a type of the class as can be met with in London or Paris. I know that this is not the general opinion, and I think it therefore right to state what I found to be the fact. And there is this difference in their favour, that they have less stiffness and formality, without being at all less observant of the rules of etiquette. In that true politeness which consists in a desire to oblige they have no superiors. Nothing,

indeed, can exceed their courtesy and kindness, and they receive an Englishman with a warmth, and bestow upon him a hospitality, which he must be ungrateful indeed not to remember and acknowledge. There is a friendliness of *accueil* which makes one feel immediately at home with them. Instead of the cold ceremony of an Englishman's bow on first acquaintance, an introduction in the States is almost always accompanied by a hearty shake of the hand and an assurance of welcome, which in every case I found to be genuine and sincere. This shaking of hands in America is quite an institution, and is carried to an almost inconvenient extent, as the operation is repeated between the same persons if they meet a dozen times in a day; but it is the sign and expression of cordiality which *si non e vero e ben trovato*. In their households and their dinner arrangements there is, with one exception, nothing to which the most fastidious can object. The exception to which I refer is the introduction of cigars after dinner; but it is a curious fact, probably owing to the dryness of the climate, that the smell of tobacco does not linger in a room: so that, as Burke said of vice, it loses half its evil by losing all its grossness.

I expected to find more peculiarities of expression than I met with, but they were "conspicuous from their absence;" indeed, in good society, I heard scarcely any, although I have been asked, "Are you *through*?" for, "Have you finished your dinner?" And the mercantile character of the nation is shown by such phrases as, "You are well *posted* in that subject," and, "The *balance* of the company amounts to so and so." A candidate for office always "runs," and never "stands," in the States; but the American term is, perhaps, more appropriate and correct than ours, as involving the idea of competition and a race. There are some words which are pronounced differently from our usage, as "clerk," for "clerk;" and I very often heard "route" called "rou," which is clearly wrong.

One thing which it is impossible not to notice in American society is the general intelligence and versatility of mind. I would say "cleverness," but that word has a different meaning on the other side of the Atlantic from what it has with us. It there signifies a moral, and not an intellectual quality—namely, kindness of heart and readiness to oblige. It is surprising to hear the variety of subjects on which they can not only talk, but talk well. This is owing partly to the native vigour of the American intellect, partly to their liberal system of education, which

opens out so many avenues of knowledge, and partly to the necessity for self-exertion, which makes every one desirous of improving his faculties to the utmost.

I never heard a word said in disparagement of England or "the Old Country," as it is often affectionately called; but, on the contrary, it was always spoken of in terms of kindly interest and respect. In order to gauge the real feelings of educated Americans towards ourselves it is, I think, necessary to visit them, and talk with them in their own homes. The truth of the matter hardly appears in their literature, and certainly not in their newspaper press, which, with a few honourable exceptions, writes *down* to the level of the masses, fostering bad passions, and degrading, instead of elevating, the tone of public opinion. But the cordiality with which an Englishman who has proper credentials is received is a plain and manifest proof of the good-will with which the Americans regard us, in spite of the disturbing causes which now and then arise like clouds on the political horizon. And it will, I firmly believe, be our own fault if anything occurs to change that feeling. The change will be caused not so much by difference on public questions as by misrepresentation, ridicule, and caricature.

One of the first things that disagreeably forces itself on the attention of the traveller in America is the general dearness of everything. The prices of all commodities are much higher than in England, but they seem to be higher than they really are. The only currency is paper, which is depreciated in comparison with gold nearly 35 per cent.; a dollar note may be taken to be worth about three shillings. But in bringing with him gold or bank notes, or a letter of credit, the traveller must remember that he gets an increase of paper money corresponding to its depreciation, so that he does not suffer from that cause. There is a real cause of dearness in the high protection tariff and heavy taxation, which raise the price of articles considerably—a surtout coat costs £12; a silk umbrella, £2; a pair of gloves, 6s.; a tolerable cigar, 9d. The lowest wages are 6s. a-day; skilled labour costs 12s. or 15s.; the hire of a carriage is from 4s. 6d. to 6s. an hour; and washing is extravagantly dear. There are two theories as to the cause of the depreciation of the paper currency. 1. Because it is inconvertible, and there is a latent fear that it may never be redeemed in specie. 2. Because it is too abundant, and therefore, like every other commodity when the supply is in excess of the demand, it falls in value. But as to this second reason, it is by no means

clear that the currency *is* in excess of the demand, or, in other words, there is no proof that the circulating medium is too large, nor is it clear that if it were contracted it would materially rise in value. I suspect that the real cause of the depreciation is an undefined idea that there may be some difficulty in ultimately resuming cash payments. And, of course, if this feeling to any extent exists, it will be increased in proportion as the paper currency is enlarged, so that the first of the two causes assigned for the depreciation will operate in the same manner as the second, and may easily be mistaken for it.

A controversy has been going on in the United States whether the Government bonds ought to be paid in gold or paper when they fall due. The Republicans insist that they ought to be paid in gold; the Democrats that they ought not. But the Democrats altogether repudiate the idea of "repudiation." The question is, what was the original contract? The Act of Congress which authorised the issue of the bonds provides that the *interest* shall be paid in gold, but makes no such provision as to the principal; and this is urged by the Democrats as a proof that it was not intended that the principal should be so paid. The Republicans, on the other hand, rely upon the language used in Congress at the time of the passing of the act, and by the Secretary of the Treasury at the time of the issue, as a proof that the understanding was, that the bonds should be paid in gold. Assuming that the original contract does not bind the Government to pay in gold, the Democrats contend that to do so would unfairly enrich the bondholder at the expense of the people, from whose taxes the money must come; and they represent him as a sort of parasite who does not increase the wealth of the country, but fattens upon its produce; forgetting, however, the important fact that it was he or those whom he represents who lent the money to the Government in the time of its need, and that he has as much right to be considered as any creditor who has lent his money to a private individual. The Democrats further contend that the money originally advanced to Government in exchange for the bonds was not gold, but paper; and that, therefore, it is only fair that the holders should be repaid in paper. The general feeling of the country, however, is in favour of paying the bonds in gold, and this is part of the Republican "platform;" and that party has been strong enough to carry the election of General Grant by a large majority. The argument of the Democrats against it may be

plausible, but there can be no doubt that if it were successful American credit would sink to a very low ebb indeed.

But what is a Democrat, and what is a Republican? It is impossible to have any just idea of American politics unless these terms are understood, and I will try to explain them as briefly as possible. It would occupy too much space to trace their origin and history, but I may mention that the Republican party as now constituted was formally organized in 1856, to resist the extension of slavery into new territories. I do not propose to go into the mysteries of Hardshells and Softshells, Hunkers and Barnburners, Copperheads, Dough-faces, and Carpet-baggers; and the principles of the two parties will be best understood by showing on what points they are chiefly opposed to each other.

First, then, the Democrats favour the South. Not that they ever admitted the right of the Southern States to secede from the Union, or doubted that Secession was treason to be crushed by force. On the contrary, they fought as heartily and gallantly as the Republicans for the Federal flag. But when the war was over, they wished to "forgive and forget," and to admit the seceded States into the Union on the same terms as before. Their "platform" is—1. Restoration of all the States to their rights in the Union under the Constitution; 2. Amnesty for past political offenders; and, 3. Regulations of the elective franchise in each State by its own citizens. But the Republicans are not so lenient. They determined to treat the Southerners as conquered rebels, and they passed Reconstruction Laws by which none of the Confederate States was to be re-admitted into the Union unless it gave the electoral franchise to its negroes, and in default of this, it was to be ruled by a military government. It is needless to point out what a divergence of policy these opposite principles involve. The Democrats accuse the Republicans of being the friends of negro supremacy and military despotism, while the Republicans retort that the Democrats are favourers of rebels, and false to the Union.

In the next place, the Democrats are staunch defenders of the independent rights of the different States, and jealous of any encroachment or interference with them by Congress or the Executive. The Republicans are charged by them with trampling upon these rights, and so violating the Constitution.

Thirdly, as I have before shown, the two parties are opposed on the question of cash

payments. The Democrats hold that the Government bonds ought to be paid in paper; the Republicans, in gold.

The Democrats are sometimes called the Conservative party, and this being so, it is curious that the Irish almost universally belong to it, for they certainly are not Conservative here. But the reason is this: Some years ago the Republican party proposed to lengthen the period of residence in the States which is necessary before a foreigner can acquire the rights of citizenship. This was opposed by the Democrats, and as the Irish would have been chiefly affected by it, they supported them then, and have ever since adhered to that party. The emigrants who arrive naturally adopt the side on which they find their countrymen ranged, and thus the Irish vote is a very important part of the numerical strength of the Democrats. Whether it does much credit to their cause is another question. An American once said to a friend of mine that they would willingly agree to give up the Alabama claims if we would only take back all the Irish we had sent there. I have heard the genuine brogue in Chicago and Cincinnati, but, as a general rule, the Irish emigrants hang about the sea-board towns, and do not push on to the west like the Germans. They are most numerous in New York, which feels their influence in all its elections, and the result is an amount of jobbery and corruption, which has made that city a by-word of municipal misrule.

There are few things in which the Americans may take more just pride than education. It may fairly be called universal; and the schools (in which instruction is entirely gratuitous) are supported by local taxes or rates. Thus, at St. Louis, in Missouri, on the banks of the Mississippi, there is levied on all real and personal property within the city, a tax of "one-tenth of one per cent.," which is paid to the Board of President and Directors of the St. Louis Public Schools. Of course, in schools which depend upon taxation, there cannot be distinctive religious teaching, but in some of those I visited the Bible is read every morning, and hymns are sung, in which the children of Christians and Jews, Trinitarians and Unitarians, join without objection. One might hope that, by the aid of a conscience-clause, the problem, which has been found so difficult amongst ourselves, might be equally well solved in England. In some States, as in Missouri, both sexes are taught together; in others, as in Pennsylvania, they are kept separate. I went through the classrooms of the High School at St. Louis, where

there were boys and girls, young men and women, together, busy at their lessons, but sitting in two divisions apart. In one room they were construing the first book of the *Æneid*; in another they were learning mathematics; in a third (I think there were five in all) they were doing composition. I have seldom seen more eager, intelligent faces, than were displayed there by

"Those bright and ordered files,"

as each strove to correct a slip or mistake when it was made by the pupil who happened to be questioned. There is a higher class of graduates of both sexes, who, when they have successfully gone through the prescribed course, are presented with diplomas.

In Philadelphia I visited the Normal School, where those young women are educated who are destined to become teachers, like our National school-mistresses, and for my sins I was suddenly called upon to address about three hundred of them, assembled in a large room, before I left. Here, as in the St. Louis school, there was a considerable diversity of subjects, and each pupil has to attend to them all in turn, passing from room to room. I think an hour is given to each. I remember that in one room they were studying physiology, and I could not help thinking that the knowledge they got about cartilages and tissues and fibres and bones would be of very little use. In another, mensuration was taught; and the pupil-teacher who was lecturing seemed to be so clever at mathematics, that I could not help whispering that, if she were a man, and could graduate at Cambridge, she would be senior wrangler. But the most amusing room was that in which a class was engaged in composition. The plan was this: One of the young women read aloud a letter she had written on some imaginary subject, such as a picnic or a journey; and then the teacher asked for criticisms: "Can any one point out any faults of expression or grammar in the letter that has just been read?" "I think," answered a young lady, "that one sentence was not quite clear;" and then repeating it, she observed that it was uncertain whether it was the tart or the grass that was eaten at the picnic. This, of course, produced much merriment, and so the ball was kept rolling, but great quickness and attention were necessary. In an adjoining room, elocution was going on, and I heard several recitations of Hohenlinden. Besides all this, they are taught drawing, music, and singing; so that the time from ten until four, allowing an hour for

lunch, which they bring with them or get at shops in the neighbourhood, is fully occupied. Whether too much is not attempted, and whether there is not in consequence more surface than depth, is a question which can only be answered by those who have had longer opportunities of watching the effects of the system. I should fear that the result must be that the attainments are superficial rather than solid. But there can be no doubt that the intellect is brightened, and the wits are sharpened, by the variety of subjects with which the pupils have to deal, and the mode in which they are taught. The schools are open to all classes, without distinction; and two girls were pointed out to me, sitting side by side, one the daughter of a millionaire (in dollars), and the other whose mother supported herself by washing; but many of the wealthier families, not liking the promiscuous society of the public schools, send their daughters to private boarding-schools, or have governesses at home.

At Washington, I had an interview with the President, at the White House. Nothing can be less formal than his receptions, and people attend them in shooting-coats or any other attire they choose to wear. I was admitted into the "presence" with half-a-dozen ladies, one of whom was a "strong-minded" woman, whose hobby was education. She immediately attacked the President on the subject, and monopolized his attention for a full quarter of an hour, while she favoured him with her peculiar views. These were, that nobody but herself had ever yet studied education scientifically; that she had exhausted the libraries of Europe, and was still in want of books on the subject; that it was necessary to investigate the condition of man in his savage state; that children ought to be made natural philosophers, and their toys should be constructed on philosophical principles, so that instruction might be combined with amusement; and that thus the standard of the human intellect would be raised, and so forth. Most patiently did Mr. Johnson listen, with a quiet smile on his lips, and he now and then interposed a remark, which showed that he had some sense of humour. I told him afterwards that I thought he paid dearly for his high office, if he was often compelled to undergo such a lecture. He has a full, heavy countenance, and the firmness, not to say obstinacy, which he has displayed in his contest with Congress, since he has been President, is legibly written in his face.

We are apt to think that America is the hotbed of strange and extravagant sects in

religion; and the perusal of such a book as Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "New America" leaves an unpleasant impression on the mind that credulity and fanaticism run riot in the United States; but we must take care not to exaggerate the fact: "*Faciunt favos et vespæ*," says Tertullian, "*faciunt ecclesias et Marconitæ*." It is undoubtedly true that there is to be found there almost every kind of belief and worship which the credulity and folly of man can devise; but, if we except the Mormons, the numbers of each of these eccentric sects are insignificant, and they are as unknown, and as much an object of curiosity to the Americans generally as to ourselves. The Shakers near Albany, in the State of New York, are one of the "lions" of the neighbourhood, and as such are shown to strangers who visit that quiet and Dutch-looking town. I went one evening, while I was at Boston, to a Spiritualist camp-meeting, which was held in a wood about five miles from the city, and lasted a week. It was a strange and rather picturesque sight, with tents among the trees, and lighted lamps, and a crowd of people, most of whom seemed to enjoy it as a kind of gigantic picnic. In one tent there was a regular performance of jugglery, such as the Davenport trick of untying knots; in another, a pale, unhealthy-looking young woman, a "medium," worked herself up into a state of ecstasy, and gave utterance to unintelligible rubbish; while on a platform close by, a wild-looking man, with a bushy beard, harangued the audience, and told them that it was Spiritualism which had reclaimed him from rum-drinking, tobacco-chewing, and infidelity.

The most numerous sects in the United States are the Methodists and the Baptists. I am not sure whether the Episcopalians or the Independents come next, and after them the Roman Catholics. The stronghold of the Unitarians is Boston. I was assured that they make little progress out of Massachusetts. There seems to be no lack of religious zeal; and new churches, which are most liberally built and supported by voluntary subscriptions, fairly keep pace with the population. The Unitarian chapel of Dr. Belows, in New York, cost £40,000; and he has a stipend of £1,000 a year from his congregation. I was much pleased with the interior of the Episcopalian churches, which seemed to me generally to observe the right medium between too much and too little ornament; and I think it cannot be denied that the changes made in their Book of Common Prayer, whereby some grammatical

errors are corrected, some obsolete words replaced, and some repetitions avoided, are improvements which we might introduce with advantage.

It must take a long time to wear off the prejudice which exists against the negro in the States. Even in the North, where the hatred of slavery is most strong, the coloured population are a race very much apart: they have their own churches and their own schools. Whatever the law may say as to equality of rights, there are social antipathies which it cannot alter. In the North, the blacks are not allowed to vote; and this makes the Southern States feel more keenly the injustice, as they think it, of the Act of Congress, which imposes negro suffrage upon them as the condition of their restoration to the Union. At St. Louis, in Missouri, which was one of the slave States until slavery was abolished, no negro can ride in one of the street cars unless he holds a white child in his arms, or is in attendance as a gentleman's servant upon his master. In the North, I have frequently had blacks as fellow-travellers in the railways, and I could see no difference between them and others as to the way in which they were treated. In most of the hotels—as, for instance, at Newport, West Point, Boston, Niagara, Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington, and Philadelphia—and on board the steamboats, I found that they were the only waiters, and sometimes they acted as chambermaids. I thought them in general apathetic and sulky, and very unwilling to give themselves any trouble. At St. Louis, and elsewhere, I talked to negroes who had been recently slaves; and they spoke of their former state without the least trace of bitterness. They said they had been well-treated, and did not seem to bear any ill-will against their former masters: but they admitted that they had witnessed scenes of cruelty. One man told me that either he or his father (I forget which) was kept a close prisoner for some time because he had surreptitiously taught himself to read. These men were earning, as common labourers on the wharves of St. Louis, two dollars, or 6s. a day.

Railway travelling in America is anything but comfortable. There is much more noise and shaking than is at all necessary; and as each carriage or "car" contains fifty persons, with a passage in the middle, and any one who likes can pass from one car to another, there is perpetual movement and slamming of doors. Boys go up and down with newspapers and books or fruit and cakes for sale; and I have seen itinerant musicians enliven

the passengers with their fiddles. At night, a berth in one of the sleeping-cars can be hired for an extra dollar; but the noise makes it difficult to sleep. The danger of a level crossing is never thought of in the States. The trains pass not only across but along the streets of town without any guard or fence of any kind; but a board is here and there to be seen with the notice, "Railway-crossing. Look out for the Engine!" and it is only wonderful that children are not oftener killed. I have seen pigs trotting about the line, and a cow astray upon it; but all this seemed to be taken as a matter of course. The *buffets* at the wayside stations in the western States are almost as bad as those in England—they cannot be worse—and they were the only places where I met with real incivility. Smoking is not allowed except in carriages set apart for the purpose; but there is quite sufficient annoyance without tobacco-smoke, in spitting and other amenities, to render railway travelling disagreeable. On some lines, however, there are drawing-room cars, where, for an extra dollar, the traveller may secure more select company and considerable comfort.

On one of the railways, I met with what I thought a good instance of American sharpness. I had taken a ticket at New York for Chicago, but had accidentally dropped it at the office before starting. When we had gone some distance, the collector applied to me for my ticket, and I told him of my loss. He said, "Oh! there is a boy in the train who has picked up a ticket; perhaps it is yours." I then went along the cars in search of the boy; and he told me that, having found the ticket on the ground, he had got into the train, thinking that the passenger who had lost it would be much annoyed, and fully expecting to discover him. He said, "I expect you will not object to pay my fare back;" and with this and a small trifle besides, he was quite contented.

The luggage system is admirable. Each article has a strap with a brass number attached to it, and a brass ticket with a corresponding number is given to the passenger; so that he can claim his luggage at the station where he stops without any possibility of mistake. There are also express companies, to whose agents the tickets can be handed; and they bring the luggage to the hotel, or house where the passenger intends to stay. When I was in the States, an unfortunate hen had been sent, thus ticketed, to the West; but, as no one claimed her, she was sent back. Her

owner, however, could not be found, so she was again despatched westward; and at last it became a practical joke to send on the hen, so that she seems destined to travel, and, like the spider, "live along the line" for the rest of her natural life.

But any amount of discomfort in travelling is more than compensated by the beauty of the scenery. Here, again, I was agreeably surprised. The only parts which were at all wearisome were the vast rolling prairies of Illinois; but the Indian corn, peach and other fruit trees showed an abounding fertility. The country generally, even in the Eastern States, is less cleared than I had expected, and there is an endless succession of woods and rivers and lakes, with undulating hills and valleys, in which are nestled wooden farm-houses, painted white, with green shutters, like islands in a sea of leaves, and the very picture of snugness and prosperity. In the north of the State of New York, there is still a large tract of primæval forest; and in Pennsylvania, a region called the Wild Cat country, sufficiently indicates its nature by its name. To see, however, nature in her glory in America, a man should travel in the latter end of autumn, when the leaves are changing their colours, and the bright reds and yellows contrast with the deep green of the fir and the pine. An Englishman will note the absence of parks and mansions in a country full of the most inviting spots. But the Americans would feel bored by a country residence; they do not hunt or shoot as we do, and there is no temptation to live amongst a tenantry for the sake of political influence, even if a tenantry could be created where land can be bought in fee-simple for a few dollars an acre. They therefore prefer to spend their money on villas at favourite watering-places, such as Newport, Long Branch, and Nahant, and leave the country to the farmers and peasantry.

There are in each State of the Union two sets of law courts, the one belonging to and administering the laws of the particular State, the other belonging to and administering the law of the United States. The latter are called district courts, and they have cognizance of all suits to which the United States are party, or in which different States are plaintiffs and defendants, and they have extensive admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; they have also cognizance of all crimes committed against the United States. Thus, if a letter is stolen from the post office, as the department is under Government, the offender is tried in one of the district courts. Besides

these, there are circuit courts established by Congress in the ten circuits into which the United States have been divided, and their chief duty is to enforce obligations of the people of the United States in their national character, or which result from the laws passed by Congress. But many of the district courts have been clothed with circuit court powers, and the system is too technical and complicated for explanation here. I need not say that amongst the judges, advocates, and juries, there are to be found some of the ablest men who have ever adorned the profession; but I will only speak of a few peculiarities which struck me. In the first place, there is no legal costume, not even a gown; and this, I think, is a mistake. No sane people would think of introducing our wigs, which, I believe, astonished the Japanese when they were here more than anything else they saw in England; but an appropriate dress would add dignity and respect to the bench and the bar. There is, certainly, in some of the courts a want of what we should think proper decorum. At Chicago, I listened for some time to a trial where the question was as to the right of the plaintiff to what, in the Illinois law, is called a mechanic's lien. The subject in dispute was dull enough, but the scene was amusing. When I entered the courts people were smoking *ad libitum*; but this was during an adjournment, and when the trial was resumed, the judge said that they must put out their cigars. The jury sat on rows of chairs, in front of which was a low iron bar; and the counsel, in addressing them, walked backwards and forwards, ever and anon spitting vehemently. One of them frequently declared that his learned friend had got into a "pretty tight fix," and this accounted for the weakness of his argument. In the meantime, the judge, whose observations showed that he was an acute lawyer, descended from his seat, and talked with some of the bystanders—I was going to say he joked, but he looked much too dyspeptic for that. In Philadelphia, I once heard an advocate, who was interrupted by a judge, address him with great earnestness as "my dear Sir!"

Public officers in the United States, from the President downwards, are underpaid, and the judges are no exception to the rule. Their salaries are quite inadequate to their station; and I met one day at dinner a distinguished and able judge, who was just leaving the bench to resume his practice at the bar, for the avowed reason that he wanted a better income for his family. This is a great evil;

but a worse one is that of choosing the judges by popular election, and "running" the candidates, as if they were striving for a political office. I think that in Philadelphia this system is discontinued, and it ought to be abolished everywhere.

While I was in America the contest for the presidency was going on, and each party was striving its utmost to secure the victory. I attended an immense torch-light mass meeting of the Democrats in Philadelphia at night, and stood by the orators who addressed the crowd. But the speakers were constantly interrupted by processions of large bodies of men with flags and music who represented the different wards, and who had some difficulty in forcing their way through the stationary multitude. Each of them had separate emblems and devices. It happened that a Mr. Fox was the Democratic candidate for the office of mayor, and every individual of one of the marching regiments had a fox-tail, or the nearest approach to it he could procure, on his hat, while an unhappy live fox was carried aloft, chained to a table. In the meantime rockets and other fire-works were bursting around, so that the scene was one of immense confusion. I observed that no point made by a speaker told so well with the crowd as a hit at the negroes, and the reason was obvious. The blacks compete with the Irish in the labour market, and a great part of the audience was Irish. Next day I went to the Town-hall to see the process of naturalisation, which was going on at the rate of a thousand a day. Every man who claims to be made a citizen must take an oath that he has resided five years in the States, and must forswear all dignities and titles, past, present, and future. There was some hard swearing by men who were most unmistakably "bog-trotters," and in the course of the day two or three were arrested, and were to be indicted for perjury. But, as both sides were equally anxious to procure recruits, neither was very particular as to the proceedings of the other. It made one tremble to think that the destinies of a mighty empire would be influenced by political power being placed in such hands; but then came the reflection that there was illimitable room for all. Democracy is like gunpowder, which is harmless enough when ignited, unless it is confined, but terribly explosive in proportion to the narrowness of room.

I should like, if I had space, to say something of the towns—of busy, bustling, noisy New York, "where merchants most do con-

gregate," one of the worst governed cities in the States, but where a stranger is received with genuine kindness and hospitality; of Philadelphia, with its long streets of deep red brick and white marble, which I preferred to any town of the Union; of Washington, which has been well called the city of "magnificent distances," and is a strange contrast of meanness and grandeur, the grandeur, however, being confined to the public buildings, and the meanness largely preponderating; of the marvellous growth of Chicago, where, scarcely a generation ago, wolves and bears howled in a desert which is now covered with stately houses and splendid shops, and swarms with a population of a quarter of a million; and of Ottawa, the capital of the new Dominion of Canada, which the Americans say is the first "clearing" between the North Pole and the States. I should like also to speak of the admirable charities, which are nowhere better supported nor better conducted than in America; but I must confine myself to a few words about the state prison of Philadelphia, called the Eastern Penitentiary, which is best known in this country by the account given of it by Mr. Dickens in his "American Notes." He condemns it in the strongest possible terms, and speaks of every prisoner confined there as a man "buried alive, to be dug out in the slow course of years; and in the meantime dead to everything but torturing anxieties and horrible despair." All I can say is, that after a careful inspection of the prison, I came to a very different conclusion, and after talking to many of the prisoners, I was surprised to find how little they seemed to feel the effect of solitary confinement. I am by no means an advocate of the system, and I visited the Philadelphia penitentiary with the strongest prejudice against it; but I am bound to say that the prisoners did not seem to feel its effects in anything like the degree I had expected, and I certainly saw no signs of that hopeless misery which shocked Mr. Dickens.

It sounds like a paradox, but the system, though solitary, is not silent. Visitors are frequently admitted, and the prisoners talk freely with them. From the centre of the building corridors radiate like the spokes of a wheel, and each of these is lined by the separate cells. On Sundays volunteer ministers take their stand in the centre, and each preaches to a corridor, the doors of the cells being opened a little to admit the sound of his voice. Thus three or four may hold forth at the same time, Episcopalians, Methodists, or Baptists, as the case may be, and by an

arrangement of doors in the centre the voices are said not to interfere with each other. But I confess I did not see how this could be prevented. I went into several of the cells. In the first the inmate was smoking his pipe, and had ornamented his room rather neatly. I have seen convicts in the *Maison des Condamnés*, or *la Roquette*, in Paris, smoking in their yards; and convicts, whose red caps betokened that they had committed murder, working in chains, with cigars in their mouths, in the streets of Genoa.

Behind each cell there is a small open space of about the same size, called a garden, although I saw no flowers anywhere, and in this the prisoner is allowed to walk up and down, which is the only exercise he gets during the whole time of his confinement. The health, however, of the prisoners is said not to suffer, and I heard no complaints from any of them. They employ themselves in carpentry, weaving, shoemaking, and other trades; and, of course, their great resource is occupation. After they have worked for the State, they may use their extra time in making articles for sale, with which they buy whatever comforts they like. In some of the cells I found, to my surprise, two prisoners together, but I was assured that this was exceptional, and caused by want of room. It seemed to me, however, a most objectionable arrangement. In one cell, after the turnkey had knocked at the door and inquired whether she were willing to receive visitors, I was introduced to a murderess, who had killed her husband and another man almost at the same moment, and who in England would certainly have been hanged. She was sentenced to imprisonment for eighteen years, and only three of them had passed away. She was a Roman Catholic, and had two rooms, one of which she had made quite gay with pictures, which she had set in frames of bright blue paper. She was twenty-three years old, and rather pretty, with nothing whatever in her countenance to indicate that she could have perpetrated such a terrible crime. She did the honours of her cell with quite an air, and said she was contented with her lot, declaring that she did not wish for a companion, and greatly preferred being alone with her pictures and books. The inmate of one of the cells had constructed a model of an ingenious fire-escape, for which he was anxious to get a patent. The room which Mr. Dickens describes in his "American Notes," as beautifully ornamented by a German prisoner, has become one of the lions of the place, and the walls were still covered

with the colours a little faded, which were fresh and bright when the great novelist was there.

I doubt much whether the system of separate confinement, as the sole punishment where prisoners are allowed to have any comforts which their means can procure (of course I do not mean spirits or wine), is sufficiently deterrent. The full weight of loneliness can hardly be understood except by experience, and when a man knows that he will have in prison light work, and plenty of books and tobacco, he is not likely to be frightened from crime by the punishment. I preferred the system at the Albany penitentiary, where the prisoners work together, but the strictest silence is observed. The labour of the convicts there, which consists exclusively in making

shoes and cane seats for chairs, is hired out to contractors, and not only is the prison self-supporting, but it yields a surplus revenue to the State of New York.

But I have already exceeded my limits, and to write on America in a single article is like trying to squeeze the Atlantic into a tea-cup. I will only add that I know no country which will so well repay the trouble of a visit, and where an Englishman will find so much to interest him. The voyage in one of the splendid Cunard steamers only occupies ten days from Liverpool to Sandy Hook, and it will be the traveller's own fault if he does not return with a pleasing recollection of the welcome he has met with and the kindness he has received in the New World.

WILLIAM FORSYTH.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

An English Story of To-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WALK TO WOOLERS' ALLEY.



BARTY had resolved to see Phœbe and her mother home when the party was over. In truth, he was anxious to make it up with Phœbe; for he was burdened with compunctions which she did not seem inclined to take off his hand. Yet he was not conscious of having gone very far

wrong. He had been rude certainly, and in his own house, too; but then he had been provoked into speaking out freely.

Poor Mrs. Paston was highly elated at Phœbe's having an admirer so very much in earnest, and with expectations which rendered him as magnificent a match for Wellfield and her daughter as the Marquis of Fairchester was for Brockcotes and Lady Dorothea. She

was afraid it would make her feel terribly old to have a son-in-law, not only grown up, but well-nigh as old as Paston; but there was one thing, Mr. Wooler was a fine-looking man, and she had always gone in for beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Barty Wooler would, no doubt, go off and enjoy themselves, and she would be left with old Mrs. Wooler, who looked as if she could snap her up. But she was prepared to sacrifice herself to aid her daughter's triumph. She was even willing to let it be understood that she was half a dozen years older than she was.

These tokens of her mother's excited weakness were harder lines to Phœbe than all that had gone before. She was convinced that Barty understood it all. She did not know that he had said to himself that her mother was more like a superannuated canary than anything else in the world; yet although she was not informed of his words, she instinctively guessed his feelings. She could ill brook from an unfavoured suitor what she would have barely tolerated from a man she loved, because there might be an inopportune sense of the ludicrous, but substantial good-will would exist along with it, and filial respect would come in time.

The sole house of any pretensions in Woollers' Alley was the Pastons'. It had been the old rectory, and it not only commanded a near view of St. Basil's, with the warlike battlements to its peaceful tower, and

the thick clothing of ever-young ivy wandering and winding up its grey buttresses, but it bore in itself a likeness to Close architecture in its mullioned windows with their heavy ledges, its peaked coping above the door, and its close-shaven court, which suffered what seemed the wanton gaiety of orchard and garden to drop into the background.

Mrs. Paston through all her married life had lamented the ungenuity and inconvenience of Wooers' Alley; but Phœbe through all her maiden life had loved it. She had been born and brought up in it, and had spent all but the last eighteen months of her life in it. And in spite of the Folksbridge people's depreciation of the little town, Phœbe was staunchly fond of it. Though she had seen the world lately, and had admired many a greater and grander scene,—the true heart had always turned to Well-field and its picturesque corners. The picture constantly presented itself to her imagination. She never forgot the apple boughs blossoming pink and white, or bending with scarlet and russet balls; the clematis, a tangled mass of summer growth, or spangled with purple berries; the mountain ash spreading out in a sheet of white, or flaunting its coral clusters, the brilliance of which contrasted with the wanness of the autumnal roses in some of the Jack-and-the-Bean-stalk gardens. Phœbe had never ceased to look forward to two things on her return home,—to walking up to Brockcotes, and to strolling leisurely and delightedly along Wooers' Alley at sunset or at moonrise.

Less than three months ago she would have regarded Barty Wooler's escort, not as a drawback, but as a boon. Being a Well-field man, she could not have the happiness of acting as his cicerone in Wooers' Alley. But who, save her father, could better appreciate its many glories? A painter's sympathy could not fail to intensify her admiration of the bits of mossy green garden; the bulging thatch roofs crowned with stone-crop, and in one instance with a tuft of blue bottle; the Vauxhall trees with golden lights glimmering in their dusky leaves; the broken lines of hedges reddening with the haws which, in the merry month of May, had been summer snow; and the solemn glimpses of old St. Basil's and its bristling ramparts (reminding Phœbe of the sword girt on its master's thigh), above which hung the evening and the morning star. Three months ago she would have prattled to Barty Wooler freely and fearlessly on every object of the walk, and would have prized each one of them

the more for the freedom and the inspiration of the prattle. But now, because he desired to have all her prattle to himself, he should have none of it. Thus their whole relations were disturbed and overturned. Phœbe was silenced for ever so far as Barty Wooler was concerned. So he had to console himself with the simple facts of the walk on the early autumn evening, and with the conquest of Mrs. Paston—a triumph which in other circumstances he could perhaps have dispensed with.

Phœbe would have been full of unmixed thankfulness that the walk was at an end, had it not been for the incident with which it closed. Mr. Paston met them at the door. He was a man of whom it could be written, "Much study had made him very lean and pale and leaden-eyed." He was a little like Phœbe, but wasted and worn, and with all her buoyant life and high courage stifled and broken. Still there was a deep, ardent, repressed glow in his eyes, and he looked the very type of a man marked out for neuralgia, heart-complaint, breast-pang, paralysis. He opened the door, and stood with it in his hand, as if, contrary to all his usual habits, he had been watching and waiting for them. Notwithstanding the hour, he wanted Barty to come in, and when Barty declined, he said, emphatically, "Come when you like, Wooler; remember you are always welcome."

Phœbe's father was not like her mother. He was a wiser man in his generation—proud and delicate-minded. In his strong affection for his only child he was not likely to be carried away by public clamour or private vanity.

In whom then should she have faith if her father failed her?—so Phœbe thought to herself as she entered the house.

CHAPTER IX.—IN THE PAINTING-ROOM.

THERE was one room in the old rectory at Wooers' Alley which Phœbe, after her return from Folksbridge, loved and prized even more than she had done before she went away. This room did not offend her more matured and trained taste as the drawing-room undoubtedly did.

Her father had furnished the drawing-room on his return from Italy, at the time of his marriage, and it had not been altered since. But her mother, who had not an original idea in furniture any more than in dress, was not accountable for this. Poor Mrs. Paston had not a thought beyond taking housewifely care of her household gods—only a tendency to pile Pelion on Ossa, and to overlay the one

with the other as a bad speller tries to cover his uncertain orthography by a redundancy of letters. The Wooers' Alley drawing-room—(in its solitary state literally the drawing-room of Wooers' Alley)—exhibited a faded transcript of that phase of Caleb Paston's life, when he came back from Rome wearing a blue cloak, a coat with crimson-lined sleeves, and a cameo ring. He had now left that period of his life far behind; but he had not sought to bring his drawing-room into correspondence with his advanced experience. Indeed, he had ceased to notice the details

of a room into which he went but seldom, and only to rest, when he did go. But now Mrs. Paston was minded to have tea there, in order to mark Phœbe's return home as a grown-up young lady.

As for Phœbe, ever since her return she had been wanting to see everything with the old unquestioning eyes, and had, at the same time, been striving to tone down the deep distinct colours of the drawing-room furniture—the scarlet and black of its vandycked curtains, and the apple-green ground of its carpet—and been doing all she could to soften



Page 223.

what was odd and fantastic in the preponderance of eagles, griffins, and serpents. Her ambition was to blend into greater unity the curiosity chairs and cabinets, and to make the most of the few good pictures, which were very much marred by the bad light and by their accompaniments. She had done what she could to keep the room from speaking "shop" to a degree and in a manner quite incongruous with English middle-class home-life.

But this other room in the old rectory Phœbe thought was fit to be looked at after

the Brockcotes rooms. She felt it was as far beyond any of the rooms at Garnet Lodge as works of art are beyond the mere products of wealth. This was her father's painting-room. He and Phœbe did not call it a studio, holding the term to be a foreign affectation.

Mr. Paston rarely tolerated visitors here, even when he was not working, unless, indeed, it might be an employer like Lord Exmoor. Mrs. Paston never crossed the door, having an obstinate aversion to the smell of paints. Besides, she laboured under the standing

grievance that Mr. Paston would never warn her to keep off his easel till it was too late, and declined to prompt her as to what she should notice and admire, so as to save her from mistakes which were awkward in an artist's wife.

But Phœbe had been free of her father's painting-room from the time when she served as a professional child-model, even before she was able to walk with a hold of his hand to Brockcotes. Her father had said she was such a quiet little woman that she never disturbed him or did mischief. The quietness, however, proceeded from her not having been brought much into contact with other children, rather than from her being a phenomenon of infantine discretion. She soon got a small appreciation of his performances, and would walk round them of her own accord, her plump little balls of hands ostentatiously and sagely clasped behind her back, all the while contemplating the pictures at her ease, like a little old virtuoso. The solitary painter, in the isolation of the country town, was refreshed by the child's sympathy and interest. He was not given to fondling children, but he would fondle her a little at such times, and, to the child's bewilderment, talk proudly, almost passionately, of Margaret Van Eyck and Tintoretto's daughter. Yet when the dream of her taking up the artist life died out, he was rather thankful for the disappointment. Art, he felt, was long—too long, too arduous, and too exclusive a path for any but a very exceptional woman's safe tread. Mr. Paston was too grateful for a little tolerably intelligent sympathy to lament that it was not the sympathy of a rival, in a rivalry that should ultimately carry the girl away on the engrossing current of her own fortunes.

It was a great step granted to Phœbe when she was told that she might enter her father's painting-room in his absence, look at its contents as she liked, and thus store up observations and conclusions for the painter's benefit the next time they should have a talk.

About a week after the Woolers' party, she was spending an evening by herself in the painting-room, where she was most secure from interruption and intrusion. She was now acting as housekeeper, her father and mother having gone to visit Aunt Sally, a sister of Mr. Paston's. Aunt Sally moved in a somewhat humbler walk of life than the Pastons, but was quite in comfortable circumstances. She was married to a parish-clerk and schoolmaster about ten miles distant from

Wellfield, and was tenacious in demanding that her kindred who had risen in the world should come and see her and taste of her hospitality once a year or so, or make up their minds to be baited and bombarded by her bitter reproaches. The ordeal was such, that Mr. Paston, though not a visiting man, preferred the first alternative.

The painting-room was at the back of the house, and had been the old rectory dining-room. It was lit entirely from one side, and by pleasant oriel windows, which looked into the orchard and flower-garden. Its exemption from cross lights was its special qualification for Mr. Paston's purpose.

The nights had lengthened since Phœbe's return from her grand tour. Ripening amber and purple plums, straw-coloured codling apples—earliest of the apple tribe—and mottled russet-green pears, were dropping on the grass. Silver stars of asters, golden suns of marigolds, Versailles ranks of hollyhocks and dahlias stood confronting each other, with the early dusk softening their features, or the harvest moon brightening them—all being evidence that the September race-week, the gala of the Wellfield year, with its company, honours, excitement, and profits was near at hand.

As Mr. Paston did not work at night, and objected to the presence of gas in his room, there was no chandelier. In its stead there was an oil reading-lamp. This arrangement suited Phœbe. She could carry the lamp wherever she chose, and throw its light from picture to picture. On a fine night like the present, she could still have the open window with a glimpse of the half moon, as yet young like herself, tipping the tops of the trees, and causing them to chequer the turf below with their shadows; and she could also have the pale, sweet China roses hanging into the sill.

The painting-room having changed with its master, was now as unlike as possible to the drawing-room. The servants called it master's workshop. It was sober to severity, with nothing grotesque in it but the spasmodic lay figure. No richness but the richness of art, and nothing of upholstery stuffs or ornaments, save as matters of drapery and background. It was bare and brown, with few traces of the artist mania for collection, except in plaster casts of subjects so common in their fame, that only the seal of the divine still left could preserve them—Dying Gladiator, Laocoon, and Dancing Fawn though they were—from being stale, flat, and unprofitable. There was one very valuable Riposo of Andrea del

Sarto, a rare enough sight out of Florence, and there were two small Holy Families of the Bassani, with the jewel-like brilliance of the tone strangely setting off the rustic homeliness of the figures, as if a second village maid had wedded another Lord of Burleigh and crowned her sun-burnt brow with a Devonshire diadem.

Phoebe knew the Andrea del Sarto and the Bassani almost as well as the lay figure, which was a very old acquaintance. It had been a reward for long spells of good behaviour in her childish days to be allowed to dress up the hideous lath man, Saul, in her little mantle and bonnet. This reward seemed but an event of yesterday. And yet here was she, in the swelling life of troubled maidenhood, cumbered with a suitor whom she did not want—vexed, too, by Lady Dorothea's congratulations, and aggrieved by what she could not help regarding as her father and mother's willingness to give her away to her father's restless old friend. Phoebe said to herself in tremulous scorn, that she might have been another desperate and shrewish Kate in sore need of another mocking Petruchio. To make the penalties of her womanhood complete, it only remained for her to be provided with a lover whom she did love.

Still she had never been able to care for the Del Sarto till now that she had reached womanhood, with its perplexities and distractions. The Virgin Mother was not youthful and pure, as Raphael's Madonnas, but was rather the reflection of a woman with *la beauté de diable*, haggard as well as fair—haggard with infinitely baser yearnings and disappointments than those which, in anticipation of her incomparable sorrow, pierced the heart of the blessed among women. It was a face like that of Vivien, when Merlin's wisdom fell before the folly which he could read like a printed page. In this picture, from the promptings of his own wretched heart, the old Italian painter had lent to the face an air of wistful, baffled combating as with its own evil—a lingering, heart-broken looking back from its miserable vanities and vicious appetites, before the final plunge in which two sinful souls went out from God's light into darkness. The prematurely old, beautiful, but crafty face of the wife of one of the luxurious, dissolute goldsmiths of Florence, which was made to represent the innocent Hebrew peasant girl, betrothed to the carpenter of Nazareth, preached a marvellous sermon of its own to Phoebe, a sermon to scare as well as to fascinate.

She stepped softly from picture to picture,

carrying the lamp uplifted, so that it threw its mild light, not only on the pictures, but on her own rounded figure. She wore a thin white jacket, buttoned with coral studs, over a dress of some light stuff, with glossy peacock-tail spots on it. She looked here an altogether different person from the uncomfortable, unresponsive Phoebe of Mrs. Wooler's party.

The figure was not out of keeping with the ideal groups among which it moved so tenderly. There was a transfer of graces, and over both there hovered something of the bountiful charm of an early harvest night. It was Phoebe—caught at one of those happy moments which may make impressions to last a life-time. She was in herself a picture at this instant—the happier that she was wholly unconscious of it—a picture fit to take and hold in itself all the poetry of the pictures. And the setting too was of the choicest. The cool shimmer of the moon, and the warm gleam of the lamp, the pale summer roses on the sill hanging heavy to death with their faint sad fragrance, and the glowing embers of the wood fire sinking into white ashes, like a good man going down, time-honoured, to his grave in peace, were all fitting accessories.

Phoebe had studied a Herodias with a head of John the Baptist, which her father was copying from a nameless old picture at Brockcotes. Neither the subject nor the style was much to his taste or to hers. She had shaken her head, and passed on to what she called fondly a Caleb Paston. This was a picture of an old man and a little child, in an ancient hall, like the guard-room at Brockcotes; a picture which, with no affectation of sentiment, was full of pensive, human feeling, of humour and pathos, and was pervaded by subtle lights and shades of humanity, so delicate that one was in danger of forgetting their grasp in their fineness.

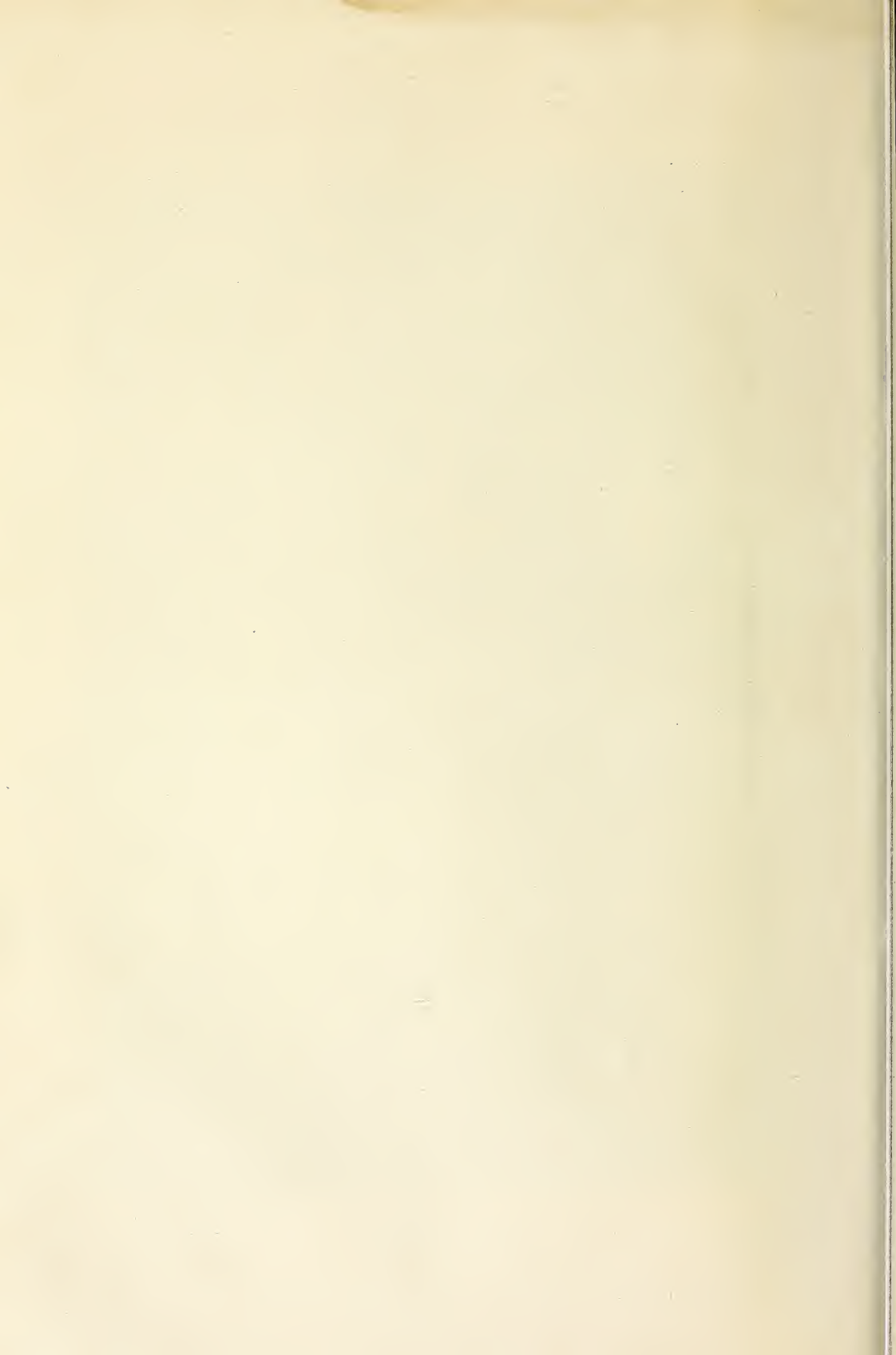
She was gazing at the picture with her heart in her eyes, smiling with lips apart, and holding up the lamp to see every corner of the canvas, when she was startled by the opening of the door. Her father's painting-room was so private a place that she was quite taken aback. Already, in the door-way, were two gentlemen, at whom she stared. They stood still, dazzled by the light of which she was the radiating point.

CHAPTER X.—SURPRISED AND MYSTIFIED.

"How do you do, Phoebe?" cried an assured and well-known voice; "I asked the maid-servant if you were at home, and when she said that you were in my uncle's painting-



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."



room, I told her to take us there at once; I hope I have not committed a shocking blunder by bearing down her scruples and breaking in on a young lady's mooning without leave?"

"You have often before now broken in on my mooning without leave, Frank, so one more offence needn't count." Thus Phoebe acknowledged her cousin, and came forward to shake hands with him, divided between gladness at seeing him, and uncertainty as to whether she might without any objection receive him there.

"Now, before I ask whether you have come from London or Garnet Lodge, and all the rest of it, I must beg you not to move a step farther. You know you are on forbidden ground, Frank; papa will not let anybody in here unless he is here himself."

"But I'm not anybody, Phoebe, any more than yourself," persisted Frank Hall, keeping his ground unabashed; "may not a nobody come in?"

Phoebe hesitated; she knew very well that it was the last thought likely to be seriously entertained by Frank Hall that he was a nobody; but she did not want to overstep her instructions. She would like very well to show him those of her father's pictures which he had not seen, and to note the impression they made upon him. Although fault-finding was Frank's trade, she knew he was capable of something better. But she was discomposed by the presence of the stranger, very likely another ironical journalist, whom her cousin did not introduce to her. She decided, at last, that her father would prefer that she should lean to the side of liberality and courtesy, and she granted Frank Hall and his companion the required permission.

"Since you have come so far, Frank, I suppose I am not obliged to turn you out. But you must make up your mind to behave like a nobody—take no notice of anything you see, and not go and lay down the law about it afterwards; or if you do I shall never forgive myself."

"You may depend upon *my* behaving like a nobody, Miss Paston," Frank's anonymous friend broke in; "for I have not a particle of claim to any other character."

Still Frank did not introduce the stranger, and Phoebe had a passing notion that it was somewhat odd that he should address her by name without an introduction. Frank stood looking at his companions as though his acute pug-nose were sniffing a little surprise and a good deal of amusement in the air, very much, indeed, as if he had expected the

persons before him to have known and recognised each other. Seeing the position of affairs, Phoebe became possessed with the conviction that the under-sized, dark, pleasant-looking young man of three or four and twenty must be some other newspaper man (higher bred, and not smelling so unmistakably of tobacco), whom she had met in Frank Hall's society at Garnet Lodge or at Folksbridge, and whom she ought to greet and welcome to Wellfield. Yet in spite of the most strenuous effort of memory she could not recall when or where she had seen her new acquaintance. The low stature which had elegance in it, and the face that was largely forehead, eyes, and soft moustache and beard, she could not remember, though once seen, they were not likely to be forgotten. She could not arrive at any more definite conclusion than that she must have seen the gentleman before.

Phoebe felt that the vagueness of the antecedents made her position awkward, and she dreaded that Frank Hall, though senior of the party by half-a-dozen years, might be tempted to farther mystification and mischief. She was eager to make a diversion by showing the pictures. Frank told her that in for a penny was in for a pound, and added something about holding a key to the position beforehand, so that a surreptitious advantage was of no moment. At this his companion put up an eyeglass.

Phoebe first took the gentlemen to the Del Sarto and the Bassani, in honour preferring the dead masters.

"Ah! the miserable tailor," exclaimed Frank Hall's friend on the instant; "I did not expect to meet him out of the shadow of his campanile."

Phoebe was puzzled anew, and changed her mind at the word. The stranger must be an artist like her father, and not a journalist like Frank. But how could she have come to think she had seen him before, while all the time she was satisfied that Barty Wooler was the only artist whose acquaintance she had made since she left her father's house? Frank had brought his artist friend to see her father's pictures, and it was hard to say whether the cousins had been altogether discreet in the manner in which the purpose had been fulfilled.

"It is bad enough to have a round-eyed baby to represent the typical mother, but a vile woman of the world is a mighty deal worse," remarked Frank Hall, with dry directness, as he looked at the Del Sarto. He had no relentings towards the wicked, or, for

that matter, towards the foolish of the world.

Phœbe proceeded to illuminate one of her father's pictures, which he had painted a number of years before. He still kept it on his wall, and occasionally retouched it, although he sometimes disparaged it as being *manière* and harsh, like his early version of the Brockcotes tragedy. At least Phœbe remembered that when her father had shown his pictures to his old friend, Wooler had advanced to it, and looked at it without permitting himself an expression either of praise or censure, although he had been commenting on the others very freely. He continued his progress, accompanied by Mr. Paston, neither of the two exchanging a word on this work, as though they were tacitly agreed to hold it below criticism. Phœbe could not consent to measure its deserts by their standard, but neither could she set up her opinion in opposition to theirs. Accordingly, she displayed the picture with a doubtful qualm of her responsible daughter's heart.

The painting was a version of the apocryphal legend of one of the Bellini stealing from another Italian painter the secret of painting in oils,—a secret which had before then cost Andrea the assassin his crime, and the victim his life. The Bellini, in the disguise of a Venetian cavalier, strolls into his fellow's studio, and in the character of a sitter introduces himself to the envied possessor of the grand arcanum of painters. During the sitting, while the unsuspecting painter mixes his pigments, the Bellini narrowly watches, and learns the medium which by comparison left the juice of figs as weak as water. Caleb Paston had not only reproduced the mediæval studio and the figures—the unsuspecting worker manifestly triumphing in the hidden, hard-earned knowledge, which is now unconsciously oozing from his finger-ends, and the eager, absorbed spectator, masking his interest by pretending to play with the painter's popinjay—but had rendered the whole with something of the justness and concentration which belonged to his last, best style. In particular he had lent to the darkened face of the Bellini a devouring anxiety, a despairing necessity which made his discovery a matter of life and death to him.

"This is not bad," said Frank Hall's associate, using a quiet, negative form of praise, that needed all the cordiality and pleasure of the tone to keep Phœbe from spurning it as an ill-conceived and unmerited slight on her father's established reputation.

"This is not the Bellini, however," ob-

jected the young connoisseur; "at least, I have seen Gian Bellini's portrait at all periods of his life, and this is none of him. It is a fancy likeness; I take it there is more in it of the man who painted it than of Bellini. He has rubbed down some of his individuality, and mixed his colours with what proves a shockingly expensive alloy, though it is the only valuable one."

Phœbe began now to be struck with the fact, that very much at his ease and communicative as this gentleman was, he had a dash of boyishness in his dignity, indicating half-a-dozen years between him and Frank Hall, who, being the eldest of the family at Garnet Lodge, was some ten years older than Phœbe.

"A sensational and impressive dogma," Frank chimed in to the last remark. "I think I see a little likeness to Paston himself,—my uncle, Phœbe,—in his spurious Bellini."

"And I am sure you see nothing of the kind: you are talking nonsense, Frank," protested Phœbe, a little annoyed, she could hardly tell why. "There is no more of papa in that face than there is of me, who am also sallow in complexion."

"Oh, no, not sallow, Phœbe; golden brown, since we cannot call it fair in a literal sense. Now, don't be angry with my distinction; it was you who forced us into the discussion. There is none of you there as you are at present—I don't know what there might be under other circumstances. But I shall have to argue with my uncle against the disease of personality, for all my friend says of the alloy. Mr. Paston ought not, at this time of day, to put himself with flourishes into his pictures as Byron put himself into his poems. Goethe did it too; but you know we pardon a great deal to Goethe."

"Now, Frank, you will not," forbade Phœbe; "I mean you shall not put in your column of *The Bat* an article on the self-consciousness of modern artists. I hate that pretence of knowing everything and being everybody's teacher which you literary men choose to set up. What constitutes you the impartial censors of the public?"

"There, Phœbe, you have said it. The public—the public elects us, at least it credits us, and is glad to buy our wisdom second-hand; and we are glad to sell our ware, for we have human wants, and do not pretend to be above them."

"You are the most impudent pretenders I know. I wonder the world encourages you, or suffers you; but it will rise in revolt

and annihilate you one day—that is some comfort. You don't put your names to your effusions, which read all so very much alike—all sneer and languor, with a faint, supercilious wonder, now and then, that the world, worthless as you find it, has lasted so long. Yet it is in your eyes the hugest presumption to attempt to make the world better. Your cure for the world's evils, you know, is simply stabbing the lieges in the back."

"You are amazingly logical on their behalf, my dear Phœbe. But pray don't affront me beyond forgiveness, lest I do you some harm without being able to resist it, seeing that my tendencies are so awfully destructive."

"You are not destructive at all, Frank," contradicted Phœbe, raising her brows; "you only flatter yourself with being an executioner in the department of art. Any one could give you a specimen of the condemnation which you contribute to *The Bat*: 'We must put a veto on the deadly apathy of brown and grey, which would be endurable in a lithograph. We cannot admit what is a monstrous innovation. Let us have handling at once solid and lustrous. If we are not to have the inspiration of genius, let us at least have painting, and Mr. Paston has not even given us this.' That is the very echo of your style, Frank."

"Thank you; I hadn't the least idea it had been so good; I had not, really."

"But the style of art you condemn takes root, and grows and flourishes in spite of you. The books you cut up are read and spread, and do their mission in defiance of you. You can do no more than the east wind, which makes everybody feel uncomfortable and quarrelsome while it blows, but only blights foreigners and weaklings."

"Yes; and the east wind checks premature growth, and keeps down weeds and vermin,—about as much as any of us can ever hope to do. I willingly accept the simile, Miss Phœbe, but it appears to me that the east wind is blowing from the other side of the house to-night."

"Well, Frank, I am not afraid of a return ôblast. I am in the safe privacy which attends on an ordinary young woman who has nothing to tell her neighbours, and can only feel obliged when her neighbours have anything to tell her. I shall never write a book for you to notice with condescending pity or supreme disdain, because you must have some prey nearer your muscular yet refined training to stir your strength into genuine, gentleman-like abuse. I shall never paint anything good enough even for the Ladies' Exhibition. I

think I should dislike to have a friend in your court pretending to praise me, and bribing the rest of you to silence, far more than to have you all my open enemies. Papa's reputation is made. You gallant men, who stab with pen and ink, are too cowardly to meddle with made reputations, unless you happen to bear special personal malice, and papa lies too far out of your way for such a feeling as that."

"Papa's daughter doesn't seem to lie too far out of the way."

"I cannot help it, Frank; I cannot put up with you; though I don't mean you particularly, and of course there are exceptions. But most of you are far from humble and modest in expecting that the world is never to become sick of the not very honourable revelations of how you get up this penny journal, how you gave each other a lift, and how you knocked rivals down, and were the only true, kind fellows in the world—that is, to each other. It is all imitation French, Frank, superfine sneer and stiletto, or corduroy growl and fist. It is a cool plagiarism from Victor Hugo and Balzac, as I have heard them spoken of, and has an unmistakably Gallic flavour about it, and suits a thousand times better with portecochères, quartiers, crémeries, feuilletons, le Théâtre de Variétés, and Meudon, than with English firesides, Covent Garden, the *Times* newspaper, and the Thames at Richmond."

"My dear Phœbe, did I ever imagine that you would be guilty of a harangue, of a whole lot of harangues!" protested Frank. "I had the idea at one point that you were going to cast the card of Lord Chesterfield's usage of Dr. Johnson in my face, and I was preparing to take the trick with a quotation from Sir James Mackintosh."

"You provoked me, Frank," Phœbe put forward in apology, colouring as she spoke.

"Then I must be lamentably unfortunate in my manner," regretted Frank in demure despair. "I can certify that I never said a word to call down such an attack—I take my friend to witness."

Frank Hall and Phœbe Paston were sufficiently related to be familiar and friendly. They did not dislike a war of words, and were in some danger of warring continually when they met, as if battle were the breath of their nostrils. But Frank could not altogether account for Phœbe's sudden animus to-night, and thought it hardly well-bred. Phœbe herself had a quick remorseful feeling that such vehement jesting in earnest might seem bold and ungracious in the eyes of a stranger. Several influences contributed to

the result. She was chafed by what she had done in admitting the two men to her father's painting-room, and by the little mocking mystery of having failed to identify one of the two. Again, though Frank Hall could not be aware of the fact, and his companion still less so, Phœbe, in her sarcasms, was aiming three-fourths of her light shot, not at Frank Hall or his comrade either, but right over their heads at a caricatured effigy of Barty Wooler, which she saw in the blank space before her. Barty, with his broad back, was the Saxo-Gallic Bohemian vagabond, whom she was fain to riddle in every vulnerable part. Not being able to explain her intentions, she stood covered with a piquant discomfiture.

"Miss Paston hits hard. Is it the fashion for the young ladies of Wellfield to be like the heroines of sensational novels—*killing* in more senses than one?"

Phœbe regarded the question as charged with a little impertinence from a new-comer, and armed herself to ignore it with all her girl's loftiness and shyness. The speaker, on his side, continued without even seeming to be sensible of a double intrusion, and without minding the lack of a reply:—

"I confess I am glad to hear Hall get his due. I am convinced the press men are the most intolerably conceited cads of egotists breathing. The fellows and the dons at the universities are nothing to them."

"Take care," Frank warned him, "you have not my cousin's blessed immunity from our claws and fangs,—or are they hoofs and horns, eh, Phœbe?"

"I laugh at your steel pens and bad type," asserted the aristocratic-looking lad in merry fearlessness. "We have had no electioneering in my day. We never went in for that kind of thing like some folk."

As Phœbe stood listening, trying hard to puzzle out his meaning, he resumed the personal discussion. "I am a mere dauber at art. I have no prospect of ever exhibiting any more than Miss Paston, and with far more reason for my humility. I shall not play the Bellini in Mr. Paston's painting-room."

"No, indeed," Phœbe said to herself indignantly. To turn the current of conversation, she remarked aloud—"Papa has no portrait of any member of the Brockcotes family here just now."

"You know I am living at Brockcotes," interrupted Frank, quickly.

"I knew you were invited to Brockcotes; we were all exceedingly proud and pleased to hear it."

"The deuce you were," protested Frank, and checked himself.

"But I thought you would have come to us first," objected Phœbe, a little piqued.

"No, for the good reason that we"—here he cast a glance at his companion—"travelled down to Wellfield last night in the small hours, when every respectable family in the town was sleeping the sleep of the just. I must have gone to the 'Exmoor Arms' if we had not entertained a notion that in a colossal establishment such as Brockcotes, some stray meditative mortal above the harness-room or in the dairymaid's quarter might be waking. We therefore went on and got admission. The Earl was good enough to give me some preserves in my own line to walk over this morning, until I walk over the stubble and turnip fields. We came out to have the air and a smoke on leaving the dining-room, and we walked over here. I do not think I have been very long in reporting myself."

As Frank spoke Phœbe's attention was for the first time drawn to the fact that the gentlemen were dressed for dinner.

She was pursuing two lines of thought. The main line, which she kept to herself, was something like this: "And so this boy is at Brockcotes too. What right can he have to be there? Surely Frank can never have been so outrageously independent as to carry a companion unasked to share in the Brockcotes hospitalities. Papa will be terribly vexed if it is so, and will not know how to apologize for the freedom of his nephew's behaviour. The Earl is very good, but he never forgets that he is the Earl of Exmoor; and no one else forgets it save a noisy artist of the Barty Wooler type, or a man of letters like Frank, notwithstanding that he pretends to polish, and has an idea of going into parliament and becoming a great man in politics. I should as soon take a liberty with the Countess as with the Earl, but certainly my uncle Hall would not comprehend the enormity, far less stand aghast at it. He cannot distinguish the difference between Garnet Lodge and Brockcotes, between bills of lading and letters patent."

The second line of thought Phœbe followed almost mechanically, and spoke it out: "Papa had a good likeness of Lord Exmoor here for years,—you might now have been competent to pronounce on it,—but it was painted for the court-rooms, and was removed there some months ago. I have a sketch of Lady Dorothea in coloured chalks which was not done by papa, but was sent

me from Munich, and is hung in my own room, but I do not think it does her half justice. The Countess does not care to sit, though papa has painted her; so did Leslie on her marriage, and Thorburn in a group with her children. Lord Wriothesley has been so much away from Brockcotes, since he was a little fellow, that we would not know a portrait of him at Wellfield though we had it."

Phoebe ended in the slight accent of ill-usage with which Wellfield was beginning to allude to the protracted absence of the heir-apparent.

"Since he was a little fellow," repeated the stranger, as if in absence of mind, and Frank Hall laughed at this indiscretion. The artist continued, "I hope Lord Wriothesley will not disappoint you either in the flesh or on the canvas when he does turn up. The worst thing of a *rara avis* is that when you've got it in your hand, it is so apt to prove but a common crow."

Phoebe flashed up again as the champion of the Brockcotes family.

"Lord Wriothesley has taken a double first at Oxford," she urged warmly, setting the young man right, and putting an end to her own stiffness; "he is very clever. With his abilities and his position, he must do something great."

"But what on earth is there great left for him to do?" argued his detractor, showing a strong sense of the difficulty. "The handle to his name may have helped him to his class—I don't doubt that there are tuft-hunters among the examiners as well as among the students. I can't say it is to my mind that a peer's son should devote himself to putting out fires, or getting her Majesty's opera out of grief; then Garibaldi sings truce for the present; the Arctic regions are used up—I mean," here the stranger called himself back, and took pains to correct himself, "if Wriothesley is of my way of thinking, he must look on the temple of fame as awfully hard to reach when there is nothing under the sun, which his ancestors or other fellows' ancestors have been liberal enough to leave for such as he to strike out."

"Lady Dorothea and the Earl and the Countess would be dreadfully disappointed," insisted Phoebe, "and we would all be disappointed, if he failed. Lord Wriothesley belongs to Wellfield. We have pinned our faith to him, and mean to be very proud of his triumph."

"I suppose patentee of the green wax, or surveyor of the meltings at the mint would

hardly suit Lady Dorothea's book or yours?" questioned her opponent.

Phoebe did not recognise the quizzical allusion, and with the strong prejudice of her years against being laughed at, had a still more decided objection to the process as being performed by an assuming lad whom Frank Hall thought fit to carry hither and thither with him.

"Lord Wriothesley ought to be very grateful," concluded the young man more seriously.

"For what?" asked Frank Hall cynically; "for having honours thrust upon him, or for having other people borrow his honours?"

"Never mind, Hall. He ought to be grateful, and what is more, I believe he is."

"Well," said Frank, with a still queerer look than any that had gone before, "you should know best." And he followed this up by a brusque statement that if they meant to show themselves to the Countess, they could not trespass on Phoebe's patience any longer. So he took leave of his cousin in haste.

When the gentlemen were gone, Phoebe tried to escape out of the labyrinth she had been led into, and to cast off the incubus of balked curiosity. But simple as the clue was, its very simplicity, and the pre-occupation of her mind, made her miss it. The only conclusion she could arrive at was, that Frank, like his tribe, had a propensity for doing things differently from other people, and had no objection to astonishing his friends. Phoebe liked Frank Hall all the same, and was proud of the position which he had attained among journalists, while, nevertheless, she railed at him and his affectation.

"Phoebe," cried Mr. Paston, prepared to bring an accusation against his daughter on his coming into the drawing-room next day, "Phoebe, what scrape is this you have got into?"

"Is it my allowing Frank Hall and his friend to come into your painting-room last night, papa?" inquired Phoebe without much perturbation, as she leant forward to arrange a glass full of purple and white stocks on the table before her. "Frank was in the doorway before I saw him, and I could not very well turn both him and his friend out; but you know I told you all about it when you came home this morning, and of the other man whom I could not make out, and whom Frank did not take the trouble to name."

"Humph! the man you could not make out! rather an awkward piece of ignorance, when I have made him out to be Lord Wriothesley."

"Oh! papa, it could not have been Lord Wriothlesley—impossible that I should have been so stupid as not to know Lord Wriothlesley," cried Phœbe, quitting her flower in incredulity and consternation. "Lord Wriothlesley would never come here in such a manner under Frank Hall's wing."

"Lord Wriothlesley came here in the way which happened to suit him, and did not think twice about it. Frank Hall is quite fit to be a Mercury, although he is too big for a Puck, even were there no odd whimsical element to be extracted from the situation."

"Perhaps he did not mean it, perhaps neither of them meant it beforehand," said Phœbe, who was reflecting with all her might, and who now arrived at the correct solution. "It struck me from the first that they both thought I ought to know Lord Wriothlesley, if that boyish-looking lad—and I see now why he looked quite master of himself and of the position—can be Lord Wriothlesley. They would naturally forget how long it was since I had seen him, indeed it would seem a matter of course to Lord Wriothlesley that everybody at Wellfield should recognise him at once."

"I must say," commented Mrs. Paston, as she roused herself out of a gaping maze, "I never approved of your father's trusting you in his painting-room, where I do not go—what with the white-lead and the verdeggris in the paints, and your gowns and things. I am sure you ought not to have met Lord Wriothlesley till he came and called for me here, and then I should have got to know him properly myself."

"I am sure I wish I had not met him, mamma; it was from no desire of mine," sighed Phœbe; and then for the benefit of her father and mother, she pondered anew, and laughed, and blushed the vivid wine-coloured blush of a brown beauty, in which traces of irresistible waggishness struggled with those of ingenuous shame. "Oh dear!" she said, "I shall never be able to look him in the face again, for we spoke of him to himself—at least I spoke of him; a gentleman like Lord Wriothlesley should not have listened to me. What a disgrace it was of Frank Hall to allow me to do it!"

"You should not have been so rash. Frank Hall would make no bones of it," her father reproached her.

"I never saw anybody like you, Phœbe," Mrs. Paston commented; "you either chatter like a magpie, or you sit as mum as a mouse, like you did the other night, miss."

Mr. Paston, by the defects of his early

education, was rendered punctilious, and if the offender had been anybody else, he would have been much annoyed. As it was, he took refuge in a bit of hyperbole. "I dare-say Hall took notes of the scene. It might serve some friend who writes for the *Olympic* or the *Adelphi*."

"I could not have said anything very bad," reasoned Phœbe, readily taking consolation to herself now that her father indulged in humorous exaggeration, "because there is nothing bad to be said of the Brockcotes family. And even if there were, I should certainly be the last person to say it, and I was very angry at the rude way in which another person spoke of them lately. But I remember I told Lord Wriothlesley what was expected of him. No, I cannot look him in the face again!"

But Phœbe looked Lord Wriothlesley in the face that very afternoon, when he called upon Mrs. Paston in due form, and unaccompanied by the disturbing presence of Frank Hall. Lord Wriothlesley, like his father, was quiet and simple, unconsciously dignified and affable; and he was in addition Lady Dorothea's own brother in quick intelligence and the abandonment with which he threw himself into a subject. Until he rose to go he did no more than take Phœbe, who kept in the background the better to cover her confusion, into the general scope of his looks and words. Then he addressed her particularly to offer his sincere excuses for his share in the misunderstanding and mystification.

"It was an accident, Miss Paston, and altogether unpremeditated. You cannot conceive us guilty of the impertinence of proposing to play a trick upon you; though I freely admit that one of us ought to have taken the initiative, and acquainted you with what was a trifle after all. I feel no end of mortification for not showing more consideration towards you, and I can only trust to your generosity and kindness not to suffer me to fall in your opinion, and not to allow it to interfere with what ought to be our good relations, for the sake of my father's old friend, Mr. Paston, and of your friend, my sister."

Phœbe was a little reconciled to herself and mollified towards him by the grace of his excuses. As to taking out her indignation on Frank Hall the next time she saw him, he was so lost to shyness and fine feelings of that description, that it would have been very like seeking the payment of a heavy debt from a penniless man.

DEBENHAM'S VOW.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XVII.—WHAT DEBENHAM FOUND
AT THE POST-OFFICE.

LOVE is an expensive luxury, as all lovers can testify. The poorest clown must find a piece or two wherewith to buy ribbons for Mopsa when Auto-lycus comes by with his pack; and so, in like manner, Temple Debenham, than whom few lovers could well be poorer,

trudged into Monmouth that very afternoon, and bartered away a bright, new sovereign for a ring to place on Miss Alleyne's finger. It was a poor little ring enough—a mere wire of twisted gold, surmounted by a tiny heart set with one small turquoise, and containing a place for hair. But Temple's sovereigns were very few in number, and, slight as the gift was, he could afford no better. He gave the jeweller a bit of his hair to put in the little heart, and then, having Archie with him for company, took a stroll round Monmouth while it was being done.

Conscientious sight-seers both, they contrived within the next hour and a half to explore the quaint old town from end to end, seeing the market-place, the castle-walls within which Harry V. was born, the ancient gate upon the Monnow-bridge, and the beautiful old Priory window in which, say the traditions of the place, Geoffrey the Chronicler loved to sit and write.

By the time, however, that the sight-seeing was achieved and the ring ready, it was nearly five o'clock. The afternoon was hot, the way long, the road dusty, and Archie proposed that they should take a boat back to Cillingford. While he ran down to the Wye bridge to chaffer with the boatmen, Debenham, strolling leisurely after him,

caught sight of the post-office at the corner of a neighbouring street. He hesitated—passed on—stopped—turned back.

It seemed unlikely that there should be any letters waiting; and yet it was possible. For himself, he had heard from his mother quite regularly since leaving home, and he had no other correspondent. He had also kept her informed of his address. Still, both he and Archie were to have been at Monmouth a week ago, and, Archie being a man of business, it was just possible . . . At all events he could not do wrong to inquire.

So he went into the post-office, and asked if there were any letters for Mr. Archibald Blyth. The post-mistress, a rather pretty young woman in ringlets and a scarlet Garibaldi, dipped into a row of pigeon-holes at the back of her desk, and pronounced that there were no letters for Mr. Archibald Blyth.

"Nor for Mr. Temple Debenham?"

She fluttered about the pigeon-holes again, shook her ringlets triumphantly, and produced an envelope sealed with black wax. There was a letter—one letter—for Mr. Temple Debenham.

He recognised the seal, shape, and general aspect of the letter before even seeing the handwriting. It was from his mother.

He turned it over. He examined the post-mark. It bore date of more than a week ago.

Now it happened that he had received a letter from Mrs. Debenham that very morning, and one almost every morning since he had been at Cillingford; but in none of these had she made allusion to this missive, lying, "to be called for," at the Monmouth post-office. Concluding, therefore, that it had been despatched before he had announced his intention of putting up at the "Silver Trout" till further notice, and also concluding that its contents must by this time be tolerably stale, he thrust the letter into his breast-pocket, and ran on to the Wye Bridge to see what Archie was after. He found that cheerful and indefatigable henchman sitting on the parapet, whistling a lively air, and contemplating the labours of a boatman who, having piloted his boat to the foot of the stairs, was busily wiping down the seats, spreading his bit of carpet, and making ready for the journey.

"Behold our 'trim-built wherry,'" he said, as Debenham came up, breathless from running. "Charon asked five bob. Thy Pylades

offered him three. The bargain is struck for three-and-six. Don't look grave. Even to walk costs something, you know; and in this world nothing can be done for nothing. See, I've bought some buns, a tin flute, and a number of the *Family Herald*,—the buns for our fleshly sustenance; the *Family Herald* for the improvement of our minds and manners; the tin flute that we may have 'music on the waters,' going along. You can serenade the fair Juliet on it to-night, if you like. So romantic; cost one penny. Hi, boatman! are you ready?"

The boatman touched his cap, and sung out, "Ay, ay, sir," in true nautical fashion. So they went down, took their seats, pushed off, and in another moment were gliding along as fast as a capital pair of oars, aided by the force of the current, could carry them.

Then Debenham bethought him of his letter. He had no sooner taken it from the envelope, however, than he was struck by something unusual in the appearance of it. It was a very long letter, to begin with. It was written upon Bath post letter-paper. The writing, too, was smaller and closer than Mrs. Debenham's ordinary hand, and covered rather more than three pages. Finally, the whole document, in its regularity and clearness, looked like a careful transcript rather than a news letter, thrown off, as Mrs. Debenham's letters were habitually thrown off, *currente calamo*.

Marvelling somewhat at these things, and moved by a vague and sudden sense of apprehension, the young man began to read. At about the third or fourth line he paused, looked back to the date, and referred to the post-mark on the envelope. Then he began afresh from the beginning, and read about half the first page. And then, with a look not so much of trouble as of surprise and perplexity, he stopped again; darted an impatient glance at Archie, who was shrilling negro melodies on the tin flute with all his might; folded the letter up without attempting to read further, thrust it hastily into his pocket, and leaned back, earnestly thinking.

"No bad news, I hope," said Archie, stopping short in the midst of a flourish.

Debenham shook his head.

"No," he said. "No news at all,—at least, nothing that can be called news."

Archie looked up inquiringly.

"But don't ask me anything about it, dear old fellow," continued Debenham, hastily. "I really don't know what the letter is about myself, yet—bygone family matters, so far as I can see. There, we won't talk of it, please."

And so the matter dropped.

The Alleynes had just sat down to dinner when they got back to Cillingford; but later, when Temple and Archie had despatched their own frugal meal and made such change of dress as their limited resources would permit, Mr. Alleyne came out to smoke his usual post-prandial cigar, and found them in the porch. Then followed the now-habitual invitation to tea and a rubber; and then Mr. Alleyne and Archie strolled up and down outside, while Debenham talked to Juliet through the parlour-window.

"You look," he said, "like a portrait in a frame of honeysuckle; or, rather, like one of those pieces by two masters, where one painted the head, and the other surrounded it with a garland of flowers."

"I hope I am a good likeness," laughed Miss Alleyne.

"The best ever seen—of an angel," said the lover, passionately.

And then he brought out his little ring, tried it upon her finger, and besought her to wear it for his sake.

"Think that it is my heart," he said, showing her the little device, "and try not to break it."

"Your heart has a hinge to it!"

"Yes—see, it opens."

"And this is your hair?"

"This is my hair."

"Nay, then, you cannot be enshrined in your own heart. It must be my heart, if you are in it."

Mr. Alleyne's back being turned for the moment, Debenham seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

"That is the dearest thing you have ever said to me yet!" he exclaimed. "Am I really enshrined in your heart? Is it my home, my shelter, my kingdom for ever?"

"Be sober, please, or I will immediately unsay it," retorted Miss Alleyne, drawing back from the window.

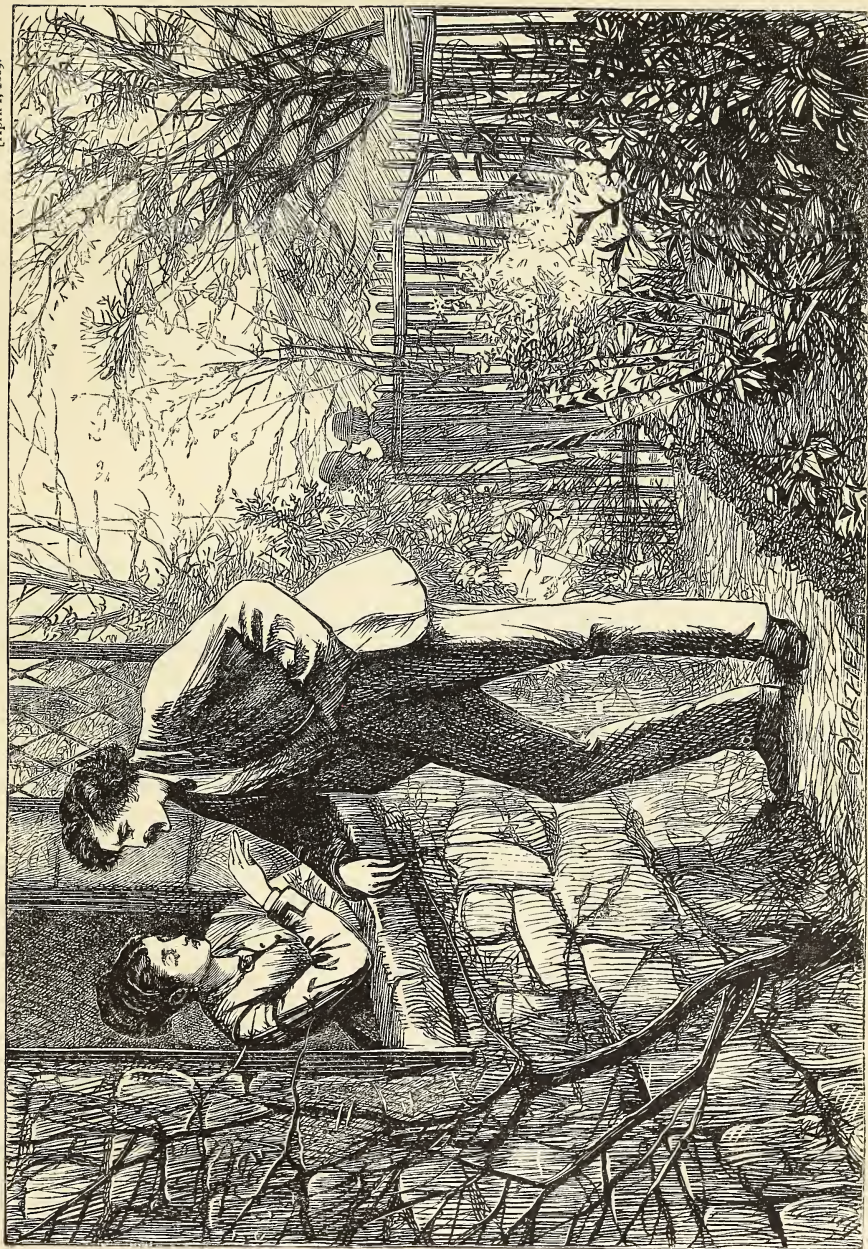
"Could you be so cruel?"

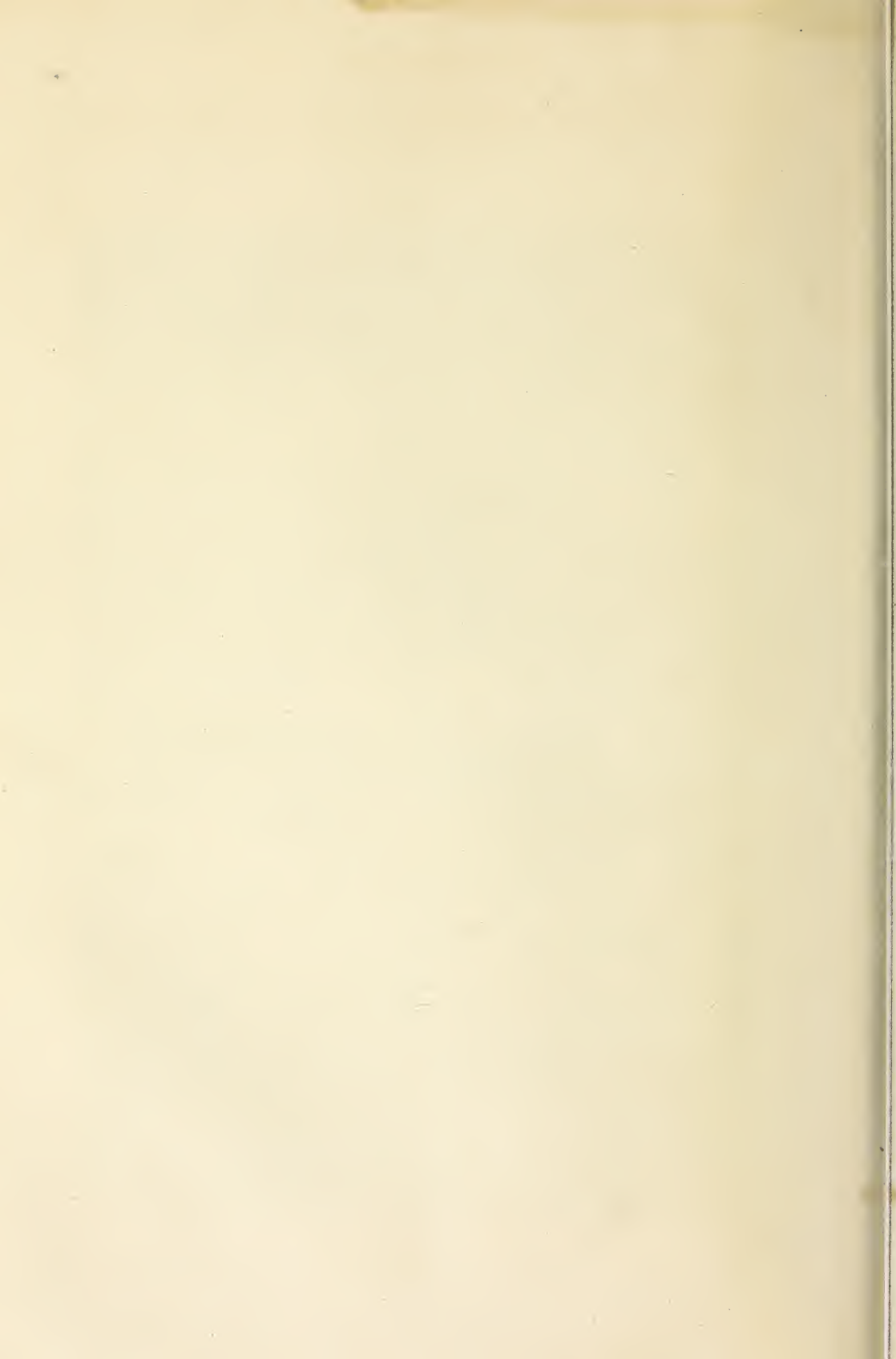
"You have no idea how cruel I can be. I am the perversest creature living."

"If I were only sure that you love me as much as I love you, you might torment me to your heart's content!"

"I think, my darling," said Mr. Alleyne, coming back to the window, "you had better ring for tea."

So Miss Alleyne rang for tea, and the gentlemen went in, and all love-whispering was over for that evening. She wore his ring, however; and she was his partner at cards; and her hand lingered in his at parting.





"I shall go out again presently," he murmured. "Bid me good-night from your window."

And she gave him a smile which was a promise.

He then went up to his room, as if for the night, and bolted himself in. He would not go out again at once, for two reasons—the first being that he did not care to have Archie's company under Miss Alleyne's window; and the second, that he had all this time been waiting for a quiet opportunity to read his mother's letter. So now he sat down on the side of his bed, took the candle in one hand and the letter in the other, and disposed himself to a careful perusal of its contents.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MRS. DEBENHAM'S LETTER.

THE letter, it has already been observed, was long and closely written. Seeing once more how long and how close it was, Debenham was again conscious of that same vague sense of apprehension which he had felt on first opening it. He told himself, however, that presentiments were all folly, and that his mother could not possibly have anything to write to him, which he should not rejoice to read; and so he began.

This was what he read:—

"Cumberland Terrace, Canonbury,
August 4, 1860.

"MY DEAR SON,

"I intend this letter to be received by you when you reach Monmouth, and I, therefore, send it on to await you at the post-office, knowing that you will find it there sooner or later.

"You will be surprised when I tell you that at Monmouth you are within a dozen miles of the spot where your beloved father lies buried. You know that he died in North Wales; but you do not know that he was a native of Benhampton, in Monmouthshire, and that he was laid, by his own wish, in the vaults of Benhampton Church, the burial-place of his family for many generations. I never saw the place before that day, when, at the close of a long and mournful journey, I there parted from all that yet remained to me of my precious friend and companion; and I have never seen it since. You, however, ought to see it; and you ought to know more of your family history than I have yet had courage to tell you. It has ever been a painful subject to me; but that has not been my only reason for avoiding it. I have shrunk from it on your account, my own boy, even more than upon my own. Your life, up to this time at least, has been embittered by no regrets. You have been obscure, and industrious, and happy; and you have been honourably ambitious of success in the profession of your own choice. What unhappiness for me, if anything I had to say to you should disturb that peace, and make you dissatisfied with your present condition!

"A chance determination, however, has taken you almost to the very spot where your family history may be said to begin and end; and it is now my plain

duty to tell you in what way you are connected with that spot, and to give you the opportunity of seeing the birth-place and burial-place of your father and his people.

"Your father wrote his name De Benham, as all the De Benhams wrote it before him. The first De Benham of whom any definite record remains is one Geoffrey William, to whom King Edward the First devised a grant of lands in Monmouthshire in the year 1273. This Geoffrey William is supposed to have built the most ancient fragment of the present ruin. At all events, he founded the family and gave his name to the place. You will find a village called Benhampton, and a parish and parish church of the same name; and even, I believe, a small stream, which the villagers call the Benham river. Six centuries of De Benhams lie buried in the vaults of Benhampton Church. The walls are lined with their monuments—the aisle is paved with their brasses. Your father lies under the north window, to the left as you face the altar, a little below the chancel; a plain stone slab, engraved only with his name and the dates of his birth and death, is let into the wall close by. His wife was too poor to erect a better monument; his son must some day undertake the office.

"My own boy, you will not let the sight of these things trouble your contentment. The De Benhams, as a family, are no more. All that was once theirs has passed into the hands of strangers, and their very name is by this time almost forgotten. You are the last of the stock, and all that remains to you of what was once a large inheritance are the vaults in which your ancestors sleep. You will make up your mind to these facts, my son—you will not give way to useless regrets. You have always been poor, and you have always been happy; and this knowledge leaves you no poorer, and ought not to leave you less happy. Instead of repining over what was lost before you were born, you should rejoice to know that you represent a noble and ancient family. Such knowledge is wealth in itself, and ought to inspire you with fresh courage to fight what you have so often called the battle of life; and, after all, their ancient name and unstained honour were the De Benhams' best possessions, and these you still inherit. For my own part, I am prouder that my son should be heir to their virtues than to all the lands and privileges that have melted away.

"These lands and privileges, however, had been melting for many generations before your father's time. Much was confiscated, I believe, during the Commonwealth; and much more was squandered by those De Benhams who lived under the four Georges. One after another, they mortgaged, sold, and mutilated their estates; so that when your grandfather died, leaving your father an orphan of eleven years of age, only a remnant of the property remained. This remnant being vested in the hands of a conscientious guardian, was carefully nursed for him during his minority. He went to Eton and Oxford, and was intended for the army. He had good abilities, without being particularly clever, and he was good-natured to a fault. Like many very good-natured people, he was somewhat inclined to indolence and disinclined to study; and was as generous, unsuspecting, and credulous as a child. Nature seems to design such men for victims. The needy and dishonest scent them, as it were, by instinct, and prey upon them without pity. It was your father's heavy misfortune to fall in the way of one of these social vultures during his third year at the university, and the vulture devoured him. I shall not attempt to do more than outline the story of his ruin.

"The young man's name, I think, was Wynyatt;

he was only eighteen years of age, and your father was turned twenty-one. But the younger was the elder in all worldly things. He came of a bad stock. His father, I have heard, was a disreputable, dissipated man, involved in turf transactions; married to an Italian opera-singer of doubtful reputation; and discountenanced by his family. The son at eighteen was *blasé*, vicious, and unscrupulous; he obtained a fatal ascendancy over your father's mind; led him into wild and reckless courses; plunged him into debt; induced him to put his name to all kinds of papers—in a word, ruined him!

"And never was ruin more swift and thorough. There was so little to lose, and it was so quickly gone! Your father was hurled in a few weeks from competency to beggary. He left college without having taken his degree, fled to the Continent, and left his guardian and creditors to deal with the estate as they pleased. In the meanwhile, the elder Wynyatt refused to pay one penny of the bills which his son had led your father to accept. Young Wynyatt was a minor, and irresponsible; your father was of age, and legally liable for the whole. Then the last acre of the De Benham lands was brought to the hammer, and your father's fortunes were wrecked at once and for ever.

"A miserable pittance of something less than fifty pounds a year having been rescued for him by the strenuous efforts of guardians and lawyers, he continued to live abroad, and hid himself for more than a year in some obscure town on the borders of the Italian Tyrol. Interest was then made for him at Vienna, and he obtained a commission in the Austrian service. This he continued to hold, as you know, till about a year before his death, when his health finally broke and we came back to England. We had then been married some nine years; and you, our only child, were just eight. The youngest daughter of a needy English chaplain in a foreign capital, I had been used to poverty all my life, as you have been, my son; and I could not understand why your father was not as happy and contented as myself. But his life was one long regret. He could not endure privation; he could not reconcile himself to the loss of his position in society; he could not bear to see his wife and child poorly dressed and lodged, and living in obscurity. You remember how sad your dear father used to be, Temple; and how he would sometimes sit for hours by the open window, silent and brooding, with his head resting on his hand. You remember the journey to England, and the summer we spent all that time when he was so ill among the mountains in North Wales. And I think you remember the mournful place where, when the last leaves fell, he died.

"This is a long letter, my son, and yet it leaves much unsaid that I had meant to say. But I feel that no letter, however long, and no details, however circumstantial, would tell you as much of the past as you would learn at Benhampton in the course of a single morning. Write to me after you have been there. I think I know you well enough to be certain that, when once you have received this letter, you will not rest till you have made the journey.

"Your loving mother,
"ADELAIDE MARY DE BENHAM."

With some pauses and some turning back, the young man read this letter through from the beginning to the end; and then he sat for a long time on the side of his bed, still with the candle in one hand and the letter in the

other, lost in meditation. And then he read it all through again.

It was a long letter, a very long letter—simple, and earnest, and straightforward, as became the occasion, and written, as has been already observed, with almost documentary precision. Debenham felt, as he read it, that every word in it had been weighed. He also thought that he could trace in almost every sentence a studied repression of feeling, and even a tone of reserve, that extended to the statement of facts. The oftener he read certain passages, the more this impression gained upon him. It was a very vague impression. He could not by any means have put it into words; but he had an indefinable instinct of something yet to come.

For, after all, the letter told him very little that was new. He had always known that he had gentle blood in his veins, and that his father's circumstances had once upon a time been less terribly straitened. That the De Benhams should date back to so remote a period as six hundred years, and that the family name should be so divided as to carry the aristocratic Norman prefix, were facts pleasant enough in themselves, but not so very surprising when one came to look into them. And then, if designed only to tell him these things, and to enable him to pay a pious visit to his father's grave, was not the letter needlessly elaborate?

Pondering thus, he still fancied, and could not help fancying, that there was something which his mother had left untold; something that was not mere omission of detail; something important, which it concerned him to know, but which she, for some reason which he could not conjecture, had hesitated to tell him.

And what was the nature of this something left untold? He could not guess. Nay, he was almost afraid to guess, dreading some painful truth of which he would fain be left in ignorance. But he would learn it at Benhampton—that much was certain. Be it good news or evil news, he would learn it at Benhampton.

And then he resolved that he would go there to-morrow.

His candle had all this time been burning lower and lower, and the moon had slowly set behind the hills, and the sweet summer night was waning in the heavens. But he noticed neither the candle, nor the moon, nor the summer night, so absorbed was he in his thoughts and in his letter. Then, in the midst of the silence, the clock in the inn kitchen struck one.

He sprang to his feet with an exclamation of dismay. It was not possible that it should be one o'clock already! He looked at his watch, and the watch confirmed the fact. He could not believe it. He could not believe that, having come up-stairs at half-past ten, two hours and a-half had slipped away so quickly. And Miss Alleyne—Miss Alleyne, who was to have come to her window to bid him good-night, when the rest were gone to bed. Good heavens! he had forgotten all about her.

What should he say to her;—what could he say to her in the morning? How was it possible that he should confess to the lady of his love that he had forgotten all about her?

CHAPTER XIX.—BENHAMPTON.

"HALLO there! Is this the way to Benhampton?"

The rustic thus hailed halted with his hand on the gate, grounded his scythe, and looked round. Seeing only a dusty and somewhat shabby-looking wayfarer in the road below, he shouldered his scythe again, and, boor-like, answered with a question.

"Maybe you're bound for Farmer Bowstead's?"

"No."

"Then maybe you're going up to parson's?"

"I'm going to Benhampton, if I can find the way," retorted the stranger, impatiently. "If you can't direct me, just say so."

The man with the scythe grinned, shifted his weight from the left foot to the right, and said:—

"Well, I've lived here, man and boy, nigh upon forty years. I think I owt t' know the way by this time. You're in Benhampton parish ever since you passed the pike."

"Then where is the village?"

"Down yonder, at the bottom o' the hill."

"And the church?"

"Oh, the church is up agin Farmer Bowstead's."

"Which is my way, then, to Farmer Bowstead's?"

Rusticus scratched his head and considered. He knew every inch of the parish; but he had no talent for description.

"You go by the road," he said, hesitatingly, "as far as Mill Pond, and then up Goodman's lane and across t' common. But the nighest way's up here by the quarry."

"Then I'll come by the quarry."

And, swift in act as decision, the traveller sprang upon the bank and climbed the slope in a moment.

"If you're going that way, my man," he added, "I'll go with you. Are you one of Farmer Bowstead's labourers?"

Whereupon he of the scythe, moved thereto, perhaps, by something of authority in the stranger's manner, touched his cap and replied more deferentially:—

"Ay, sir. I be one of Farmer Bowstead's men."

And with this he trudged on, leading the way by a scarcely perceptible foot-track that led up transversely across a steep hill-side, divided here and there by rough stone fences. At the top of this hill there ran a long belt, or terrace, of fir plantation. Beyond that again, the ground seemed still to lead up to higher levels, and the road below wound down into the valley, which spread thence away into the far distance, fertile, and sunny, and golden with the coming harvest. To the left, some ten miles off, or more, lay the Monmouth hills, marking the course of the Wye; of which, however, not a gleam was visible.

Temple Debenham marked all this as he scaled the hill-side, looking out the while for any first sight of housetop or spire. He was himself surprised at the keen and eager interest with which he scrutinised each foot of the way. Of every tree, every enclosure, every fence, he said:—"This was once theirs." The landscape took a deeper significance, because it had been so familiar to those who were gone before. The very clodhopper plodding by his side, inasmuch as he was a son of the soil, seemed not altogether the same as other clodhoppers in Temple Debenham's eyes.

"Did you say you were born here—in this very parish?" he asked, presently.

The man nodded.

"Ay," he said. "I were born here, sure enough. And my father before me."

"You don't remember the old family, I suppose?"

The man looked at him vacantly, and shook his head.

"What old family?" said he.

"The De Benhams—the old masters here, who once owned all these parts. You must have heard of them?"

He shook his head again.

"No," he said. "I never heard tell of any such name."

And then he began to whistle.

The young man sighed, and a feeling of desolateness came upon him. His mother was right. The family, as a family, was indeed extinct, and the place thereof knew it

no more. He had not thought to find the very name forgotten.

By this time they had mounted the hill-side and struck into the plantation.

Presently Rusticus, who was now plodding ahead, the path being full narrow, gave his scythe a hitch, and, half looking back, said:—

"Maybe you mean the folks that belonged to th' old castle; but that was before my time."

"What old castle?" asked Debenham, quickly.

"Benhampton Castle, to be sure—Farmer Bowstead's place."

Benhampton Castle! His mother had told him nothing of this—not a word. He remembered, however, that her letter had said something about a ruin. Still he had not dreamed that this ruin was the ruin of so great a place as the name of Benhampton Castle would seem to promise.

"What do you mean by speaking of it as Farmer Bowstead's place?" he said, after a brief silence. "Is the castle a ruin, or a farmhouse?"

"Both," replied Rusticus, curtly.

"Both?"

"Ay—t' master lives up in a corner like, and a' leaves the rest to th' owls."

The young man fell back a step or two, silenced and troubled. His eagerness was gone. He cared to ask no more questions. He had heard too much already.

How high they must have held their heads, how rich in all worldly possessions they must have been, those De Benhams of the olden time! And now—now their very name was not only forgotten in the place, but their ancient home, the birthplace of the race, was given over to Farmer Bowstead and the owls! Bitter reflections, these. Debenham began to think that his mother was not altogether wrong in her apprehensions. It might have been better for him never to have known these things—never to have set foot in the place.

They now emerged from the plantation, and, still following the path, skirted the base of another slope, apparently no less steep than the last. Then, passing a huge stone quarry, hewn out of the hill-side like an ancient amphitheatre, and long since clothed with trees and brambles, they came to a stile; and beyond the stile to an open space where sheep were feeding.

"Yonder's the church," said Rusticus, pausing with his foot on the stile. "And yonder's the castle."

Debenham cleared the stile at a bound.

CHAPTER XX.—THE TABLET IN THE CHURCH.

"The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust."

COLORIDGE.

BENHAMPTON CASTLE on the crest of the hill; Benhampton Church nestling against the slope a little lower down; Farmer Bowstead's stacks and barns clustered, not unpicturesquely, in the midst of the ruins; Farmer Bowstead's sheep feeding all about the pleasant sward; Farmer Bowstead's plump roan cob looking out placidly from his place of pasture in the churchyard, with his nose on the churchyard gate; in the background, more hills, more woods, more belts of fir and pine; in the foreground, reaching far and wide on either side and down into the valley, long waving slopes of gold-brown wheat and rippling barley, rich spaces of chocolate-coloured fallow, fragrant fields of white and purple clover, and broad tracts of turnip lands and beet; down in the valley, a chain of low meadows, green, alder-fringed, populous with cattle, and watered by a winding rivulet; beyond all this, the open country, and the far-away hills. Such was the scene, *en bloc*, as it were, which met Temple Debenham's eyes at the first glance. That first all-embracing glance once given, he looked again for the details.

A long, straggling, grey stone ruin was Benhampton Castle, bounded by a line of battlemented wall which enclosed, apparently, a space of several acres. This wall, in some places quite perfect, and in others so broken away as to be almost level with the ground, was interrupted here and there by a hollow-eyed, windowless watch-tower; while standing a little back (towards the centre, as it might be, of the inner courtyard) arose a huge square keep, literally tapestried with ivy from top to bottom. A picturesque and imposing ruin, on the whole, and superbly situated. So, at least, thought Temple Debenham, who had seen feudal ruins by the score during his life in Germany.

The church looked very small, and more modern by some centuries; but this, probably, was because it had been restored from time to time, and so restored as to lose on each occasion some of its primitive characteristics. It was surmounted by neither spire nor tower, but only by a small wooden belfry containing a single bell. And the church, like the castle keep, was almost overgrown with ivy.

The grassy hill-side on which these buildings stood was dotted over here and there with clumps of fine old trees, and presented

one unbroken stretch of pasture covering perhaps twenty acres. It was evidently all that remained of the park of former times.

For some moments Debenham stood looking fixedly, silently, as one who pauses at the summit of a mountain pass, when first the landscape which he has toiled so far to see breaks upon his sight. Then he drew a deep breath, and, turning to the labourer who still lingered by his side, said :—

"Is the church open?"

"It's open most days," was the reply.

"But if not, shall I find the keys up at the castle?"

"Ay—you ask th' master. He'll let you in with his key. He be one o' the churchwardens."

"Thanks for your guidance, my man," said Debenham, his fingers exploring the somewhat waste recesses of his waistcoat pocket. "Get yourself some beer this hot morning."

Rusticus looked at the shilling, looked at the stranger, and looked back again at the shilling. He had been doubtful all along whether or not this dusty pedestrian was a gentleman; but the shilling decided it. So he touched his hat for the second time; consigned the coin to some pocket of unknown depth and difficulty under his smock frock, and with a muttered "thankee, sir—thankee kindly," turned on his heel and went his way.

Then, very slowly, Temple Debenham went up towards the church. He could see as he drew nearer that the half-door at the porch was standing ajar, but that the inner door was closed. At the churchyard gate he paused to glance for a moment at the graves. There were but few of these—a dozen headstones perhaps; one or two railed tombs; a score or so of plain mounds on which the grass had had long time to grow. The young man knew that none of his own people lay out here in the cold. His mother's letter told him to look for their monuments and brasses in the church; and yet his glance lingered with a kind of interest on these humble graves. Were they not the resting-places of those who had been tenants, labourers, servants of the family, generation after generation?

The roan cob snuffed at him, as if knowing him to be a stranger, and, as he opened the gate, moved aside to let him pass. And then he went quickly up the path, and through the porch, and up to the church door. The handle turned in his grasp, and the door yielded.

His heart beat faster than usual as he took off his hat and stepped across that threshold.

He advanced a few steps—paused—looked round—looked down—saw that the very flag-

stones on which he was standing were covered with inscriptions and armorial bearings; that the walls were thick with tablets and mouldering hatchments; that the aisle and chancel were lined with stately monuments. Were these all De Benhams? Were these stained glass heraldries through which the noonday sun was pouring in shafts of purple and orange, these many-quartered coats of arms, these mottoes, these devices, theirs—all theirs? His brow darkened as he reflected that he, the heir, the last living representative of all these dead, was ignorant of the very insignia of the family.

But before approaching any of these monuments, before deciphering one of those inscriptions, Temple Debenham looked round for the one tablet which, above all else, he had come there to see.

"Under the north window," said his mother's letter. "Under the north window, facing the altar—a little to the left of the chancel." He had not yet advanced beyond the font, just inside the door; but he saw it instantly—a small square tablet bordered with black marble; a tablet that, even at this distance, looked newer than the rest. In another moment he was standing before it, reading the inscription.

That inscription was brief and simple enough, but it epitomized a history.

NEAR THIS SPOT LIES THE BODY OF
THE RIGHT HON. REGINALD TEMPLE DE
BENHAM,
TWENTY-EIGHTH BARON DE BENHAM,
OF BENHAMPTON
IN THE COUNTY OF MONMOUTH,
AND COUNT OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.
BORN APRIL 14, 1809.
DIED NOVEMBER 6, 1842.

The young man read, and, as he read, a deep, dark flush mounted slowly all over his face and brow. Then the flush faded, and left him very pale.

For a long time he stood on the same spot, in the same attitude, motionless, absorbed in profound thought. Again and again he read that brief inscription; again and again recapitulated to himself the facts which it recorded. But they were facts of which he found it difficult at first to realise the full significance. At length he drew a deep breath, sat himself down upon the altar-step, and covered his face with his hands.

The sun had shifted from the painted window and the shadows had changed upon the floor, before he looked up from that reverie. And then he rose heavily, dreamily, like one just roused from sleep.

One by one, he then took the monuments as they came, staying to read the inscriptions upon such as were still legible, and setting himself, apparently, to carry away a clear and permanent recollection, not only of each separate tomb, but of the name and deeds of those who lay beneath. Happening to have a pencil and a small note-book in his pocket, he now and then scrawled a line of memorandum as he went along; and once he stopped to sketch a hasty outline of a coat of arms. All this he did methodically, earnestly, with a strange look of concentrated purpose in his face—such a look as it had never worn in all his life before.

It was a long task; for the monuments were many—very many, very various, all more or less defaced. The inscriptions, too, were difficult to read, full for the most part of quaint spelling and crabbed abbreviations, and in some cases almost wholly illegible. Of one, for instance—a beautiful Gothic tomb surmounted by a carved canopy of delicate, lace-like tracery—he could only discover that it was erected in memory of one Alan Beauclerk De Benham, slain somewhere in battle, A.D. 1306. Of another and a very curious monument in high relief, representing a knight and his lady kneeling face to face with their children kneeling behind them, four boys behind the father and four girls behind the mother, all in painted stone, but greatly mutilated, he could make out no more than these were the effigies of one Marmaduke De Benham and Elizabeth his wife, with their family, and that they both died on the same day of the same year some time during the reign of King Henry VII. But the dates were all effaced, and the inscription, though long and apparently full of detail, was so chipped and obliterated that even an adept would have been puzzled to decipher it. Next to this group (for the monuments succeeded each other in anything but due chronological order) came a cumbrous structure of cinque cento pillars, relievos and decorated arches, in the midst of which reposed the headless effigy of a certain Simon Charles De Benham, thirteenth baron of that name, attired in full trunk-hose, starched ruff, and high-heeled shoon. This nobleman, said the Latin epitaph, inscribed along the front of his tomb, served, while a young man and during his father's life-time, as a volunteer in the Imperial army, under the Emperor Rodolph II.; and, having valiantly distinguished himself against the Turks at the siege of Gran, in Hungary, A.D. 1595, was, for his services there rendered, created a Count of the Holy

Roman Empire, the title to descend to his children and their successors for ever. Then came a pompous mural tablet surmounted by a bust of one Algernon Sackville De Benham in a laced cravat and a Ramlies wig—a great man in his generation; a captain of the second troop of horseguards; a Lord of the Bedchamber to his highness Prince George of Denmark; Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Monmouth, and Governor of the Island of Guernsey. This “high and puissant lord,” as he was styled in the inscription, died at St. Peter Port A.D. 1747, and was brought to Benhampton “with much honour” to be buried in the vaults of his family.

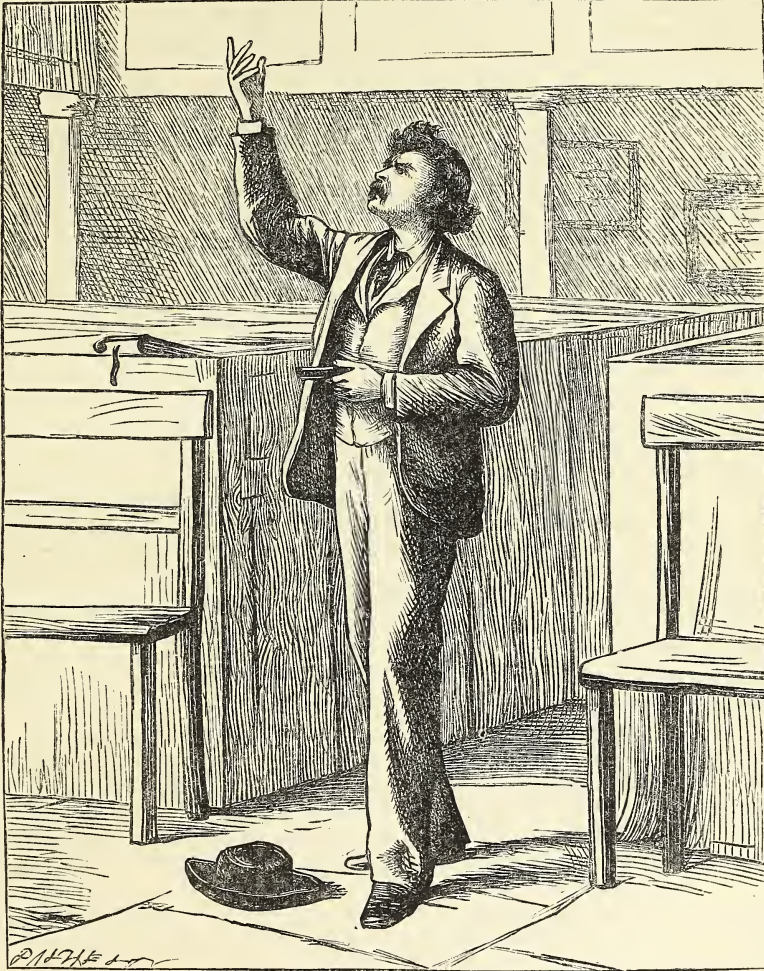
Then, besides these more imposing monuments, were numbers of smaller tombs, mostly of Gothic design; some richly panelled and decorated with elaborate coats of arms; some yet retaining traces of paint and gilding; some bearing recumbent figures of knights and ladies; and one adorned with the statue of a portly abbot in his mitre and robes. Here, too, were tablets, and brasses, and flagstones, each with its record—one telling how an only son had fallen at the battle of Flodden Field, on the 9th of September, 1513; another lamenting the death of a young bride only four months wedded; another, setting forth how a whole family, seven in number, the children of Jocelyn, sixteenth Baron De Benham and Mary his wife, were swept away in less than three weeks, dating from May 12th, 1667, by “a malignant fever.”

More ancient, however, and for every reason more interesting than any of these, was a plain black marble sarcophagus standing in a dark recess behind the choir, upon which lay the statue of a knight in full chain armour with his hands folded in prayer, his sword and spurs girded on, and his dog at his feet. No statue in all the church was so mutilated. Not a feature of his face, not a finger of his gauntleted hands remained. His very dog was shattered almost out of form—and yet before this tomb Temple Debenham lingered longer than before any of the others; for here, as testified a modern inscription let into the wall above, lay the dust of that Geoffry William De Benham upon whom the barony was first bestowed in 1273. “He fought,” said the tablet, “for the king at the battle of Evesham, A.D. 1265; accompanied Prince Edward in his expedition to the Holy Land in 1270; and was among the first of those, his former companions of the Cross, whom that prince distinguished by his favour

on returning home as king of England in 1273." Of the date of his birth, of the date of his death, of his wife's name and lineage, of all the deeds of all his later life, no vestige of record or legend remained.

Having gone the round of the monuments, and investigated every nook and corner of the church, Temple Debenham turned back as he was leaving the place and retraced his steps—

not to the tablet under the north window, but to that dark corner behind the choir where lay the dust of the Crusader. Between that shadowy warrior and himself yawned an abyss of well-nigh six hundred years; and yet he felt attracted to his grave by a subtler sympathy of kinship than he could anyhow bring himself to feel for the hero of Gran, or the governor of Guernsey, or any others of those



Page 245.

his predecessors who reposed close by in high funereal state. What manner of man, he wondered, was he, the stalwart founder of so long a line? Was he not only brave but wise? Was he good? Was he happy? Lived he to a green old age, building his house, planting his trees, cultivating the arts of peace, and surrounded by a numerous family? Supposing that grave were to be opened, what would be found within? Dust and ashes? A rusty

sword? A pair of golden spurs? Who could tell? Ah, who indeed? Not one of all these pompous statesmen—not one of these be-frilled and be-perriwigged courtiers. Least of all he, the poor obscure musician, the landless heir to all these empty honours!

So, beside the resting-place of the founder of his family, lingered and mused, half in bitterness, half in sadness, the last of the De Benhams. At length he turned away, for

the day was wearing on, and he had yet the castle ruins to see; but his last glance, as he passed out into the porch, sought the grave of the Crusader.

CHAPTER XXI.—COST WHAT IT MAY.

"AN extinct family, sir—an extinct family, and an extinct title. Not one of 'em left. All dead and gone—dead, and gone, and forgotten. Such is life! Not but what they had a good time of it, those De Benhams. Six hundred years, sir—six hundred years! It was a long lease, and they made themselves uncommonly comfortable while it lasted. They dipped their fingers into everybody's pie, and very pretty pickings they got, I can tell you,—abbey-lands, governorships, rich heiresses, monopolies of all sorts. Bless you! I know all about them—how they got it, and how they spent it. The spending was quick work compared with the getting, too. Why, I've an old chest up in one of my garrets yonder, full of their moulderling old family papers—deeds, charters, settlements, leases, letters, and the deuce knows what beside. Many's the winter evening I've amused myself and my girls by spelling 'em over. It's made regular antiquarians of us—by Jove! it has."

So, in a big, burly voice, with his hands in his trousers' pockets; his feet very wide apart; his studs, his watch-chain, his brass buttons glittering in the sun; and the whole length and breadth of his enormous person radiating pomposity, respectability, good-humour, and irreproachable solvency, said Farmer Bowstead.

Or, as he himself preferred to be called, Mr. Bowstead. Or, as his daughters would fain have had him called, Squire Bowstead. He had, however, no claim to the squiredom, being in truth neither more nor less than a wealthy yeoman, of yeoman parents bred; fairly well educated; ready of speech at a vestry-meeting, an agricultural dinner, or an election committee; as well known in the hunting-field as the master of the hounds himself; and a prominent man in all local and parochial matters. A well-intentioned, liberal-minded man, too, according to his light; ready with his purse; hearty and hospitable withal. No great favourite, by the way, with the Reverend Agag Golightly, perpetual curate of St. Barnabas, Benhampton; but well liked, on the whole, by his labourers and servants, and gratefully spoken of in time of dearth or sickness by the poor of the parish.

"I presume that I am addressing the

owner of—of this property?" said Temple Debenham, glancing from Farmer Bowstead to the ruins, and from the ruins back again, with some inward distaste, to Farmer Bowstead.

"I bought the castle, sir, such as it is, and the home farm, at Colonel Smithson's death," replied the big man, audibly jingling the gold and silver in his pockets as he spoke. "No great bargain, either. A light, poor land, up here among the hills; some good pasturage down in the valley; seven hundred acres, altogether. As for the castle, you see what that is,—building-material—mere building-material!"

Debenham had gone up from behind the church, and entered the ruins at a point where the line of outer fortification was broken away level with the ground. Here he had suddenly come face to face with Farmer Bowstead, who, well pleased to do the honours of the place, had at once begun the conversation. They were now standing close under the shadow of the keep, a massive, quadrangular building, in the later Norman style; or, perhaps, more accurately, in that transitional style which followed the Norman and preceded the early English. An inner quadrangle, or courtyard, of which only some portions remained standing, seemed to have been added at a later date, retaining the keep, apparently, as a sort of military front or gateway, and so, with some loss of architectural congruity, but much gain of picturesqueness, incorporating it with the new design. This quadrangle, of which the other three sides reached away to a considerable distance at the back, had evidently consisted of a series of galleries or corridors in the Decorated style, flanked by four rectangular bastions, and further strengthened by a smaller tower in the centre of each wing. Of these galleries and corridors, the outer wall, for the most part, alone remained; and even this was, in many places, shattered out of form, covered with brown and yellow lichens, and overgrown with ivy. Fine Gothic windows, in which a tiny lozenge of stained glass was yet visible here and there; towers, of which the shell only was left; spiral stairs springing from the wall at inaccessible heights and leading nowhere; chimney-pieces rich with heraldic carvings, showing the site of stately upper chambers from which all trace of floor and ceiling had alike disappeared; arched doorways with foliated mouldings; capitals without columns, columns without capitals; indistinguishable heaps of fallen masonry; charred timbers, bushes,

young trees, long rank grass, and weeds innumerable;—such were the characteristics of this inner quadrangle to which Farmer Bowstead had referred, not altogether inaptly, as “mere building-material.”

“Have you used any of it,” said Debenham, gravely, “for that purpose?”

“None of this part,” replied the master of Benhampton; “but I got two capital barns and a whole row of out-buildings from the ruins of the outer walls. As good as a quarry, sir—as good as a quarry; and cheaper to work.”

The young man checked a sigh.

“So far as I can see,” he said, looking round with a scrutinizing eye, “no part of the castle seems still habitable.”

“You won’t say that when you have been round to the other side of the keep,” rejoined the farmer. “You’ll find that we have a habitable corner—not very cheerful, perhaps, and not very luxurious; but habitable. We’ve the servants’ hall, now partitioned off into two rooms, which serve us for dining-room and sitting-room; and the guard-room, which is our kitchen; and the warder’s-room, and the rooms over the gateway. We manage pretty well, on the whole. Better than Colonel Smithson managed, I should say; for the place was in a wretched state when I bought it.”

“Colonel Smithson?” said Debenham, interrogatively.

This was the second time that Farmer Bowstead had mentioned the name, and the young man wondered who Colonel Smithson was, and what he could have had to do with the property.

“I put it in thorough repair,” said Farmer Bowstead, chinking his gold and silver, as if his pockets were an outlying colony of Tom Tiddler’s ground. “I put in modern grates, and new window-sashes. And I laid down two new floors; and I papered and painted every niche of wall and wainscot before coming in. The Colonel may not have been particular; but I don’t like living in a pig-sty myself.”

“So you bought this property from Colonel Smithson?” said Debenham, abruptly. Then, correcting himself with a well-bred grace that came to him naturally at times, he added:—“I beg your pardon. These questions seem impertinent; but I have just been seeing the monuments in the church, and I cannot help feeling some interest—some curiosity . . .”

“Don’t mention it, sir—don’t mention it,” replied the farmer. “Impossible not to be interested in a fine old place like this. Yes,

I bought it from Colonel Smithson; that is to say, I bought it after Colonel Smithson’s death from Colonel Smithson’s executors. An eccentric old man; had lived all his early life in India; visited no one; neither shot, nor hunted, nor did anything that a country gentleman is expected to do. Never went to church. Never voted. Never opened a newspaper. Hated the sight of a woman—wouldn’t have a petticoat about the place. Folks about here used to say he was mad; but that was all rubbish. Eccentric—eccentric, if you like; but no more mad than you or me.”

“And how did he come by it?” asked Debenham, inwardly chafing against the man’s pompous garrulity; but enduring it for the sake of such information as might be extracted therefrom.

“By the property?”

“Yes, by the property.”

“Well, he rented it, I rather think, for several years’ before he bought it—rented it from the creditors, you know; for the last lord was over head and ears in debt—hadn’t an acre that he could call his own. When he died, everything came to the hammer; and Colonel Smithson bought just what I bought after him—the home farm and the castle. But he did the place a world of damage, sir—a world of damage.”

“Ay—how so?”

“Neglect, sir—sheer neglect; let it fall to pieces faster than need have been. The banqueting-hall was quite perfect when he first came here, and nearly all the north side of this quadrangle; but he would not do the least thing to preserve the place. Except in the corner where he lived—where I live now—he never replaced a tile, or put in a pane of glass, or shored up an insecure bit of wall, or spent a sixpence to save the place from ruin. And so it fell from bad to worse, and became what you see. Age, of course, has done much; but wind and weather and neglect have done more.”

“So that it has really suffered more damage within the last seventeen years than might have come to it, with fair treatment, in the course of a century,” said the young man, bitterly.

“Colonel Smithson bought the property somewhere about March, 1843, and we’re now in 1860,” muttered Farmer Bowstead, half-aloud. “Yes, that’s just seventeen years. Humph! I took you for a stranger, sir; but you seem to be readier with these dates than myself.”

“Probably because I have just come from the church, where I have been reading the

inscription on—the latest tablet,” replied Debenham, with some hesitation.

The suspicious look cleared off from the farmer's hearty face like a shadow.

“To be sure, to be sure,” said he. “I told you he bought it when the last lord died, and you saw by the inscription that it happened in November, 'forty-two. Quite right, sir—quite right. The Colonel did buy it seventeen years and five months ago, by the book. And I bought it in 'fifty-six—four years ago next Michaelmas. And there you've the whole history of Benhampton Castle. It has only changed hands twice since the old family died out, and they held it over six hundred years.”

“And now, you say, there is not one of the name left?” said the young man, with assumed indifference.

“No. I said it was an extinct family; but it is not yet an extinct name. Lady De Benham is still living.”

The young man could not repress an involuntary movement. It was the first time he had thought of his mother by that title.

“The estate was clogged with an annuity for her,” continued the owner of Benhampton; “and she draws it to this day.”

“From you?” said Debenham, quickly.

“No, no. Not from these lands. These are mine, fairly bought and fairly sold—freehold—unencumbered—no mistake about them. No—Lady De Benham's pittance, such as it is, comes from land down in the valley. I have nothing to do with it. I should be very sorry if I had. Fancy forty pounds a year for the widow of Lord De Benham, one of the oldest barons in the English peerage! I should be ashamed to have the pitiful sum pass through my hands.”

“The feeling does you honour, Mr. Bowstead,” said the young man, in a low voice.

And at that moment he liked the burly farmer so well that he would gladly have shaken hands with him. He felt as if the man must be a good man in that he spoke of Lady De Benham, even in this rough fashion, with compassion and respect. And, besides, he gave her her title—that title which her son now heard for the first time, and which sounded so pleasantly in his ears. He would perhaps have been ashamed to acknowledge it even to himself, but that Farmer Bowstead should have been the first to speak to him of his mother by that name affected him almost as a special claim upon his regard.

In the meanwhile the owner of Benhampton, all unconscious of what was passing in the mind of this sunburnt stranger, stared at

the compliment, and felt half inclined to resent it as a liberty.

“You spoke of the banquetting-hall just now,” said Debenham, resuming the conversation. “Where did it stand?”

“There—where you see that large end window. The chimney-piece, and all the east wall, are still pretty perfect, and even the hinges of the door. Would you like to make the round of the ruins?”

This was precisely what Debenham had been longing to do from the first; so Farmer Bowstead, who really proved to be a capital cicerone, led the way, and the young man followed.

They began with the site of the banquetting-hall—a magnificent room, now roofless, windowless, floorless, carpeted with weeds and brambles, and open to all the winds of heaven. This hall, said Farmer Bowstead, measured sixty feet in length and twenty-four in width, and had formerly contained a musicians' gallery over the door, as well as a panelled and gilded ceiling of extraordinary richness. Over the chimney-piece (which, being of carved stone, was still comparatively uninjured), the young man recognised the same coat of arms which he had just now sketched in the church.

Next after the banquetting-hall came the cook's kitchen—an area some thirty feet square, but now left with only two sides standing. Some fragments of a groined and vaulted roof, and the great cavernous fireplace, however, yet remained—that hospitable fireplace at which many an ox had been roasted whole in the good old times of Debenham's feasting forefathers.

“There's a chimney for you!” said Farmer Bowstead. “We don't built such chimneys as that, now-a-days.”

And then Debenham peeped up the great yawning funnel which, black and mysterious as a coal shaft, went narrowing up to a square glimpse of daylight some forty feet above.

From the kitchen they then passed on to the site of what had once been the servants' hall, and thence, threading their way amid a wilderness of weeds and rubbish, made the circuit of the whole quadrangle.

Of this, little more than a line of dilapidated outer wall remained standing; and though his guide professed to know all the topography of the place, saying of one spot that it had been the armoury, of another that it was anciently a tennis-court, of a third that it was the site of the guard-room, and so forth, still the young man felt that it was

mere guess-work, and more likely, on the whole, to be wrong than right.

Coming back thus to the keep, and approaching it from the other side, he found himself all at once in the midst of inhabited ground. The ivy on this side had been partially cleared away to make way for a smart green door and trellised porch, and some half-dozen modern windows. The porch was clustered over with white roses; the windows showed glimpses of white blinds and scarlet curtains, and were flanked with boxes of mignonette and stocks; and the weed-grown courtyard was here transformed into a slip of smooth-shaven lawn islanded with brilliant flower-beds.

Debenham came to a sudden halt. The cheerfulness of the place was almost startling in contrast with the desolation of the rest; but its very cheerfulness jarred upon him.

In vain did the hospitable farmer urge him to go in and rest awhile; in vain press upon him the refreshment of "a cup of tea, or a glass of home-brewed ale." He felt as if he could not bring himself to cross the threshold, or break bread under that roof-tree—as a guest. He felt he could no longer endure to talk indifferently of the place and its history, or to keep up the semblance of a mere stranger's curiosity regarding it. His heart was too full, and he wanted now, above all else, to be alone.

"My girls would make you kindly welcome, sir," said Farmer Bowstead. "Let yourself be persuaded. It's altogether against my creed to let the stranger turn away from my door in this way."

At that moment, however, Debenham's quick ear caught the first few notes of a popular polka "jangled out of tune," upon a piano whose days were evidently in the sear and yellow leaf. There flashed upon him a horrible vision of the Miss Bowsteads, red-cheeked, red-elbowed, possibly red-haired, and musical exceedingly. The vulgar measure grated upon his ear like a profanity. He recoiled impatiently.

"No, no," he said. "I must go. Time presses, and I have a long walk back. Many thanks—good night."

And with this he raised his hat, turned abruptly on his heel, and strode away.

Leaving the ruins by the way he had come, he neither paused nor looked back; but, with the swift, assured step of one who has a definite purpose before him, made direct for the churchyard gate, pushed it open, went up the path, took off his hat in the porch, walked straight up to the altar rails, bowed

his face upon his hands, and knelt down in silence.

He remained thus for some moments; then rose—fetched a small Testament from the nearest pew—turned again towards the altar—put the book reverently to his lips, and said, almost in a whisper:—

"I swear it—so help me God."

He had taken a solemn vow, and taken it in the most solemn way he could devise, with the dust of a long line of ancestors beneath his feet, and their monuments looking down upon him from every side. No wonder, then, that, having replaced the little Testament and cast one last glance at the tablet under the north window, he turned away with a graver brow and a slower step than before.

Then, still intent upon his own thoughts, he replaced his hat, as it were, mechanically; passed out through the churchyard; and followed the downward path as far as the stile. Here he stopped and looked back. The sun was now fast bending towards the west, and the ruins were all aglow in the rich light of the early summer evening. He gazed at them long and earnestly, and, as he gazed, there again came into his face that strange, concentrated look—that look of hard resolve—which was soon to become its fixed and habitual expression.

"I have sworn it," he said, scarcely conscious that he was speaking aloud. "I have sworn it, and I will achieve it—cost what it may."

The next moment, he had bounded over the stile, and was swinging back to Monmouth at the rate of something better than four miles an hour.

In the meanwhile Farmer Bowstead, presiding over a well-furnished tea-table, discussed the stranger's visit with his daughters—three pleasant, comely young women enough, not one of whom, by the way, was either red-elbowed or red-haired.

"As off-hand a fellow as ever I saw in my life," said the master of Benhampton Castle. "I asked him in—offered him a glass of our old ale—and he barely thanked me. Just turned on his heel and marched off, as if my house wasn't good enough for him."

"Was he young, papa?" asked one of the damsels.

"About six or eight-and-twenty."

"And good-looking?"

"Not according to my notions, Miss Bella."

"I'm sure he was a gentleman," said the youngest and prettiest of the three.

Farmer Bowstead frowned, shook his head,

and helped himself to an enormous slice of meat-pie.

"Not a bit of it, my dear," he said. "Not a bit of it. A shabby-looking fellow—pedestrian tourist, evidently—an actor, or painter, or magazine writer, or something of that sort, I'll be bound. Not a bit of a gentleman!"

CHAPTER XXII.—MONEY VERSUS FAME.

"The world is mine oyster."—KING HENRY IV.

MR. ARCHIBALD BLYTH was not given to early rising. Under his fellow-traveller's rule and governance, he consented, coyly enough, to rise at six, or even, on especial occasions, at half-past five; but, left to himself, he would go on sleeping the sleep of the just till eight, or nine, or even ten o'clock, on the brightest summer morning that ever shone. Thus it came to pass that at nine A.M. on the day following the events last related, when the little world of Cillingford was all up and doing, and the birds outside his window were singing for joy of the sunshine, and even Mr. Alleyne was engaged upon his matutinal broiled trout and coffee, Archibald Blyth was suddenly wrenched from the farthest Elysium by the pressure of a hand on his shoulder, and the sound of a voice in his ear.

"Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!" said the familiar, half-mocking tones that he knew so well. "Why, man alive! do you know what o'clock it is?"

Archie sat up, gasping, and rubbing his eyes.

"What—Debenham—back already?" he stammered. "Where do you come from?"

"From Monmouth, where I slept last night, and breakfasted this morning at half-past six. I have had such a glorious walk! You never saw such effects of sunshine and colour."

"And you have transacted the business you went about?"

"Yes."

"It didn't take long, anyhow," said Archie, staring at Debenham with all his might.

The other looked grave.

"Look here, my dear fellow," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "I don't want to be mysterious with you. My solitary expedition has puzzled you . . ."

"Enormously."

"Well, be puzzled no longer. I went to visit my father's grave. He was buried not many miles from Monmouth, and I had never seen the place before. Didn't know where it was, in fact, till three days ago. Now you have it, and I had rather the subject was not named between us again."

So Archie, with a very serious face, pro-

tested that no allusion to it should be made on his part.

"And now," said Debenham, "I want you to get up, and come for a walk—and a talk. I have a heap of things to say to you."

"I'll be ready in ten minutes," said Archie, scrambling out of bed.

"But you've had no breakfast."

"Doesn't matter a bit," sputtered Archie, with his head and face in a great round tub of cold water. "I'll put a crust in my pocket."

Debenham, however, would not hear of this; so he ran down to get his friend's breakfast prepared in the kitchen, and in about half an hour they were strolling together by the river.

"You have seen Miss Alleyne, of course?" said Archie, finding that Debenham did not begin the promised conversation.

To which Debenham—looking away, and full, apparently, of other thoughts—replied in an abstracted voice, that, supposing the Alleynes to be at breakfast, he had gone straight to Archie's room, and seen no one.

"They asked me in to tea last evening," said Archie. "I thought it was kind of them—in your absence."

Here he paused for a reply; but receiving none, went on.

"We played two rubbers, with dummy. Mr. Alleyne took dummy, and won everything before him."

"Ah—indeed!"

"So for once, you see, I had Miss Alleyne for my partner. Are you jealous?"

Debenham smiled faintly, and shook his head.

"What did you talk about?" he said.

"Well, let me see—of you, for one thing."

"Yes. What did they say about me?" asked Debenham, looking round with more appearance of interest than he had yet shown.

"I must consider. Mr. Alleyne said you were a good conversationist. You reminded him of some famous wit—I forget who. And then he said that music was a poor profession—he meant in the way of getting money."

"He's quite right," said Debenham, bitterly. "It's a beggarly profession! What else did he say?"

"He thought you very clever, but . . ."

"But what?"

"He feared you were very unpractical."

"Unpractical? Confound his insolence! On what ground does he—an acquaintance of ten days' standing—presume to base his opinion?"

"Ah, I didn't ask him that," said Archie, drily.

"And Juliet—what did she say? Did she agree with him?"

"I don't know. She didn't say so."

"Did she contradict him?"

"No."

"Did she speak of me at all?"

"Yes; she asked if I expected to hear from you this morning. I fancy she thought you had gone away rather abruptly."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No; but I fancied I saw it in her manner. You told her where you were going, of course?"

"Why 'of course?' She's not my wife yet—we are not even formally engaged. I told her I was summoned away on family business, and might not be back for a day or two. I told you the same. It was quite enough."

Archie looked down, and was silent. The gloom and irritability of his friend's manner both pained and perplexed him. He seemed out of tune with all things. He had called his beloved art "a beggarly profession." His indignation against Mr. Alleyne seemed out of all proportion with the magnitude of the offence. Even in the tone in which he had spoken of Miss Alleyne, there was a something which grated upon Archie's ear. True lovers, according to his simple creed, should have no secrets from each other; and, although he did not argue the question out in so many words, he felt instinctively that the young lady had a fuller right than himself to Debenham's confidence. It was plain that something had gone wrong; but, then, what could that something be?

"You said you had heaps of things to talk to me about," he said presently. "When are you going to begin?"

"Now, if you are disposed to listen. Shall we sit down on this old trunk, and smoke a pipe the while?"

It was the same felled trunk on which he had sat with Miss Alleyne only two mornings ago; but his mind was full of other matters now, and he did not even remember it. So they sat down, lit their pipes, and smoked for some moments in silence.

"Do you remember the day we came to this place?" asked Debenham, at length.

"Remember it!" said Archie. "I should think so. It was the hottest day I ever knew in my life."

"And the meadow by the river side, where we rested and you fell asleep?"

"Thrice-blessed meadow, and thrice thrice-blessed sleep! I have the liveliest recollection of both."

Debenham frowned. He was in no mood

for jesting; and the levity of Archie's tone displeased him.

"I cannot, of course, expect you also to remember the subject of our conversation that afternoon," he said.

"Not unassisted, perhaps; but if you will refresh my memory . . ."

"We were talking of money, and how to make it. I said I should like to earn a thousand a year; and you said that with good abilities and a good education, a man might command as much as that, and even more—in commerce. Do you remember that?"

"Yes; I remember it perfectly."

"Was it true—or a mere figure of speech?"

"True, of course. Literally true."

"But how? In what way? Not in a merchant's office?"

"Yes; even in a merchant's office, if by that you mean sitting all one's life at a desk in a counting-house. Managing clerks, for instance, and foreign correspondents, get famous salaries sometimes. But that was not what I meant when I spoke of the sort of openings that are to be found in commerce for men of real talent and extensive acquirements."

"What *did* you mean, then, Archie?" said Debenham, earnestly—so earnestly that Archie, catching a sudden glimmer of the truth, laid down his pipe and looked full in his friend's face.

"Why, Debenham!" he exclaimed, "is it possible . . ."

"Yes, it's quite possible," interrupted the other, hurriedly but very decisively. "My opinions on that subject are changed. I am tired of being poor. I want money. I am determined to have money. I don't care how hard I work for it—I am used to work hard. And I don't care what sort of work it is, if it only pays me well enough. That is the point. It *must* pay. And a little will not content me. I have known what it is to be poor—very poor; and now I mean to know what it is to be rich. Only tell me how—only show me the way. Let the path be steep and thorny; the steeper and thornier it is, the better I shall like it."

"My dear fellow," said Archie, "you positively take my breath away!"

"But the way—only show me the way!" persisted Debenham, almost fiercely.

"You can't make a fortune in a day," said Archie. "There's no way to do that."

"Of course not; but I would be willing to work with double energy. I would be willing to put a week's labour into a day; a month's into a week; a year's into a month. I would be willing to spend brain and fibre at a

double rate—ay, at ten times a double rate, if that were all. A man may surely push the hands on in that way?"

"Ay—if he doesn't cripple the clock meanwhile," said Archie, sententiously. "But you must let me think for a minute or two. You have so taken me by surprise, that I seem not to have an idea in my head."

And then, planting his elbows on his knees and resting his chin upon his hands, he began, slowly and clearly, though in a somewhat roundabout way, to explain in what special directions a man of great capital might employ, and amply remunerate, the services of a man of high education. There were foreign loans, for instance, in the negotiation of which the nicest tact was required, and the most discriminating knowledge of all sorts of languages. And there were foreign missions in abundance—missions involving the adjustment of differences, the legalisation of commercial rights, the establishing of difficult and distant business relations, and so forth. Political knowledge, too, commanded its premium. Enormous fortunes had been made at a blow by those who were skilled in watching the political horizon, and knew how to take prompt advantage of every change and rumour of change. In short, though he could deal only in generalities, Archie said quite enough to convince his friend that his brains were marketable, and that if the world were indeed an oyster, he had a fairer chance of opening it than most penniless adventurers.

"And so you are really in earnest," said the City man, when their long talk came at last to an end.

"I am really in earnest."

"And it is to be commerce *versus* music—money *versus* fame?"

"It is to be commerce and money for the next ten years of my life—or the next twenty, if need be. I don't say that it may not be music and fame after that; when I am a rich man, and can afford to indulge my tastes."

"Then all I can say is, that I am heartily glad of it," said Archie, warmly. "You never would, and never could, have earned more

than a bare living by music; and even so you must have gone on giving lessons all your life. And you would never have been looked upon as a gentleman—at least, in England. I always felt that with your splendid talents you ought to make a fortune. And so you will, old fellow. So you will."

"I will try," said Debenham, more to himself than to Archie.

"And I will speak about it to my cousin Hardwicke the moment we get back to London."

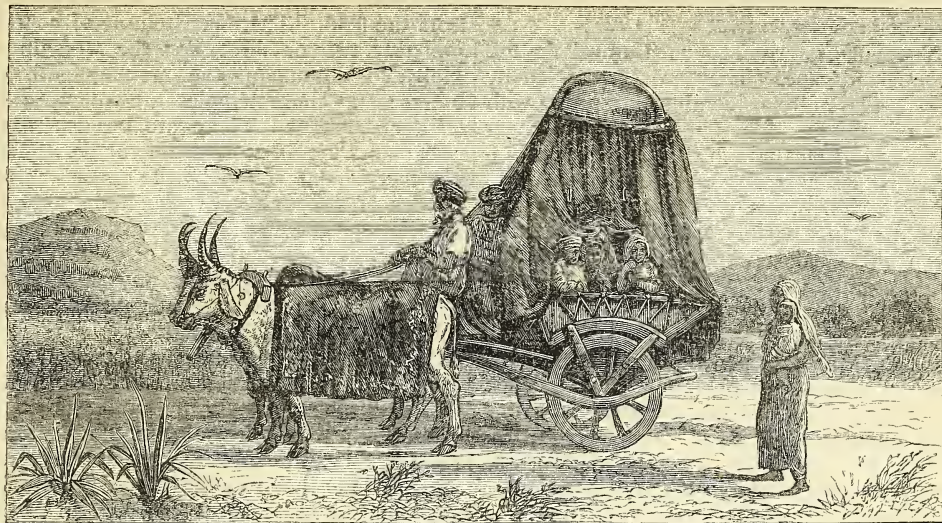
"Thank you, Archie—thank you. That is, if I do not speak to Mr. Hardwicke myself."

And with this they rose up and strolled on side by side; both silent; both weary of talking; each absorbed in his own thoughts.

As for Archie, he was lost in wonder at what had taken place, and kept stealing furtive glances now and then at his companion. The more he thought of all that had been said, the less he seemed able to believe it. What a revolution! What a change! Who more indifferent to money, who more devoted to his art than Debenham, but one little month ago? And now . . . Well, the motive, at all events, was not far to seek. He wanted to make money that he might marry Miss Alleyne. Nothing could be clearer; nothing, after all, more natural. It was just the old, old story over again. That is to say, it was the old, old story—with a difference. For love, which makes fools of so many, had, from Archie's point of view, made a wise man of his friend. And then he smiled to himself, thinking that it was like the old Antwerp legend turned upside down; for here, instead of the smith turning painter, the artist, for love's dear sake, was about to give up his art for the drudgery of anvil and hammer. Such was the miracle-working power of a pretty face!

But in all these assumptions and conclusions, obvious as they seemed, Archie was wrong; entirely and fundamentally wrong. That a marvellous change had come upon Temple Debenham was true—but neither love nor Miss Alleyne had anything whatever to do with it.





M. F.

A Family Party on a Journey.



X-17

The Peacock-seller at Poonah.

M. F.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.—COLGAUM—THE CAVES OF KARLI— RETURN TO BOMBAY.

THE horses having enjoyed their bath, and we our wading, the journey was resumed. We proceeded across the plain for about twenty miles, and along a good road, to the village of Colgaum. The scenery had little interest, notwithstanding the cheering sight of far-spread fields bearing the green and luxurious crops of spring. The palm forests of the sea-shore were gone; and, except the jungle which covered portions of the plain where it joined a low range of hills, few trees were seen, and these were chiefly around the villages.

The climate of the Deccan—a name applied generally to the great plateau of central India which is separated by the Ghauts, as by a wall, from the lower strip along the sea—is very dry, often, indeed, much too dry. This may seem strange when such floods of rain are poured down on the Ghauts during the south-west monsoon. Yet so it is. While two or three hundred inches of rain deluges these hills during the rainy season, fifteen or twenty miles inland there is no more rain than is sufficient for the ground. The air currents, saturated with moisture, burst upon the mountain-ridges, and then pass on across the plains in gentle showers and cool breezes. At this season, when the “Bombay ducks” are swimming in a steaming bath, the

Mahrattas of the upland plain are enjoying a delicious climate.

The villages were to us a novel feature in the landscape. They are surrounded by mud walls of considerable strength, with stone gateways. The public roads pass near them, but never through them. Although unnecessary as a means of defence now, even against wild beasts and robber-gangs, the walls remain a visible tradition of the past, when the villages were subject to sudden surprise and attack. Those "good old days" of native rule are now nightmares of history; although certainly the people do not realise this to the full, else the present daylight realities would be more appreciated. What a scene of ceaseless war, plunder, extortion, and remorseless cruelty that Deccan was during the 150 years from the days of the great Mahratta Sevajee and the invasion of Aurungzebe, down through the fights of Nizams and Peishwas, Guicowars, Scindias, Holkars, and the terrible Pindaries, until Wellington first, and Lord Hastings afterwards, established English power! Now all is peace and prosperity.

These villages have no pretence to order or neatness. The houses are huddled together, along narrow lanes, each builder freely following his own caprices. They thus present to the eye a confused medley of mud walls, and dusty paths, with crowds of



The Monkey God.

copper-coloured children running about, and growing up as nature dictates, and groups of women, lightly but decently clad, pleasant-looking, frank, and always busy. Men with their lanky limbs, their knees up at their ears, sit idly chatting and smoking, or wait patiently in their humble bazaars for

customers. Others drive their oxen to and from the field. There is a temple of course, probably two or three, for the worship of Mahadeo Hanuman, the monkey god, or others; and these temples are all more or less conspicuous. There are besides many holy places in and around the village. These places are consecrated by the priests as the abodes of deity, and have such marks as a few flowers growing on an altar, or a stone or tree daubed with red or white paint. There are thus abundant wayside chapels where the people may do their *pujah*, and go through their religious forms.

Whilst we were changing our horses, I observed, for the first time, the great care which is taken both by men and women of their teeth. They rinse their mouths, and, though I cannot say they *brush* the teeth, yet certainly they rub them with some solid substance or other, most probably an astringent bark. This habit, I think, is common over all India, and certainly is attended with such success as might tempt all who aspire to "secure and preserve beautiful teeth" (as advertisers of "dentifrices" express it), to follow their example.

I was also pleased with the quiet politeness of the men. When I asked for a light for my cigar, it was cheerfully brought, and the shoes were put off as it was handed with a salaam and a smile. Through an interpreter, we had some conversation with a group of natives who sat smoking under a *pepul* tree, chiefly about their crops and general affairs. They told us that they were comfortable and contented; that land which annually returned about 150 rupees was burdened by taxation to the extent of $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., whilst under the Peishwa they would have paid 20 per cent., without any security for their property.

Without going into minute details, I may here state that the whole land in India belongs to the Government, as it always did to the native rulers, the title to it being grounded on the right of conquest. The Government is thus the only landlord, and the chief revenue of the state is consequently derived from land. Except in Bengal, where there are *zemindars*, or landed proprietors, who come between the tenants and the Government, and about whom I shall have to speak afterwards, the land is leased to the cultivators, who have a tenant right to it so long as they pay their rent in the shape of the land-tax. This tax or rent is fixed for different periods in different provinces. In Bengal it is perpetual; in Bombay it is at

present settled for thirty years; in Madras it is annual. The collection of it forms a great department of the civil service work. The Bombay Presidency alone, for example, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland, is divided into nineteen districts or counties, each with an average population of three quarters of a million. Over each district there is a collector, who is also the chief magistrate; and he collects the land revenue and other taxes, and sits also as judge in the courts. He is assisted by a sub-collector and joint magistrate, who acts as his deputy, also by an assistant magistrate and collector, who, after passing various examinations in the vernacular, is in due time promoted to the higher offices. The district, again, has for convenience several sub-divisions, called in Bombay *talooks*, over each of which there is a native who acts for the collector, and is usually a magistrate also. He is called the *talookdar*. The village is represented by its *patil*, or "head man," who manages the business of its peasant inhabitants with the talookdars; and so on, until the central Government of the Presidency as the last link is reached. It is by these agencies that an accurate account is kept of every field and of its possessor; that all revenue is collected, and all cases of dispute heard and decided. The collector lives with a staff of English and native officials in the chief or *suddar* town of the district. All the official records of the district are kept there, together with the treasury, &c. There the law-courts are held, and all business transacted in the vernacular. For six months of the year the collector lives a tent life, visiting every part of his district—holding courts, giving audiences, hearing and pronouncing judgment on disputed questions. How little do we at home realise the influence or the responsibility of such men, or the valuable education they thus receive in the art of government. Indeed, it is hardly credible that the vast empire of India is governed by some 3,000 English civilians!

The village system, throughout India generally, is extremely interesting, as being almost the only instance of self-government by the people. Each village is in itself a small republic. Nothing can exceed the way in which these villages, especially in the Deccan, have been managed from generation to generation. They generally include a population of 500 or 600. There are twelve important characters in every village, each having his own specific duties assigned to him, with which no one else dare interfere. After

the *patil* I have mentioned, with his deputy and one or two assistants, there come the "carpenter," "blacksmith," "cobbler," and "porter" or "messenger," the "scavenger," "washerman," "baker," and "potter," the "goldsmith," "schoolmaster," and last, not least, the village "astrologer." Besides these, there is another but lower set of officials, made up of the village "watchman,"—"gate-keeper," "betel-man," "head-gardener," with the "bard" and "musician." Each and all of these besides certain privileges, have their public duties to the village, to the temples and gods, to strangers and travellers, at marriages and feasts, &c. The lowest castes are not permitted to live in the village, but outside its gates, and a very low caste is as proud and distant to a lower caste still, though both are outcasts from the village, as a Brahmin is towards the others.

Now, so long as the "township," with the surrounding fields belonging to its citizens, is respected; so long as taxes are moderate, water abundant, and a fair supply of food and clothing obtained, so as to keep the people comfortable and the wives and children contented, the village never asks under whose *raj* or reign it is. What does it know or care about the rest of India? No more, indeed, than a worker in the Potteries cares about the people or the politics of Turkey, unless these come to interfere with his beer or bacon. What care these ryots whether they are under John Bright or a Grand Mogul—if, indeed, they ever have heard of either! It is enough if the white face of the magistrate smiles upon them, deals justly towards them, and helps them to live. Nationality! love of independence! these are terms as meaningless to the villagers of India as they would be to an Esquimaux, to whom a seal's liver is the truest sign of an earthly paradise. Therefore, I believe that, in so far as we make these peasants comfortable—respect their village rights and old customs, meddle not with their own ways and plans of doing things—we shall make them faithful and obedient. But, after all, they do not in this respect differ very greatly from millions at home; what education may do ultimately is another question.

As we say in Scotland, "It's an ill win' that blaws naeboddy good." The ill-wind of the American war blew much good to the *ryots* or peasants of the Bombay Presidency, more especially where cotton could be cultivated. I was informed from a reliable source, that forty millions of pounds had thus passed into the hands of the ryots, to be turned into

ornaments for wives and children! The silver ankle-rings, bracelets, nose-rings, earrings, together with the pearl necklaces and the like, represent a considerable amount of wealth. A young bride carries a large dowry on her little person. But when the people have had a longer experience of peace and good government, they will no doubt put out their money to purposes of greater use and profit, or trust it to Government savings-banks. Just now the peasantry in this presidency evidently enjoy a great degree of comfort. I could not help contrasting their privileges with those of many of the poor Highlanders. I recalled to mind a Highland parish I know well, in which, by wanton exercise of power on the part of a proprietress with no family to provide for, the people of a whole district were cleared off, and houses where respectable families had lived for generations ordered to be torn down. I cannot help wishing that we had some of India's civil servants to "settle" Ireland and the Highlands. But I must pass on to the consideration of more pleasing topics.

As we pursued our journey, we noticed a low range of hills, which stretch along the east for a short distance, rising like mounds from the plain; and were struck by their appearance. They seem to mark, in some degree, the extent to which the original plain has suffered from denudation. The geological structure of this part of the country has been described by Colonel Sykes in his *Geological Memoir*; and I have much pleasure in furnishing an outline of the district over which I travelled, giving heights, &c. It presents about 90 miles, stretching from the sea near Bombay to the Deccan plains near Poona. (See p. 257.)

We reached the travellers' bungalow early in the afternoon, and found two American missionaries, Messrs. Bissell and Hazen, waiting for us. They gave us a hearty welcome, as did also Mr. Watson, the English chaplain from Ahmednugger. Near the bungalow Major T—— had pitched his tent, and was there with his Bheel policemen.* These Bheels, now employed as police, are a living illustration of what can be done by Indian civil officers to convert wild robber gangs into protectors of life and property. They

stand towards the old system much in the same relation as the Highland regiments do to the erewhile wild *caterans*. With the courtesy of an English officer the major immediately sent his card, offering us any aid or hospitality in his power. Here was another of those wanderers, far away from England, among strange races, of whom his dear friends in the old house among the trees, with the cawing rooks, and singing birds, and flowers, and humming bees, know almost nothing. Nine out of every ten English ladies or squires, as well as millions of the "intelligent classes," know little about the tens of millions of human beings who in Providence are placed under their "dear John" or young So-and-so, who is "in India," whatever that mysterious geographical term may mean! And yet, what John, or what Mr. So-and-so may do, say, or decide, must tell on the weal or woe of a greater mass than one would like to number. This apathy at home about India is a mystery!

The major seemed to know nothing about the American mission, although he had been travelling the country for seventeen years. Had I met him only, I might have left India with the impression that no such mission existed. This is by no means a solitary instance of the ignorance of intelligent Europeans who have been long resident in India regarding missions. Nevertheless, when such men come home, they are recognised as authorities upon all points pertaining to India, and they are not slow to remark after dinner, when some one, perhaps the English "parson" or the Scotch "minister," eagerly asks, with due respect, the opinion of such an unbiassed and unquestionable authority concerning mission work, "All humbug, I assure you!" The company smile, and are satisfied. But why should we be surprised at such ignorance abroad, when we meet with it every day at home? For how many men, well-disposed on the whole to increase the well-being of the working classes, are yet, owing to a variety of circumstances, utterly ignorant of what is going on in the interest of these classes at their own doors! In truth, mission work, or the instruction of the ignorant in what God wills, and in what He has revealed to men through Jesus Christ, is too much associated with the clergy only, and is regarded as something which they are paid for doing officially, and with which "laymen" have little or nothing to do, just as if there were a different religion and code of morals for each. And if this is so at home, it is more

* The police in each district are now a body of constabulary, like the police force in Ireland. They are under the control of a military officer, with inspectors, most of whom have been soldiers, and some are Europeans. Each province has an Inspector-General of Police; and there is an average of one constable to every 1,300 of the population. In England, it is one to every 870. An immense improvement has taken place in this department since the mutiny.

likely to be the case abroad, where each man has his own work to do, and where Government officials like to stand well with the natives, and where, moreover, the aristocratic feeling of their own official "caste" and position induces many to keep aloof from missionaries, on the ground of their being somewhat exclusive, unsocial, and (shall I use the word?) *snobbish*. Add to all this the many cases in which the European has no real faith and feels no interest in true religion or its progress, and the additional drawback which arises from the fact that public (native) opinion is not in favour of Christianity, but positively against it.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not speak of Europeans generally in India, far less of the most influential of them. I honestly believe that some of our most distinguished men in Hindostan are, and have been, the warmest friends of missions; whilst the contributions to the cause from European residents are far more numerous, and far more liberal in proportion to their number than those of church members in this country. But if our European officials in India would only feel a little more keenly their tremendous responsibilities, and take the trouble to inquire *patiently* and *carefully* into the conduct of the missions within their respective districts, I feel assured from the character of the missionaries they could with a good conscience become their best friends and most zealous supporters. And this I think they can do, without compromising themselves as representatives of Government; nay, in such a way as even the heathen would respect.

The missionaries who met us had been sent out by the American Board of Commissioners on Foreign Missions—a title which, when expressed by mere initials, is sufficiently formidable—A. B. C. F. M. It is one of the most important and influential societies in America, being composed of members of various Evangelical Churches. It may be interesting to some to be informed that America entered the foreign mission field as late as 1810, and that she now contributes nearly £200,000 a year to the cause. The progress of this Missionary Society has been very remarkable.*

* The following presents a summary of the operations of the Board:—

Number of Missions	20
" Stations	104
" Out-Station	421
" Ordained Missionaries (five being physicians)	139
" Physicians not ordained	4
" Other Male Assistants	3
" Female Assistants	166
Total number of labourers sent from America	312
Number of Native Pastors	62
" Native Preachers and Catechists	266

My interest in this society was first awakened when I was voyaging across the Atlantic twenty-three years ago, with one of its missionaries—Rev. Mr. Burgess—who was then returning to America to recruit his health. How little I thought then that I should ever be enabled to visit the scene of his labours!

Very soon after our arrival, we proceeded to the tent of our friends, which, as they were itinerating, was pitched near the village of Colgaum. On each of several successive days, a religious service had been fixed for some specific purpose. This afternoon an examination of a native candidate for the ministry was to take place. In the evening, native pastors were to preach to Christians and heathen. The afternoon meeting was held in a large open verandah, at the end of a walled court, which was entered by a gate. This building had formerly been used as a local court of justice under our Government. Three native pastors were present, and two of them, at least, could speak English. They were accompanied by several deputies, or "elders," from the native churches, who acted as members of the ecclesiastical court; and there was a small Christian audience of probably twenty people. All were in their native dresses. The three preachers, highly intelligent-looking men, sat at a table, one of them acting as clerk. The candidate for license was a tall young man, robed in cotton, and innocent of stockings, which among the natives is not an evidence of poverty, but of a desire to be comfortable. He was married, and his wife and children were present, as well as his old father, who had long been a convert to Christianity. During the forenoon this man had been subjected to a four hours' examination in theology, church history, &c. He was being examined now on church discipline chiefly. The American missionaries took no

Number of School Teachers	290
" Other Native Helpers	197
Total number of native labourers	835
Total number of labourers connected with the Mission	1,147
Printing Establishments	2
Pages, as far as reported	13,673,326
Number of churches (including all at the Hawaiian Islands)	1,378
" Church Members (ditto) so far as reported during the year (ditto)	24,630
Number of Training and Theological Schools	881
" Other Boarding Schools	17
" Free Schools (omitting those at Hawaiian Islands)	395
" Pupils in Free Schools (omitting those at Hawaiian Islands)	10,957
" Pupils in Free Training and Theological Schools	318
" Pupils in Free Boarding School	526
Total number of Pupils	10,692
The receipts for the last year from all sources have amounted to 438,090 dollars 33 cents, and the expenditure to 441,883 dollars 36 cents, leaving a balance in the treasury of 6,206 dollars 97 cents.	

part in the examination, but left it entirely to the native pastors. What impressed me most was the calm, thoughtful, business-like way in which it was conducted. The examiners had about them a look and manner which would not have lowered the dignity of the bench of bishops, or any presbytery of the "kirk." The young man seemed to feel this: it was evidently an eventful day in his life, and there were indications of the same feeling in the countenance of his old father. So slow and calm were the proceedings that by aid of the interpretations of the missionaries I could easily follow every question and answer. When we entered, the point on which the examiner was questioning the student happened to be the nature of the sacraments, and the leading opinions regarding them. This was followed by most practical and sensible questions as to the duties of church members and office-bearers towards brethren who were walking inconsistently with their profession—how to deal with them, and restore them. Sometimes when one subject was ended, and before another had been begun, the pastors asked the elders and members present if they were satisfied. If they suggested a question, it was put to the candidate; if satisfied, they held up their hands.

After the examination was over, the meeting adjourned until eight in the evening.

We returned in the meantime to our bungalow, which was about a mile off. The sun was about to set. The missionaries, the native pastors, and their people, accompanied us on our way through the village, amidst the eager but respectful gaze of its inhabitants. *En route*, we visited the heathen temple, which had the usual collection of idols in their several shrines. The Brahmins, poor unintelligent-looking men, showed us their gods with all the eagerness of children exhibiting their toys! There was not a symptom of fanaticism or unkindness, but rather of weakness and ignorance, with an eager desire to be civil and obliging. This did not impress me as being unreal on their part, but as something quite natural and childlike. They ran from shrine to shrine, and directed our attention to each god, as if disposed to say to us, "Is he not grand? see what teeth, what paint!" or, "Is he not funny and amusing?" The native Christians, who had once worshipped them, expressed no feelings of horror, disgust, or aversion, but quietly mentioned their names and attributes, and smiled at them as "vanities."

We parted for the time near the temple.

The scene has vividly impressed itself on my memory. The sun had just set, and the moon was rising above the horizon, a huge orb of lustrous gold. The higher part of the village and of the temple stood out in sharp relief against the yellow-green light of the sky. Shepherds were driving in their bleating sheep and goats, suggesting pleasing associations of rural and patriarchal life. The white-robed congregation—pastors and people—seemed almost unearthly. I gazed on the group, and my eye wandered to the temple, as my ear caught the bleating of the sheep following their shepherd. I felt a strange choking at the heart—an overpowering sense of sympathy with these my brethren in Christ and my fellow-labourers, whether native or American; and a joyful hope filled me that, as sure as Jesus was the Good Shepherd, He would seek his sheep until He found them, and one day bring them home rejoicing; and that as sure as He was the Sun of Righteousness, He would yet arise in the latter day and shine with glory over the plains of India.

I invited the major to attend the evening meeting, which he did. The result proved how often men are ignorant, not so much from any bad will or indisposition to learn, as from that destructive, although negative force, "not thinking." The meeting was held in the same place as the former one. There were about thirty Christians and seventy heathens present. The services were conducted by native preachers only, and were begun with prayers and praise. The singing was led by a native pastor, who was also a poet, and had composed several hymns. He was accompanied by instrumental music;—one instrument, I remember, was like a large violoncello, played as a guitar. The music, as well as the instruments, was all native. As the saying is, this was "in the right direction," and not one of those wretched attempts to introduce everything English, down even to the very names given in baptism. If we would see the absurdity of such European names, let us only fancy a Scotch child, of the Gaelic clan Macdonald, being baptized by a Hindoo pastor as Krishna Shastri Chip-lunkar, and then let loose among his companions in Lochaber! It is our duty in trifles, as well as in great things, to respect and preserve, as far as possible, everything native.

Then came two addresses in Mahratti; one being on the transmigration of souls, as contrary to God's character; and the other on Christianity, as being agreeable both to the nature of God and of man, and as the only religion which can meet man's varied spiritual

wants, or give peace to his heart and conscience. I was much pleased with the style and bearing of the native preacher—Ramchunder, I think, was his name. His preaching gave evidence of much quiet strength, “unction,” and energy, the whole look of the man expressing power and love, I asked one of the missionaries to interpret the passage which especially seemed to move both speaker and audience. This was an appeal to the heathen, in which he perilled the truth of Christianity upon the marked difference between the lives of the converts in the several villages and those of their heathen neighbours—the heathen themselves being judges. It was very hopeful to listen to such an argument. The major said “the preacher was a splendid fellow, and that he had never heard a more eloquent sermon.”

Before the meeting ended, Dr. Watson and myself were both asked to address it, which we did, our American friends translating our speeches, and I have no doubt improving them. It was a new and great happiness to me to be thus permitted to speak to such a congregation.

This mission, I may mention, numbers about six hundred *communicants*, besides many hundreds of hearers, eighty teachers, and six native pastors, with excellent schools for the children of *Christian* parents only. An American deputation brought about some changes in the mission *school* system for the heathen, at all their stations in India, which has caused considerable difference of opinion, but on which I give none. Two remarks only I make, that the people who have been chiefly influenced by the mission are Maratha Mahrs, who are a low caste; and secondly, that the former schools have exercised a vast influence on the mission. Many of their once heathen teachers have become native pastors, and the most efficient labourers of the mission. The eloquent preacher, to whom I have already alluded, was once a heathen teacher in one of the mission schools, and by teaching others the *words* of Christian truth was himself led to see and believe it. I have no doubt that the higher castes would have been far more extensively brought under Christian influences had the old school system, with the English language, been continued.

I may just add, that we had the gratification of receiving next morning, a most kind address, written in English by the pastors, thanking us for our visit. Thus ended our first and last visit to American missionaries. It is noble of Christian America thus to labour for the good of *our* heathen fellow-subjects, and

their example should quicken the energies of the English people.

I have dwelt at some length on this visit, as it was the only “preaching” mission which we were enabled to visit in the field of its operations, and because in its leading features it is a fair type of many others connected with different missionary societies in other parts of India.

We left at five in the morning, and bade farewell to the Bheel police camp and its commander, to our brother Mr. Watson, and in heart also to all the church, its preachers and people, in the “Nuggur district.”

Our ponies were determined to refresh themselves in the river when returning just as when going. A vain attempt was made to collect sufficient people to help us through; but after the most energetic appliances of voice, whip, and stick, the team looked up and winked, and then lay down in peace. So we took to the water again, and I confess that I did not in all India find any walk so agreeable.

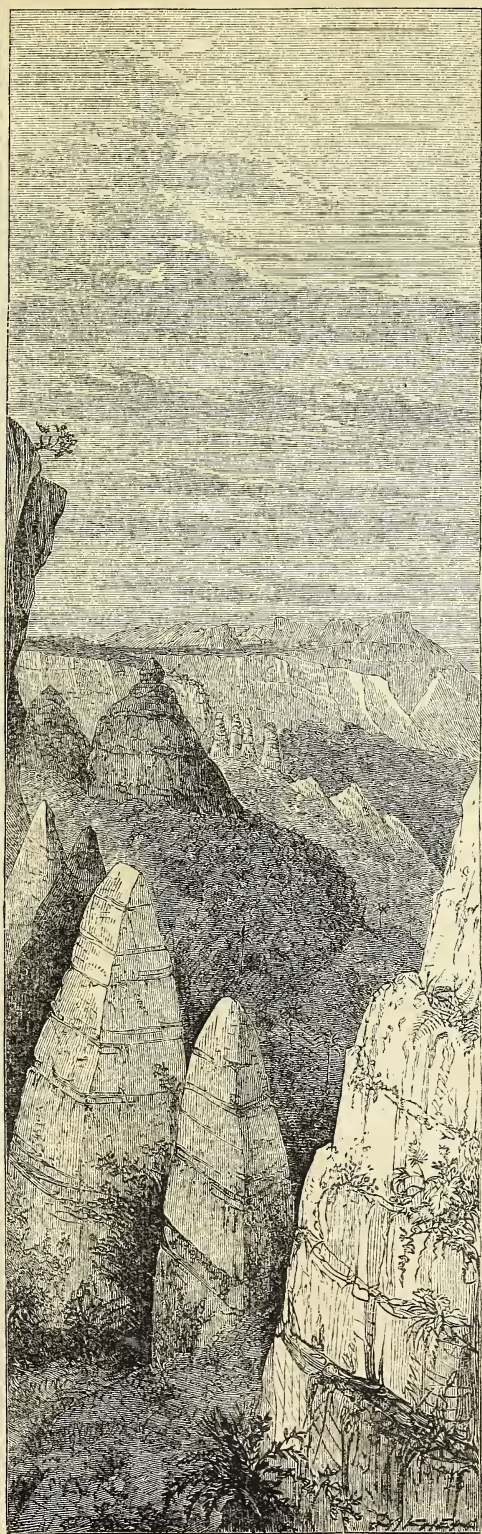
We called at Poona, *en route* to Karli, and passed an hour or two there. Our friends Mr. and Mrs. Ross had made every arrangement for our comfort, as to servants, provisions, &c., and agreed to accompany us on our journey. We bade farewell for ever to Parbutty and its gods, but not necessarily to our friends at Poona, who had received us so hospitably, and to many of whom we had the pleasure of preaching. India is like no other country on earth inasmuch as one may possibly see again every European he meets there. They all intend to return home some time or other. Dwellers in tents, like Abraham, they confess that they are “strangers and pilgrims” in the land of their sojourning, but unlike Abraham, they are very mindful of the country from whence they have come out. So one does not experience the sadness which is felt in parting from acquaintances in other countries, save, indeed, in the case of natives, because we shall “see their face no more.” I am truly glad that our distinguished host Sir Alexander Grant has since become the Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

The ocean plain of this part of the Deccan is lost in a bay, which gets more and more narrowed between the enclosing hills, the only outlet from it being by the gorge at Khandalla, which, as I have already described, cuts deep down into the Bhore Ghaut, until it meets the lower plain that goes on to Bombay. We stopped at the

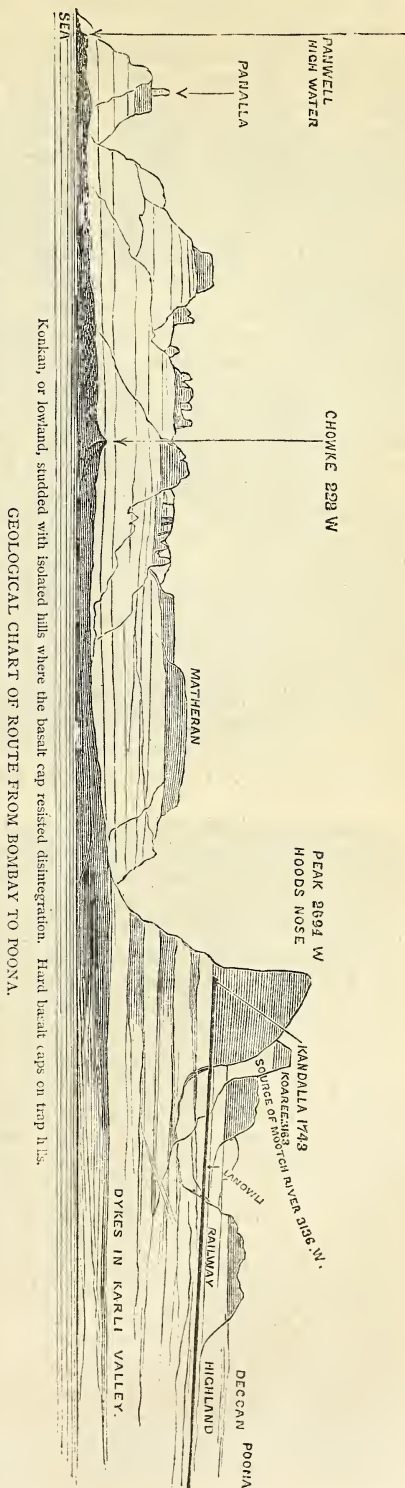


F. G.

THE GHATS NEAR KHANDALLA.



GREAT GORGE SOUTH OF KHANDALLA.



Konkan, or lowland, studded with isolated hills where the basalt cap resisted disintegration. Hard basalt caps on trap hills.
GEOLOGICAL CHART OF ROUTE FROM BOMBAY TO POONA.

Lanowli station, the next to Khandalla, and the one nearest to the caves.

A bullock garry was waiting for us, and a waggon for our luggage, servants, and provisions. The transition from the railway to the garry was powerfully felt. What the former is we all know, but few know the garry, for it belongs to the days when earth was young—the days of the Vedas or Mahabharata. It is a square wooden box or caravan, drawn by two bullocks, and holding six ordinary human beings. We were told that the bullocks often proved as good trotters as horses; and we did see in other parts of India splendid creatures, who seemed to combine greatness and *go*. But our bullocks were either lost in abstraction—dead to all arguments or impressions from without, or were the temporary dwelling of some wretch who was undergoing transmigration on account of laziness, and, proceeding from bad to worse, was getting ready to be transferred to a tortoise. The dark mummy who drove us twisted their tails, plied them with his stick, and shouted to them in the vernacular. The chaplain got hoarse with his exhortations. But no power could force them beyond a slow, easy walk along the smooth old Government road, and even here two miles an hour was so severe a trial for them that they once lay down to rest and to chew their cud.

About sunset, and after duly admiring the beautiful wood of Lanowli, which reminded us of a fine old English park, we reached our bungalow. It was beautifully situated. But, like an old inn ruined by the railway, it was shut up, and seemed to be falling into decay. We found an entrance, and sent for its official master, the police-officer of the neighbouring village. After a while he appeared in official garb, and did everything he could for us; but what could he, or even the Governor-General, have done in such circumstances? The very memory of travellers seeking its shelter had almost faded out of mind. The rooms were large and airy, but of beds there were no vestiges, except broken bedsteads, with huge gaps in their cane bottoms. Soon, however, we contrived—with planks, and broken chairs, and rickety tables—to get something higher than the floor on which to sup. We spent a most cheerful evening, thanks to our kind hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, especially the latter, and finally managed to rest in our clothes till the morning.

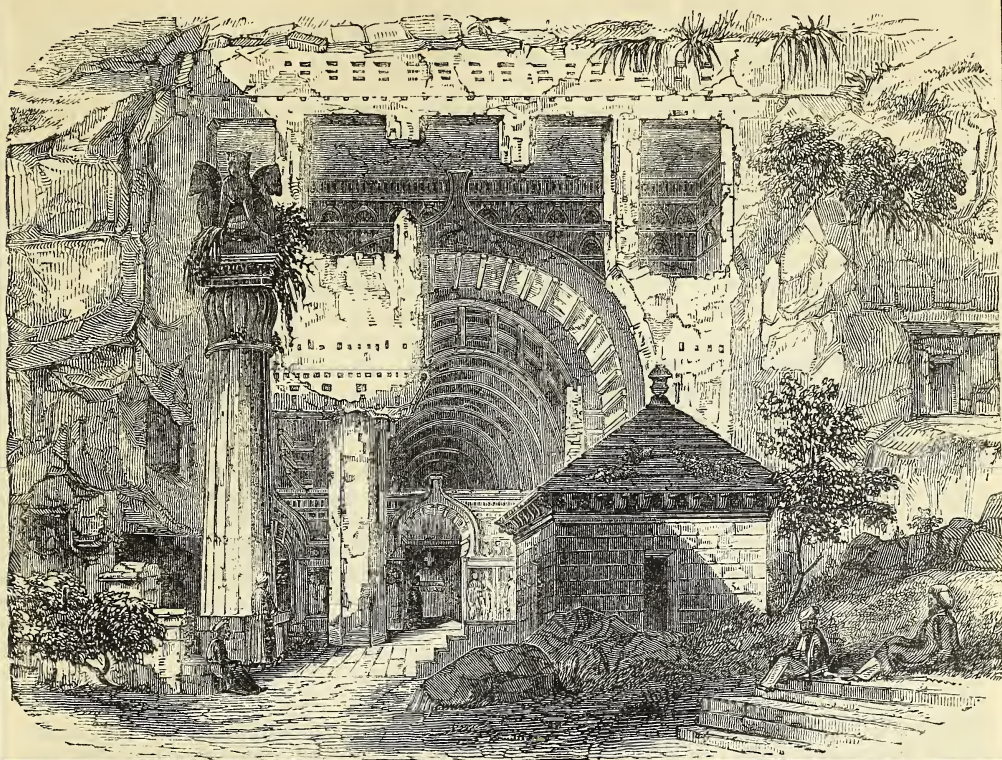
We found a large number of attendants ready to accompany us to the caves. They

had swung two comfortable arm-chairs on poles, one for the lady, and possibly the other for one of the travellers, a rather elderly gentleman, and “a portly man i’ faith,” to whom “a yard of uneven ground is a mile,” especially in heat. The distance was two or three miles only, but the ascent to the caves rather rough and steep. It was a heavenly morning. The plain was enlivened with flocks and herds going out to pasture, and the air was delicious and scented with the perfume of odiferous plants. The path across it was easy and agreeable. The low range of hills before us was covered with groves of cactus. When the ascent commenced, my readers may be sure the chairs were not forgotten.

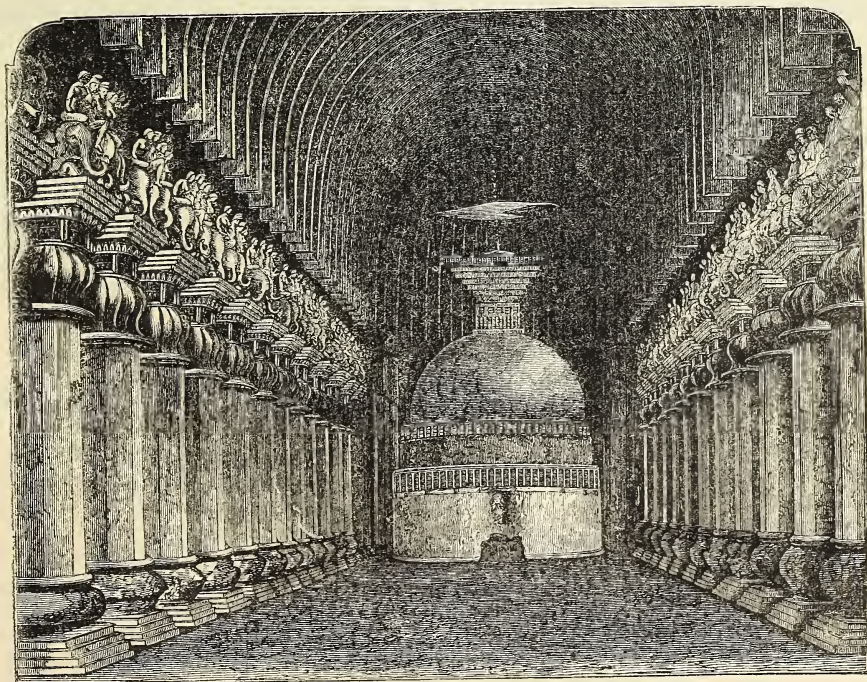
In about an hour from the time of starting we reached the platform leading to the famous caves. “But what caves?” my reader very naturally asks. In reply, I beg to inform him that long ago, before the beginning of the Christian era, that form of religion called Buddhism was supreme in India. It is now extinct in Hindostan, but in Ceylon, Burmah, China, and Thibet, it has even yet a greater number of followers than any other system of religious belief can claim in the world. Some centuries before Christ the Buddhists waged great ecclesiastical wars with the Brahmins and their caste system. They had then in India, as they have now wherever they exist, their churches, with internal arrangements not unlike our own, and their monasteries, with hordes of monks, who practised celibacy, shaved their crowns, and lived by alms.* The caves of Karli are the finest of several fine specimens which survive of Buddhist early architecture, dating back as far perhaps as the first century. They tell their own story regarding this venerable and strange “body.” The illustrations (p. 259)† will convey a better idea than any I could give of what meets the eye and so powerfully affects the mind of the traveller. To come suddenly on such massive and imposing architecture in a wild recess of rocks and brushwood, is in itself impressive,

* Speaking of the purposes of these chaityas (churches) and monasteries, Mr. Fergusson says:—“Any one who has seen Buddhist priests celebrate either matins or vespers, or their more pompous ceremonies, in one of their temples, will have no difficulty in understanding the use of every part of these edifices. To those who have not witnessed these ceremonies, it will suffice to say that in all the principal forms they resemble the Roman Catholics. This has attracted the attention of every Roman Catholic priest or missionary who has visited Buddhist countries from the earliest missions to China to the most recent journey into Thibet of Messrs. Huc and Gabet. All the latter can suggest, by way of explanation, is, ‘Que le diable y est pour beaucoup.’”

† For these beautiful drawings of the Karli caves I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Fergusson. They appear in his masterly work, the “History of Architecture,” published by Mr. Murray.



VIEW OF THE KARLI CAVE.



CENTRE AISLE OF THE KARLI CAVE.

and more especially so when associated with thoughts of the vast antiquity of the system of belief which they represent, and of its still powerful influence on so large a portion of the human race. The details of this caverned hill are also most striking. In a recess on each side of the doorway there is a most original, and to me most appropriate, architectural ornament;—elephants in bold relief fronting the spectator with their heads and trunks, as if bearing up on their huge and powerful backs the mass of sculptured rock above. The interior of the “church,” too, is very impressive: the centre aisle has fifteen pillars, twenty-five feet high, on each side, separating it from the two side aisles. At the end there is a dome-shaped building, called a *Dagoba*, like a high altar, within an apse surrounded by seven pillars. The roof is arched with ribs of timber, probably as old as the excavation. There is no light except from the great open window above, through which it falls directly upon the “altar,” leaving the rest of the cathedral in shadow. The length is one hundred and eighty-six feet, the breadth forty-five, and the height forty-five.*

Around the church are the various halls and cells of a monastery, which are also cut out of the living rock. There are three storeys, and the ascent from the lower to some of the higher being interrupted, the strong arms of guides are required to push one up, as through a wide chimney, and across rather awkward gaps. The upper story is a noble *vihara* or hall, with an open balcony or verandah supported by stone pillars. From this there is a commanding view. There is a raised *dais* at the end of the hall, as if meant to be occupied by the superiors of the monastery. Around it are the small cells of the monks, each having had a door, probably of stone. Within is the narrow stone bed on which the ascetics lay. On the walls are sculptures—figures of saints with the halo round their heads. I was very thankful to see this dead monument which so vividly recalled a living past.

We reached the station in time to catch the train for Bombay. After parting from our friends, we once more dived into the Ghauts—once more managed to get on the break—once more roared for sixteen miles down an incline of 1,831 feet; dived through I know not how many tunnels; crept across

tottering bridges; gazed into savage ravines; admired more than ever the splendid scenery,—for a true idea of which I am happy to refer to the very accurate and artistic illustrations furnished me by the Rev. Francis Gell (see pp. 256, 257), whose Indian sketch-books, together with those of Miss Frere, generously placed at my disposal, have done much to revive my impressions of Eastern scenes.

At the Narel station we looked up to Matheran with longing eyes, and much regretted that we could not see this famous and beautiful sanitarium. We stopped again at Tannah, and admired the views of mountain, sea, and rich foliage. We passed through the palm groves—along the first bit of railway laid down in India; and then Bombay was reached with its moist heat,—from which I sought refuge as speedily as possible under the old hospitable roof of “Graham’s Bungalow.” Best of all there were letters from home. Strange how, what is otherwise a mere trifle, may minister to one’s strength and comfort at the moment when both are needed. In the first letter I opened was one in large Roman capitals, from my youngest boy, who could not write, but who, wishing to contribute to the family budget, had copied it from print. He had himself selected a verse from the metrical version of the Scotch Psalms, which he begged no one might read until it met my eyes. It was this:—

“The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.
The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out, and in
God keep for ever will.”

These were the first words from home I received in India—and as I read them I “thanked God and took courage.” As Coleridge says,—“Well, it is a father’s tale,” and as such it may be forgiven by the reader.

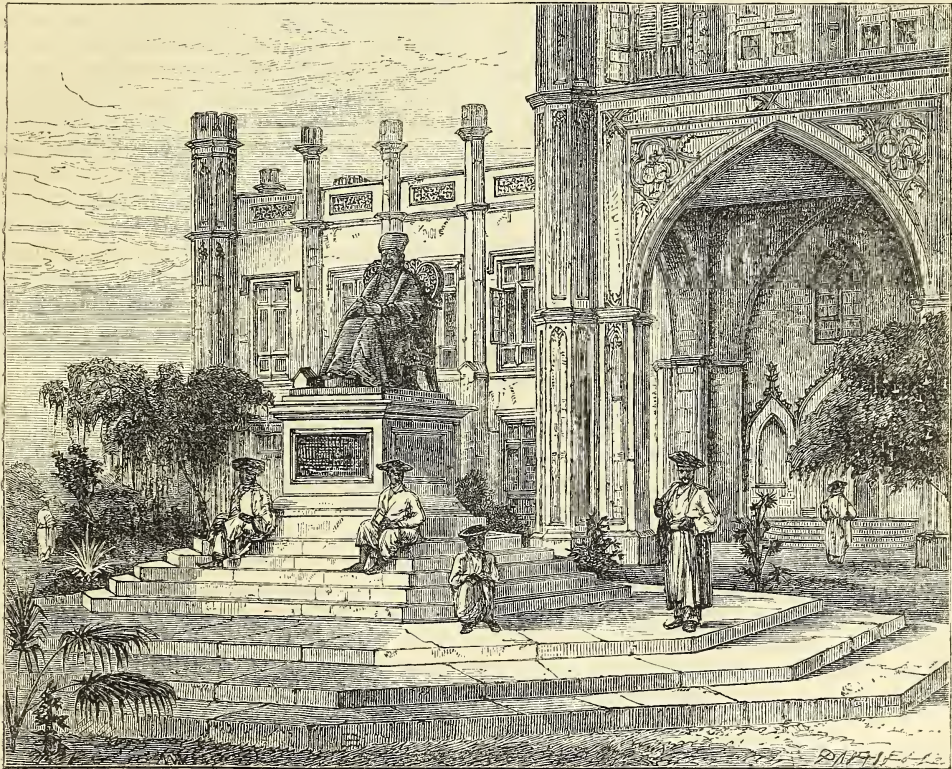
And now that I have once more returned to Bombay, and must soon leave it again, what more can I say about it? Were I speaking at the fireside, especially to a lady friend who had “nothing particular to occupy her,” and *therefore* could listen to my easy-going gossip, I can quite understand how she might insist on my answering a number of questions, and allege that I had really given no information whatever, at all events had by no means exhausted my subject. As many of my readers may agree with my imaginary questioner, it may be prudent in me to compromise matters, by myself suggesting

* For a full description of this and other Buddhist caves, I refer the reader to Mr. Fergusson’s Handbook of Architecture.

questions, to which I am to reply. The convenience of such an arrangement of question and answer will be cordially admitted by all the members of the newly-elected Parliament. Well then, courteous reader, before I start in the steamer, what would you like to hear about?

"Did you not preach? and did you not address meetings?" We did all that. But who would tolerate an account by us of our own sermons and speeches, or even of our audiences? Charity must assume that they were all excellent.

"And what of the clergy and missionaries whom you met?" What more need I say of our brethren! We found them in everything to be indeed our brethren. As my friend Dr. Watson once remarked, "The clergy, like sherry, get mellowed by a voyage round the Cape." Whatever be their characteristic on this side of the Cape, we certainly found them all we could wish on the other. Their friendliness was a wine which cheered the heart. We assisted Dr. Wilson, for example, in dispensing the communion to his native church, and such fel-



Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy's Hospital.

lowship would, in present circumstances, be impossible in this our "liberal" and "evangelical" Scotland. It is not improbable that our common missions to the heathen may be the means of uniting our churches *for mission work* both at home and abroad, and thus manifest that oneness of life and spirit which is the grand argument for the truth of Christianity, because evidencing the power of our living Lord as "all and in all." Nor need I here narrate all our happy intercourse with our own brethren, especially the Scotch chaplains, the Rev. Messrs. McPherson

and Paton, and the missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Cameron and Mr. Melvin, in our own institution. My silence regarding these and other friends does not arise from want of gratitude, but from a wish to avoid as much as possible such personal allusions as would soon become like "endless genealogies," were I to attempt to give the names of all those in India of whom we have an affectionate remembrance.

But my questioner not being Scotch, perhaps, does not desire further information on these points; and being a lady, as I

assumed, would like to ask instead whether we were at any parties? To this, I answer, Yes, every day—for never were men more hospitably and generously entertained. “And did you not dine at Government House?” We did, and were cordially received by the Governor, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, who otherwise and elsewhere supported us, because of the object of our mission, apart from any special letters of recommendation. “He lived in a grand oriental palace, no doubt?” Well, I have seen grander both east and west. The Governor, however, was not at the time occupying Government House proper, but was in his summer bungalow on Malabar Point. It is a delicious residence, and when the broad carpeted verandah is lighted up at night, and a large gaily dressed party is moving about or in groups chatting, the effect is much more beautiful and comfortable-looking than any drawing-room of a more formal kind in a northern clime. The air is balmy, the trees seem to meet and mingle with the sky; and then the stars come out to have their light reflected in the great sea.

“And what of the society? What of the ladies? What of the gentlemen?” Pardon me; I dislike eaves-dropping, and abhor the thought of a stranger being kindly entertained, and then giving rise to the suspicion that—

“A chiel’s amang ye takin’ notes,
Gude faith he’ll print them!”

What else would you expect such society to be, save very much like that of well-bred and cultivated ladies and gentlemen at home?

“Did you meet Lord Napier?” Yes; we met him more than once, and had the honour of dining with him and Lady Napier, and I may, without gossip, gratify my own feelings by recording that I have seldom met any one with whom I was so irresistibly captivated.

But a truce to this play of question and answer. I will now take up at random a few stray gleanings, and bind them in my Bombay sheaf.

We had a splendid St. Andrew’s dinner, at which we proved most satisfactorily to ourselves, not only that the cold, wet, and small northern province called Scotland has contributed a fair share to the world’s work, in every department of it, and in every region of the earth; but also that the Scotch are the chief pillars on which rest all that is worth upholding. This will of course seem a more than doubtful assertion to those who assume that the Scotch are always in a more or less tottering condition from other than purely natural causes; that indeed the majo-

rity of them cannot stand at all, especially on Sundays, when they are all supposed by Londoners to be either depressedly drowsy in church, or mad drunk in the public-house. But there is no such belief among the Scotch themselves. I thought also that the company had a general conviction, from which few will dissent, that the songs of Burns have done more to bind us together by the sentiment of an old nationality, than any other power—except the Presbyterian Kirk! Thus, strange to say, Knox and Burns have become allied in ways they could not have thought of. And it seems to me to be a matter of fact that the teachings, the traditions, the education, the republicanism of Scotch Presbyterianism, have had a great influence in giving to the Scotch a wonderful unity of beliefs, associations, and attachments, which everywhere awakens in them a feeling of nationality and brotherhood. While Burns, on the other hand, by his genius, by his native Doric, so picturesque, so full of humour and pathos, by his wedding of the old music, that goes home to the heart, to those songs of his, in which the scenery of Scotland lives with every “heigh and how,” every burn and flower,—has made Scotchmen all over the world feel as with one heart, and compelled them to weep or laugh as the magician wills. The heartiness of St. Andrew’s dinners arises more from this than from any “provincialism” of those who attend them. “Auld lang syne,” wherever sung, “the warl’ ower,” will make each Scotchman firmly “grip” his brother’s hand as that of “a trusty frien’.”

As to the educational institutions of Bombay. The principal of these is the Grant Medical College, with sixty-five pupils and eight professors; the chairs being those of anatomy, chemistry, materia-medica, surgery, medicine, midwifery, ophthalmic surgery, and medical jurisprudence. Connected with this college, is the noble hospital, the princely gift of the well-known Parsee, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. The year before last his family erected a hospital for incurables near it; and about the same time an ophthalmic hospital was also opened by another munificent Parsee, Mr. Cowasjee Jehhangheer, at an expense of more than £11,000. The Parsees, it will thus be seen, do more than make money and lounge in their clubs, drive about in splendid equipages, or inhabit princely houses. They have displayed such liberality as none of the natives in Western India have either manifested or imitated. For this they deserve all honour. I have no wish to speak unkindly even of their modes of sepul-

ture, in so far as these may be connected with religious convictions. But I must still indulge the hope that their tastes in this respect may change, and be made to harmonize more with those of the West.

In a note, I allude to the Elphinstone College, and the several school systems of India, together with what is special to Bombay, and to this I must refer those who desire condensed information on these topics.*

* The present system of Government education in India dates from the issue of the famous "dispatch" in 1854. There are eight great circles of education, each having its own independent action and government, including the raising and expenditure of funds for the carrying out of the general system. These circles are the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay; Scindh; North-western Provinces; Oudh; Central Provinces; British Burmah. Each of these has its Director of Public Instruction, with his staff of inspectors. The annual sum expended in all India by Government for education amounted, in the year 1866-7, to £732,875. In Great Britain the sum so expended is nearly double. The educational institutions wholly supported or assisted by grants in aid from Government are—(1) *village schools*, in which the vernacular of the district is taught; (2) *district or zillah schools*, situated in the head-quarters of the district, or what we should term the "county town," and in these the higher classes are instructed in English and prepared for the universities; (3) *talook schools* (Anglo-vernacular), which prepare for the high or district schools;—and I may mention that a *talook* is as large as four or five parishes; (4) *colleges*, established in some of the principal cities, such as Benares, Delhi, Agra, Lahore, or Poona, which have European professors and teachers, and give a first-class education through the English language; (5) *presidency colleges*, one being at Madras, and another at Calcutta, in which a complete course is given in arts and law, Elphinstone college being the presidency college of Bombay; (6) *technical colleges*, for engineering, of which there are three, and for medicine and surgery, of which there are also three; (7) *normal schools*. To these might be added mission and other private schools, which are under inspection, and receive grants in aid, very much, as I have said above, on the same principle as schools at home receive grants from the Privy Council. There are about 20,000 schools which receive aid from Government, and are under inspection. Education under Government inspection is thus afforded to 3,089,000 Hindoos, and 85,757 Mohammedans. Of these, 40,000 attend schools in which English is taught, some of which are capable of educating up to the University entrance examination. Besides these schools, there are thousands of purely native schools scattered through the villages of India, where the education given is of a very meagre description. There are three universities—one in each presidency. The universities have all halls for assembly in the course of building; but they do not have permanent professors, being constituted on the principle of the London University. They consist of corporate bodies, whose functions are limited simply to holding examinations and granting degrees in the four faculties of arts, law, medicine, and engineering. Candidates for degrees are admitted from any school or college "affiliated" to the university, a privilege which it obtains from being under supervision, and by proving its capacity to give the education required for obtaining a degree. No one can "matriculate" without passing the entrance examination. This matriculation examination is an important stimulus to the schools. The standard is about the same as in the London University, &c.

Two years after passing their entrance examination, the students are required to undergo another examination, called "the first examination in arts;" and at the end of the fourth year comes the final examination for the degree. In Calcutta and Bombay Universities degrees in arts can only be obtained by passing an examination in English and one classical language, *i.e.*, Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Hebrew, or Arabic. In Madras University the vernacular languages are accepted in lieu of a classical language.

In the year 1867 eight hundred students matriculated at the University of Calcutta. It is conjectured that in a year or two there will be four thousand undergraduates on its rolls. The number of young men who aspire after the higher education increases every year.

While religion is not directly taught in the Government schools, yet the Government books have provided, instead of the wretched trash formerly used, a pure and wholesome literature for the scholars, and for the schools of India generally; and not only this, but the selections for the training of those seeking a degree have been made with the greatest care from the very best books in English literature; and, when such works as Butler's "Analogy," or Coleridge's "Aids to

There is a nationality in which the Christian Church always takes a great interest—the Jews, who are largely represented in Bombay and its immediate neighbourhood. Dr. Wilson says of them:—

"In the island of Bombay, and on the adjoining coast on the continent, from the Puná road to the Bankot river, there is a population of 'Bene-Israel' amounting to about 8,000 or 10,000 souls. In worldly affairs they occupy but a comparatively humble position. In Bombay, with the exception of a few shopkeepers and writers, they are principally artisans, particularly masons and carpenters. On the continent, they are generally engaged in agriculture, or in the manufacture and sale of oil. Some of them, often bearing an excellent character as soldiers, are to be found in most of the regiments of native infantry in this Presidency. They can easily be recognised. They are a little fairer than the other natives of India of the same rank of life with themselves; and their physiognomy seems to indicate a union in their case of both the Abrahamic and Arabic blood. Their dress is a modification of that of the Hindus and Musalmans among whom they dwell. They do not eat with persons belonging to other communities, though they drink from their vessels without any scruples of caste. They have generally two names, one of which is derived from the more ancient Israelitish personages mentioned in the Bible, and the other from Hindu usage. Their social and religious discipline is administered by their elders, the chief of whom in the principal villages in which they reside are denominated *Kaddhis*, or judges. They are all circumcised according to the law of Moses; and, though till lately they had no manuscript copy of the Pentateuch, or of other books of the Bible, they receive the whole of the Old Testament as of Divine authority. When they began, about fifty years ago,

Reflection," are admitted, and such a subject as the history of the Jews is taught as a branch of general history, one may judge what a boon the system has been, even although it should in many points be found defective. We only hope that it may be let alone for a time, and have a fair trial, and not be "tinkered" by new men and new experiments. I shall not discuss the question of the religious results on the minds of the natives, but may briefly consider it in a future paper.

The public expenditure for education in Bombay is upwards of £90,000 per annum (1866-7), which bears the ratio of 1-12th per cent. to the presidential revenues, while the parliamentary grants in aid to some schools only in England is $\frac{1}{12}$ per cent. on the imperial revenue.

Grants in aid are given in Bombay by payment for results, £2,400 having been thus expended in 1866-7.

There are in Bombay Presidency 1,632 Government colleges; schools with 106,794 pupils on the rolls; and 56 private institutions receiving aid, with 6,250 pupils on the roll. Of private institutions under inspection, but not receiving aid, there are 1,754, with 117,547 pupils on the roll.

There is a great book department in connection with the educational. Of books 273,006 were issued in 1866-7, at a cost of upwards of £11,000. The late able superintendent, Sir A. Grant, complains in his last report that there is not connected with the Bombay University, the fountain-head of science and literature for fifteen millions of people, a single professor of history, political economy, Latin, Greek, Arabic, or Hebrew, nor of geology, astronomy, or even of Indian law!

Native female education is hardly begun in the Bombay Presidency in so far as Government is concerned. The expenditure on female schools of every description, including grants in aid, is under £400 per annum. The Parsee schools (privately supported) are reported as being the most efficient in the Presidency. From the apparent willingness of the people to receive instruction from schools under Government, and from the efforts now being made by Miss Carpenter for the training of female teachers—an immensely difficult task in India, owing to the social habits of the people—it is to be hoped that female education will steadily and rapidly advance, and in the long run produce vast changes in the native family life.

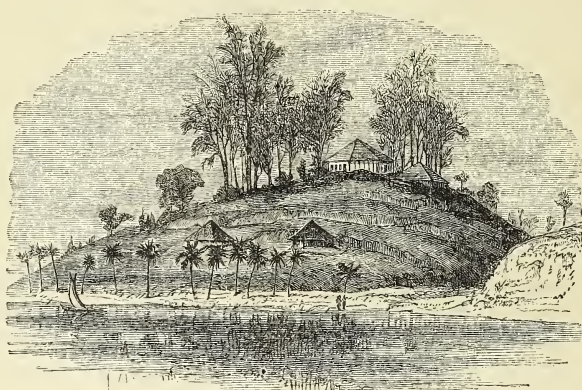
particularly to attract the attention of our countrymen, they were found combining the worship of Jehovah with divination and idolatry, serving other gods whom neither they nor their fathers had known, even wood and stone. From the Arabian Jews visiting Bombay, they had received portions of the Hebrew Liturgy of the Sephardim, for use in their humble synagogues, or places of assembly. They denominate themselves BENE-ISRAEL, or Sons of Israel; and till lately they viewed the designation of *Jehudi*, or Jew, as one of reproach. They have been settled in India for many centuries."

I am quite aware of the prejudice which exists among many professing Christians against the Jews. How unworthy of us!

more especially when it is remembered that the Saviour and all his Apostles were Jews according to the flesh; that the Christian Church itself is but a growth from Judaism; and that we Gentiles have been grafted into that old olive tree.

There are six schools, attended by upwards of one hundred and seventy children of the Bene-Israel, in connection with the Free Church Mission at Bombay.

But now we must bid farewell to Bombay, and proceed by sea along the Malabar coast to Madras.



Khandalla.

HAPLESS LOVE.

HIC.

WHY do you sadly go alone,
O fair friend? Are your pigeons flown,
Or has the thunder killed your bees,
Or he-goats barked your apple-trees?
Or has the red-eared bull gone mad,
Or the mead turned from good to bad?
Or did you find the merchant lied
About the gay cloth scarlet-dyed?
And did he sell you brass for gold,
Or is there murrain in the fold?

ILLE.

Nay, no such thing has come to me.
In bird and beast and field and tree,
And all the things that make my store,
Am I as rich as e'er before;
And no beguilers have I known
But Love and Death; and Love is gone,
Therefore am I far more than sad,
And no more know good things from bad.

HIC.

Woe worth the while! Yet coming days
May bring another, good to praise.

ILLE.

Nay, never will I love again,
For loving is but joyful pain
If all be at its very best;
A rose-hung bower of all unrest;
But when at last things go awry,
What tongue can tell its misery?
And soon or late shall this befall—
The gods send death upon us all.

HIC.

Nay, then, but tell me how she died,
And how it did to thee betide
To love her; for the wise men say
To talk of grief drives grief away.

ILLE.

Alas, O friend, it happened to me
To see her passing daintily
Before my homestead day by day.
Would she had gone some other way:
For one day, as she rested there
Beneath the long-leaved chestnuts fair,
In very midst of mid-day heat,
I cast myself before her feet,
And prayed for pity and for love.

How could I dream that words could move
A woman? Soft she looked at me;
"Thou sayest that I a queen should be,"
She answered with a gathering smile;
"Well, I will wait a little while;
Perchance the gods thy will have heard."

And even with that latest word,
The clash of arms we heard anigh;
And from the wood rode presently
A fair knight well apparelled.
And even as she turned her head,
He shortened rein, and cried aloud—
"O beautiful, among the crowd
Of queens thou art the queen of all!"

But when she let her eyelids fall,
And blushed for pleasure, and for shame,
Then quickly to her feet he came,
And said, "Thou shalt be queen indeed;
For many a man this day shall bleed
Because of me, and leave me king
Ere noontide fall to evening."

Then on his horse he set the maid
Before him, and no word she said
Clear unto me, but murmuring
Beneath her breath some gentle thing,
She clung unto him lovingly;
Nor took they any heed of me.

Through shade and sunlight on they rode,
But 'neath the green boughs I abode,
Nor noted aught that might betide.
The sun waned, and the shade spread wide;
The birds came twittering over head;
But there I lay as one long dead.

But ere the sunset, came a rout
Of men-at-arms with song and shout,
And bands of lusty archers tall,
And spearmen marching like a wall,
Their banners hanging heavily,
That no man might their blazon see;
And ere their last noise died away,
I heard the clamour of the fray
That swelled, and died, and rose again;
Yet still I brooded o'er my pain
Until the red sun nigh was set,
And then methought I e'en might get
The rest I sought, nor wake forlorn
Midst fellow men the morrow morn;
So forth I went unto the field,
One man without a sword or shield.

But none was there to give me rest,
Tried was it who was worst and best,
And slain men lay on every side;
For flight and chase were turned aside,
And all men got on toward the sea;
But as I went right heavily
I saw how close beside the way
Over a knight a woman lay
Lamenting, and I knew in sooth
My love, and drew a-near for ruth.

There lay the knight who would be king
Dead slain before the evening,
And ever my love cried out and said,
"O sweet, in one hour art thou dead
And I am but a maiden still!
The gods this day have had their will
Of thee and me; whom all these years
They kept apart; that now with tears
And blood and bitter misery
Our parting and our death might be."

Then did she rise and look around,
And took his drawn sword from the ground
And on its bitter point she fell—
No more, no more, O friend, to tell!
No more about my life, O friend!
One course it shall have to the end.
O Love, come from the shadowy shore,
And by my homestead as before,
Go by with sunlight on thy feet!
Come back, if but to mock me, sweet!

HIC.

O fool! what love of thine was this,
Who never gave thee any kiss,
Nor would have wept if thou hadst died?
Go now, behold the world is wide.
Soon shalt thou find some dainty maid
To sit with in thy chestnut shade,
To rear fair children up for thee,
As those few days pass silently,
Uncounted, that may yet remain
'Twixt thee and that last certain pain.

ILLE.

Art thou a God? Nay, if thou wert,
Wouldst thou belike know of my hurt,
And what might sting and what might heal?
The world goes by 'twixt woe and weal
And heeds me not; I sit apart
Amid old memories. To my heart
My love and sorrow must I press;
It knoweth its own bitterness.

WILLIAM MORRIS.



THE MUSICAL PITCH QUESTION.

WHAT is musical pitch?

Musical sound is the effect on the human ear of periodic vibrations of the atmosphere, produced, in their turn, by some disturbing force. Pitch is *the pace* at which these vibrations are made. The greater this pace, the more acute (higher, or sharper) the sound; the lesser, the more grave (lower, or flatter). Vibrations are estimated according to their number *per second*. The number involved in the production of even the lowest appreciable sound is far too great to be counted. Thus, the C of a 32-ft. organ pipe is the result of 16 *double* vibrations per second of the column of air contained in it; *i.e.*, the air in the pipe (and consequently the surrounding atmosphere) moves to and fro—contracts and expands, sixteen times per second when that C impinges upon the ear. How is even this low number, crowded into so short a space of time—not to speak of numbers enormously higher—ascertained and recorded? Is musical pitch merely *comparative*? Is one sound only sharper or flatter than another? or is the sharpness or flatness of every sound *absolute*, and capable of individual estimate?

The pitch of, or number of vibrations due to, any given sound can be ascertained as certainly and easily as the height of any given mountain or the distance between any two given places; and this not by one method only, but by at least six methods, more or less differing from, and therefore confirming the accuracy of, one another. Some of these have been known to, and used by, scientific men, since the beginning of the seventeenth century. A brief description of even the simplest would be probably unintelligible; and for a long one, I have not space. I must, therefore, ask my reader to accept as proved that though 512 vibrations made in a second cannot be counted, 8 can; and that the number due to *any* note once ascertained, that due to any other is simply a matter of easy arithmetical calculation. Consequently, as there would be no difficulty in tuning a pianoforte in St. Petersburg and another in Naples, on the same day, and at the same hour, to precisely the same pitch, so there is no difficulty in recovering the pitch of any given note at any given past time, supposing it to have been ascertained and recorded scientifically. Such record, it must be observed, will be altogether irrespective of *tuning-forks*, the authenticity and unaltered conditions of which must always be mat-

ters of some doubt. Of course, the evidence of *many* tuning-forks, collected from different quarters, all of which told the same story, with only trifling variations, would go far to prove what the pitch was when they were made; and, in the conduct of a "case," to which I propose to introduce my reader, I shall perhaps call this evidence into court; only, however, as confirmatory of other evidence, direct and indirect, much more worthy of consideration. Too much, perhaps, has been said about certain tuning-forks, supposed to have been used as authoritative standards of pitch at this or that epoch. Once for all; if all the tuning-forks in existence were broken up into knife-blades, the relative pitches of the present and such past times as we care to know about, could be quite as satisfactorily ascertained as it can be now. The ground being cleared thus far, let us get on to this "case," to the consideration of which it is the object of this paper to draw attention.

It is asserted on the one hand that, for about 250 years past, pitch has been rising—gradually, insensibly at any particular moment, but as certainly without intermission—inexorably, so to speak. That this rise now approximates in amount to a minor third:—in other words, that the A of to-day is nearly identical with the C of the seventeenth century. Moreover, that this elevation has been attained with an accelerated velocity,—that the pitch has within only thirty years risen a semitone, and that it still continues to rise. That this rise, which has been attended with no advantage to any class of musical performers, is in the highest degree inconvenient and distressing to one class; and that the public are every way losers by a state of things under which, possibly instrumental, certainly vocal performance is deteriorated in sonority and sweetness.

The answers to these charges and assertions are very various; so various, indeed, that, in some instances, they answer not so much the charges as one another. It is denied that the pitch is essentially different from what it has been always; or, granting that it is higher than it was a century ago, that it has risen at all considerably within the memory of living men. Or it is admitted that there has been an elevation since (say) the end of the last century, and that this elevation, so far from being a matter for regret, is matter for congratulation, having been at-

tended with an increase of "brilliance" in instrumental performance; while, as for singers, the complaints we hear come only from those whose physical gifts were always insufficient, or are now on the wane. Finally, that the public have no interest in the matter.

It must be admitted that the amount of *direct* evidence as to the pitch in the last years of the seventeenth century (the epoch of Corelli in Italy, of Purcell in England) is very small. It is otherwise, however, with *indirect* evidence; and this, strange to say, points unequivocally to the existence of *two* contemporaneous pitches—one for the church, the other for the chamber—an organ pitch and an orchestral pitch, each no doubt having its own varieties, but of which the former was always considerably the *higher*. That this was the case in Germany down to a comparatively recent period, is attested by the existence, very recent if not actual, of organs tuned to a higher pitch than has ever yet been reached by any modern orchestra. This was distinguished in Germany from the secular pitch, or *Kammerton*, as the *Chorton*. Nor were these two contemporary pitches confined to Germany. The evidence we have as to former English practice, though of another kind, leads to the conclusion that it was akin to the German. Much, perhaps all, the church music of the age of Purcell indicates the use of an English *Chorton*. Not only is the *tessitura* of all the parts, *to the eye*, very low, but certain passages, not in exceptional solos, but in choral services for daily use, are beyond the reach of the majority of bass voices, even at our present pitch. On the other hand, the secular music of the same masters *looks* as extravagantly high as the church music looks low—indicating equally the use of a *Kammerton*. It is incredible that any considerable number of persons should ever have sung the songs in the *Orpheus Britannicus* or the *Amphion Anglicus* at a pitch even approximating to ours; equally incredible that entire volumes of chamber music should have been sold in large numbers which hardly any one could perform as it was printed. For Purcell's G substitute our E, and all difficulty disappears; his passages are then at once brought within convenient reach of the voices for which they were intended. There can be no reasonable doubt that in the last years of the seventeenth century, as the church pitch was much higher, so the chamber pitch in England was much lower—perhaps to the extent of a minor third—than it is now. In the course of the first half of the *last* century the higher or church pitch seems to have gone

out of use in England. Nothing like the difference of *tessitura* which exists between the church and chamber music of Purcell and Blow is observable in that of Handel. The respective parts in the Chandos Anthems, the Dettingen *Te Deum*, his operas and oratorios, might severally be sung by the same performers, at the same pitch. What *was* that pitch? What do we really know about it?

We have seen that at an epoch considerably anterior to Handel's (1710—59), several methods of ascertaining the paces of vibration were known to men of science. These, however, they do not seem to have brought to bear on practical music; in any case no reliable records of their having done so have come down to us of an earlier date than the latter part of the last century. One exception may be named in the case of an eminent writer on acoustics, Dr. Smith, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who, about the year 1755, ascertained and recorded the pitch of the organ in Trinity Chapel as being $388\frac{3}{4}$ vibrations per second for A, = $466\frac{3}{4}$ for C. This organ does not seem ever to have been used in combination with orchestral instruments, and its pitch, therefore, at this time is unimportant—of itself. In connection, however, with the fact that it is considerably *lower* than that of an existing tuning-fork, said to have belonged to Handel (which gives 416 vibrations per second for A, = $499\frac{1}{2}$ for C), it deserves attention, and tends to inspire confidence in the authenticity and unaltered condition of the latter,—neither of which of themselves admit of irrefragable proof.

Of the pitch in various years and places since the latter part of the last century we have abundant and thoroughly reliable evidence. The following table presents the results of various observations made and recorded in the years and at the places named in it, by Chladni, Fischer, Opelt, Lissajous, Scheibler, and other eminent acousticians who have lived and written during the last hundred years:—

	A.	C.
Theoretical Pitch.....	$426\frac{3}{4}$	= 512
Paris, Chapel Royal	1788 .. 409	= $490\frac{3}{4}$
„ Grand Opera	1821 .. 431	= $517\frac{3}{4}$
„ „	1835 .. 449	= $538\frac{3}{4}$
„ Conservatoire	1795 .. c.430	= 516
„ „	1833 .. 435	= 522
Diapason Normal	1859 .. 435	= 522
Stuttgart (Congress)	1834 .. 440	= 528
Vienna, various places	1834 .. 434	= $520\frac{3}{4}$
„ Kärnthnerthor Theatre	1865 .. 466	= $559\frac{1}{2}$
Berlin, various places	1822 .. 437	= $524\frac{3}{4}$
„ „	1833 .. 442	= $530\frac{3}{4}$
Dresden „	1852 .. 439	= $526\frac{3}{4}$
St. Petersburg „	1771 .. 417	= $500\frac{3}{4}$
„ „	1800 .. 437	= $524\frac{3}{4}$

	A.	C.
St. Petersburg, various places 1865 ..	460	= 552
Cambridge, Trin. Col.	1755 .. 388 $\frac{3}{4}$	= 466 $\frac{3}{4}$
London, Handel's tuning-fork c. 1740 ..	416	= 499 $\frac{1}{2}$
„ Philharmonic Soc. 1812-42 ..	433	= 519 $\frac{3}{4}$
„ Italian Opera 1859 ..	455	= 546

From this it appears that in 1788 A, in Paris, was about 20 vibrations per second higher than A in Cambridge, in 1755, and 7 vibrations per second lower than A in London at about the same time, according to "Handel's tuning-fork." Some years after this (in 1795), on the foundation of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, the *orchestral* pitch in France is known to have been suddenly raised nearly a semitone. It appears to have experienced no further change till the year 1821, after which it gradually rose till 1859, when, by a legislative enactment, it was considerably lowered, and the "Diapason Normal" (A at 435 = C at 522), identical with that of the *Conservatoire* in 1833, introduced. The pitch which obtained in Paris immediately before this enactment has been, however, considerably exceeded in altitude by that of other places; as many as 460 vibrations per second for A having been reached in St. Petersburg, and even 466 in one of the orchestras in Vienna. With these two exceptions, the average pitch of London was, in 1859, the highest in Europe. To what cause can this prodigious elevation (in which all musical Europe is implicated) be attributed? Is it a matter of choice, or a matter of chance? or have we already attained in music that point at which in all other arts decay and decline have had their beginning?—that point at which a liking for the huge, the crowded, and the coarse, takes the place of a love for the majestic, the clear, and the refined? Is high pitch only the necessary complement to insupportable intensity, extravagant pace, and exaggerated emphasis? With those who defend it, it is, of course, a matter of choice, so far as choice acts in the matter. They tell us that a high pitch conduces to "brilliancy" in instrumental performance. It is extremely difficult to deal with an assertion of this kind (which, by dint of repetition, has become a sort of public opinion), expressing itself as it does by a word which can only be figuratively applied to anything that appeals to the ear. It is much to be desired that some one would tell us what "brilliancy" in music exactly means. Is it force, or is it quality? Or is it something compounded of the two? In the absence of information on this head, let us assume that it is something desirable,—say, the utmost force combined with the best

quality that can be got out of each instrument. Let us consider in what way high pitch is likely to, or can possibly contribute to these.

First for the wind-instruments. Of these the majority—the *wood* instruments especially—are of recent facture, designed, bored, and voiced to something like the present pitch. They have the advantage, therefore, of being used at or about *their* normal pitch. But they are inevitably of somewhat smaller capacity—contain a shorter column of air—than their predecessors of other days. That their voicing should be more "brilliant" on this account is simply incredible. Of the brass instruments precisely the same may be said; with this addition,—that, given the same instruments (and many of these are *not* new), elevation of pitch increases the difficulty of reaching the extreme notes. Is it the present elevation we have to thank for the all but expulsion from the orchestra of the most refined of brass instruments, the trumpet, and the substitution for it of the coarsest—cornets, cornopeans, and saxe-tubas dire!

But the brilliancy about which we are talking is not "pre-eminently seen," *i.e.*, heard, in wind-instruments. It is from the violin family we get (so we are told) this accession of strength and sweetness. As with the wind-instruments, elevation of pitch will here, it may be supposed, be met by alteration of size. The new instruments, of course, will be of smaller pattern than the old, and the old will somehow be made to tally with the new. Not so. The violin (and all its belongings) resembles the voice in many things, and among them in its having attained perfection a very long time ago. The models of three centuries since are the models of to-day; and the highest compliment that could be paid to a contemporary "luthier" would be to tell him that his last violin might be mistaken for a work of Stradiarius, who died at the age of ninety-seven, in 1733. The violin does not accommodate itself to the present pitch by any change of model, but by the use of thinner strings, and in the case of old instruments, by internal modification which destroys its identity, and would seem likely to diminish its resonance. How thinner strings and internal modifications can increase the "brilliancy" of violins, supposed to have come perfect from the hands of their makers, is a puzzle I leave to the initiated.*

* Everything about these admirable instruments (the works of Stradiarius) has been foreseen, calculated, and determined, in the clearest and most certain manner. The *bar* alone has proved too weak; in consequence of the gradual elevation of pitch since the beginning of the eighteenth cen-

But admitting, if only for the sake of peace, that such boundless improvement in instrumental performance has been obtained by such apparently insufficient and even deteriorating agencies, what is to be said of the effect of the present pitch on the voice? Our greatest performer on the rarest of voices has had the courage to answer the question in the most decisive and unequivocal manner—*factis non verbis*—by declining to sing at it any longer.

In a report, with which the present writer had a good deal to do, issued by the committee appointed by the Council of the Society of Arts, on "Uniform Musical Pitch," some ten years since, it was observed:—"Some impediments stand in the way of ascertaining directly the effects of the present high pitch on the quality and probable duration of the voice. A remonstrance in respect of it on the part of a singer might be too readily interpreted into a confession of weakness; and a premature decay of physical power might be imputed to an artist who protested against the gratuitous exertion which an extravagantly high pitch obliges him to undergo." That which was indicated in this paragraph as possible or probable has come to pass. Mr. Sims Reeves did but refuse to do violence any longer to his voice and his ear, by singing music at a pitch in some cases nearly a tone higher than that at which its composer intended it to be sung—

"When straight a barbarous noise environs" him,—

and a chorus, at even a higher pitch than has yet been tried among us, is heard far and wide, the burden of which is that our admirable tenor *has* been overtaken by "a premature decay of physical power," and (to speak plainly) is losing his voice. Mr. Reeves must have known that the course he was about to take would be followed by this imputation—as certainly as the head is followed by the tail; and he took it. Having counted the cost of his procedure, he proceeded, as none but a man conscious of his ability to meet that cost would have dared to proceed. To stop now to answer this imputation would be the idlest waste of time and words. The answer, indeed (if it need an answer), will be better *sung* than *said*; and sung it will be, we may confidently hope, for many years to come, with undiminished vigour and, if possible, increased refinement.

It is to be regretted that so few of his vocal cotemporaries, male or female, should have dared to come forward to support Mr. Reeves' protest;* but it is not in the least to be wondered at. Very young athletes, of whatever kind, never care to husband their strength. Not having ascertained its limits, they think it has none. Athletes who are no longer young may be glad to be spared unnecessary trouble, but only on condition that nothing is said about it. No amount of youthful freshness, or of manly or womanly vigour, would guarantee its possessor who ran the risk Mr. Reeves has done, from the charge which has been brought against him. Few, like him, have the courage, or are in the position, to brave it. So the very young singers, and the singers who do not wish to be thought otherwise than young, however acceptable to them change might be, are silent as to the existing state of things. They sing "and make no sign."

But, it may be said—it has been said already—what has the public to do with all this? So long as we (the public) are entertained, what is it to us that the physical powers of Mr. A., Mrs. B., and Miss C., are tasked to the utmost, that the work which should be pleasant and easy is (from whatever cause) disagreeable and difficult to them, or that their careers in consequence are now and then brought to an untimely end?

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the public cares as little about the comfort and welfare of those who minister to its pleasure as some who profess to represent it would have us believe, the public has at least an interest in the preservation of its own property. If anything be public property, it is surely the voice of a *public* singer; and the voice of a singer, public or private, will not long maintain its strength or its sweetness if it be misused—made to do work for which it is unfit. Rome was not built in a day; and a singer is the (often tardy) fruit of a long course of cultivation. Is it not Colley Cibber who accounts for the rarity of actresses eminent in youthful parts, in the all but impossibility that a woman should acquire skill enough to do justice to them, before her youth is over and her beauty gone? Sentiment apart, it is difficult to conceive anything in which the public could have a deeper interest than the preservation of the instrument—never, alas! to be replaced by another—of one whom the sunshine of its own favour has ripened into that rare pro-

ture, the inevitable result of which has been a considerable increase of tension and a much greater pressure on their upper surface. Thence the necessity for *re-barring* all the old violins and violoncellos.—Fetis. *Antoine Stradivari*. Paris. 1850.

* Mademoiselle Nillson presents an honourable exception. We have not yet been told that *she* is losing her voice. Perhaps we shall.

duct of nature, art, and circumstance—a great singer.

But the public has an interest closer than any personal interest, in the depression of musical pitch; musical performance, of whatever kind, would be not merely facilitated, but improved by it. Not only would vocalists find the amount of their physical labour lightened, not only might they hope for a prolongation of their artistic career by its general adoption, but they would inevitably sing *better*, as well as more easily and longer, for it. Every instrument has a pitch especially becoming to it—at which it answers most readily to the touch, at which it yields the sweetest, strongest, and most certain sound. And of all instruments, that by which this truth is most emphatically asserted is the voice. In every voice there is a pitch, at which every passage possible to it can be best executed. A passage may be possible to it higher or lower, but in the one case generally with a loss of sweetness, in the other of strength.

Now, the structure of an artificial instrument, a violin or an oboe, admits of very considerable modification. The body of the one may be formed on a different model, or its strings may be thicker or thinner; the pipe or the reed of the other may be shortened or contracted to almost any extent; but the human voice, so far as we know its history, has been what it is now (*i.e.*, has had the same limits as to compass) from time immemorial. Out of many millions of contemporary basses and sopranos, we here and there find one of the former who can touch the B flat below the bass stave, of the latter the F above the treble; among certain races, higher or lower voices are more or less numerous than among others; certain climates, too, seem more favourable to the production of the one than of the other; but “there is not the slightest evidence to justify a belief that the average soprano of the nineteenth century differs, or that the average tenor of the twentieth century will differ, from the average soprano or tenor of the eighteenth.”*

The progress of music during the last century has been chiefly in the direction of *instrumental* composition and execution. With exceptions, insignificant in quantity though not in quality, the instrumental music of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries—even that of Corelli and of Handel—has little more than an historical interest for the average performer or auditor of

to-day. Not so the vocal music. The Gallo-Belgian, Italian, and English masters even of the sixteenth century, and earlier, are still not only models for students who would write well for voices, but their compositions are still able to give pleasure to the unlearned and unlearning auditor. While, for grandeur in the combination, or refinement in the succession of musical sounds, for contrapuntal skill or melodic grace, in the double chorus or the single and often self-supporting air, none, even of the giants who have come between him and ourselves, have surpassed (should it not be said have equalled?) our countryman by adoption, Handel. It will, of course, be admitted at once that the inventor of such passages as those which abound in the works of this mighty master is likely to have known how best to give effect to them; *i.e.*, *where*, in the great system of sounds, to place them so that they would be heard to the best advantage. Assuming even that he cared little for the convenience of his performers, it is likely at least that he would arrange his passages so that they might be most effectively performed. Now nothing is ever as effectively performed as it might be the performance of which is unreasonably, difficult and attended with pain to the performers. It is certain that a large number of Handel's passages, both choral and solo *are*, at the present pitch, unreasonably difficult; and that the performance of them is attended with pain, not merely to the performers, but to the auditors. Who now-a-days hears with pleasure,—nay, who, with “ears to hear,” ever hears without suffering, that passage, so sublime in conception, in the Hallelujah Chorus, which is made by those successive steps on the words “King of kings?” The drums may beat and the fifes may play, the organ may roar and the violin bows scrape—“à percer le tympan d'un quinze-vingts,”—still, clear and compact the Amazonian phalanx penetrates the mass, and by dint of a musical “system” altogether its own, culminates in a G—much nearer to Handel's than ours; while the auditor, to whom every step of the ascent has been as every turn of the screw to a heretic under torture, gasps out his joy as the summit is *not* attained, that that much at least of his evening's work is over. It is not at all improbable that Handel liked something, and occasionally arrived at something akin to, what is now called “brilliance;” nor is it altogether impossible that he may have known how to give it to his compositions, when he wanted to do so. I put it to the most enthusiastic advocate of high pitch,

* Report of the Committee appointed by the Society of Arts on Uniform Musical Pitch, London, 1859.

whether, if that great master had desired to add to the "brilliancy" of the passage to which I have alluded by an elevation of pitch, it might not have occurred to him to write it a semitone or even a tone higher? Evidence is not wanting to show that he was acquainted with the keys of E flat and E natural, and also that the instrumentalists of his time could play in them. He knew better; and would not have risked a passage which could never be sung otherwise than harshly, rarely otherwise than out of tune.

At one of the earliest meetings of the committee on Uniform Musical Pitch, appointed by the Society of Arts, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That as the basis of any recommendation of a definite pitch, the capabilities and convenience of the human voice in singing the compositions of the great vocal writers, should be the first consideration." This resolution was passed nearly ten years ago, "unanimously," by a body deeply interested in the subject, and certainly competent to discuss it in all its bearings. They subsequently recommended the adoption of a certain pitch lower than that obtaining then, and, *a fortiori*, now. Why was it not generally adopted? Or, why was little or nothing *done* in the matter? Why were things allowed to go on pretty much as before?

Partly, no doubt, because the necessity for *any* change has not even yet been unanimously admitted; but chiefly on account of the very great cost of making it. The particular pitch recommended by the Society of Arts (C at 528 vibrations per second), which had already been adopted by a Congress of Musicians at Stuttgart, in 1834, was, *not without protest*, adopted by the Society, as a compromise. It was thought by some to be too high, too near to the present pitch, to afford the relief sought in a new one. They did not oppose its recommendation, however, because they believed—and the belief was shared by many practical instrumentalists—that existing instruments (wind-instruments mostly) could in most cases be adapted to it with comparatively little cost. Experience seems to have justified the protest, as it has certainly *not* confirmed the belief; seeing that the first attempt that has been made to realise the intentions of the Society has been in excess of what their committee recommended, and that the attempt has been carried out, not by the alteration of old instruments, but by the purchase of new ones, adapted to the French "Diapason Normal" of 1859, which gives C at 522 vibrations per second. This attempt, doubtless

connected with the protest of Mr. Sims Reeves, has been made in two choral and instrumental concerts, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Barnby. No musician who was present at the first of these can have failed to have been struck by the excellent *timbre* or quality, especially of the soprano and tenor voices, as well as by a certain air of ease characterizing the delivery of all the vocalists, principal or other. This was less apparent later in the performance than at the beginning; not because the ear got used to it, but because, as the temperature rose, so did the pitch with it; and so will it always, till our public rooms are better ventilated. By the end of the first part of the concert it was somewhat higher than that recommended by the Society of Arts; by the end of the second part, much higher. This rise was no doubt accelerated by the organ, which, being elevated some ten feet above the highest part of the orchestra, luxuriated in a temperature as many degrees higher, and therefore inevitably kept the lead, in sharpness, of all its brother instruments. Nor are these all the disadvantages under which Mr. Barnby's experiment has had to be tried. The wind-instruments—such of them as were new—were already adapted to the new state of things. Not so the stringed instruments—all of them old. A *sudden* declension of pitch must for them be attended always with some loss of sonority. Instruments of this class will not, at a moment's notice, adapt themselves to a pitch other than that to which they have been long used—or mis-used.* They are *animal*, as well as vegetable, and resent unaccustomed treatment—new strings, or relaxed tension of old, and being made to vibrate otherwise than of yore. But these and other shortcomings notwithstanding, Mr. Barnby's experiment was quite successful enough to justify perseverance in it,—with a little modification of his *modus operandi*. I venture to think that in his choice of a pitch he has made a mistake; that the French "Diapason Normal" is still too high; and that he would have done better to have adopted what is known as the "Theoretical Pitch" (of C at 512 vibrations per second). Could the pitch throughout any given performance be by any contrivance *maintained*, the little difference between the two would be of slight practical importance; but an ascent of nearly a semitone in the course of a concert being not at

* An eminent double-bass player whom I questioned between the parts of the performance about the change, said, "I am afraid every moment lest my sound-post should fall,"—a catastrophe which would inevitably have been followed by the entire collapse of his instrument.

all an uncommon circumstance, it is advisable to *start* from as low a number of vibrations as may not be positively inconvenient.

The *theoretical* pitch is so called on account of its having been assumed by almost every writer on acoustical science as the true and natural one; originally, no doubt, because of the simplicity of the *numbers* by which it expresses the vibrations due to the successive octaves of the lowest audible sound, these numbers being all "powers of two,"—32, 64, 128, 256, 512, and so on. Whatever attraction the simplicity of this series might have for a theorist, it could not be expected to have any for practical musicians, unless the numbers themselves represented notes apt for musical practice; in other words, a pitch at which "the compositions of the great vocal writers" might be executed effectively with due regard to "the capabilities and convenience of the human voice."* A pitch may be too low as well as too high; and if it could be shown that the adoption of any pitch, however philosophical, put the average vocalist to a disadvantage in executing the compositions of the great vocal writers, it would be a sufficient reason for rejecting it at once. But we have seen already—supposing the opinion of one of the greatest of those great writers to be worthy of attention—that the adoption of a pitch even lower somewhat than that of 512 vibrations per second could not entail any such inconvenience; seeing that it is certainly *higher* than the pitch in England in Handel's time, and a little higher even than the highest in Europe a few years after his death—that of St. Petersburg, which in 1771 was A 417 = C 500 $\frac{1}{2}$. It is higher, too, than the Parisian pitch of 1788, *i.e.*, three years only before the death of Mozart; and but a few vibrations lower than the Viennese pitch, in 1834,—when Schubert had been dead six years, Beethoven seven, Weber eight, and Haydn twenty-five; when Schuman had attained the age of twenty-four, Mendelssohn twenty-six, Meyerbeer forty-two, and Spohr fifty-one. Finally, it is but a few vibrations (practically inappre-

ciably) lower than the pitch—if the unanimous testimony of innumerable tuning-forks is worth anything—which regulated the Philharmonic Society of London from 1812 to 1842, at whose concerts many of the best works of Mendelssohn had been performed, before the last of these years, under his direction. His brilliant career, as is well known, was prematurely closed only a few years after, in 1847. It is not too much to say that our last great oratorio, *Elijah*, was composed with reference to a pitch nearly identical with the theoretical, and, indeed, that all the great composers of the first half of this century were educated at, or at about, it.

The general adoption of the theoretical or any other *uniform* pitch—for uniformity is hardly less to be desired than depression—may still be postponed for a time. The difficulties attending it are very great, and it is useless to ignore them; but they are, however great, not insuperable. They are difficulties of detail only, or, to put the matter in its simplest aspect, difficulties of pounds, shillings, and pence. How are the expenses of change to be met? How is an orchestral performer—generally the worst paid of all living artists—to replace a costly instrument, often all but his only property? It must be borne in mind too that this is no case for bit-by-bit reform. The pitch must be lowered, much or little, *at once*; and it is clear that, when the time for doing this arrives, a vast number of existing instruments will have to submit to considerable modification, and many will be rendered altogether useless. Even modification will be costly; sacrifice, of course, much more so.

But we have all of us seen greater difficulties than these tided over. Let it be shown that this is no mere personal question—no matter of convenience to particular performers, great or small, old or young—but, on the contrary, a question affecting the pleasure, and as Handel would have said, "improvement," of all who love music, and as a consequence feel kindly towards its practitioners, and somehow or other, sooner or later—the sooner the better—it will be carried. Where there's a will there's a way.

JOHN HULLAH.

* "The voice," said one of the greatest singers and best practical musicians of the age, Madame Goldschmidt-Lind, at one of the meetings of the Society of Arts—"The voice is the pitch."



THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING.

SWEET Spirit of the Spring,
 I hear thee on the wing,
 I saw thee leave thy darling where the snow-drops
 shed their light.
 And I heard thee singing say,
 "Come, love, with me away,
 And I'll chant a sweeter matin as we sunward take
 our flight.

"I will show thee where the lilies,
 The laughing daffodillies,
 Are bright with golden halos and bending o'er the
 brooks,
 Whose pretty, playful ways
 Have scooped out fairy bays
 In the willow-wattled bank-side and by alder-shaded
 nooks.



"Come say, love, wilt thou follow
 Over height and primrose hollow?
 I will give thee in a solo the heart's sweet over-
 flow,
 Till the merle takes up the chorus,
 And the throistles all assure us
 Most pleasant 'tis to warble where the daffodillies
 grow."

Sweet Spirit of the Spring,
 'Tis heaven to hear thee sing;
 For Spring, with flowers and sunshine, and the merry
 lark away,
 Were but an eyeless grace
 With the soul out of her face,
 Though children light the meadows and frisky lamb-
 kins play.
EDWARD CAPERN.

PAMPHLETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

III.—MOSAISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

CHRISTIANITY having sprung out of an older form of faith, it becomes an important matter to define, how much it has inherited from its predecessor.

The conditions of the enquiry which may lead to such a definition will manifestly be these. First a strict regard must be had to the *sayings* of the Founder of Christianity, and to those of His authorized servants: and in all matters outside those sayings, we must be guided by the *spirit* of Christianity itself.

Now from the very nature of the case, we may expect the sayings of Christ Himself on this matter to be but few, and those few of a general, rather than of a special kind. The subject was one of those which His disciples could not bear. The data for comprehending it were not before them. For instance, even the bare facts of His sacrifice of Himself, one of the greatest elements of the change, were unwelcome and incredible to them. So that on the details of that change He could only speak in enigmas, which should afterwards light up into meaning, when their exponent facts should be manifested.

Such would be the general declarations, which we find scattered up and down among His discourses, intimating, that in Himself and His work the Law and the Prophets were to receive their fulfilment, and in that fulfilment, their practical abrogation. Such an intimation is clearly gathered from such sayings as these: "Think not that I came to destroy the Law or the Prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfil." "An hour cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father." And in the Sermon on the Mount, He carries out and gives examples of, the practical fulfilment, by shewing that whereas the former commands had regarded outward acts, His began with the thoughts of the heart: that whereas they had been founded on a narrow and national view of mankind, His proceeded on a large and unstinted system of brotherly love.

Such, in the main, are His utterances: sufficient to guide those who were to come after Him, and leave no doubt as to the great result of Christianity with reference to Judaism: but not descending into detail. For instance, He but once mentions that which was the great object of contention afterwards, viz., the ordinance of circumci-

sion: and when He does, it is with a mere collateral reference. One ordinance, indeed, He does mention, and treats of as He treats of no other: but of that we will not speak at present.

It may certainly be, that among the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, of which He is related to have spoken to His disciples after His resurrection, might have been this one of the difference between the new dispensation and the old. But if so, the Apostles profited little by what was said: for when the practical differences begun to unfold themselves, they were entirely unprepared for them. Still, it might well have been that some of those differences were plainly laid before them, while on others they were left to be guided by inference. On the matter, for instance, of the efficiency and finality of the sacrifice of the Lord's death, we find no doubt or wavering among them: whereas on the question of the obligation "to be circumcised and keep the law," there were grave and lasting disputes.

Few then and general as our Lord's dicta on this matter are, we are led next to look on further in the sacred books, and to inquire what His authorized followers said on the subject. And here the decision is much more pronounced, by the very circumstances of the case just set forth. Definite matters were in dispute. Were the Hebrew converts to be circumcised and to keep the law of Moses? These questions were argued, and decided on general principles. And it is to those general principles, thus enunciated, that we must look for guidance in deciding kindred questions arising among ourselves.

The one point on which St. Paul insists in his arguments concerning these matters is, the universality of Christianity. "In Christ," race, station, sex, vanish before the general unity of standing and privilege assured to all. Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, bond and free, male and female,—these are names no longer known with reference to any difference of degree in Christ's service; the only difference between man and man being the amount of faith manifested by works of love.

To this world-wide character of Christianity would belong other considerations, naturally ranging themselves round it as they arose. One of these has already been before us in the words of our Lord to the Samaritan

woman. Days were to come, He told her, when neither Mount Gerizim, nor Mount Moriah, would be signalized as the place where men ought to worship. God being a spirit, and to be worshipped in spirit,—wherever the spirit of man is, there is His temple. Under the new and fuller revelation of God to man, there is no sanctity of place as such: no “place where God has put his name.” It required no less than the utter destruction of Jerusalem and its temple, to teach the Jew this lesson. Had these remained, we might have had even to this day, believers of Jewish descent “going up to Jerusalem” to keep their Passovers and other great feasts.

Yet this conclusion at once followed from the universality of our religion. Had one place only, as before, been set apart for the celebration of its more solemn rites, the effect must have been, the exclusion of the Church in general from assisting at them. Even in railroad days, the condition of presence in Jerusalem could have been fulfilled only by a few.

What then has been the result? The universal recognition of the principle in the abstract, that sanctity of place has vanished with Judaism. But at the same time, human instincts and yearnings refuse to be extinguished with the extinction of a formal obligation. Places for worship men must have: and when set apart, men will of necessity invest them with a certain sanctity. The very demeanour required within their walls, the very fact that God is sought only fitfully elsewhere, but systematically there, these, not to mention any even higher associations, forbid us to think of churches as common places. We bestow on them cost and labour peculiarly their own. We resent insult or desecration offered to them, with an indignation which is common to every Christian man. Yet to this feeling there is a limit prescribed by common sense, and indicating in its observance sobriety and soundness of mind. We all know that the sanctity which we attribute to churches depends on circumstances which are subject to change—is not inherent, but accidental. If public utility, for instance, require the removal of the fabric of a church, and the secularization of the ground on which it stood, the man of common sense and of real Christian feeling will cheerfully consent: the man of narrow intellect and superstition alone will persist in objection. In other words, this feeling, which attaches sanctity to place, is on the whole well understood among us to belong to human wants and associations, and not to any requirement of our religion itself.

This being so, let us regard another feature in the diverse characters of the two dispensations, analogous in most of its lineaments to the last considered. Not only was Judaism bound to a central locality as its home, but it was subjected to an ordinance enforcing sanctity of time also. Sacred seasons were appointed at different times of the year, and their special duties prescribed. But sanctity of time found its chief assertion in the ordinance of the Sabbath. At intervals of seven days, a recurrent day was to be kept holy. The ordinance was absolute, while the reason of its being hallowed was variously given. The seventh day of the week was to be universally observed.

Now the language of our Lord Himself, and of His authorized messengers, is as plain on this point as we found it on those others. He Himself again and again put this ordinance, even as concerned the Jew, on its right footing. He shewed His hearers that even under Judaism, the institution was one intended not for the coercion, but for the benefit, of man: and this being so, He asserted that He, as the root and Head of mankind, had right to modify and dispose of this ordinance as well as others. The practice following upon this assertion of principle is fully carried out by St. Paul. Among the signs that his Galatians were rapidly moving away from the Gospel which he had preached to them, was this, that they were striving to re-introduce the sanctity of times which Christianity had abolished. “Ye observe days, and seasons, and months, and years. I am afraid, lest I have bestowed labour on you in vain.”

Again in instructing the Romans how to deal with the infirmities of weak brethren, he tells us of some who ate all food alike, others whose conscience was weak, and limited them to the eating of herbs: of some who regarded one day above another, others who regarded all days alike. I ask any man of ordinary fairness of mind, whether it is possible to gather from this language any other inference, than that he placed the sanctity of meats and the sanctity of times on the same footing—in other words, that he regarded both as done away in Christ?

But in his Epistle to the Colossians he speaks even more plainly. “Let no one,” he says, “judge you in eating or in drinking, or in the matter of a feast, or of a new moon, or of sabbath days: which whole matter is a shadow of the things to come: but the body is of Christ” (Col. ii. 16). That is, if words have any meaning, he classes together the

whole matter of meats and drinks, and observance of times, as the past shadow of realities now present in Christ.

It is therefore in this as in the other case. Sanctity of time was a characteristic of Mosaism, but is not a characteristic of Christianity. One place is as good as another: one day is as good as another.

Indeed it could not but be so, if Christianity were ever to embrace the whole extent of the globe. As no place could be set apart for exclusive worship, so no fixed day could be put aside as sacred. For one and the same day is never present to the whole church. Let two travellers, both bent on keeping holy the prescribed seventh day, start from the same point: let one go round the world eastward, the other westward: and let both observe the Sabbath during the journey. What would be the result? When they met again, the former would be keeping the first day of the week,—the latter the sixth: and both would be desecrating the Sabbath itself, as kept at their common home.

But in this case, as in that other of sanctity of place, the Church of Christ has taken account of human needs and sympathies. We require a set time for worship, and a rest from the business of life, as much as we require a set place of assembling. The Church therefore has not refused to recognise the devotion of one day in seven to these purposes. She has imitated the ancient ordinance of the Sabbath, as she has imitated the ancient ordinance of the temple and the synagogue. The day of the Lord's resurrection, the first day of the week, was the natural time of assembling among the primitive Christians. He Himself impressed His sanction on the adoption of the day, by appearing to the assembled apostles on its first recurrence. In every age of the Church, its observance has been universal. To dilate on its beneficent results, would be idle. No language of eulogy of its advantages could be exaggerated: for its conservation, if threatened by the mammon-spirit of the world, no zeal could be inopportunately strong.

But to endow it with inherent sanctity, or to invest it with the obligations of the Jewish Sabbath, is absolutely unchristian. It is one of those matters, in which our Christian liberty is sacred: "Let no man judge you." When we repeat the decalogue,—when we include the Fourth among the other Commandments, and beseech God to "incline our hearts to keep this law," it must be plain to the meanest capacity, that we can only do

this in a Christian sense. We come to church that morning, fresh from the non-observance of the very day, which, according to the literal view of the commandment, we pray for grace to observe: than which nothing can be conceived more absurd.

And as to any change of the day from the seventh to the first, *saving* the obligations of the former Sabbath to the new one, there is no trace in the ancient records of the Church of such ever having been made. Nothing indeed could have warranted such an act, but the express and open command of Christ Himself. And had this occurred, is it conceivable that, amidst all the exhortations in the Epistles to correct Christian conduct, not one should be found impressing on the converts the duty of keeping the Sabbath? Is it possible that, with such a sacred obligation passing on them, one church should be informed by St. Paul that the man who regarded all days alike was as acceptable to God as he who regarded one day above another? or that another should, on account of keeping of days, be counted as having expended the Apostle's labour in vain? or that yet another should be commanded to let no man judge them in respect of sabbath-days, when all the time that ordinance in all its rigour was transferred to one day in every week of their lives?

Considerations like these will, I conceive, guide us to the true estimate of the obligation which rests upon us with regard to the Christian day of rest. It is not a legal, not a rigid, not a slavish obligation. The "liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free" should be jealously guarded, at the same time that the blessings of the day are made safe to all. It is emphatically with us an ordinance made for man, and not man for it: it is an ordinance over which, as made for man, the Son of Man is lord. And those who, authorized by Him, have rule over the various sections of His church, are lords also. If by existing rules and practices grievance is inflicted on man, injury to his body or his soul,—then those rules and practices ought by competent authority to be altered.

Our great temptation is, in the present day, to contribute unwittingly to the desecration of the day of rest, by rigidly and superstitiously narrowing the rules for its observance. It is true, that Christian liberty will assert itself in spite of rules; but it is a far more wholesome state of things, when its demands are taken into account and recognised.

Our faults in this matter may be looked at from two points of view. First, as regards

others. It cannot be right that we should, by the peculiar character of our observation of the day, drive multitudes of our working population into degradation and sin. And yet there can be little doubt that this is the effect of the English Sunday in our large cities. Churches for them there are none; or so few and far between, as to be of no account in any reckoning. Let any one who knows the back streets and mews lurking behind the rows of palaces in the fashionable end of London, say what is to become of their inmates on the day of worship? Where are the churches, where the meeting-houses, to which they can resort? For every carriage which takes the wealthy to church, how many inhabitants have been brought into the neighbourhood who are absolutely precluded from ever entering a church? And on a day when trading is unlawful, and amusement turned off, what is to become of this population, except one thing, easily imagined? It would seem as if the brewers and distillers had had the ordering of our English Sunday for their own private purposes.

Shut off then from the people this source of mischief, and let the taps run no longer on that day. Well, and what then? Do you suppose the working man will sit out his Sunday in a corner? He is even as you are: he wants his ease, as you do: he will take that which is *to him* ease, if he can get nothing better. He has a fine vigorous mind, jealous for truth and justice, as he deems of truth and justice: capable of taking in all that you can take in, and sometimes more, of the acts and words of God's Christ. You, who deny him the means of working with his hands, how are you excused for condemning him to Sunday sloth and debasement? If church is too expensive for rich men to provide, if church clergy are too conventionally stiff for poor men to understand, then in God's name let us abate the nuisance of trumpery jealousies between church and meeting, and do His work how we may: let every square and terrace be bound to provide for its dependants a decent conventicle, and let some man with brains in his head, and a heart in his bosom, stand up Sunday after Sunday and talk to them of Him who took on Him the form of a slave and was obedient unto death: who looked not on His own things but on the things of others: who shewed us the road to purity, and paid our fare to the end of it.

And there is a fault, next, as regards ourselves: the fault of keeping up in our ideal, and in profession, a far higher standard for the observation of the day, than we ever do,

or can possibly, carry out in our practice. Too frequently, while the practice of a family on the Lord's Day is thoroughly Christian, the theory is as thoroughly Mosaic. Live with them, and no better example could be desired of the discernment and use of Christian liberty: talk with them, and they are unflinching advocates of Judaizing rigour. Now surely, this cannot be good for any man. If the practice is what it ought to be, the standard wants to be lowered to correspond with it.

This is a matter too often forgotten. In many things, where theory and practice differ, it is at once assumed that practice must be at fault, and needs to be brought up to the ideal standard. We may safely say that, in the greater number of such cases in the Christian community, it is the theory which needs amending rather than the practice.

Let it be at once and ingenuously acknowledged, that the obligation of the observance of the Lord's Day rests not on an ordinance of the Mosaic law, but on the universal sanction of the Christian Church in all ages and countries. Let it be fairly confessed that reverence for the Christian day of rest is of the same kind as reverence for Christian places of worship—an instinct of the Christian mind, which to contravene is sacrilege and sin, but which may and must be obeyed under subjection to the higher claims of the Christian conscience, and to the conditions of Christian liberty.

But, it is said, without the strong defence of the Divine command, the day of rest will be imperilled. Worldly men, who are ever held back by fear of disobeying a commandment of God, will, when that fear is removed, at once break in, and make the day one of toil for gain.

Now I need not remind any man of ordinary reasoning powers and common honesty, that such an argument is entirely beside the purpose. The question for us is not, "Is the assertion of obligation of a Divine command *expedient*?" but, "Is it *TRUE*?" If it be not *TRUE*, then no expediency can make it justifiable.

Besides, I entirely deny that the placing of the Lord's Day obligation on its proper footing would entail the consequences threatened us.

The institution of sanctity of time is, under Christianity, as has been already insisted, analogous to the institution of sanctity of place. We require it for the needs of man's spirit. and besides, for the refreshment of his bodily powers. The presence of this latter consideration of itself casts a fence around the sanctity of times which that of places does

not possess; unless indeed the memory of the dead may appear to furnish a safeguard of a somewhat similar kind.

Now we do not invoke the Mosaic decalogue for the defence of our churches and churchyards from profanation. We leave them to the reverent feeling of Christian men, and they are safe.

Even so would the observance of the blessed day of rest and worship be safe, far safer than it is now with its Draconian law set at nought in practice, if we had the moral courage to say of it what Christ and his Apostles would have said—to follow out in common honesty the legitimate inferences from their sabbatical declarations.

Let not what is here set down be mistaken. I am contending, not for the depreciation, but for the ennobling, of the Christian day of rest. Those depreciate it, those lower its dignity, who borrow for it inconsequent sanction from a system of shadowy ordinances, as if it had not a standing, and an independent claim of its own: those rob it of half its blessedness, who repudiate for it the constraining sanction of the Spirit of Christ speaking in every age and section of his Church, and go back to Moses for its obligation: those depose it from a glorious privilege won for us by the beneficent spread of the Gospel, who would drag it in bondage to those "weak and beggarly elements," of which we are now eighteen hundred years in advance. Those are the real enemies of the Christian observance of the Lord's Day, who are "willingly ignorant" that no such ground as that on which they rest it is laid down either in the sacred books of our religion, or in any of those who lived and wrote in the primitive and purer ages of the Church: that any such ground was emphatically repudiated

by the Reformers: that, assert it as they will, no Christian nation, no Christian family, no Christian man, has ever regarded it in *practice* from its first introduction until now.

It had been in my mind to set down several more notions and practices in which we are at present rather Mosaic than Christians: but I have spent my time and my space about that one, which seemed to me of most serious import: that one in which we seemed to me to have most completely lost the mind of Christ and his Apostles.

I will only say therefore, that this one great mistake has brought in with it many others. The whole of what is now known as "ritualistic" worship in the Church of England is Mosaic. Its defenders openly allege as much. They defend it by saying that Moses on the mount was shewn the heavenly worship, and that the tabernacle constructed after its type was not fleeting but permanent—the prescribed pattern of worship for all ages of the church.

And the spirit of the practices which are growing up around this notion is also Mosaic and anti-Christian. This tendency is by degrees to obliterate the efficacy of the great once-for-all Sacrifice, and to put in its place the efficacy of its renewals or commemorations: to hide from the eyes of the faithful the glorified human form of the divine High Priest at God's right hand, and to put in His place certain avatars or dynamic symbols of His presence down here on earth.

And the upholders of this worship among us are the very successors of those who disturbed the Galatians, the Colossians, the Philippians. In many passages of those Epistles, we have but to change the language so as to express modern habits, and the descriptions are perfect.

POOR PEOPLE.

(FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

'Tis night. The cabin door is shut, the room,
Though poor, is warm, and has a flickering light
By which you just distinguish through the gloom
A shelf with row of plates that glimmer bright,
Some nets hung out to dry upon the wall,
And at the furthest end a curtained bedstead tall;
Near it a mattress on rude benches spread—
A nest of souls—five children sleeping there;
Upon the hearth some embers glowing red;
And by the bedside, rapt in thought and prayer,
The mother kneeling, anxious and alone.
While out of doors, with foaming breakers white
Unto the clouds, the winds, the rocks, the night,
The gloomy ocean lifts its ceaseless moan.

Her husband is out fishing. From a lad

With chance and danger he has had to fight,
No matter what the weather—good or bad;
The children hunger, and are thinly clad;
So in his little sailing boat each night
He must set off, however hard it blow.
His wife remains at home to wash and sew,
Prepare the bait, and mend the nets, and keep
Watch o'er the herring broth—their only meal—
Till, all the children being put to sleep,
She can pray God for her dear husband's weal.

She prays; and praying hears the gulls' wild cry
Sound as it mocked her, dismal shadows press
Into her mind—waves rolling mountains high,
Fragments of wrecks, and sailors in distress.

And all the while, pent in its wooden frame,
The clock's impassive pulse beats on the same;
Each beat a summons countless souls obey,
To enter life or pass from life away.

She muses sadly. Very poor they are!
Her children's feet in winter time are bare;
They never dream of tasting wheaten bread.
Oh how the wind keeps roaring over head!
The waves are hammering the shore, on high
The stars like sparks seem flying through the sky.
Midnight in cities, is the reveller gay,
Who smiles behind the mask he wears in play;
Midnight at sea, is the un pitying foe
Who lurks in mist, intent to deal his blow,
Seizes the fisher, and with sudden shock
Hurls his frail boat upon a sunken rock.
Horror! he feels it foundering—his cries
Are stifled by the waves that o'er him rise.
He sinks, and sinking sees the sunbeams play
On his old boat-ring in the quiet quay!
Thoughts such as these through Jenny's fancy stray.
She weeps and trembles.

Ay! poor fishers' wives!
'Tis piteous to your lonely selves to say
That husbands, brothers, sons, your souls, your
lives,
Your flesh and blood, may be the billows' prey;
That with their precious heads the rude winds play;
That ponder how you will you cannot tell
If at this very moment all be well;
That they, to hold their own against the gale
And the unfathomed waves that round them swell,
Have but a plank or two and strip of sail.
Wild with the thought, you run through sand and
wrack,
And pray the rising tide to bring them back.
No answer there of comfort!—Ill agree
The ever-fearful heart and ever-restless sea!
But Jenny thinks no case is like her own,—
Her husband in his boat is all alone.
Alone this bitter night, beneath that sky's black pall!
"No help!" she sighs, "the boys are all too small!"
Poor mother! saying now, "Were they but men,
Their father is alone"—the day draws nigh
When they will share their father's perils. Then
"Would they once more were children!" wilt thou cry.

She takes her lantern and her cloak—maybe
He is returning—anyhow she'll see
If still the beacon light be burning clear,
And if the waves are less and daybreak near.
She goes—too soon—'tis dark and rainy too,
No line of light divides the sky and main—
Nothing so dreary as this early rain.
You'd say Day wept its birth as mortal children do.
She wanders on—no window shows a light.
Sudden her glance—intent to find her way—
Meets an old hovel fallen to decay;
No fire within—'tis black and cold as night.
From the low roof the ragged thatch flies fast,
And the door rattles loosely in the blast.

"Ah! the poor widow—I forgot her quite!
My husband found her worse the other day,
I'll just look in, a friendly word to say.
Sick and alone—a dismal lot is hers!"
She knocks, she listens, no one speaks or stirs.
Jenny stands shiv'ring at the broken door;
"Sick and with such young children, sick and poor—
She has but two, but then her husband's dead."
She knocks and calls, "What, neighbour! all in bed?"
Still the same silence—"Well, she must sleep fast;
No use in calling." All at once the blast,

As though the elements did sometimes heed
And take compassion on our human need,
Beat on the door and blew it open wide.

She entered, and her lantern's feeble light
Revealed the hovel's bare and ruined plight,
The rain fell through the roof on every side.

In the far corner of the wretched room
An awful form appeared from out the gloom—
A woman motionless and stiff—feet bare,
Glazed eyes that seemed to threaten by their stare—
A corpse—a mother not long since, strong, active, gay—
The spectre of dead poverty to-day!
All that remains to prove how dire the strife
That paupers wage with want and cold for life!
From out the straw one livid arm hung down,
The hand already dark with hues of death—
The mouth wide open and the forehead's frown
Told of the struggle for the latest breath,
And bore the impress of that awful cry
Of death which echoes through eternity!

Close by the bed on which their mother died
A cradle stood, and in it side by side
Two rosy infants smile in slumber sweet.
The mother, feeling her last hour draw near,
Had heaped on them the gown she used to wear,
And rolled her cloak about their little feet,
Hoping that covered thus by fold on fold,
They would keep warm while she was growing cold.

But what has Jenny in that cabin done;
What is she bearing in her cloak away;
What is the fear that causes her to run
With beating heart in such a stealthy way;
What is it she with troubled glance has laid
Upon her bed behind the curtain's shade?
The woman has been stealing you would say.

When she got home it was the break of day.
She sat down pale and trembling, some regret
Seemed to be weighing on her mind, she let
The brow she clasped fall heavy on the bed
And, in short broken sentences, she said,
"My husband! Heavens! what will the poor man
say!

Such toil and trouble—what a thing I've done!
Five children on his hands already. None
Work harder than he does; and I must make
His burden heavier. How that door does shake!
I thought 'twas he. Well, if he scold outright,
Or even beat me, it will serve me right.
Is that his footstep? No—not yet—I'm glad—
Why, what a shame! things must be getting bad
When I'm afraid to see him back again!"
And then she shuddered, and a gloomy train
Of thought absorbed her so, she heard no more
The shrieking sea-birds or the waves' dull roar.

Sudden the door bursts open, lets a track
Of cold light in; upon the threshold stands,
Dragging his dripping net with both his hands,
The fisher, calling gaily, "Well! I'm back."

"'Tis you!" cried Jenny, as she caught and prest
Her husband as a lover to her breast,
And kissed his very clothes in her delight;
While he kept saying, "Here I am—all right!"
His manly face, lit by the turf-fire, showed
How his true heart at sight of Jenny glowed.
"The sea's a thief!" he cried, "I'm fairly done!"
"What weather!" "Bad." "What sort of haul?"
"Why, none."
But now I hug my Jenny all seems bright.
Well! I've caught nothing! and my net is torn—

There was a devil of a wind that blew,
 And once I thought—'twas getting on tow'rd morn—
 We should capsize—the cable broke in two.
 What were you doing then?" O'er Jenny's frame
 A shudder passed before her answer came—
 "I! nothing much—I sat and sewed—the sea
 Roared so like thunder it quite frightened me.
 The winter seems set in before its time."
 Then, trembling as if taken in a crime,
 Jenny continued—"Oh! and by the way,
 Our neighbour's lying dead—died yesterday,

I think—at least it was last evening late—
 'Twas after you were gone at any rate.
 She leaves two children—boy and girl—quite small—
 Johnny begins to walk and Meg to crawl.

The poor good soul was almost starved, I fear."
 The man looked grave at once, and flung away
 His close blue cap wet through with rain and spray;
 "Deuce take it!" he exclaimed, and rubbed his ear,
 "This will make seven, and we had five before:
 How shall we keep the wolf from off the door?"

Why, in bad weather, as it was, the fare



Often ran short—'tis hard to see one's way.

Well! I can't help it—'tis the Lord's affair.
 Why take the mother from such brats away?
 Not bigger than my fist—what use to say,
 'Work for your bread' to mites like those? No doubt
 Men must be scholars to make these things out,

They fairly bother me.—Go fetch them, wife.

If they should wake and find themselves alone,

With mammy dead, 'twould scare them out of life.

Look you, the mother's knocking at our door,
 We'll take her children in amongst our own;

At evening they will play about our knees,
 Just like the other five we had before,
 Brothers and sisters all. When the Lord sees
 That we have got to feed and clothe two more,
 He'll send more fish into our net. Besides,
 I can drink water and work double tides.

That's settled—run and fetch them—'tis not far.
 What! vexed? I never saw you move so slow be-
 fore!"—

She turns and draws the curtains—"There they
 are!"

L. C. S.

SHORT ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THIRD INSTALMENT.

"LET who will write the history of a nation, so that I may write its ballads." Such has been the wish expressed, or implied, by many a great poet. My ambition stretches further and deeper. Let who will write the ballads, so that I may write the copies for the copy-books. And what is the first copy I should set to those who are learning to write? I think it would be this: "*The worst use that can be made of writing is to write needless and intrusive letters to busy people in great place.*" No, that would be too long, and perhaps would be hard to be understood by the juvenile beginner. "*Never write intrusive letters, because there are others who will be sure to do that work for you.*" It is still too long; and, for large round hand, I suppose I must be satisfied with a copy consisting of only these words: "*Never write intrusive letters.*"

Now I do not wish to be harsh in the use of that word "intrusive." Doubtless nine out of ten of the people who write intrusive letters do not mean to intrude, and do not think that they are intruding. But though the letters may be the result of a species of hero-worship of the great man who receives them, they add most seriously, if most unwittingly, to the weighty burden which such a man has to carry; and, in the end, the writers absolutely hinder him from doing what they would most wish him to do—namely, to continue in the course of thought or action which has elicited their admiration. They should consider that because a man has attained pre-eminence in some branch of human endeavour, there is no reason to suppose that nature, however gracious, lengthens out the day for him. He is on the surface of a ball of earth which turns round at a steady pace, carrying him, as well as the other small creatures who are upon it, into the darkness of the night; and he has no supernatural powers which enable him continuously to borrow from that night "an hour or twain" more than other men.

The mischief caused by this needless correspondence is immense. The other day I saw a private secretary sending off to his master, who was in the country, a pouch containing the letters which had arrived for him by that morning's post. They amounted in number to one hundred and seven. Probably ninety-seven of them were needless and intrusive—telling the great man what he might,

could, would, or should do; instructing him largely in the duties of his office, or merely praising or blaming him. But to read them, however cursorily, takes time, and fritters away life. In fact, the needless demands made upon any eminent man's time and attention are increasing to such an extent, in these days, that he can hardly find leisure or freedom to think out, still less to work out, any great matter for himself. The time will come, perhaps, when a great man will rise to eminence, and then, by these constant and trivial demands upon his thought and energy, degenerate into idiocy. In short, he will always culminate when attaining eminence, and not after he has attained to power and influence by that eminence.

Every man who is taught to write, ought at the same time to be taught that he should be merciful in his writing.

To proceed with the copies for copy-books, undoubtedly there should be another, to this effect: "*Cruelty to animals is a great wickedness.*" Or perhaps it had better be put in a concrete than in an abstract form, and should run simply thus: "*Do not tease the cat.*" It is astonishing how much the education of the young is neglected as regards the simplest matters of duty. They have to listen to long sermons, not one word of which, in their minds, has the slightest application to themselves. It is strange that elder people should have seen that the young should be separated from them as regards all manner of pleasures and entertainments—that they should even have a pantomime in the daytime for children—and that these same people cannot realise the fact that children should have separate church services and separate instruction in moral and religious matters. I believe that the cruelty towards animals so often manifested in children, is not so much from want of thought, as from the absolute want of instruction.

It is a melancholy fact, but it is a fact, that people are often as much attached to things as to persons. We may doubt whether there have been many broken hearts from disappointments in love; but there is very little doubt that there have been many

broken hearts from loss of fortune. What it has cost ruined men to part from the homes of their ancestors, or from the homes which they have created or beautified, can hardly be estimated too highly. The reason of all this is as follows:—The loss of a love is something tender, touching, elevated: the loss of these material things is degradation. And then, again, men do not see that the loss of love is in any way their own fault. It is a decree of fate. It is inevitable; and, though with many pangs, we always make up our minds to the inevitable. But the loss of material things is generally accompanied by the loss of self-esteem; and no man is utterly lost, except by the loss of that self-esteem.

I think we might have a triumph over the French in a small matter of expression; and it is rare that we can have any such triumphs. There is the proverb, "*Il y a fagots et fagots*:" a proverb which has become one of the most frequently used in modern times, as expressing nominal similarity and substantial difference. But the words are surely very ill-chosen. One bundle of sticks is really very like another bundle of sticks. But suppose we were to change it in this way: "There are kisses and kisses." Then you would have something of which the name was the same, but the substance very different. There is the kiss of custom, the kiss of respect, the kiss of duty, the pre-conjugal kiss, the conjugal kiss, the filial kiss, the playful kiss—as when the grandfather is found, without any intention of course on his part, directly under the misletoe-bough—the kiss of betrayal, and the kiss of passionate devotion, of which the poet says:—

'A man had given all earthly bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

Then, too, these different classes of kisses are strangely intermingled, as when, for instance, an old and attached minister, upon some formal occasion, kisses the hand of his sovereign, but yet expresses in that kiss his reverent, fond, and abiding attachment—a Burleigh kissing, on receiving some wand of office or some mark of favour, the hand of Queen Elizabeth.

You cannot find any two things in which there may be so much outward resemblance, and at the same time so much inward difference, as in two kisses. If you were to say, "There are houses and houses,"—well, there

is considerable difference in houses; but, for the most part, there is a similar inconvenience and a similar want of skill and adaptation to be found in the mansion in Belgravia as in the suburban semi-detached residence. Yes, I think the rest of the world would admit that, if we were to turn, "*Il y a fagots et fagots*," into "There are kisses and kisses," we should have made a translation that far exceeds the original in force and meaning, as much indeed as Dryden exceeds Horace, here and there, in his rendering of some Horatian Ode.

Tied to the same stunted willow, a punt and a wherry were moored together. They were not exactly friends, but they were friendly acquaintances, like merchants who often meet on 'Change; and so they spoke familiarly together.

It was one of those times and seasons which invite interchange of thought, and compel even the reticent to indulge in unwonted confidences. The returning waters (for the river was tidal) stole into the expected embrace of the softly curving shores with a fondness not less fond because it was of daily recurrence, like that with which the good man of the house welcomes, and is welcomed by, his loving wife after the day's labour is ended. The least beautiful things gained a beauty not their own from being reflected in the still water. The sunset was not grand, nor gorgeous, nor severe: it was simply equable and soft. Indeed so soft, that it might almost have been a reflection from the water into the air. There was a plashy gurgling sound as the ample river kissed the shores—a sweet, continuous musical noise, like the purring of a pleased animal—which bespoke peace and contentment. The delicate frame of the wherry felt the full influence of the scene.

"Punt, my dear punt," said the wherry, "yours, I fear, is somewhat of a dull life. One man walks up and down you in a tread-mill fashion; or you are fixed in some placid part of the river, and have to listen all day long to the thin talk of two elderly gentlemen fishing for gudgeon. Whereas the liveliest young men of our city hurry me along our beautiful river, borne on its topmost current, more in air than in water, to the admiration of all beholders. Besides, I have sensations which you cannot even imagine. I quiver with delight as I speed along, aiding as well as obeying each impulse of my joyous young rowers. Flat-nosed as you are, my friend (forgive my plainness of

speech), and broad in your other proportions as any Dutchman, you are, alas! incapable even of understanding, much more of participating in, emotions such as mine."

The poor punt owned, with a broad, sad sigh, that he was certainly neither delicate nor sensitive, and that these emotions so fondly dwelt upon by the wherry were unknown to him.

The next day the punt, with its freight of two elderly anglers, was fastened near to a bridge which the wherry was about pass under. The lads in the wherry stopped for a moment to speak to their uncles in the punt. The wherry and the punt rubbed bows together, which is their way of shaking hands. At that moment, unobserved by the lads, or their uncles, or the wherry, or the punt, a huge barge, laden with bricks, came floundering on towards the bridge. It drove both punt and wherry sharply against the archway. The punt hardly felt the shock; but the wherry was capsized and crushed. The lads escaped into the punt; and the disabled wherry, now attached to the punt, was dragged back to their common place of mooring. When there, and when tied to its willow, there was but little of it that could keep itself above water, so battered had it been by its shock against the bridge. It was very silent that evening as the cruel water triumphantly gurgled over it. But the punt said to itself in low tones—for it was a good-natured creature, and did not love to be loud-mouthed in depreciating comment upon any of its fellows—"I should not like to be so refined and sensitive as my poor friend here, whom a bump from a rude barge can so easily upset."

MORAL—very obvious moral.—In order to last long, and to bear complacently with the rude shocks of this world—for there are many clumsy barges to be met with in the river of life—it is better to be a little dull than over-sensitive, and to be constructed rather on the lines of the punt, than on those of the wherry.

Vulgarity is as good as an income.

For see what advantages a vulgar man has. He can push his fortunes without even knowing that he is pushing them. He can ask and refuse, and haggle and barter, and do any disagreeable or dirty work, without exhausting himself by it. In dealing with the world, he is in his true element. He flatters heartily, without knowing that his flattery is an impertinence. For himself, he can swallow praise

like a pig its provender; and no want of refinement prevents him from enjoying the coarsest entertainment.

Parents who care for the material success and for the rude happiness of their children, should pray that they may be sufficiently vulgar, and should always give them a good example in that respect.

Avoid using words which have become in your day words of reproof and blame, but which are not naturally so. For example, there is the word "sentimental." In the present age, no word is meant to be more condemnatory, and perhaps no word is more rashly used. You constantly hear such phrases as these: "This is a sentimental view of the question," or, "Putting aside all the sentiment connected with the question." Such expressions are very juvenile. It is to abound in folly, to have arrived at the age of thirty-three, and to suppose that men are guided by right reason and by motives of self-interest, rather than by motives of sentiment. Just as a boy thinks it a very fine thing to smoke his first cigar (bought for twopence), concealing, with Spartan endurance, all the agonies it causes, so a young man thinks it very fine to hold out that he is much too old to be guided by sentimentality, though all the time, if he looked honestly into his mind, he would find that the sentiment connected with the question is that which has the most prevailing influence over him, and has probably tempted him to write about the matter in question.

To express our ideas in writing must evidently be a very difficult thing, seeing how rare an acquirement it is, and how few even of the best writers have acquired perfect facility in the art. Most of them will, I believe, tell you that, after long practice, they still find it nearly as difficult to write well as they did when they began to write.

Yet it seems that certain rules might be laid down for good writing; and, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, I will venture to suggest some.

1. Let the subject that you write about, be one that you really care about.
2. Never throw away an adjective. If you use an adjective that does not add any meaning to the substantive, it is a wicked waste of adjectival power.
3. Take care that your relatives clearly

and distinctly relate to your antecedents. In seven sentences out of ten that are obscure, you will find that the obscurity is caused by a doubt about the relatives.

4. Do not fear repetition. This fear is also a frequent cause of obscurity.

5. Avoid parentheses. A parenthesis can generally be made into a separate sentence.

6. Do not attempt to abbreviate your general statements, or suppose that those general statements will be understood by your reader. For instance, if you have been writing a paragraph which tends to show that when men get into any trouble, there is generally some woman concerned in the case, do not begin a sentence in this way—"If this be so," &c., &c., &c. Your reader does not know what *this* is, or what *so* is, or, at least, he does not make out your meaning without a little thought; and you should keep all his thought for the real difficulties which you have to lay before him. Therefore, boldly say, "When men get into trouble, there is mostly a woman concerned in it," &c., &c.

7. Try to master what is the idea of a sentence—how it should be a thing of a certain completeness in itself. If it is to consist of many clauses, let them be clauses having a reasonable dependence one upon another, and not sentences within sentences.

8. Attend to method. That alone, if you

commit all other faults, will make your writing readable. For example, if you have to treat a subject which is naturally divided into several branches, take them up one by one, and exhaust them. Do not deal with them by bits. Let us call these branches A, B, and C. Do not begin by saying only half of what you mean about A, and then bringing in the rest of A after you have treated C, thus making B and C a long parenthesis.

Often the mist created by this want of method enshrouds the meaning of the writer as completely as that which fond Venus threw around her darling Trojan hero when the Greeks were pressing him too hardly.

9. Follow the nature of your subject, and let your choice of words, your length of sentences, and all the other delicacies of writing, be adapted to that nature of the subject. To use an admirable simile, which has been used before, let the writing fall over the subject like drapery over a beautiful statue of the human figure, adapting itself inevitably to all the outlines of the body that it clothes.

10. While you are writing, do not think of any of these rules, or of any other rules. Whatever you have learnt from rules, to be of service, must have entered into your habits of mind, and into your tastes, and must be a part of your power which you use, as you do the power of nerve or muscle, unconsciously.

THE WORKHOUSE GIRL.

OF all the complicated and troublesome parts of the Poor-Law question, that which refers to the treatment of young girls and women is the most perplexing, and in its bearing on another terrible problem of social life, perhaps the most important. There is no reason why the whole question should not be reduced to a principle, and when once the principle is settled, it can only need time to make it generally understood and received, before it is fairly carried out into practice. It is true that, like the fox and goose and peck of oats, Poor-Law boards, Vestries, and ratepayers form a triad which will not work well together; but means may be found, even if they have to be brought over two at a time, to bring them all to land.

The treatment of paupers is now passing through a variety of experimental processes, very much as that of criminals has done, and when a complete practical answer has been given to the question in the first case, that of the second will be readily solved, for the criminal

is supplied from the pauper class, and the supply has hitherto been promoted rather than checked by the prescribed treatment. Up to this time the system pursued with the inmates of Workhouses has been very much like that of criminals fifty years ago. They are collected in workhouse wards, and though a sort of classification has been attempted, it has been left in the hands of Workhouse masters and matrons, whose ideas on the most difficult of all tasks are often such as to ensure its performance in the most arbitrary and ignorant manner. Indeed, the whole aim of Poor-Law authorities and Workhouse officials, nay, of the Poor-Law itself, in many of its enactments, seems to be *repression*. And as the enemy they encounter cannot be *put down*, even by Alderman Cute, but will get up again, we may see that this way is not the right one. If we were to consider misery and sin as what they are, forms of social disease and death, they might be met, not with repression, which is but another form of death,

but by the introduction of new life ; and health and strength would soon take the place of social disease and destruction. This experiment has been made with complete success in the most hopeless department of workhouse management, the treatment of young women and girls. If we compare the two processes and their results, we shall see how desirable it is that the example, set in a few instances by kind and sensible individuals, should be followed by the parishes.

The greatest cause of failure in Workhouse management arises from the mixture of all classes of destitute poor in the Union ; and the consequent impossibility of keeping young women, who are not absolutely bad, away from the influence of the most depraved. The most violent and ungovernable are often placed together in what is called the refractory ward, and while there cannot do any great harm, except sometimes breaking a window, and helping by their talk to make each other worse ; but some of the women who have been inmates of this ward, are at times allowed to do the work of the house, and, of course, to come into contact with the other inmates, old and young, of both sexes.

But it is not only from the most refractory girls that the destructive example emanates. The whole moral tone of workhouse life is low, almost on the level of animal life ; for no person who can work, or who has any feeling of self-respect, will remain in the place a moment after he can get away. And the sick and aged poor, among whom we often find bright examples of gentleness and patience under privation and suffering, are kept apart in the sick and infirm wards. All the able-bodied inmates of the Union, generally the worst in the neighbourhood, may be found at times in the wards and stone passages of the workhouse. That the workhouse thus becomes a nursery for vice will be attested by all who have filled the painful and laborious post of chaplain to a union.

For some of the following facts and observations, I am indebted to an interesting book, "The Children of the State," by Florence Hill, published in the early part of last year. Some of the statistics given by Miss Hill are six or seven years old, and it may be supposed that much has been done in the last few years to secure a better state of things. But this is not true in the case of young women, many of whom are still dependent on workhouses, and compelled to seek a shelter there when they are out of a situation. "No girls," says the Rev. O. J. Vignoles, chaplain of the North Surrey District schools, "should remain in work-

houses after the school period ; it is undoing all the benefits of previous training and separation in district schools." "I can affirm one thing on my own experience," says Miss Frances Cobbe ; "that is, that one of the largest channels through which young lives are drifted down into the dead sea which underlies all our vaunted civilisation is the workhouse. . . . The poor girls so trained, go out into the humbler class of service, where their ignorance of the simplest household duties, their want of self-control, and their hopeless stupidity often provoke the harshness of their employers. In their errands into the street at all hours, the secret of another and all too easy livelihood is revealed to them. Out of a single workhouse in London, inquiry was made concerning eighty girls who had left it and gone to service. It was found that every one of them was on the streets."

In some parishes the refractory women are placed in a ward or shed *within* the wall, and made to pick hair or oakum, of which sometimes as much as four pounds is required as a day's work. This is, of course, unpaid. The smell of the hair is very offensive, and the work monotonous and hard. As the shed is often dark, and there are no objects surrounding them to relieve the wearisomeness of their occupation, it may be supposed that the workers' mind and feelings are not raised by it. On Sunday there is absolutely nothing to do, and, though the women may attend service if they like, very few do so. Books left in this place are more often torn to pieces than read, and a state of things prevails in the ward much like what takes place on week-days after work is done, when the company indemnify themselves for their toil and restraint by the most coarse and lawless rioting. In St. Pancras parish, of which I speak because it is the one best known to me, an oakum shed was established outside the walls of the house, in order to give employment, at a low rate of pay, to that class of women who are either incessantly clamouring for out-door relief, or, if admitted into the house, are a source of endless trouble and disorder. In this shed the utmost that could be earned in a day was one shilling. When I visited the place, at that time situated in a mews at some distance from the workhouse, it would have been hard to say which was most suggestive of the absence of stimulus to pure and healthy life—the locality, the workers, or the work. Thirty or forty women were seated round a rough, narrow table, pulling short, thick pieces of rope into tow.

The walls were bare and thick, and a skylight made darkness and dirt visible. Many of the younger women frequented the shed for shelter during a few hours of the day-time, but were not dependent for subsistence on their earnings in this honest if distasteful work. Their manners and language during our visit were quiet enough, but an official who kept guard at the entrance, said that the usual disorderly talk was only suspended for the time, partly in compliment to the chaplain, who was of the party, and partly because we had been heralded by vague rumours of our being deputed by Government to make golden offers to any girl who would emigrate. One fine-looking young woman, a thoroughly hopeless subject, who had defied many attempts at reformation, excited our sympathy by a romantic tale about her intended husband, like herself a model of constancy, without whom she said she could not leave the country. I found afterwards that this history—which might have qualified the narrator for a contributor to the *London Journal* or *Reynolds' Miscellany*, was an extempore fiction. One might imagine that such ready inventive talent might be turned to some good purpose, instead of being starved into falsehood by the surroundings of the workhouse. This shed has since been shut up, and the work removed to a ward within the House. The principle of the oakum shed is a good one, offering as it does the means of obtaining a scanty livelihood to those who cannot gain one in any other honest way. The plan might be modified and extended, and the oakum shed or stoneyard be converted into a workshop of a higher class, where instruction should be given, and wages below the rate in the trade earned. In their present form these places, like most necessary evils, only make bad worse.

I have described the condition of a young woman in a workhouse, and her fate when she leaves it. There are, however, some girls depending on the parish, who do not slide directly into the "dead sea" of misery which receives the workhouse girls. These are orphans and destitute children, whose complete friendlessness renders them entirely "children of the state," and for whom a brighter hope and a better chance in life is held out by the industrial schools, established in different parts of the neighbourhood of London. These schools, which altogether contain many hundred children, in a pure air, and with fresh and happy surroundings, enable a child to breathe a better physical and moral atmosphere than either her paternal cellar or the

stone yards and dull wards of the workhouse. Twenty years ago a child no sooner reached the age of nine or ten than he or she was consigned by the tender mercies of a board of guardians to a factory, and so got rid of. Now his chance in life is better, for, if answering to the required conditions as to health, &c., he may be sent to the industrial schools, and kept there till he is fit to be placed out at a trade, or if a girl, till she is supposed to be ready for service.

The age at which the authority of the parish over a child is supposed to cease is sixteen. But the path in life of a parish child—I will suppose it to be a girl—is beset with stumbling-blocks from the moment when she first breathes the polluted air of her native court or the workhouse ward, till the time when she is fairly launched in life, and has, or ought to have, power to choose between an honest and a disgraceful livelihood. When girls are sent from the schools to service, some few get on pretty well, and, finding good employers, become respectable servants. The reason why almost all do not take the safe path is this. So great is the demand for servants, that girls who are believed to have been kept out of harm's way, and to have had some training, are in great request, and the matrons of the schools often have applications for them a year in advance. So the poor girl is sent into a place sometimes at twelve or thirteen years old. She has been very happy at school, living among kind companions and treated with indulgence. She can read and write and sew a little, and do a little arithmetic, but her knowledge of house-work and cookery is necessarily of the roughest and simplest character, limited perhaps to scrubbing a floor or throwing together a bed, such as she sleeps on in the dormitory; for, in an establishment where all the meals, serving, and appointments are necessarily of the plainest and simplest kind, the wholesale way in which all the work is carried on is totally different to what will be required of her when she enters a family. As for cookery, the means and appliances of the establishment to meet its own simple and wholesale needs are so numerous, that roasting and boiling, except with all the facilities afforded by a cooking apparatus, cannot be learnt. The same may be said of making a pudding, or cooking vegetables or soup. All the newly invented arrangements for cooking, washing, and other departments of household work, are splendid triumphs of art in their way, and excellent means of enabling us to do almost without servants; but when the

object is to teach young girls how to prepare food and to wash clothes in small families, where many contrivances and expedients are required, patent scientific cooking and washing machines are not likely to promote it. Girls who are accustomed to a place warmed with hot-water pipes, and with a hot and cold water tap on every floor, find it hard to carry coals and water cans up a staircase in their new home. The best chance the girls have of learning anything of servants' work, is when their turn comes to wait on the master and matron; but they leave the school too young to profit much by such small practice. There are three causes why a complete, or even nearly complete, servant's education cannot be given to girls in the district schools: first, the age at which they are sent away; secondly, the undue facilities which are afforded for all sorts of household work; and, not least, the impossibility of developing individual character where such numbers of children are collected. Girls, who are more sensitive, more in need of personal care, and more ready to give attention to details, are more injured than boys by the wholesale treatment I have described, and this is shown when they are sent to service. In her new home, a girl is told to do, as a matter of course, what she has never done before—perhaps to carry a can of hot water up-stairs. She exaggerates all her difficulties, becomes despairing and stupified, and unless her mistress is more considerate than mistresses often are, the poor little servant gets on for a time in an unhappy state of mind, and then runs away. Some girls go from one place to another, and are at length lost sight of. It is well if these do not reappear at the workhouse after a few months, possibly years, in another character—a burden and a misery to the world and to themselves for the rest of their lives.

Many girls, after being placed in service, have been visited by the chaplains of the schools; and the friendly counsel and encouragement given by these gentlemen have induced several to remain in their places who would otherwise have run away in despair. The Rev. Septimus Buss, chaplain of St. Pancras workhouse, has for years visited many of these girls; and his experience confirms every other account, namely, that for a young woman to live in the workhouse is almost certain ruin; so that if she is compelled to return there after having left her place, all the former benefit gained at the school is undone. Two things are evident: that no girl or young woman of tolerable character

ought ever to enter the workhouse, and that an intermediate asylum, between the schools and service, would supply the deficiencies of the one, and ensure well-doing in the other.

When boys are first taken to a reformatory or to a boys' home, they are dull, sullen, and spiritless, seeming to have neither motive for action nor enjoyment in life. The pleasures of street life, which consist in throwing mud or stones, shouting bits of slang and snatches of popular songs, with an occasional scuffle or fight by way of variety, being out of their reach, they have nothing to do or to think of but eating and drinking. As soon as these boys learn to do something in which they can excel—if it be even chopping and tying up wood, they wake up from their lethargy, and enter into the natural, bright, and active condition of healthy boys. At the Home* in my neighbourhood, the young inmates do all sorts of carpentering and cabinet work, brush-making, tailoring, &c., besides the ordinary employment of cutting firewood. One day lately, some blind-rollers having been broken, a boy was sent for to repair them. An active, intelligent boy of about thirteen or fourteen came, and at once set the blinds to rights in a masterly manner. On his going away for some tacks, another job was found for him, which he did equally well; and on some one saying as he came in, "Here's the carpenter come back," it was pleasant to see the look of conscious usefulness and responsibility his face expressed. In the course of next year, he and three others, all skilled workmen, will be sent to Canada, where they will in all probability become thriving settlers.

The particulars of several homes for destitute girls, maintained either entirely by private charity, or by the parish assisted by private benevolence, are given in Miss Hill's volume. Of these homes, the best known, as it was one of the first, is perhaps Miss Twining's, established in New Ormond Street in 1861. The object of this institution was to save destitute girls who, having gone to service chiefly from the pauper schools, had run away, or were, from other causes, out of place, and had no refuge but the workhouse. Miss Twining has been very successful with her inmates, notwithstanding their previous disadvantages. A still greater degree of success might be expected if the training, from the very first, could ensure judicious teaching and entire separation from evil influence.

Let us suppose a home for destitute women and girls established in every parish, the in-

* The Boys' Home, Regent's Park Road.

mates of which should be maintained by a weekly allowance from the parish, at the same rate as they would cost in the workhouse or the British schools. In this home should be placed:—1. Girls who have been in the schools, but who require further instruction in house-work, to make them good servants; 2. Girls, who from any cause are out of place, and are on that account in danger of being sent to the workhouse; 3. Young women of tolerable character, who have applied to the parish for relief, without having been to the schools; 4. Young women who may have been in the workhouse, but who are sufficiently well-disposed to afford a hope of their doing well, if placed under good influence for a time, but whose reformation is not certain enough to warrant their being sent to service, as their chief danger arises from their meeting with, and being misled by, former bad companions: these women might, after a time, be fit subjects for emigration, or, if a laundry were established, a few of them might remain to carry on and teach the work.

The home now proposed would be rendered more efficient if, instead of one large building, it were to consist of several smaller establishments under the same roof, each forming a little household. One large house would not admit of the classification of character, which is indispensable, neither would it allow of such a variety of domestic occupation as would make the training for service progressive. The home should give teaching of different kinds, all the girls receiving more or less of either or all, as her disposition or abilities might indicate: 1. Plain cookery; 2. Cleaning and house-work in general; 3. Needlework; 4. Washing and ironing; 5. Nursing and care of infants. The first efforts in cookery would consist of preparing meals for all the inmates; and I imagine that, as the girls improve, it might be practicable to send them for a time to a sick kitchen, or a school of cookery, of which there are more than one in London. There is now, connected with the London Hospitals, a cooking establishment in Woburn Buildings, at which dinners are prepared and given to those convalescent patients who need food more than medicine. Young cooks from the Home might have the privilege of a little practice at this or some similar institution.

Housemaids' work could be sufficiently learnt in the home, by attendance on the matron and other officials. I should recommend that in the work-room there should be a sewing-machine, which some of the girls should be taught to use, and that cutting-out

clothes and darning stockings should be included in the work. The laundry would, of course, be similar to that in any other institution of the same kind. The home should also contain a nursery, for the infants of young women of classes 3 and 4, who having been placed in service, would be required to pay a small sum weekly towards their children's maintenance. The care of these infants would furnish practice for young girls, and would thus meet a great want, that of well-trained and careful nursemaids.

A lady who has an excellent Servants' Home in Wolverhampton, has also established a Free Registry Office in the same place. This office, which is open day and night, has been found extremely useful. Friendless and homeless young women have only to go in and enter their names in a book kept by the Registrar, a trustworthy woman, whose duty it is to inquire into all statements made by applicants, who, if found deserving, are helped, either by being recommended to situations or placed in the Home; and who, if not free from blame, but anxious to reform, are assisted in other ways. Such a registry office should be attached to the parochial home.

More than one attempt has been made in past years to get such a Home as I have described established. In 1860, a recommendation to this effect was made by the ladies of the Workhouse Visiting Society, supported by some of the guardians of the poor. At that time, however, it appeared that the requirements of the Poor Law would not justify the Board in carrying out the measure. Should this difficulty be overcome, all hesitation on the ground of present outlay ought surely to yield to the pressing want of an institution, which, under judicious management, would certainly save the parish long and fruitless expense.

The first establishment ought to be simple and inexpensive. One or two small adjoining houses, with only just such furniture or appointments as are absolutely necessary. If two or three girls, with a steady woman, were placed in these, they would set to work at once, and have the satisfaction of cleaning and forming their home. And if, when the home is once fairly prepared, the weekly payments for the inmates were made by the parish, superintendence would not be wanting in the form of kind and devoted women, who would do for the home what they have done for the hospital. It will be well for England when national and private benevolence can thus be made to work together.

S. E. DE MORGAN.

HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

IV.—THE MAN OF GOD WHO CAME OUT OF JUDAH.

It was a high day in that old town of Bethel. The great king of the ten tribes, the founder of the fresh dynasty which was to rival, if not to eclipse, the house of David, was present in this border town of his new dominion. To it, around his person, were gathered the chiefs of the families and the elders of the tribes. He was himself in person and in mind a born king of men. And those natural gifts had been improved to the uttermost by administrative experience, by foreign travel, and by his having drunk deep into the highest antiquities of the old world in its native Egyptian soil. Strange and wayward had been the vicissitudes of his life. He was of a stock* which might have been suspected of hereditary hostility to the house of David from the return by Solomon upon the head of his old father, whom we know better as Shimei than as Nebat, of the curses which he had heaped upon the great king in the time of his adversity. But he was yet of tender years when he was left fatherless, and had spent his youth in the house of his widowed mother, Zeruah, in Zereda of Ephraim. There he grew up strong, energetic, and diligent. He early attracted the attention of Solomon, and shared in his magnificent patronage. When that wise king, in the accomplishment of his vast architectural designs, was restoring the "Millo," which was, as it seems, the highest part of the old Jebusite fortress, which was now the city of David, Jeroboam was, amongst others, employed by him. The difficulty of the process evidently tested to the utmost all the engineering power which the king could command; and, as he watched the accomplishment of his purpose, and saw the breaches in the old wall repaired, he noted in Jeroboam the faculties he loved to possess in a servant; he observed with pride his strength, his daring, and his untiring industry; and when the work of the Millo was finished he promoted his favourite to be ruler over all the charge of the house of Joseph—to be, that is, his chief officer in collecting the taxes and imposts due from the powerful tribe of Ephraim.

Promotion kindled the burning ambition of the young Benjamite. His charge over the house of Joseph made him feel the full amount of change from early vigour to a

palsied feebleness which was passing upon the reign of the uxorious king, whose magnificence could not be supported except by imposts, the severity of which tried the loyalty of his people, and alienated them from the son of David. The transformation, too, of the nation under his influence from being a purely agricultural into becoming a mercantile community, with the sudden enrichment of new families, and the free intercourse with foreigners which such a change entailed, was very unwelcome to the lovers of old customs, and generally offensive to the landed interest. Even in the time of King David, the fickle temper of the people had more than once displayed itself; and a far less general discontent, when carefully cultivated by Absalom, had threatened his father's throne. The ill-humours of the time suggested to Jeroboam the possibility of a more successful revolt. He multiplied his chariots and horses, and set himself at the head of a numerous band of followers. Nor was it without a higher sanction than his own ambitious longings that he thus began to "lift up his hand" against his master. He was meant by God to be the instrument of Solomon's chastisement when the heart of the aged king was "turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared to him twice" (1 Kings xi. 9). Most unlooked for by Jeroboam must have been the granting to him this high commission. He was not a man given to consort with prophets, or to listen to their words. But as he goes forth from Jerusalem pondering in his solitary walk his schemes of rebellion, Ahijah the Shilonite, the prophet of the Lord, meets him, and by sign and by word tells him that God will, for their sins, rend from the house of David in the time of the king's son ten of the twelve tribes, and give them as a kingdom to him. Into what a flame must such an announcement have stirred up his spirit! What a clear reading of all his secret desires did the prophet's words imply! "Thou shalt reign according to all thy soul desireth, and shalt be king over Israel." In that furious turbulence of his spirit it was hard for him to wait for the death of Solomon; and some indications of what was filling his soul would, in act or deed or preparation, find their vent. These were soon brought to the jealous ears of the old king, who, with something of his early vigour, sought to slay the threatening insurgent.

* St. Jerome identified Nebat with Shimei. (Quest. Heb., 2 Reg. xvi., App. viii., vol. ii., p. 31.)

Egypt was the natural protector of one in such peril. Egypt, the common home of expatriated leaders, the land which welcomed to its palaces all who would be the willing instruments of its crafty policy against bordering peoples. To Egypt Jeroboam fled, as Hadad of the seed royal of Edom had done before him. Like Hadad, if we may trust the Septuagint, he was welcomed at the court of the Egyptian king, and given in marriage an Egyptian princess, sister of the queen, and of the wife of Hadad. In all **this** there was a large promise for the future ; but there was much to stir up for the present the bitter waters of his soul. He was an exile at a foreign court ; all the inevitable degradations of such a life chafed his imperious spirit. Time, too, was passing, and the old king lingered on still upon the throne he longed to seize. Such a life must have deepened all the hard lines of his stern character. Amidst the busy throngs of the Egyptian capital, through the gorgeous palaces of the Pharaohs, he moved as a shadow, with his heart afar off on the mountains of Canaan, buried in his own thoughts, forecasting his future reign, and weaving the dark threads of his lifelong conspiracy. Faith in the God of Israel, in the high sense of the word faith, his after history shows that he had none. The prophet's words were to him but as the promise of the Weird Sisters to the dark-souled Scottish chieftain, chanting back to him with a certain external authority the dreams of his own heart, and breeding within him a more confident resolution and more fixed purposes of daring. Instead of yielding himself submissively, like David, through his long years of adversity, and waiting to be the simple instrument of God's will, his ambitious longings were even already a rebellion against God and a grieving of His Spirit, whilst the influence of the Egyptian mythology and creature worship, in the midst of which he found himself, obliterated any deep lines of exclusive faith in Jehovah, and prepared the way for his great after fall.

But at last the forty long years of the reign of Solomon were over, and news came down into Egypt that "he slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David his father." The dark heart of Jeroboam laughed with the gloomy joy of gratified ambition at the long-expected tidings, and he returned back to the old dwelling place of Zereda, in the Mount of Ephraim (Sept.), from which the jealousy of the old king had hunted him. Here he began to practise his former arts, and gathered round him all the tribe of

Ephraim. The stupid obstinacy of Rehoboam helped forward mightily his projects. The oppressive tribute which Solomon had raised had shaken his great authority, and the dissatisfied tribes clamoured round the throne of the young king for a release from their burdens. Their reasonable cry was met with insult and threats, and as one man the alienated tribes looked abroad for another ruler. Then was the time of Jeroboam's triumph. He had put himself at the head of those who most eagerly demanded a reform of the abuses of the late reign. This gave him at once the position of a leader. His name was in all mouths. Stories of his exile, of his greatness in Egypt, of his return to his own people, of the magnificence of his life upon the Mount of Ephraim, of his wisdom, his strength, and his daring, ran through the ten revolted tribes ; whispers as to the prophetic voice which long ago had destined him for the throne, seemed to add a Divine sanction to his usurpation. He was the very man they needed as their chief. We may see the working of his crafty hand in the great act of rebellion which consummated the revolt when the old chief of the tribute who had stood high amongst the princes of the wise Solomon was, as the king's representative, deliberately stoned to death by all Israel. After this act of rebellion return to the house of David was impossible, and all Israel made Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, their king. He soon showed that, however ready he might be to listen to the voice of prophecy when it promised him a throne, yet it was mere earthly ambition, and not the doing of God's will, which had been throughout his motive.

When the promise of the kingdom had been made him there was joined to it a solemn charge to try his faithfulness. "It shall be," the prophet's word had said, "that if thou wilt hearken unto all that I command thee, and wilt walk in my ways, and do that which is right in my sight, to keep my statutes and my commandments as David my servant did, that I will be with thee and build thee a sure house, as I built for David, and will give Israel unto thee" (1 Kings xii. 38). It may well be that at the time visions of future service to God mingled themselves with the dreams of his young ambition. But the choking thorns had strangled the faint upgrowth of the better seed ; and as soon as he had won the throne he set himself to keep it by his own subtlety, and not by obeying the God of Israel. The heart of the successful conspirator was darkened with the fear that if God's altar at Jerusalem continued to

be the central point of the national worship, and was frequented yearly at the great feasts by all the males of his kingdom, the throne of Judah would supplant all their unmaturing affections to the throne of Samaria. "Then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their lord, even unto Rehoboam, king of Judah, and they shall kill me and go again unto Rehoboam" (1 Kings xii. 27). So much political craft his Egyptian sojourning had taught him—it had taught him too a remedy. His mind had shaken off the narrow trammels of the Jewish theology. The great presiding Deity could be worshipped acceptably, not at one altar only, or only under one form. It was necessary to the strength and permanence of his dynasty that the new kingdom should have a pure feature of national worship. If he could not impart to it all the hereditary sanctity of the altar at Jerusalem, he would at least emulate the splendour of the Jewish temple and exceed the gorgeousness of its ceremonial. He would interest in the service of the new sanctuary the great mass of his people. Instead of the sacerdotal exclusiveness which limited in Judah all the prizes of the priesthood to a single tribe, his enlarged mind would communicate them to all, and so insist all in the maintenance of his new religious establishment. With the most engaging liberality he made priests of the lowest of the people. His keen eye saw the sensuous tendency of his people, and he boldly reproduced amongst them the sacred emblems of the unseen God, which he had seen so deeply revered in Egypt, and he set up at Dan and at Bethel the golden calves which should present sacramentally to his people the great Jehovah who had brought them up from Egypt. This was the very central point of his policy, and he devoted to its perfect establishment every resource he could command. Bethel, no doubt, was chosen not only from its proximity to the dangerous border of the southern kingdom, but also from the holy associations which hung around it and made it so pre-eminently a hallowed spot. There the king had now gathered a crowd of obsequious worshippers. Tenderness for his people's needs was one great motive he assigned for the spiritual revolution he inaugurated. "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt" (1 Kings xii. 28). He was anxious to provide for them at a less cost than the journey to Jerusalem the full satisfaction of their religious desires. Nothing should be

wanting which the king could command to make that supply sufficient. He made a house of high places; he multiplied beyond precedent the crowd of sacrificing priests—since as these were no longer limited to the tribe of Levi, he could fill abundantly their ranks. He appointed two great days of festival to rival those which were kept in the old capital. On the fifteenth day of the eighth month, "the day which he had devised out of his own heart" as an ordained feast for the children of Israel, all the magnificent ritual of the new temple was complete, and the great national worship was to be commenced. To add to the magnificent impressiveness of the scene, which was to remove from his people's minds any lingering recollections of the great Solomon's dedication festival of the temple on the mount Moriah, the king came down from his distant capital to attend the festival, and take part with his own royal hand in the service of inauguration—to offer upon the altar and to burn incense. It was impossible to overrate the importance of this occasion to himself and to his dynasty. If by that day's successful ceremonial he could thoroughly engraft upon the religious feelings of the people the new worship, his throne was safe for himself, and for his children after him. The dark heart of the long-practised conspirator concentrated its utmost energies to make this turning-point of all his long-laid and happily-accomplished schemes thoroughly successful. He had provided so far as the most anxious foresight would enable him against any possible failure, and now the crisis of the great experiment was come, and in the sight of all his people, "the king stood by the altar to burn incense."

We may picture to ourselves the whole scene: the band of supple courtiers; the new priesthood fiercely zealous in the assertion of their spiritual pre-eminence; the assenting crowd; pleased with their monarch's care; rejoicing in the bright promise of an external worship which met the longings of their carnal hearts; flattered with the distinction of rivalling or surpassing the worship of Jerusalem; with only here and there one whose grave, saddened countenance spoke of the inward struggle between the conflicting fears of dishonouring their fathers' jealous God and incurring instant destruction if they opposed their fierce and strong-willed monarch. And now the king raises his arm to burn incense on the altar; when suddenly one unbidden presence intrudes itself within the inmost circle of his attendants. The garb of the stranger bespeaks him a prophet of

Jehovah. The marks of travel are upon him; he has come from far; come, it may be, to take part in this grand service of initiation. One gaze, at least, rested full upon him. One master-eye was bent upon him, and sought to read in his countenance his unspoken message. What was the first emotion which throbbed through the dark heart of the anxious king when that unlooked-for figure first broke upon its consciousness? Had he come for good or for evil; to bless or to curse? Once before, with the same unbidden and unlooked-for suddenness such a form had stood beside him as he walked of old out of the highway of the city: had taken up the thread of his inmost thoughts, and forecast for him the strange future of his life. And now, with what message had he come to-day? Was it the very same prophet, or one of the same prophetic line? What would be the burden of his prophecy? Self-flattery would whisper that it need not be unmitigably hostile. There was of necessity a certain rivalry between the prophetic class and the Levitical priesthood. The monarchy of the house of David had finally superseded the long line of prophetic rule; and the temple at Jerusalem had been a vast exaltation of the family of Aaron and of the house of Levi. Jeroboam's new temple and new hierarchy were the heaviest blow yet struck against the old Aaronic supremacy. Could it have been accepted. Might it be that prophetic lips would sanction his bold attempt to localise in his new kingdom and swell into hallowing devotion the waning worship of the distant tribes before this new altar to their father's God?

And with these mingled other thoughts. Let his message be what it might, could he be mad enough to dare the monarch to his face? And yet could such an one, indeed, approve? and if he did not approve, why was he there, except he was sent by Israel's God to blast in the very agony of its birth the just-developed worship? We may see the eyes of the two men meet, and we can almost hear the deep hush which spread itself as a silence of hearts over the thronging mass around. What would come of it? Which would yield? Which wing would beat the other down? What would be the issue?

There was no sign of fear upon that prophet's brow. He stood as though he had already forecast within his heart all the scene before him, and was ready for its utmost need. And so, indeed, he was. When the divine afflatus had breathed upon him in peaceful Judah, it may be that the first im-

pulse of his startled spirit had been to shrink aside from so infinite a daring. Jeroboam's strength of purpose, his unscrupulous employment of any means to reach his end, and his unflinching daring, were well known in Judah, and he was hated and feared as the despoiler of the house of David, and the divider of their nation's unity. To withstand such a man in the very central point of all his policy; to do it openly, publicly, without protection, in the sight of all his people, was indeed to cast his own life away upon an utterly hopeless hazard. But if human weakness had shuddered, God's strength had triumphed, and the messenger of Jehovah had girded himself to do the mighty bidding. As he walked forth alone along his appointed path, what tossing waves of conflicting emotions must have risen and surged within his soul! Even as he paced the streets of Jerusalem, the engrossing strife within had made him feel himself so utterly alone, that its crowded thoroughfares were to him as a desert. And now he had left behind him the outskirts of the chosen city; he had passed beyond the terraced vineyards with their walls and watch-towers, and was making his way along the high mountain ridge which formed the track to Bethel. From time to time he exchanged the white limestone path and the grey willow-like olive trees for the far distant views which that high ridge presented to his eye. He saw the border hills of Moab, girdled by the rich Jordan valley, where of old the threatening walls of Jericho had fallen at God's bidding before the trumpet blast of the circling host; and he thought upon the ancient charge, "Only be thou strong and very courageous," and built up his own spirit in the faithfulness of his God; or he looked upon his left and saw the blue sea brightly speckled with the ships of Tarshish, and swelling in its might under the breath of God; and he saw before him the outstretched rod of his prophet ancestor, and those waves at his command parting themselves asunder and standing as a wall on this side and on that, and his heart knew that he was safe in His hands who had divided the sea, whose waves roared and made the waters of the great deep to be a way for His ransomed to pass over. And now he was drawing near to Bethel; and as he thought upon his message, and there rose before his eyes all the abomination he was commissioned to rebuke, his soul burned within him from very jealousy for the honour of the Lord God of Israel. Was it not enough that, in distant Gad, where the Holy Land was passing into

the unblessed forests of Bashan, the accursed altar should be raised, and the image of Israel's old sin be renewed, but must its presence pollute also the sacred ground of Bethel, and insult the memories of Abraham and of Jacob? Must the very spot where, as he first trod the soil of the Land of Promise, Abram had builded an altar unto the Lord and called upon the name of the Lord, see this forbidden worship rise to provoke Jehovah's wrath? Must the stones which Jacob had taken to be his pillow, when the great vision of God's nearness to him had been permitted to fill his wondering soul, be now builded into an altar to the calf of Gad? Must the oak of weeping, which marked the grave of one of the great patriarch's household, now wave its branches over these unhallowed rites? The very trees of the forest which clothed the hill-side, as it stretched from Bethel to Ai, seemed, as they swayed under the breeze of the morning, to be uttering God's sentence on such daring unfaithfulness, and to lift up to the full comprehension of his message and the resolute determination to deliver it all the great soul of God's appointed messenger. With such thoughts burning within him, his feet trod the crowded thoroughfare; he passed through it as men pass through a city of the plague—he must touch nothing in it lest its pollution pass on him; he might not eat its bread or drink its water: by open sign, as well as by spoken word, its guilt and desolation must be declared. And so with the foot of a resolute speed, he passed along its streets, trod the courts of the novel temple, passed through the self-opening circle of the idol-worshippers, and stood in threatening silence in the very presence of the haughty king.

But the silence was not long. Deliberately, and as one speaking in the ears of all, a sentence terrible to listen to, the words were spoken. To the king, as though he were unworthy to receive it, no word was uttered. To the altar he addressed his words; upon the altar, the instrument and the witness of the monarch's sin, fell the terrible denunciation. He cried against the altar, in the word of the Lord, "O altar, altar, upon thee shall a prince of the house of Judah offer the priests of the high places which burn incense upon thee. This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken: Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out." The pealing of the thunder-cloud could not have broken forth with a more startling burst. Every device of the cunning subtilty of the usurper was crushed beneath

it. His scheme for a new national worship at the very moment of its perfecting fell helpless to the ground; here, where he had hoped to raise a barrier against his dynasty being weakened by any possible return to Judah of the brethren of the separation, here a Prince of the house of Judah should stand and burn the bodies of the priests of his new institution, to the power of whom he looked as the prolongers of the majesty of his royal race. Here on the altar whereon he would consecrate his line, here should be the uttermost abomination of Hinnom, even the burning of the bones of the dead. No wonder that his wrath broke forth—sharp, sudden, undisguised, unflinching. He might as soon abdicate his hardly-won dominion as endure this intolerable ignominy. No sooner did he hear the words than he stretched forth with eager energy the hand which was about to burn the incense, and cried out, as though fearing the possible escape of the messenger of evil, "Lay hold on him." It was the action of a moment; but even as it was wrought, it was avenged. His hand, which he had put forth against God's messenger, dried up, so that he could not pull it in again to him; and the altar of his sin—that too quivered beneath the word of power so that it rent asunder, and the ashes on it were poured forth. The strife was over. God had, beyond all contradiction, put forth his might. The broken altar, the withered arm—these were the abiding tokens of the fray. The strong man of the earth had lifted up himself against the unearthly power, and it had shivered him to powder. Calm, serene, unmoved, stood yet beside the altar the prophet of Jehovah; and as the trembling king entreats the prayer of God's servant for the healing of the arm his word had withered, that stern strength in which his features had been set melted into mercy, and he besought the Lord, and the king's hand was restored to him again, and became as it was before. Humbled by the judgment, softened by the mercy, it seems for the moment as if that hard heart was yielding itself up to grace—as if the hero daring of the man of God had rent, not only the altar-stones, but the harder rock of a rebellious spirit. "Come home with me," is now his utterance to the man of God, "and refresh thyself; and I will give thee a reward." Yet even this condescension is withheld. Those meats of the idol-worshipper were to be no food for the servant of the jealous God; Jeroboam's gold no guerdon for Jehovah's messenger. "The man of God said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half

thine house, I will not go in with thee. Neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place; for so was it charged me by the word of the Lord, Eat no bread nor drink water, nor turn again by the way that thou camest." And so they parted: the king humbled, foiled, subdued; the fifteenth day of the eighth month—"the month which he had devised in his own heart"—the day of his humiliation instead of his success; the great feast which was to have cemented the loyalty of Israel to his throne, having proved the first great shock to its stability. The prophet still, as ever, calm, determined, triumphant; spurning reward as he had laughed at threatening; and at God's command, turning from the guilty town by another way from that which had borne him thither. How different were his thoughts as he left the town from those with which he had entered it! The great burden which had been laid upon his soul had been lifted off.

He had entered the town with a full sense of all that was before him. He had cast himself into that eager and excited crowd of worshippers, knowing all the risk he ran: but not knowing what the Lord who sent him had appointed for him: he had obeyed simply, and he was victorious. He had been faithful unto death, and his Lord had stood by him and saved him. What did that countenance speak as he left the evil town? Was it all thankfulness? Was there that sinking of the spirit which so besets humanity when it has accomplished a struggle which has tried it to the very uttermost? Or was there something of human triumph in the flushed cheek and bounding tread of him who had passed in through those gates pale that morning in the energy of subdued earnestness? It seems probable that these conflicting emotions were struggling within him. Struggling dangerously—foreboding, it may be, to the watchful eye of some guardian spirit all that followed.

What an unutterable sadness there is about that future! What lessons of self-distrust, of the need of continual watchfulness, of the need of perseverance, woven in colours of blood into the bright web of his noble daring and high-souled triumphs!

He leaves the city, and as the first dangerous sign of yielding to temptation, he sits down to rest beneath a wayside tree, instead of pressing forward at any cost from the idols' home. But for that rest he might have triumphed to the end. For but for that the tempter would not, it seems, have overtaken him and plied him with the falsehood which led to his signal downfall.

It is not difficult to trace the inducements which led to the utterance of that lie. The old prophet was, it seems, one of those whose souls had once been visited by the visions of the Most High. But they seem to have vanished from him. Probably a life of worldly compliance had, as it is wont to do, dulled the receptive ear and made dumb the prophetic voice. His continued residence at Bethel, now that it had become the House of Idols instead of being the House of God, was an actual instance and for the future an unlimited promise of compliance with evil. In such an one, painfully conscious of the fading away of the prophetic power, there would of necessity be a craving for acknowledgment by a brother in the great company of the prophets, even for the satisfaction of his own uneasy conscience. Moreover, for his credit sake with others, he would desire to have the brotherhood avowed. The town was ringing with the fame of the nameless prophet—his calm courage, his unflinching utterance, the supernatural confirmation of his words, the yielding of the king, the high-minded rejection of the proffered present, the utter condemnation conveyed with such a terrible energy of expression in the refusal, on the command of God, to eat or drink within the accursed city—all invested the prophet-messenger with a marvellous halo of sanctity. That such an one should make no acknowledgment of the old prophet could not but lessen his already waning influence; what might it not effect in raising his reputation amongst his townsmen if the prophet who had rejected the hospitality of Jeroboam should be known to have been his guest? And so his scheme was laid: feigning, as such men learn to feign, what once had been real to him; utterly careless, as such old triflers with the voice of God evermore become, of the sin, and shame, and ruin which he might bring upon his victim, he sets out to overtake him and to bring him back. That halt under the way-side oak enabled him to fulfil his purpose. Doubtless the charge to return by another way from that which had borne him to Bethel conveyed to the awakened conscience of the prophet the charge to hasten far away from the sinful place, and so that halting was a tempting of God. Doubtless when the lie was uttered which was to lure him back, his conscience stirred within and warned him. But the temptation came in so seductive a shape—for old prophets counselling ease to kill the self-denying zeal of younger spirits, are ever Satan's chosen instruments of evil—

it appealed with such an urgency of entreaty to his lower nature, for he was weary and faint, and the mid-day sun was hot and scorching, and Judea so distant, and present rest and refreshment were so needful, and he was in the unguardedness of spirit which is too often bred of recent success, and with something of the dangerous triumph of a great temptation mastered, and therefore of the right to some little self-allowance earned; and so he faltered and he fell. He who had received his own command direct from God, suffered it to be overborne by the word of a man, and he returned and ate of the forbidden bread and drank of the forbidden water. And even at the moment the voice of condemnation wakes against him, and the sentence is sentenced, and the judge is judged.

Another man he set out upon that second return. No doubt the voice of judgment had woke up again his slumbering conscience. No doubt his very setting out from Bethel bespoke his reawakened faithfulness—he was in God's hands. Let Him do as seemed Him good. Bowed, humbled, penitent, ashamed,

he tracked the new path appointed for him. Its course led him by the mouth of the woody defiles which ran up from the Jordan valley to the central ridge—the wonted haunt of the wild beasts which breed there in the jungles of the river. From one of them comes the terrible roar, and the whirlwind spring of the avenger of his disobedience. To stamp unmistakably upon the whole act the character of judgment, the lion spares the beast which was his natural prey, and as though witnessing against the man of Judah, couches beside his lifeless form.

Surely we must read in such a spectacle the glory and the risk of being the servant of the jealous God. The broken life, the dishonoured end, the strange sepulchre, the place amongst the catalogue of heroes, but the hero's name withheld, the escutcheon taken down, and the banner removed, all speak alike the undying lesson of not fainting in the battle, of not coming short in the trial; all echo the mingled threat and promise of the grand apocalyptic words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

An English Story of To-day.

By THE AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE."

CHAPTER XI.—LORD WRIO THESLEY AT HOME.



LORD WRIO THESLEY was disposed to cultivate the Pastons' acquaintance, without, however, going beyond the bounds of propriety and good taste. His intimacy with Frank Hall furnished him with an additional opportunity for carrying out his desire. He painted well for an amateur, and being thus fa-

miliar with the artist's pursuits, was capable of interesting Mr. Paston. He revived recollections of foreign studies, conveyed information as to modern schools, and discussed their merits with spirit.

For that matter, art was a mild specialty of the house of Exmoor. The present Earl had always made Paston's painting-room a lounge when he was in Wellfield; and in this he had only followed the example of his father, who was supposed to have discovered and developed the genius of the charity schoolboy. The Countess, too, displayed a subdued tinge of the art tendency in her indefatigable labours at the Countesses' drawing-room hangings, and in her elevation of the embroidery into a business of importance. Lady Dorothea, the most original member of the family, had least of the prevailing bent.

The natives of Wellfield, on their part, thought the Latimer love of art an aristocratic weakness,—very amiable, but still a weakness, and occasionally murmured at it, as carrying an undue amount of the august family countenance into one narrow channel. Why should Lord Exmoor frequent Mr. Paston's painting-room more than the Rectory, the family doctor's house, or the attorney's? What title did Mr. Paston's fame, not to speak of his occupation, give Phoebe Paston, that she should be the god-daughter and intimate friend of Lady Dorothea? And now

here was Lord Wriothesley, on his first return home, continuing and consummating the injustice.

But Brockcotes had the little town too well in hand to allow of its trifling dissatisfaction rising into a roar of disapprobation. To do the Latimers justice, they had always paid ready heed to the Wellfield murmurs when these reached them. Indeed nothing fidgeted the present Lord Exmoor more than the idea that he had failed in some self-imposed obligation which the county or the town of Wellfield might have expected of him. Lord Wriothesley, too, was, in some respects, like a Red Cross Knight, or a girl, and the commencement of his intimacy with the Pastons was thus unclogged even by a suspicion of the appearance of evil, however much it might have been disapproved of otherwise.

As for Frank Hall, he was really too busy to take note of his noble ally. He was engrossed with the necessity of acquiring well-bred ease in shooting over great covers in the morning, and dining at great tables in the evening. He could not get to Woosers' Alley on his own account, except merely on flying visits, and this chiefly to repeat explanations of his continued absence.

Nevertheless, Frank's presence served to help his friend, within the briefest space of weeks, to establish himself on a familiar footing with the household at Woosers' Alley.

The young Lord's presence had a fine stimulating effect on the tired fastidious painter, over whose delicate organization the prestige of birth and the dignity of power held great sway. But it awed and fluttered Mrs. Paston beyond every effort of Wriothesley's to check, so that he could have twisted her round his little finger, had he not been too much of a gentleman to fail to treat her with respect. At the same time, he wiled Phœbe from her displeasure with him, and her disgust with herself. There is this further to be said, that the manner in which the two made each other's acquaintance had left a personality in their intercourse which could not have existed had they been originally presented to each other as chief and vassal. Lord Wriothesley speedily taught Phœbe to pay him the high compliment of thinking him nearly worthy of Lady Dorothea.

Her ladyship sometimes accompanied her brother to Woosers' Alley, but not so often as her own attachment to Phœbe Paston might have warranted. An excellent understanding existed between brother and sister: and

Lady Dorothea laid great weight on Lord Wriothesley's gifts and claims. But though she was the junior in years, she was the senior in maturity. This, and the nature of the distinction between them—the circumstance that here the woman was the realist, and the man the dreamer—had affected their relations, not making them less friends, but rendering them less chosen associates and sympathetic companions than they might have been. Lord Wriothesley, it must be confessed, complained that Dolly was fatiguing—she was so tremendously in earnest, and, at the same time so cool and liberal, so indefatigably industrious, and so vastly beyond trifling and triflers. Poor Fairchester and his people were doomed to smart for it.

The truth was, that Lady Dorothea—unconstrained as she had been from her infancy, and without the slightest doubt as to what was right, or the smallest hesitation as to doing it—had a dangerous propensity to legislate for her neighbours. Even Phœbe was forced to own reluctantly that Lady Dorothea would be spoiled if this trait grew in her. It is true, she had been so thoroughly well brought up, that the inclination did not show itself in her behaviour towards her father and mother, to whom she was altogether sweet and submissive. But it peeped out, perhaps all the more obtrusively, in her dealings with her brother. Not that he was jealous or irritable under it. He laughed at it to Lady Dorothea's face; but, notwithstanding this, it unsettled, and to some extent reversed, the natural relations of the two, and interfered with the closeness of their intimacy.

And so it happened that Lord Wriothesley fell into the habit of calling at Woosers' Alley two or three times a week. He had messages from Frank Hall to deliver, art journals to bring, and *bric-à-brac* specimens to discuss. At last he even proposed to sit to Mr. Paston for a portrait which the Countess wished to have taken. If the young nobleman had a double motive, like the Bellini, he had a fair field for his machinations. The only spy on him was Phœbe, whom he constantly saw coming and going, for even when Mr. Paston took his stroll within the limits of the flower-garden, among hollyhocks, dahlias, and asters, verbenas, geraniums, and fuchsias, or in the orchard among plums and pears, Phœbe was rarely absent. She was the great admirer of the view of hoary, battlemented, ivy-draped St. Basil's, with its scars, its warlike array, and its immortal defiance, both of foes and

of creeping decay. Mrs. Paston would have it that it was only a crumbling, dark, old church, given over to rats and damp. But Lord Wriothsesley rose to eminence in Phoebe's esteem when he compared St. Basil's to Albrecht Dürer's engraving, in which the way-worn knight rides on through the jaws of the pass, unrepelled and unappalled by the grinning Death on one side of him, or the dart-discharging Devil on the other.

CHAPTER XII.—“A BOLD STEP AND BLUNT.”

OLD Mrs. Wooler threw out meaning hints

long before even Miss Rowe and her scandal-bag had made anything of Lord Wriothsesley's attentions. The rugged purity of the old woman's nature prevented her from stooping to base insinuations which would have caused her son's blood to boil. Yet it was not the dread of his anger which subdued and softened her. She could call him master in her house, and recognise him as the master of her heart, but still she would not shrink from thwarting and enraging him for his own good. She had even a rough relish for such encounters, although she was too honest



wantonly to drag another woman through the mire. She said to herself that Caleb Paston's daughter might be an impertinent, set-up, artful hussy; but she would think mortal shame to blacken any girl, however light and vain, to any man, most of all to her son.

Barty laughed at his mother's little spiteful hints to scorn. "You don't comprehend the bearing of the case, mother. At all events I shall not pick a quarrel with the Pastons on the faith of a scheme of theirs to entangle young Lord Wriothsesley into a compromise of his rank. Good heavens, mother! Paston would as soon scheme to murder the boy lord

in order to pick his pocket, and then bury him under one of the hearth-stones of Woovers' Alley!"

Notwithstanding all this, Barty Wooler was the man who, in virtue of his yeoman's blood, found himself called on to speak a word of warning to Caleb Paston. A few days afterwards he made a morning call at Woovers' Alley. Mr. Paston, as was his wont, was taking advantage of the best lights and working busily.

"You are still the old man, Paston; you would turn your work into a pleasure by mere dint of sticking at it, even were it not in itself agreeable."

"Yes, Barty, I wish that were true of me. Certainly the mere work often adds a pleasure; for painters, I take it—some of them at least—are something like mothers, and are apt to think most of what gives them trouble, and grow attached to it and love to finger at it, and not seldom spoil it too. That portrait of Lord Wriothlesley, now, has tried me. His expression is capricious and ill to catch; and, you see, I have flown for relief to broader effects," he said, stepping back a little and turning his head on one side to take in the whole effect, as is the manner of painters, often perhaps more to invite sympathy and the expression of opinion than anything else.

"Well, I wish I could say I shared your experience; though I have no desire to strain after the blink of the Latimer eye," answered Barty, with an uneasy meaning smile that struggled to veil another feeling. "But what is this. Ah! the Rotterdam Kerness; well you have got breadth there certainly, and a bright sunny effect too. You must have a deal in hand just now, surely," turning to a corner and lifting up a canvas which stood there on the floor, with its face to the wall. "And this is your sketch for Lord Wriothlesley? His Lordship's many appearances in Wooers' Alley have made a *fair* impression here; I only wish for your sake, Paston, that the impressions produced on outside minds were as pleasant."

"What is that you say, Barty?" asked Mr. Paston with puzzled eyes, and laying down his palette and pencils, which up to this time he had kept in his hand.

"You have always had a close connection with the Brockcotes family, Paston. Of course, that is all right. But you will not object to hear an old friend's opinion on another side of the question?"

"Certainly not, Wooler. Speak as frankly as you like."

"Well, to be plain," Barty went on, awkwardly, "I don't think the connection requires you to keep open house for the son and heir, more particularly when you have not a son, but a daughter. But be so good as to remember that I reckon her as far above such a discussion as any Lady Dorothea Latimer of them all. At the same time Miss Phoebe should not be talked about—forgive me for saying so to you, who are her father, but sometimes outsiders see clearest. Of course, I do not for a moment insult Lord Wriothlesley by imputing deliberately foolish intentions to him. It would be a great shame to speak of such a thing here."

"Really, Barty, I fail to follow you," answered Mr. Paston, with some impatience.

"Well," Barty proceeded, "what I mean is this: a girl, an innocent, high-spirited girl, is only a girl after all; and with all a girl's wavering sensibilities and excitable vanity. Miss Phoebe might be a little dazzled—I put the case hypothetically—by the most distant chance of the crown-matrimonial of Brockcotes. We know how delusive such an idea is, and that even were it realised, the result would prove no better than a splendid misfortune. But she has not had our experience. Perhaps you think that I am forgetting myself to say this to you, Paston?"

While the latter part of this dialogue was going forward, Mr. Paston had taken up his pencils again, and was furiously working with a brush on an unoccupied corner of canvas, as a safety-valve and a mask to his irritation.

"No, no, Barty, by no means," answered Caleb, as he looked up with a smile—a little smile, with a flicker of restrained eagerness in it; "but I think you are mistaken. Every one at Wellfield knows the terms on which I am with the Brockcotes people; and, bless you, Lord Wriothlesley and Phoebe are not fools, though they are young. Why, Barty, it seems to me it is you who are growing prudish, you who were wont to rebuke my starchedness. But out of respect to your opinion and your friendly interest in Phoebe, I shall put a check on the notice which the young gentleman is so good as to take of us."

"Friendly interest!" repeated Barty, warmly, and said no more for a moment. Then after a pause, "I ought to beg your pardon, Paston, for annoying you. Lord Wriothlesley's portrait is to blame for my going off on a different tack from what I had meant to follow; and now what I have got to say on that head may seem a little imprudent, and my words too like the cuckoo's eggs dropped into another bird's nest. What I wanted to ask you to-day, Paston, and what I ought not to have let other matters chase from my tongue, was this—how would you think of me for a son-in-law, supposing Miss Phoebe would stoop to listen to a confirmed wanderer and idler like me?"

"After all that has come and gone, Barty, I would sooner have you as a son than any other man I know," answered the painter, in some agitation. "But I must tell you that I shall not lift a finger to influence Phoebe's inclination, even to wipe out the heaviest debt that ever was contracted."

"I do not ask that of you," responded

Barty Wooler, a little haughtily, dropping the hand which he had taken.

"You may credit me," Mr. Paston declared solemnly, "that if your suit fail, I shall be as much disappointed as you."

"No, no, Paston," protested Barty, recovering his frank fervour; "no man alive can be so disappointed as I shall be, if Phœbe will have nothing to say to me. But, depend upon it, I shall burn my own smoke and not go puffing it in the face of the world. You may console yourself beforehand with that conviction."

"I have no doubt of it," said Mr. Paston.

"I'm afraid I haven't much chance; you see I am getting such an old out-of-date sort of fellow," Barty went on, rearing his vigorous figure and drawing his fingers through his thick hair. "And there is no fool like an old fool, you know; so, I suppose I went and persecuted the girl till—now she will neither look at me nor listen to me. But I think she is still free, as she seemed to be when I met her first at Folksbridge. I believe I am safe from that pug-faced, wide-awake owl, Frank Hall, whom she would always be arguing with. To be sure I am honoured by having a young nobleman for my rival, and none besides."

"You must settle that for yourself, Barty," rejoined Mr. Paston, a little tartly; "I am not my daughter's confidant. Certainly, she is young and light-hearted; and if I consulted my own judgment, I should say a great deal too much so to be troubled as yet with matters of this kind."

"But I have no time to lose," interrupted Barty, impatiently. "You forget that, Paston. And the worst of it is, I am not what I might have been. I have been a vagrant—the idlest and most unconcerned beggar. The quality which settles men seems to have gone out of me, if it was ever in me."

"As you are, Barty," answered Mr. Paston, with his rare smile, "I would rather Phœbe changed her name for yours than for that of any other man in Britain."

As the two men stood there, the contrast in their personal appearance was extreme. Mr. Paston was spare and spent, hollow-chested and ashen-haired. Barty Wooler, on the contrary, was full and firm, clear-eyed and erect, with close clusters of shining hair. Still Paston deferred to Barty, whom he addressed fondly as a boy almost, and Barty, without being condescending—it was not in the true Saxon Englishman to be supercilious, though he could be surly—was as nearly as possible commiserating in his tone towards

his old companion-in-arms, who had long and far outstripped him in the race.

"Il Francia was older than you before he laid down the goldsmith's tool for the pencil," urged Mr. Paston, "and Quentin Matsys, when he quitted the blacksmith's anvil for the easel."

"But they had been busy men in their former callings; and I have neither the devouring ambition of the Italian, nor the lusty life of the Fleming. I am only an odd, middle-aged sinner of an Englishman, likely to be well-to-do through no effort nor credit of my own. I don't want to deceive you, I fear I shall never be more than a *dilettante* apprentice instead of a devout and diligent master of my craft, like you."

"We shall see," said Mr. Paston, preparing to drop the point. "I shall not give you rest or peace; and Phœbe, I am sure, would never be content till you were more."

"Ah! if Phœbe took me in hand," said Barty with a bright glance, "something might be made of me yet."

CHAPTER XIII.—A DISAGREEABLE DUTY.

WHEN Mr. Paston spoke to Phœbe in fulfilment of the promise made to Barty Wooler, he did it with such awkwardness and bad grace as vividly suggested a prompter. In his craving to soothe and satisfy his old friend, he had undertaken an office for which he neither saw any necessity, nor had any qualification. If Mrs. Paston had not been beyond imagination an incapable woman, he might, with advantage, have intrusted the task to her. But he had not that resource. In his sensitiveness, he was affronted even at alluding to the probable misconstruction of the public; and blundered irreparably in the accomplishment of his object, just as Barty had blundered throughout his courtship.

"It has just struck me, Phœbe," he began, on the first opportunity, "that you had better not come into the painting-room when there is any stranger with me, especially when Lord Wriothresley is sitting for his picture. It is my fault that you have been till now so much here on my business—though, by-the-bye, I observe that you are very careful to respect my privacy when Wooler is with me."

Phœbe, who had been looking frankly in her father's face, appeared annoyed at the mention of Barty's name, but as she said nothing, her father resumed:

"Now, Phœbe, that is the very exception you need not make—an old friend like Wooler is a sort of second self to me; though he is not so old either—a man in his

prime. But he is another Dick Tinto, and I want him to be at home here. At the same time I fancy fathers are sometimes doting, and forget that their children grow up into big boys and girls. As for Lord Wriothlesley, I have the greatest faith in him; but he has been rather too much abroad, and has brought back some of the freedom of continental art students, which he will have the sense to get quite rid of long before he takes his seat in the House of Lords. I was bent upon getting a good study of him, and do you know he looks a little haggard when he sits quiet and still?"

"I know," confirmed Phœbe. "When I described him to you first, don't you recollect I said that his face was all eyes, forehead, and beard?"

"Yes, I understand that," continued Mr. Paston, speaking for speaking's sake, with a view to take off, if possible, the edge of his discourse; and while he did so, he played unbecoming tricks with the creaking, unresisting joints of his model, Saul. "His lordship has burnt the midnight oil over his books; these have been the late hours he has indulged in. Nine hours of artificial light will spoil any man's eyes. But all the Latimers are of the right sort. I don't suppose they would otherwise have lasted as they have done. They must have died out before 'the late Revolution of 1688,' as that little curiosity, Lady Dorothea, likes to speak of it. Between you and me, Phœbe, the race is on the decline, though they are as much addicted to out-door exercise and field-sports as their neighbours, and were good soldiers and sailors the last time they tried the services. But I can remember the Brockcotes Hunt before it was merged into the County Hunt, and when it was a matter of course that the old Lord should ride next the huntsmen. Light weights they all rode, and resolute they were at rising to a leap. Now, Lord Exmoor hardly does more than appear at the 'meet' as a bit of civil formality. And I have heard, that though on the last occasion he was in at the death, he had to be lifted from his saddle on his return. They want new blood, or some other sort of rude degeneration, to recover them."

Phœbe had been standing, putting some books to rights on a side-table; but now, when her father paused, she glanced up at him, as if to say, inquiringly—

"I suppose so, papa; but what do you really want?"

"Certainly, that is not the question," granted Mr. Paston, colouring like a girl at

his own *mal-apropos* remarks. "What I have to say is, that unless Lady Dorothea come with her brother, I should prefer you to remain out of the way. If I cannot help myself, I shall send for you. I find it better to put a stop to a gallant young man, far beyond you in station, following you ever so innocently to the drawing-room and the garden. I hope I do not hurt your feelings, my dear. I do not blame you in the slightest degree. I trust you are not so silly a girl as to be put out by what it is disagreeable for me to say. I am forced to say it because, as you know, your mother will always seek guidance rather than guide others. Phœbe, remember the world is a common-place, coarse-minded world, and has its standards, which are as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. All well-disposed people attend to these, and our friends perform the kindest part when they remind us of them, if we by any chance forget or neglect them."

"Oh no, I am not angry with you, papa," declared Phœbe, with a beating heart and a great reservation of anger. "You have the right to tell me how to behave, and to correct any fault in my conduct. You want me to avoid Lord Wriothlesley because he is young and a nobleman, and because reckless young noblemen and giddy girls in my rank have forgotten what was due to themselves and to each other, and been idly spoken of and laughed at before now. Isn't that it, papa?"

"Exactly, child; and I am glad you speak with such comprehension of the matter," said Mr. Paston, a little surprised.

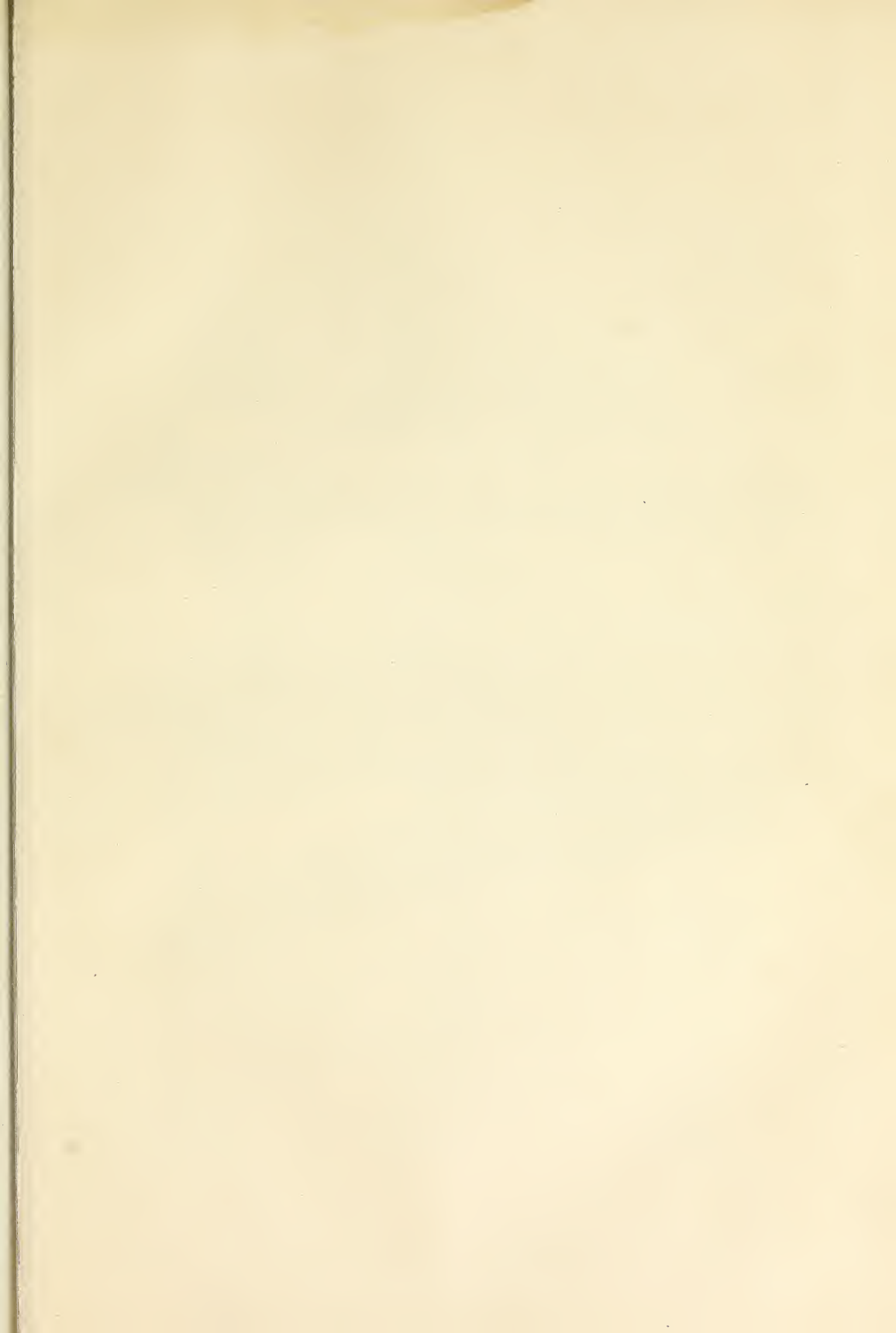
"Well, papa, you may depend on my paying attention to your wishes, which are so reasonable and simple. I take shame to myself for not having anticipated them."

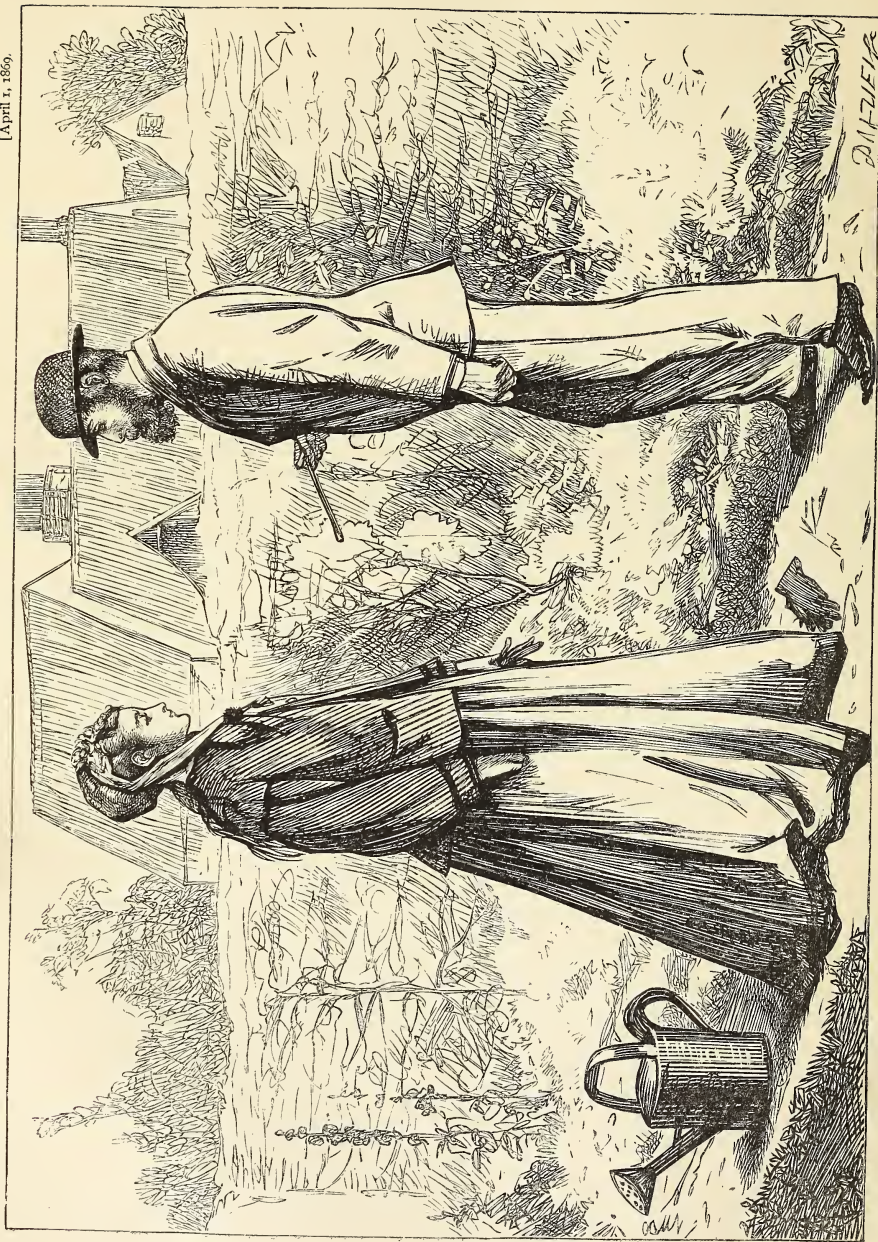
Now, all the time that Phœbe was answering her father with such glib propriety, and even with a little archness, she was saying to herself, as her breast swelled with girlish provocation and wounded pride, "I see from what quarter the wind has been blowing, and whom I have to thank for this. Not papa; no, no. Papa alone would never put an impertinent and insulting construction on the innocent friendly footing on which I have stood with Lord Wriothlesley."

As a supplement to this secret protest she proceeded to say aloud in demure self-defence:

"I thought it ought to be both my duty and my pleasure to make myself agreeable to every member of the Brockcotes family, when they have been so good to me. You called Lord Wriothlesley gallant, didn't you, papa?"

Phœbe could look up and speak with





"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

open, somewhat aggrieved face. She had not as yet been dazzled with splendid possibilities. The disparity between her and Lord Wriothlesley was too great, and was remembered too plainly, and she was too loyal both to herself and to the Brockcotes family to entertain such possibilities quickly. But another mistake was made which imperilled Phoebe's safety in the very anxiety to secure it. To go and destroy Phoebe's unconsciousness, by bidding her beware of danger from the strife of tongues, and to pique her into the contemplation of impossibilities, was an egregious blunder which only two clever men could have been so left to themselves as to commit.

CHAPTER XIV.—A LOVE TALE.

WHAT had gone before was an unfortunate preparation for Barty Wooler's proposal.

He made it soon afterwards, indeed the very first time that he, instead of Lord Wriothlesley, was left alone in the garden with Phoebe. He began by addressing her as "Miss Phoebe," using her Christian name with a little qualification as a half-way stage between the Miss Paston of their Folksbridge acquaintance and the "Phoebe" he coveted for the climax of the Wellfield relation.

"Miss Phoebe," he said, expressing his taste on an indifferent matter, "I must confess I don't like your ribbon borders;" and here he gave a slight spurn with his foot in the direction of the lobelias, Tom Thumbs, calceolarias, and petunias, which blazed in rings within rings of colour round a few small lozenge-shaped figures, divided by narrow edgings in the gravel.

"Blue, red, yellow, purple," Barty lectured, "all of the same season, and all as flat as my hand. There isn't so much as the relief of height and depth, of light and shade. It is the monotony of glare. No painter could be so lost to what is subtle and suggestive as to dream of representing it."

No observation could have sounded more harmless or have less threatened a startling finale. Phoebe had some sympathy with the opinion, not being responsible for this bit of the flower-garden, which had been laid out to please Mrs. Paston. But she kept persistently altering and re-altering the pegs in her verbenas, with her head close to the ground, obstinately declining Barty's offers of assistance. She would not gratify the intruder even by agreeing with him on a single small question.

"I thought pre-Raphaelite painters affected rampant colours," she replied indif-

ferently, as though identifying him with the school.

"Yes, but one at a time, or blended by neutral tints. You would not call the rainbow a ribbon border, would you, Miss Phoebe?"

She would not call the rainbow Jacob's ladder, though he should wait an hour to hear her do it. Comprehending her pouting dumbness, he did not wait, but spoke on for his own pleasure and gratification. He praised old English gardens, with their flowers of all seasons. He quoted Lord Bacon's example, and maintained that this new-fangled gardening was vulgar and wearily insipid in its very brightness. Then he passed from old English gardens to old English houses, with their picture galleries. He spoke of the fine family-groups in these old houses, and of their genial wedded pairs—stout squire and stately noble, with the frosty mellowness of autumn in face and figure, mated with dames, in whose youthful traits the grace of spring was just bursting into the beauty of summer. He even fell to citing Shakespeare and the Bible in support of his theory. He questioned her as to what smooth-faced, red-and-white cheeked Romeo could compare with the middle-aged, swarthy Moor, and the elderly, grizzled Antony, in strength of passion? whether Boaz or the young men among the reapers of Bethlehem was most tender of brown-faced Ruth?

Long before this, Phoebe dreaded what was coming, and stiffly rose up from stooping over her gaudy flower-beds, to bear the trial as she best might, to hear the love-tale which she could no longer hope to escape from.

Barty used plain enough words at last, and said what he had to say very simply.

Phoebe interrupted him with little excited breaks in her speech.

"I ought to thank you, Mr. Wooler; but I am very sorry that you have spoken so to me. I would have stopped you sooner if I could. Surely I need say no more. I can give you no other answer."

Barty was not an impatient boy, to be summarily dismissed without striving his utmost for final hope and happiness. But he was a proud man, who, while he bore no malice, was fit to withdraw quietly on a decided dismissal, and not stoop to importune a peevish girl.

"Will you not reconsider your sentence?" he asked gravely, and then he reminded her gently—"You know it is a hard sentence."

He made this last assertion with a vehemence that for a moment quelled Phoebe, and staggered her in her self-reliance.

"If you abide by your unconditional re-

jection, Phœbe," he urged, "the life that remains to me will be, in one respect, like a tale that is told. I have no right to complain, and I will not complain. I have been idle and desultory in my work, and unsettled in my habits, I admit; but I had some provocation to begin with. I take shame to myself; it pains and humbles me to have to make this acknowledgment. But I trust that my failure in this respect is over. Luckily it does not, in my case, involve the absence of those worldly goods with which every man would wish to endow the woman he loves. In other circumstances it would have been the height of selfishness, almost of baseness, in me to have aimed at uniting your bright hopes with my broken ones."

Phœbe interrupted him at last so imperiously, that she fairly startled him. She had not been able to take in the whole drift of his argument, though now and then it had touched her. But at last the foolish fancy entered her hot young head that he was trying to bribe her by the promise of making her the richest woman in Folksbridge—the temptation with which her cousins, nay, even Lady Dorothea, had assailed her.

"It is useless to tell me all this, Mr. Wooler; I can never change my mind."

He grew a little pale, and his full tones became harsh as he said, with a tolerably successful effort at composure—

"I have done, Miss Paston. Forget that I have troubled you with this petition, and do not suffer it to make any difference in our friendship. Pray do me the small favour—no, don't be frightened." He paused to reassure her, with an inevitable grimness in his smile, and then went on:

"I don't think you will object to do me this favour. It is only to offer my excuses to your father. When we spoke of it the other morning, I promised to tell him how my mission fared; but a man does not like to be bearer of the news of his own defeat, if he can help it. Of course, if you have any objection, I shall not ask you to do this for me."

Phœbe could only mutter that she did not object. Barty took her hand for an instant, lifted his hat formally, and left the garden.

Phœbe was conscious of a shadow falling across the sunshine, of a chill coming into the air, and of a sense of blank regret and sharp self-accusation. She looked round her half stunned, half scared, and thought the little flower-garden was barren and hard in its stereotyped brightness. She looked down at herself in her dainty buff skirt and jacket, and wondered if she, whom he had called

by implication callous, were as hard and shallow as the garden. Heretofore she had always preferred the cool, grave court, with the sober old flower-order, to the new showy flower-beds. But she would hate the latter after this day's work. She saw Barty again with the same eyes as when she had admired him in the beginning of their acquaintance. Her father's estimation of him must be correct, and she would not see his like again as a lover. Not that she dreamt she could have accepted him, but it was a grief to her that there had been no alternative found but to decline his dearest wishes and destroy his fairest prospects of happiness. He had said so. She was sorry now, and even ashamed of the manner of the deed. She was sensible, when it was too late, that she had not behaved well under the trial. She felt she had been ungracious and ungenerous to a man who had distinguished her by his highest regard.

Phœbe's remorse lasted till her reluctant feet had carried her to the threshold of her father's painting-room. She stood there, not only shy and shrinking, but waiting till she could see an inch before her. The change from the broad yellow afternoon sunshine, the fresh air, and the vivid mosaic of the flower-beds, to the dimness of the painting-room, in which the plaster-casts looked like ghosts and the pictures shadows, struck her as it had never done before. Here her father led a charmed life in a world of his own, and was now finishing a spell of long and hard work. It seemed to agree with him at present. He was standing before a picture of the "Reconciliation of Jacob and Esau," which he had lately sketched in. Judging from his low whistling—a trick which was not native to him, but which he had caught from Barty Wooler—he was looking at it with satisfaction.

But Mr. Paston was not so lost to sympathy that he did not anticipate Phœbe's confession as soon as her guilty face appeared in the door-way. She did not need to introduce the subject; for he turned round on her with a sharp interrogation.

"You haven't had a difference with Wooler? you haven't dismissed him without the simple grace of considering the matter and without consulting your friends, Phœbe? I had hoped better things of you."

Mr. Paston contrived on the instant to scatter Phœbe's compunction to the winds. What was there to consider in the matter? What had her friends to do with her choice? Phœbe was very jealous of the freedom of her heart.

Mr. Paston was stricken with disappointment, but he did not utter another word of

displeasure. Instead of walking up and down, and venting his excitement in irritable complaints, according to his custom, he stood sorely vexed and mortified. He did not say to Phœbe that his life was precarious; that he could not do more for her and her mother than leave them fairly provided for. He did not seek to entice Phœbe, by referring to Barty Wooler's prospects. Let people say what they would, Caleb Paston was not a mercenary man. But when he spoke again, there was a poignancy of regret in the tone in which he vindicated and reproached himself in a breath, as if he had been in fault, and not Phœbe.

"Bear me witness, Phœbe," he said, "that I have not tried to influence you, though the connection seemed to me for your good, in the light in which I saw it. I know Barty Wooler as I know myself. There is not a more manly heart, or a cleverer brain than his; and yet these are wasted while he is flitting about here and there like a bird of passage. I know you could not help it, but it cuts me up. I meant you to be happy, child: who should care for your happiness if I do not? I thought all the mischief was to be remedied. Barty and I long worked together, not that we were equals, though I was very fond of him. He was my superior then, above me in every respect, and yet who so pleasant, or so lavish in his regard and confidence? Poor fellow, I never reckoned on his failure; if I had foreseen that, it might have been prevented. I have lamented over it more than anybody—unless his mother—certainly more than himself. I thought it was all to be atoned for. I fancied we should work together once more—old blood and young. I could have directed him, and he would have put new life into me. But I am certain you could not help it, my poor Phœbe, any more than you can guess the mischief you have done."

Phœbe was thus dismissed with a rueful smile.

CHAPTER XV.—"AS OTHERS SEE US."

PHŒBE was used to what her mother called "Paston's tantrums." She knew that he was not a stranger to paroxysms of morbid feeling, or of extravagant enthusiasm, in which the shy man came out of his shell, throwing aside for the moment his constitutional cloak of reserve, and making in the act a passing revelation of himself to any capable observer—a revelation more striking and complete than any that could be drawn from the habitual babbling of a free, careless man. In

spite of this Phœbe could not follow him now.

She had come in from the garden with very conflicting feelings; and she opened wide, moist eyes at the outpouring of her father's disappointment. But in the end she was hardened rather than softened. She did not, however, remind her father how little there could be in common between a man who was blustering, headstrong, and overbearing, even in his courtship, and a retired, absorbed artist. She did not argue that there must be something illusive in the friendship which could be suffered to lie dormant for twenty years. That would have been to say that she was wiser than her father, and Phœbe did not say it, although she did not escape the thought.

Phœbe was tormented by the suspicion that her father had deceived himself into expecting terribly unreasonable things of her, because of an early partiality and a recent caprice. He had not been wont to act thus, but he had always been exceptional and eccentric. She now fully realised this for the first time. She had a dread that her father had been betrayed into exaggeration, into speaking melodramatically. She experienced an aching sense of the weakness of one dear and revered, together with a quick desire to shield both him and herself from the result of this weakness.

She took courage to re-enter the painting-room shortly after her dismissal.

"Papa, I am very sorry that I have vexed you and Mr. Wooler. I did not think that I was coming home to do this," she ended abruptly, with a swelling heart, as her father sunk down in an attitude of weariness, and leant his grey head on his hand.

The ordeal was past, and Phœbe was more sensible than ever that a crisis in her life had come and gone. It was something more than the ordinary awkwardness of getting rid of an unwelcome suitor, and of feeling constrained, as a point of duty, to tell her story to the head of the family. It was an event which fancifully grieved and mortified her father, and swept away a dream which he had taken to his heart.

It did not follow because Mr. Paston had received the information that he would communicate it to his wife. Not that the couple lived unhappily. They got on as well as could be expected in the manifold shortcomings which exposed a life's mistake. But besides a turn for sarcasm in his speech with her, Mr. Paston had acquired, almost unconsciously, a habit of not seeing and

hearing his wife. This involved the avoidance of *tête-à-têtes* with her, above all on any subject which deeply interested him.

It was a minor-fret to Phœbe to break the facts to her mother, who was, as she expressed it, "struck all in a heap" by Phœbe's audacity, improvidence, and ingratitude. Mrs. Paston did her best to indemnify herself for her great loss in an early and excellent marriage for her daughter, by bewailing that daughter's undutiful sauciness. But, to do Mrs. Paston justice, she did no more than whimperingly bewail. She was as incapable of sustained resentment as of magnanimous silence. Phœbe was her father's daughter, young as she was. Mrs. Paston had always said that Phœbe had a mind of her own, cruel and cross as it was to proclaim this of her own child. She washed her hands of the business, in which she had never been consulted. Oh, dear! of course she was nobody in the matter, and she declined to be answerable for Phœbe's skittishness, and what it would bring her to—a skinny, shrewish old maid, who would be as difficult to live with, and as scornful, as her father, and whom she would be ashamed to call her own flesh and blood. To think that a daughter of hers should come to this! She had been a beauty in her own day, nor had she been without her pick and choice of a husband before she was Phœbe's age, although perhaps she had not made the wisest selection. She would not say that either, though Mr. Walker, the apothecary's apprentice, was now "riding" in his carriage, with the best practice in Folksbridge. No doubt he was not a bit famous, like Paston, and Paston had his good side. But everybody who has any knowledge of the world—Mrs. Paston trickled off into sinning against her husband again—knew that an artist and genius was a sore trial to the mistress of a house. She would say it, who perhaps should not say it, that she was as good a housekeeper as any woman in Wellfield, with Paston often not caring to sit down to his meals with his family like a decent Christian, and never sending her in supplies of provisions, not even a string of trout, or a measure of early potatoes, like other women's husbands. He wouldn't even put himself out of his way to hear a word about overcharges and underweights, or to recall prices and seasons, if it were to save her life. Now, here was Phœbe getting as bad as her father every bit, and spilling her full cup on the first opportunity, like an ungrateful minx. See what Phœbe's friend, Lady Dorothea,

would say to it, when everybody had heard that Lady Dorothea was about to make the finest match in Britain to please her father and mother; and they were an earl and countess, well off, from their Britany-cows' milk to their sparkling champagne—from their diamond rings to their cambric frilled linen, which, she had it from the second best authority, was put on clean out of the fold and fresh plaited, every morning it lightened, and every night it darkened. Whereas her Phœbe had gone on the spur of the moment, and, without consulting or caring for her parents, had thrown away the best marriage in Wellfield, or in Folksbridge either: a marriage that would have enabled Phœbe to get her foot on her cousins—the only good marriage that might offer for many a year to come, where independent, well-to-do young men were so shockingly scarce.

Phœbe cherished the hope that her mother's chagrin would close her mouth about the family disaster, although there was great danger, as she knew, that Mrs. Paston would grow indignantly proud of the unprecedented misfortune, and, even at the risk of damaging Phœbe's future matrimonial prospects, go whispering the secret, shaking her head over it and twinkling away ever-ready tears in the most improper quarters.

And then the story had to be confided to Lady Dorothea, if only to silence her speculations. She disapproved, like the rest; but she arrogated no right of friendship to resent the step Phœbe had taken on her own responsibility, or even to reproach her gossip. She acted with far greater wisdom. She turned the subject over in her mind, and then she provoked Phœbe as much as any of them by her striking statement:—

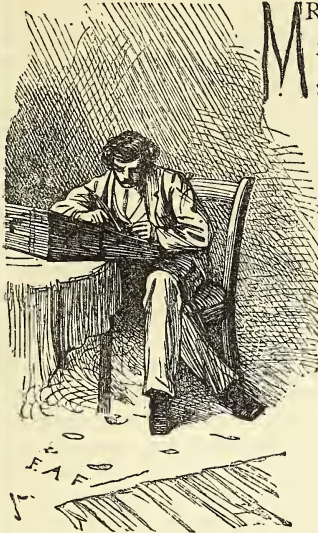
"You have managed very badly, my dear Phœbe—you, and he, and everybody concerned. I never heard of a more complete mess made of a very desirable and unexceptionable *parti*. For you—I beg your pardon, Phœbe—but I don't think you know your own mind. However, it is not likely that even such an amount of recklessness will cause a match like that to go off so quickly. Let us hope so, and let it rest in the meantime. It will come on the *tapis* again after it has been well aired, when I trust you will all have come to your right minds."

Lord Wriothesley did not hear of the discarded suitor through his sister, but in the course of the ordinary Wellfield tattle; and his brief comment on the rumour would have pleased most girls: "So Miss Phœbe is particular. Well, she is entitled to be particular."

DEBENHAM'S VOW.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XXIII.—"HE LOVES AND HE RIDES AWAY."



MR. and Miss Alleyne were both out when the young man returned to the "Silver Trout;" whereupon Debenham remembered that he must write to his mother.

"You may depend they have only gone over to the other side of the river," said Archie.

"Suppose, then, you just take the ferry across, like a good fellow, and see," suggested Debenham hurriedly.

"And if I find them, what shall I say?"

"Oh—say that I have come back tired, and—and that I have an important letter to write before the Chepstow coach goes by."

"And that you will follow me by and by?"

"Yes—of course. In less than an hour."

So Archie went off, not without some inward wonder at his friend's want of *empressement*, and Debenham locked himself into his room, and sat down to write a long letter to his mother. The task, however, was not an easy one. He felt as if he ought to say a great deal, but his inclination prompted him to say very little. Mrs. Debenham would expect him, perhaps, to write about his father, and the castle, and the church, and the monuments, and the ancient glories of the De Benhams,—yet, what could he say of these things? He had nothing to say about them. The past was past, and all his thoughts now were of the future. Well, then, he must write about the future; he must write what was really in his mind. At all events, he must write something.

So, having made two or three unsuccessful beginnings, he at length took a fresh sheet of paper, and dashed off what he had to say, just as it came.

X—21

"Cillingford, August —."

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I told you in my last that I had found your letter addressed to me at the Monmouth post-office. Since then, I have been to Benhampton. I am sorry that my knowledge of the place and its history comes so late. I am sorry that at sixteen I was not as wise as I am now at six-and-twenty. I should have shaped my life altogether differently, and have worked with quite other ends in view. Late, however, as this knowledge comes to me, I hope it is not too late. At all events, I mean to begin life anew.

"Do you remember, dear mother, in that essay of Macaulay's that we were reading just before I came away—I mean the one on Warren Hastings—there was some account of how the little fellow, while yet a mere child, was taken to see the grand old family place that had once belonged to his own people; and how, stealing away from the rest, he went and lay down under a tree by himself, taking in every detail of the scene, and, child though he was, silently resolving to win that old house and those broad acres back again? Well, mother, I think if you had taken me to Benhampton ten or twelve years ago, and shown me those ruins and those tombs, I should have taken the same resolution; and by this time, perhaps, I should have fulfilled it.

"However, it is of little use to think of what might have been. Let it be enough that, as a man, I have arrived at that point from which Warren Hastings started as a boy. I mean at once to give up the profession of music—to look out for some lucrative employment—and to think of nothing but making and saving money for many a year to come. And then, mother, I hope some day to see you again occupying your proper station in society; and I hope myself to buy back the old place, and restore the old castle, and sustain as worthily as I may my father's name and title.

"I fear this will sound to you like a wild and impossible scheme. Still, I can but fail; and, wild and impossible though it may be, I must henceforth devote to it such strength of mind and body as are mine.

"We leave Cillingford to-morrow, or at the latest on Saturday; pleasant neighbours at the inn, charming scenery, and good fishing, having already beguiled us into lingering here for nearly three weeks. You may direct your next letters to Ross. I think I shall return in about a fortnight—that is, by the end of the fifth week. Archie gives me good hope that I may find something to do in the City; and I shall therefore be glad to have a few days at my own disposal, to look about me, before St. Hildegard's is re-opened.

"I continue to be as idle as ever; doing nothing in the way of music—that is to say, doing nothing worth mention. A little Toccata in the antique style, however, pencilled down in bed the other night when I could not sleep, might please you.

"The weather is superb. We have had a few showers; but not one wet day since we left Chepstow. Archie, of course, maintains his character as the best of travelling companions. He is really a paragon of cheerfulness and good nature. I have made up my mind, *liebe Mutter*, that you must go somewhere out of London for a week or two in September; so please not to oppose me. You know what a determined fellow I can be when I choose.

"I find myself at the foot of the last page of my second sheet, so good-bye for to-day.

"Ever, dearest mother, your loving son,
"DE BENHAM.

"P.S.—I sign myself, you see, with my own lawful signature; but of course only to you. For the rest of the world, I remain plain Temple Debenham—at all events, till I have made my fortune."

This he wrote in hot haste, without pause or correction; and, for fear that he might not be satisfied with it on perusal, sealed it up and consigned it to the Cillingford post-box without even reading it over. And perhaps, on the whole, it was as good a letter as he could have written at that time. He loved his mother with a very deep and tender love; but he could not help feeling that he ought long since to have been told the secret of his birth. He knew that Lady De Benham had acted for the best, according to her judgment; but he also knew that she had pushed the parental right of judgment beyond its proper limits. Knowing how every rood of his inheritance had passed away, and concluding that her son must therefore renounce all the privileges of his birth, she had trained him to regard obscurity as his portion in life, and to desire no other. But then, as he told himself again and again, she had no right to leap at that conclusion, and still less right to act upon it. He ought to have known the truth at sixteen, at the latest. He had an undoubted legal right to know it at twenty-one. Not knowing it, he had been virtually excluded from that freedom in the choice of a career which is a young man's most precious privilege. And he had wasted ten of the best years of his life.

It was natural that he should feel sore when he thought of these things, and that he should chafe impatiently against them in his mind; and it would have been excusable if he had evinced some of this impatience and soreness in his letter. But he had put a control upon his pen; and if he had written somewhat coldly, entering into few particulars, and expressing himself with unwonted brevity and decision, still he had not given utterance to one bitter or reproachful word. In so far, then, as the letter was temperate and not unloving, it fulfilled its purpose, and was, as has already been said, as good a letter as he could have written, under the circumstances.

But if he succeeded in keeping his regrets and his bitterness below the surface, he was none the less affected by them, and by the momentous resolution which he had taken. A great change had come upon him—a change of which he was himself vaguely conscious, and which none of those about him could for one moment fail to observe. His whole nature

seemed suddenly to have indurated. A strange, hard look had settled on his mouth; and when he smiled, it seemed less like an impulse than a deliberate effort of the will. Then he felt so much older. He looked out upon the world from such a different point of view. He had parted at one fell swoop from the hopes, and dreams, and pleasures of his whole life, and taken up with the hardest of hard realities. And this he did, knowing the magnitude of the sacrifice—counting the cost—resolute to pay the price, come in what form it might.

"Ay—come in what form it might!" He had fallen into a way of repeating this and similar phrases to himself, within the last day or two; not that he attached any special meaning to the words, but because the mere repetition of them seemed to strengthen him for the battle to come.

In the first moment of meeting, Miss Alleyne saw that there was a cloud, a shadow, a something upon his brow, which was not there before he went away. And then she concluded that he had met with some loss or disappointment in the matter of his journey, and her whole heart filled with sympathy for him. She tried to show this sympathy in a thousand pretty, quiet ways, all through the day, telling herself that he would be sure to confide his trouble to her when they were alone, and thinking how she would try to comfort him in this and every other mischance that might befall him. But, somehow, the afternoon went by, and they separated at dinner time without having been alone together for a moment. Once, however, he had pressed her hand unseen; and when Mr. Alleyne, putting up his canvas and colours, invited the friends, as usual, to take tea, he accepted the invitation with a glance that seemed to say for whose sake he was glad to do so.

"It is so good to have you back again, old fellow," said Archie, as they sat by and by at their accustomed table in the kitchen window. "The place seemed awfully dull yesterday without you. Isn't this a fine, big pike? I caught him last evening, just above the weir; and, not thinking you would be back so soon, I was lamenting that I must sit down to him alone. How glad I am that I did not send him to the Alleynes!"

"It is indeed a Goliath of a pike, my little David," said Temple, "and capitally cooked."

But though he praised the fish, he sent his plate away almost untasted. He could not eat. His mind was ill at ease, and many things were perplexing him. So he presently

left Archie to finish his dinner alone and betook himself to the river-side, where he walked up and down in front of the inn, anxiously thinking.

Should he, or should he not, tell Miss Alleyne? That was the question. It would be pleasant to tell her; and perhaps he ought to tell her. But then, how would it profit her to know? Would it add one iota to her happiness, or her love? It ought not to do so. Nay, more—it was impossible that it should do so. Still, it was sweet to *know* that he was loved for himself alone. Besides, why should he put her discretion to so severe a test? She was very young to be trusted with so grave a secret; and a secret it must remain—profound, strict, inviolable. Surely it would, on the whole, be wiser to keep silence, at all events for a year or two longer. And then so many things might happen in a year or two!

Deliberating thus, he strolled to and fro till Archie came out; and by-and-by they were joined by Mr. and Miss Alleyne. Mr. Alleyne, however, brought his glass and his decanter of port into the porch, and sat there smoking his customary post-prandial cigar, while the others went down to the landing-place to see the cows ferried home from their pastures on the opposite side of the river.

"You did not expect me back to-day, Juliet?" said De Benham, finding that Archie lingered discreetly in the rear.

"I think I did—that is, I hoped."

"I despatched my journey as quickly as I could," he said, hesitatingly; "because—because I find it is absolutely necessary for me to be in London by the end of another fortnight, and therefore . . ."

"I know," said Miss Alleyne; the smile with which she had looked up at the beginning of his sentence having vanished in a sudden paleness. "And therefore you must resume your tour. When do you think of going?"

"I suppose—I fear—to-morrow."

He felt a slight tremor in the hand which rested on his arm; but that was all.

"It seems to come suddenly at last," he said, half apologetically; "but we have had three weeks at Cillingford already, and—I am bound to consider Archie a little. For myself, I should desire nothing better than to spend the whole time here."

She tried to force a smile.

"I know that," she replied, simply; "but it will do you more good to travel. You work so hard in London, and you ought to go back so much stronger."

"My darling!" he said, tenderly; and

then he thought he would tell her, after all. "I mean to work harder than ever, now," he began, "and to be better paid for my work. In fact, I am going to give up music, and take to some more profitable occupation."

"Give up music!" repeated Miss Alleyne. "Impossible!"

"*'A cœur vaillant, rien d'impossible.'* That was Henri Quatre's motto, and it shall be mine."

"But what other occupation . . ."

"At present I can hardly say. I only know that I have certain marketable acquirements, and that I mean to sell myself to the highest bidders. Would you not like to be rich, Juliet?"

"Not in the least. I only desire to be happy."

"But have you no ambition?"

"Of that sort, none whatever."

"Well, but you have some ambition for me?"

"Yes, I have ambition for you; but still not of that sort. I should like you to be famous; I do not care that you should be rich."

"But this is mere romance, my sweet," urged the lover. "Money represents the graces and charities, to say nothing of the comforts, of life. It is impossible that you should not care for these. You might as well say that you placed no value upon rank or station."

"Nor do I," said Miss Alleyne, promptly; "unless as the reward of personal merit."

"Do you mean that if I, for instance, were heir to an hereditary coronet, transmitted through a long line of ancestors, you would be no prouder of me than as plain Temple Debenham?"

"I should be no whit prouder of you," she answered, radiant and glowing. "On the contrary, I should long for you to achieve some distinction that might raise you above your title!"

But De Benham had no response for the girl's generous answer. He only looked away, and said, coldly:—

"So—you are a democrat! I had no idea of that. You and I must never talk politics, then, *cara mia*; for we should surely disagree."

And from that moment, he made up his mind that he would not tell her.

Yet, when he went to bed at night and was alone in his own little room, his heart smote him, and he wondered at the change that had come upon him. But a few days ago, and he was as unworldly as herself.

But a few days ago, and he, too, would have chosen to earn rather than inherit his honours. He had then as little care for wealth, as little fear of poverty, as keen an appetite for fame, as the warmest enthusiast could desire; and now . . . Well, now he was Lord De Benham, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and twenty-ninth Baron of his name; the last male representative of his family; friendless; fortuneless; landless; with scarce a second coat to his back, and something less than five pounds in his pocket! These were pregnant facts—such facts, surely, as might well excuse a man for some change of opinion. Besides, it was no mean ambition, after all, to aim at reinstating a grand old name, and reviving the honours of an ancient house. Nay, was it not something more than an ambition? Was it not a duty?

So reasoning, and so comforting himself, he decided that it was a duty—clearly a duty; and, having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, he laid his head upon the pillow and fell fast asleep.

The next day they parted, stealing a few last words in the porch before Mr. Alleyne was down.

"I have said nothing to your father, dearest," said the lover. "I dared not, in my present beggarly position; but I have every hope that in the course of a few weeks I shall have found some employment commanding a fixed salary, and then I shall feel that I have a better right to speak, and a better chance of being heard."

Miss Alleyne looked down with a somewhat heightened colour, and made no reply.

"He has invited me to call upon him at Kensington," added De Benham. "May I come the day after your return home?"

"I cannot tell when that will be," replied Miss Alleyne. "You have seen how capriciously papa takes up and lays aside his picture. He may finish it in ten days, or he may stay here for three weeks longer."

"But you will let me know—you will write to me!"

"How is that possible? What would my father say?"

"But, my darling, you would not leave me without news of you for three whole weeks! You might be ill—a thousand things might happen! I had hoped that you would write to me every day."

Miss Alleyne shook her head.

"You cannot seriously mean to refuse me!" exclaimed the lover.

"I am very sorry—so sorry; but you ought not to ask me."

"Once a week, then—only once a week!"

"No. It would not be right."

"Right!" he echoed, impatiently. "And our engagement?"

She turned her face away. Her lip quivered; but she made no reply. He repeated the question.

"There can be no engagement between us," she said, falteringly, "without my father's sanction."

He paused a moment before replying; but when he did speak, it was with the calmness of suppressed irritation.

"Very well," he said. "In that case I must speak to Mr. Alleyne before I leave Cillingford. I believe that I shall injure my cause by doing so at this time; but I must take my chance."

"I do not counsel you to speak to him," said Miss Alleyne, gently. "I would rather you should act as you think best."

"But you say there can be no engagement . . ."

"That is true, Temple; but why need there be one—just yet? Be patient, dear. I know that you love me—and I will wear your ring, and I will think of you day and night while we are parted. It will be but for three or four weeks, at the most."

And with this she put up her other hand, and so clasping his arm quite round, looked up at him, half smiling, half in tears.

"But if you should be ill!"

"I have not the slightest intention of being ill. I never was better."

"And how shall I know when you go home?"

"Call at the house now and then, when you are passing that way, and enquire of the servants."

"Humph! And you don't care a bit about not hearing from me all that time?"

"I do care; but I know it is not for long. And now you must tell me where you will be each day of your tour, that I may follow you upon the map, and always know where you are."

So De Benham tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and made out a list of such places as he and Archie had proposed to stop at *en route*; and by the time this was done Mr. Alleyne came down and began ringing for coffee.

"You will come in presently to wish papa good-bye," said she, preparing to be gone at the first echo of the bell.

"Yes; but I must have my farewell kiss now. My love—my own Juliet! Ah, surely as much my own as if we were never so formally engaged?"

For a moment she let herself be folded in his arms, pressed to his heart, kissed on brow, and eyes, and lips.

"You do love me?" he said, passionately.

"Yes," she whispered, "I do love you—with my whole heart—with my whole heart!"

But even as she said the words, she slipped from his embrace and was gone.

Half an hour later, they shook hands and parted quite gaily and politely, as a well-bred lady and gentleman should.

"We shall expect to see you at Kensington, remember," said Mr. Alleyne, graciously, as he followed the young men to the gate.

Whereupon they thanked him, looked forward to the earliest opportunity of paying their respects, exchanged all due civilities and good wishes, and took their departure in heavy marching order, knapsack on back and staff in hand, like two pious pilgrims of the olden time.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE FIRST PLUNGE.

It may be conjectured that neither Archie nor Temple were sorry when the tour came to an end, and they shook hands on parting at the Paddington terminus. The real pleasure of the excursion was all over for Archie when Miss Alleyne came upon the scene; and, somehow, even when Miss Alleyne was left behind, and they were again wandering together day after day by river and ruin, woodland and vale, the old feeling of *camaraderie* was missing, and things were never the same again. De Benham, absorbed by one fixed idea, was a changed man; and Archie, though attributing that change to a wrong cause, could not but feel the effects of it at every turn. De Benham silent and gloomy, De Benham brooding over the lost fortunes of his family, De Benham pondering the one great problem of his own future life, seemed to him no other than De Benham desperately in love and thinking perpetually of Miss Alleyne. Even when the conversation reverted, as it was always reverting now, to money and money-making, Archie, wearied to death of the subject, still believed that his friend's sole aim was to get rich for the sake of the woman he loved.

And then Temple, on his side, grudged every day that deferred the execution of his project. Gone for him was that enchanted time

"Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,"

when only to walk abroad in the sunshine and breathe the morning air was joy, and inspiration, and gain immeasurable. He now only longed for the toil and press of active

life, for the city, and the mart, and the fever of success. So it was well when the holiday was over; and not either of the travellers, we may be sure, would have desired to prolong it.

They came back on a Saturday evening, just one week before the re-opening of St. Hildegarde's; so that, for the first time in eighteen months, De Benham found himself in London on Sunday with nothing to do. How he would have enjoyed such liberty, five weeks ago! He would perhaps have taken his mother to Westminster Abbey in the morning; have dropped in at St. Paul's or the Temple Church in the afternoon; thence have pushed on for a long ramble through Kensington Gardens and the parks, and have come home at dusk, tired and hungry, and happier than a king. But now all was changed. Fine organs, choral services, famous preachers—he cared for none of them. Moody and pre-occupied, he spent his morning sorting papers, making out accounts, and tying up his compositions in parcels, dated and endorsed, as if to be laid aside for ever. This done, the rest of the day seemed interminable. He wandered in an aimless sort of way about the dreary little streets and squares of the neighbourhood. He went with his mother to some dull church close by, in the afternoon. He did not care to talk; he could not read, for his thoughts were too busy. He could only count the hours as they went by, and wonder if to-morrow would ever come.

The morrow came, however, and found him at about half-past eleven o'clock in Mr. Hardwicke's counting-house, addressing himself to one of Mr. Hardwicke's clerks, and requesting the favour of ten minutes' conversation with the great man himself.

The clerk looked at him doubtfully, suggested that he should see Mr. Knott, the managing clerk, instead, and finally, on being told that he was the organist of St. Hildegarde's, consented to take his message.

"Mr. Hardwicke is much occupied," he said, coming back after a few minutes; "but he will see you presently, if you like to wait."

So Temple said he would wait, and did wait for more than half an hour, watching the coming and going of messengers and porters, and listening to the hum of office talk, the rapid scratching of many pens, the busy ticking of the great clock over the door, and the ceaseless reverberation of heavy traffic in the street without. At length he was summoned to Mr. Hardwicke's private room; a room dark and lofty, double-doored, double-windowed, heavily furnished in mahogany and red morocco, after the fashion of

Strathellan House, and adorned over the chimney-piece with a stupendous portrait of the late illustrious Alderman Hardwicke in the full panoply of civic robes—that Alderman Hardwicke who, it will be remembered, was Lord Mayor of London, and from whom the beautiful Claudia had inherited no small proportion of her wealth.

Mr. Hardwicke, standing with his back to the fireplace and an open letter in his hand, received the young man with his customary urbane smile, though, at the same time, with less pompous suavity, and a more brief and business-like manner than it was his pleasure to assume when dispensing the hospitality of Strathellan House.

“Good morning, Mr. Debenham,” he said. “I thought you were following Mr. Choake’s example, and enjoying your liberty. Mr. Choake is in Switzerland, and St. Hildegarde’s, they tell me, can scarcely be got ready by next Sunday after all. You want to know, I suppose, when your duties will begin again?”

“I have no such excuse for my intrusion, sir,” replied De Benham. “I come to ask the favour of your advice upon a matter of private business.”

Mr. Hardwicke looked grave, anticipating an appeal to his purse, and glanced at the clock on the chimney-piece.

“I can say all that I have to say within the space of five minutes,” said De Benham, haughtily, “if you can spare me so much of your time.”

The merchant begged his visitor to be seated, and replied, somewhat formally, that he was entirely at Mr. Debenham’s service.

De Benham, however, following Mr. Hardwicke’s example, remained standing.

“You know me, sir, as a musician,” he said; “but the calling is unremunerative, and I am dissatisfied with my prospects. I have received a liberal education; I have good health; and I am not afraid of hard work. How to get work is my difficulty. I know what I can do; but I do not know what I am fit for.”

Mr. Hardwicke’s brow cleared. He liked the straightforward way in which the young man stated his case; and he was relieved to find that there was no question of borrowing or lending.

“What can you do, Mr. Debenham?” he said, smiling.

“I can write and speak fluently German, French, and Italian. I have a fair knowledge of Spanish. I know some Greek, and more Latin. I have taken a medal for mathematics. I am a tolerable draughtsman. And I have been a miscellaneous reader upon all kinds

of subjects, so that there are few matters of general interest about which I do not know something, in case of need.”

“Book-keeping, I presume, is not one of them?”

“No—but I will learn it.”

“Of everything connected with trade—the import and export trade of Great Britain, for instance—you are no doubt entirely ignorant?”

“Of trade, as trade, I am, as you say, entirely ignorant; but I have some leading notion of our own natural and industrial resources, and of those commodities which we receive from abroad.”

Mr. Hardwicke referred to his letter.

“It is absurd, of course, to ask the question,” he said; “but I have here a letter of advice from Liverpool in which my correspondent mentions a consignment of some article called *chiaa*—do you know what it is? I have no idea, myself; unless, judging by the small quantity reported, it is some kind of drug.”

De Benham hesitated. He remembered to have come upon the word long since, in some book of travels, but he could not, for the moment, force his memory to bring back the details.

“Where does your consignment come from?” he asked.

“From America.”

And then it all flashed upon him.

“It is a pigment,” he said, quickly. “It is a red pigment prepared by the Indians of the Orinoco, from a plant of the bignonia tribe. They use it, mixed with alligator fat, to stain their skins.”

“You are sure of that, Mr. Debenham?”

“Quite sure. I read it years ago, in a German book of travels. I remember it perfectly.”

Mr. Hardwicke looked pleased, pencilled a marginal note against the word, and put the letter in his pocket-book.

“Many thanks,” he said. “Your miscellaneous reading and your good memory, Mr. Debenham, are evidently not without their value. That you are a linguist is also in your favour. A commercial man cannot have too many modern languages at his command. It would not be amiss if you were to add Russian, Portuguese, and Romaine to your present stock—the two last would come to you easily enough through your Spanish and Greek.”

Then, without giving De Benham time to reply, Mr. Hardwicke opened a drawer in his writing-table and took out a pile of thin, foreign-looking papers.

"Here," he said, "are two letters from two of my foreign correspondents—Mr. Empedocles of Athens, and Mr. Villada of Lisbon—the one in Romaic, the other in Portuguese. Can you make anything of them?"

"I do not doubt that I can read the Portuguese," replied De Benham. "Of the Romaic I am not so sure; but I will try."

Saying which, he took the letters over to the window, for the writings were strange and crabbed and the room dark, and there stood, studying them attentively.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Hardwicke drew his chair to the table, opened his desk, and scribbled off a note or two; humming softly to himself the while, and now and then stealing a glance at his visitor. Presently he touched a spring bell and sent his letters to the post; and once a clerk came in with some message about an invoice; but all this did not occupy more than ten minutes, at the end of which time De Benham said he thought he understood the drift of both the letters.

"Mr. Villada, it seems to me," he said, "regrets that there should have been a mistake in the last shipment, and informs you that a fresh consignment is already on its way to the port of London. And he adds that one Mr. Montalba, a friend of his, will take those goods which have been wrongly sent, and remove them at his own expense from your warehouses at any time you may appoint."

Here Mr. Hardwicke, referring to a large, ledger-like volume lying beside his desk, nodded approval.

"Quite right, Mr. Debenham," he said. "Quite right. For myself, I don't profess to know any modern language but French; but in this book I keep English abstracts of all foreign letters of importance. Your translation tallies with my clerk's abstract in every particular. Now for Mr. Empedocles."

"I am not sure that I follow the meaning of this writer throughout," replied De Benham. "His abbreviations are puzzling, and his Greek characters very difficult to read. I gather, however, that he introduces his nephew, Mr. Demetrius Michaelis, for whom he entreats your good offices during his visit to London. Mr. Demetrius Michaelis is also, as I understand it, the bearer of a case of choice Santorin wine, of which Mr. Empedocles begs your acceptance. I cannot make out the concluding paragraph—it refers to some money transaction"

Mr. Hardwicke closed the abstract-book, and said with his most courteous smile:—

"Enough, Mr. Debenham—more than enough. That you can deal so well with lan-

guages of which you know nothing, is ample proof of your facility in dealing with those you profess to understand. Be so good as to favour me with your address. I will bear your wishes in mind, and promote them, if I have the opportunity."

While the young man was yet expressing his thanks and getting out his card, the same clerk who had parleyed with him in the outer office came in, bringing a telegraphic despatch.

Mr. Hardwicke tore the envelope open and ran his eye rapidly along the lines. De Benham, having placed his card upon the table, took up his hat, made his bow, and moved silently towards the door.

Mr. Hardwicke looked up, frowning and troubled—glanced from De Benham to the telegram, and from the telegram back to De Benham—seemed about to speak—hesitated till the door was just closing between them, and then called his visitor back.

"Stop!" he said. "Another minute, Mr. Debenham."

The young man turned back, with his hand on the door.

"Shut it," said Mr. Hardwicke, impatiently. "Shut it, and come in."

Not quite liking this authoritative tone, De Benham, with a somewhat heightened colour, shut the door and came in.

"I have bad news here," said Mr. Hardwicke. "One of my ships—the *Fairy Queen*, laden with tallow from Odessa—driven out of her course by stress of weather, has stranded somewhere on the south-eastern coast of Calabria. Her captain having met with some accident, I do not know of what kind, is lying ill in the nearest village. The boat, unfortunately, is not insured; and I must send some one out at once to look after both captain and cargo. You say you can bear fatigue, and you speak Italian fluently. Will you go?"

De Benham's heart gave a great leap of exultation; but he put control upon himself, and said promptly, but quite gravely:—"Yes."

"At once?"

"I can be ready within an hour and a half."

"Good. You can take the next tidal train which leaves London Bridge at twenty minutes past four—that will allow you more than four hours. You must go straight through to Naples without stopping, and from Naples enquire your quickest way to—what is the name of the place?—Soverato. And, mind, you will spare no expense to save

time. Arrived at Soverato, you will at once assume the command. Mackenzie, the first mate (he who telegraphs the news), is an honest, active fellow, and will obey you implicitly: but you will do well to follow his advice in all matters of which he knows more than yourself. Do you follow me?"

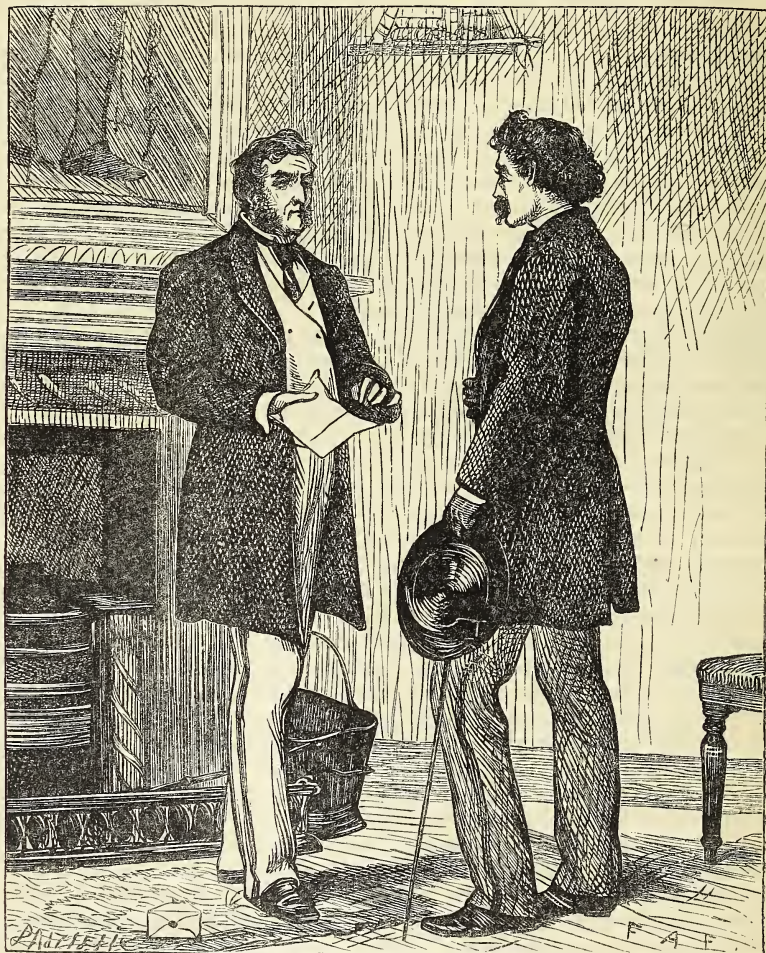
"Perfectly."

"Your duty, of course, will be to protect

the cargo, keep off the natives, resist imposition, and, if possible, get the ship off again. But if you find the damage is too great, charter another vessel, and reship the cargo without loss of time. Do you know anything about the law of salvage?"

"Nothing."

"Then here is Pouget's book—'*Les Principes du Droit Maritime*.' Read it on the



Page 310.

journey; it will tell you all you ought to know. And as for Barclay, the captain (an excellent sailor and a man for whom I have the highest esteem), do all that is possible for him. Perhaps you had better take on a surgeon with you from Naples. The coast on that side is wild and desolate, and I suspect that Soverato is a mere fishing village, destitute of any sort of accommodation, and probably no doctor within reach for twenty

miles. Now go; and be back here by three o'clock for your credentials. You shall have full written instructions, full powers, and ample credit. For the rest, your success depends upon yourself."

"I will do my best, sir, not to disappoint you," said De Benham—bowed—and was gone.

Then Mr. Hardwicke drew a deep breath, rose from his seat, and began pacing thought

fully up and down the room. He was not given to act upon impulse; but he had acted upon impulse now, and his mind misgave him sorely. The young man seemed clever—was clever undoubtedly; not wanting, apparently, in decision of character; self-reliant; ready; straightforward. Still he was untried; untrained; a mere novice in things commercial. It was a risk. Mr. Hardwicke could not conceal from himself that it was a very serious risk; and the more he considered it, the more his mind misgave him.

"I wonder what Knott will say to it," he muttered to himself. "I wonder if I have made a fool of myself."

Mr. Knott, it will be remembered, was Mr. Hardwicke's managing clerk, and Mr. Harwicke entertained a profound respect for Mr. Knott's opinion; so it was not without some inward trepidation that he wondered what that sagacious henchman would "say to it."

CHAPTER XXV.—BY LAND AND SEA.

SPEEDING along for the first time in his life by first-class express; a handful of bright sovereigns in his purse, and a little packet of letters of credit in his travelling belt; representative, for the nonce, of a great commercial house; and furnished not only with money but authority, De Benham was at first almost bewildered by the change in his position, and the new life into which he had plunged. The time had been so short and his preparations so hurried, that it was not till the train had steamed out of the station and he was fairly on his way, that he had time to think at all. And then the whole thing seemed to him more like a dream than a reality. But an hour or two ago, and he was rushing hither and thither, hunting up a substitute to take his duty at St. Hildegard's, in case the little church should re-open before his return—writing an explanatory letter to Mr. Choake, to be forwarded by his mother in case of need—supplying the deficiencies of his wardrobe at an outfitting warehouse—packing—parting—flying back to the City in a Hansom—receiving his money and credentials, not from Mr. Hardwicke, but from the far more awful hands of Mr. Knott, a stony-visaged veteran with a relentless eye, who glared upon him as if he were a convicted felon, and dismissed him as it might be to the penal settlements—all this but three hours, two hours, half-an-hour ago, and now . . . now the new life had begun, and these things belonged already to the past—that past which he seemed to be leaving

farther and farther behind with every fleeting mile.

Folkestone already, the impatient steamer panting at the pier, and the dancing sea beyond! Now the fresh breeze and the open deck—the welcome cigar—the delicious summer evening—Boulogne sparkling with innumerable lights, just as the last glow fades out of the sky—the landing-place—the custom-house—the inevitable "portion" of cold chicken and half bottle of *vin ordinaire* at the station—and now the rail again. By this time, it is night. The train, though professedly "*grande vitesse*," makes but moderate speed, and stops often by the way. Alone in his compartment, De Benham wraps himself in his railway rug, makes a pillow of his travelling bag, and tries to sleep; but in vain. The more he tries, the more hopelessly wide awake he is. At last he gives it up; lights his reading lamp, and devotes himself to a careful study of the continental Bradshaw.

London to Paris, Paris to Marseilles, Marseilles to Naples! Up and down, backwards and forwards, he performs the traveller's perpetual penance, and with the usual results. Trains do not correspond with each other, and steamers do not correspond with trains. Four hours' delay in Paris; nineteen hours to Marseilles; seven hours' delay at Marseilles; fifty-six hours by the boat . . . Why, to get to Naples alone will take him ninety-eight hours at the very least, and then he has to find his way across the country to Soverato! Meanwhile the *Fairy Queen* may be slowly going to pieces among the rocks, and her cargo washing out to sea with every tide. The mere thought of this danger comes upon him with so keen a sense of his own utter helplessness, that, stopping now for twenty minutes at Amiens, he is fain to allay his impatience by hurrying up and down the platform till the train goes on again.

It is now past midnight. He is no longer alone in his compartment, and feels less than ever inclined to sleep. Two ecclesiastics—one, apparently, of high rank—are his travelling companions from this point. The dignitary sleeps profoundly all the way, while his subordinate nods over his breviary by the feeble light of the oil lamp overhead. Thus the night wears, and at a little before three they arrive in Paris. On, then, at once through the dark and empty streets to an hotel over against the terminus of the Chemin de Fer de Lyon, where, after much knocking and ringing, a sleepy porter stumbles to the door, and lets the traveller in. Here, all dressed as he is, De Benham snatches some

two hours of heavy sleep; and then, after breakfast and a bath, is on the road again.

A delicious morning, fresh, and breezy, and joyous; the bare French landscape all open to the sun; the reapers at work in the yellow corn-flats; the oxen at plough in the stubble; the children on their way to school, stopping to shout after the train as it flies by! De Benham is now deep in Pouget's "*Principes*," beginning conscientiously at page the first; but as the day advances and the sun gains power, the study of maritime law becomes more difficult. Too sleepy to read and too hot to sleep, half choked with dust, and half blinded by the intense glare struck back from earth to sky, he is carried on league after league, hour after hour, by Dijon, and Chalons, and Macon, with flying glimpses of the sleepy Saone and the golden hills of the Burgundian Arcady. Then, about six o'clock, as the heat begins to abate and the shadows lengthen, comes Lyons. Three-quarters of an hour, here, for refreshment, and so on again southward, to the sea!

Sunset now, gorgeous and glowing—twilight, and "eve's one star"—night, and the crescent moon, and the transparent darkness of a southern sky. The twinkling lights from hill-side villages and the gleaming river close at hand, are so mysteriously picturesque; the time is so peaceful; the air so cool and fragrant, that De Benham would now fain keep awake, and prolong the pleasure of the passing hour. But he cannot. The oblivion that would not be courted last night, comes upon him at last with resistless power; and, fairly tired out, he sleeps profoundly all the way to Marseilles.

At a little after two in the morning, however, he is roused up, cold and shivering, by the blaze of a lantern and the voice of the guard imperatively demanding his ticket. It seems to him that he has but just left Lyons, and he cannot believe that he is already at the end of his journey by land. The keen air, however, comes to him laden with the taste and smell of the sea as soon as he is out of the station; and he sees a forest of masts at the bottom of the street through which he is driven to his hotel.

The seven hours in Marseilles drag by slowly enough, and by nine A.M. he is on board the steamer of the Messageries Impériales, bound for Naples, but touching at Civita Vecchia by the way. This touching at Civita Vecchia is another inevitable delay; which, however, like the rest, must be borne patiently.

And now, breathing the salt air, pacing the deck, and studying Pouget with a will, De

Benham finds the time pass less wearily. His fellow-travellers, mostly French and Italian, enjoy themselves immensely: but then they are gay and sociable by nature, and are neither hedged in by an invincible reserve, nor oppressed by business cares. The weather, too, is enchanting—the sea scintillating like a diamond, and blue as the bluest sapphire. Towards evening there is music upon deck, and some dancing; and by midnight all the passengers, save one, are gone to their berths for the night. That one, though he has not been regularly to bed for two nights already, is restless, and prefers the deck. Here, falling into conversation with the captain, he hazards an inquiry respecting Soverato, its distance from Naples, and its accessibility by land; but the captain, who has spent his life on the Mediterranean, has never even heard of Soverato. Upon one point, however, he is positive; and that is that his passenger must not attempt to reach the south-eastern coast by land. The roads are bad, and the mountains infested with banditti. Besides, there are plenty of Italian steamers plying between Naples and Messina; and by taking one of these as far as Reggio, he can easily hire a small sailing-boat for the rest of the distance. Judging from what De Benham tells him of the position of Soverato on the map, he imagines it may be done, with favourable weather, in about eighteen hours—say, allowing for delays, twenty-four.

Twenty-four hours from Naples, and not yet at Civita Vecchia! Five nights and six days—perhaps longer—and not one hour's avoidable delay! What will Mr. Hardwicke say? What will Mr. Knott say? What is happening, meanwhile, to the *Fairy Queen*?

"Is there no quicker way?" he asks, his anxiety betraying itself in his voice.

The captain shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head, and, with your true Frenchman's dislike to utter an unacceptable truth, says nothing.

"Supposing that I landed at Civita Vecchia and went on by rail to Naples—should I gain even a few hours, do you suppose?"

Again the captain shakes his head.

"*Mais non*," he replies. "There is but one direct train from Rome to Naples each day; and that train leaves Rome in the morning, and takes all day to crawl to Naples. Besides, when you land at Civita Vecchia, you are still forty-five miles from Rome, and we shall not get into port till the first train has started. You would lose twelve hours, instead of gaining one."

"Then there is no help for it?"

"*Rien que la patience, Monsieur,*" replies the captain, with another little shrug.

"*La patience,*" indeed! Is there, in our whole vocabulary, French or English, a more irritating word in the ears of an impatient man?

"Monsieur le Capitaine would, perhaps, find it difficult to be patient, if his good boat here were in hourly danger of being wrecked or plundered, and he travelling day and night to her rescue."

"*Ma foi, oui;* but Monsieur puts an extreme case," says the captain, deprecatingly.

"I put my own case," retorts his passenger; and so goes on to relate something of the disasters that have befallen the *Fairy Queen* and her captain.

Hereupon the Frenchman's professional sympathies are at once awakened, and he is as ready and eager with his counsel as if he had a personal interest in ship and cargo. He asks questions, proposes expedients, and has, withal, some valuable suggestions to offer. That the captain of the merchant vessel should be disabled is, in his opinion, the worst feature of the case. An immense responsibility has devolved upon the mate, and to this responsibility he may not be equal. He is probably beset by all kinds of difficulties—want of authority, of money, of experience, of presence of mind. He may find it next to impossible to keep his crew together—to repel intruders—to make himself understood by the natives—to engage proper assistance. For all this, Monsieur must be prepared beforehand. By the way, has Monsieur communicated with the mate? Does the mate know that Monsieur is on his way? Ah! that has been done by the owners in whose interests Monsieur is travelling. Good—but the mate may all this time be sorely in want of advice; of assistance. Would it not be well if Monsieur were to telegraph from Civita Vecchia to the nearest British Consul—say at Squillace, which cannot be very far from Soverato—and request him to give such help and countenance as may be in his power? And what if Monsieur were also to telegraph to the mate, telling him that the British Consul had been summoned to his assistance, and that Monsieur would himself be upon the spot in the course of twenty-four hours? Such a message could do no harm, and might do much good. The man's courage and endurance, for instance, might be giving way; and, *tonnerre de Dieu!* who can say what a timely word of encouragement may not be worth? As for salvage, if any kind of assistance has been rendered by

those on shore, Monsieur must hold himself prepared to encounter the most exorbitant claims, and to contest them point by point. Here, again, the British Consul will be his main help and adviser; but he can also appeal, if necessary, to the *Conciliatore*, or petty magistrate of the commune.

All this, and much more to the same purpose, does the eager little captain of the *Etoile du Nord*, pour with untiring volubility into De Benham's attentive ear, as they pace the deck in the moonlight. All this the young man seizes upon, acts upon, and turns promptly to account. At Civita Vecchia he telegraphs to the mate at Soverato, and to the British Consul at Squillace; and throughout the rest of the voyage he continues to cultivate the captain, so hiving a world of valuable information, and learning more of cases of wreck and salvage than he could have acquired in a month from all the books that had ever been written on the law of merchant shipping. Arrived at Naples, they part with hearty thanks on the one side, and many expressions of good-will on the other; and then De Benham, in a strange, noisy, brilliant foreign city, is once again thrown upon his own resources.

In Naples, however, he is destined to stay longer than he had foreseen, and to take quite another route than that suggested by the captain of the *Etoile du Nord*. Being advised thereto by various persons in whom he is bound to have faith (such as Lloyd's agent, and the British vice-consul, and a certain Signor Festa up at the British Library, who is an irrefragable authority in all such matters as maps, routes, guide-books, couriers, and the like), he gives up that scheme of taking the Neapolitan steamer to Reggio and then doubling Cape Spartimento in a sailing boat, and decides, instead, upon landing at a place called La Pizzo, about half-way between Naples and Reggio, and thence posting on across the mountains to the Gulf of Squillace on the eastern coast, at a point where the two seas are but fifteen miles apart in a direct line. Even by this route, undoubtedly the best and quickest he could take, he finds it impossible to reach Soverato in less than forty-five hours. Arrived at Naples about seven in the evening, he there has to wait twenty-four hours for the boat to La Pizzo; and is fortunate even so, for at this time the Adriatic steamers ply only once a-week along that coast. All night long, too impatient to rest, he stays on deck from Naples to La Pizzo. All day long he posts from La Pizzo to Soverato. For though the mainland is but

fifteen miles across from sea to sea, as the crow flies, the roads are hilly and circuitous, and double backwards and forwards in such wise as almost to treble the distance. At length, when all this is done, and his *carrettella* draws up before the doors of the dilapidated albergo and posting-house situate at the farther extremity of the still more dilapidated village of Soverato, he still finds himself more than two miles from the scene of the *Fairy Queen's* disaster; and so, taking a bare-legged Masaniello in a scarlet cap for his guide, and followed by a troop of ragged urchins, brown and beautiful as little antique bronzes, he goes down to the shore on foot.

It is now just the hottest hour of the hottest day he has ever experienced. Sea and sky are all of one pitiless blaze. The bare volcanic rocks of this wild eastern coast; the long, white, blinding roads over which he has been toiling in an open vehicle for the last seven hours; the very stones and sand under his feet strike back the universal glare, and smite upon him like the blast from a furnace.

And now, at about three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day after his arrival at Naples, threading his way down a precipitous path, evidently the bed of a winter torrent, and turning a sudden angle of rock that seems almost to overhang the sea, Temple de Benham sees the ship—the object of all his anxiety, the goal of his long journey—lying over on her beam-ends against a steep shelf of rocky beach some forty or fifty feet below, apparently safe and uninjured, looking like a monstrous whale cast up, dead, by the waves.

CHAPTER XXVI.—DE BENHAM MAKES HIMSELF MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

THAT splendid, fast-sailing, iron clipper ship, *Fairy Queen*, A A 1, 1,000 tons register, Captain James Barclay, presented nothing like the spectacle of wreck and disaster that De Benham had been picturing to himself all these days and nights that he was journeying from London. He had seen her, in his mind's eye, a mere dismantled hulk, fast breaking up, partly submerged, the sea washing over her, and the beach strewn with shattered casks, fragments of broken masts, and *débris* of every description. He found her, on the contrary, high and dry, and to all appearance uninjured. The *Fairy Queen*, however, was not uninjured. She had lost her bowsprit, suffered damage in various places to her yards and rigging, and sustained a severe shock in taking the ground. Still, the damage done was not considerable, and

much of it had been already repaired before ever De Benham appeared upon the scene. The real damage, in fact, was that she should be where she was; and the real difficulty would be to get her afloat again. That she should ever have got there at all, seeing in what a narrow cove she lay, and how the mouth of that cove, and all the inaccessible coast beyond and around it for miles on either side, bristled with perils, seemed little short of a miracle.

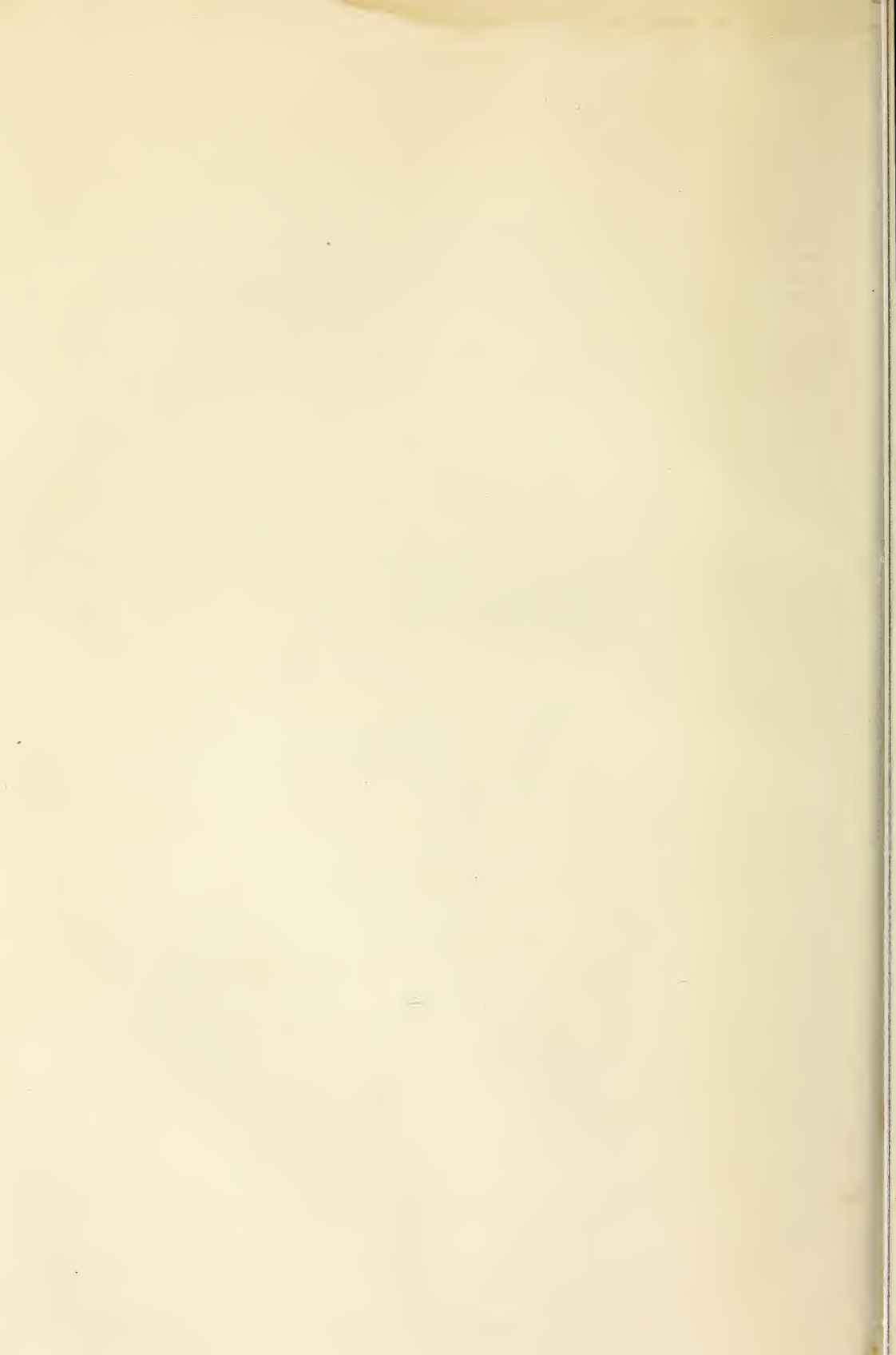
The worst of the injury done, in truth, was not to the *Fairy Queen*, but to her captain. He, it seemed, had been knocked down by a falling spar just at the moment when the ship grounded, and was now lying between life and death at the house of the parish priest, somewhere on the outskirts of the village. According to Mr. Hardwicke's wish, De Benham had brought an English surgeon with him from Naples; but they found the *medico* from Squillace in close attendance, and Mr. Cooper said at once, that Signor Stefani had done all that was possible under the circumstances. The patient was still delirious, though not so violent as he had been; and his skull was fractured in two places. Signor Stefani was not without hope of bringing him through; "aided," as he courteously said, "by the skill and experience of the Signor Cooper." But the Signor Cooper, who was in a hurry to get back to his own patients, managed to turn the whole affair into a mere consultation; and, protesting that he could not leave Captain Barclay in better hands, took advantage of De Benham's returning *carrettella*, and went his way that same evening.

In the meanwhile, the whole village turned out to marvel at the stranger who had come all the way from Inghilterra to see after the safety of the *Fairy Queen* and her captain. Stalwart, scowling, bare-legged men in blue shirts, and scarlet caps, and linen drawers rolled up above the knee; mothers with their children clinging to their skirts, and their babies slung upon their backs; young girls and youths, brown and black-eyed, and full of joyous life, like beautiful bacchantes and fauns; patriarchal old men with beards and tattered cloaks; horrible old women, with scant, dishevelled locks and pendant eyebrows, withered, toothless, mumbling, and decrepit—all these, and more, came crowding down upon the narrow beach, clamouring for alms, for employment, for salvage-money, for rewards proportioned to all kinds of imaginary services; and equally ready to fight, quarrel, or steal, upon the smallest provocation.

Mackenzie, the mate, a fiery, curly-headed



"DEBENHAM'S VOW."



Scot of about thirty-four or five, hailed De Benham as if he were an ambassador from Jove himself, and denounced the whole Calabrian population as a set of "ill-bluided, skulking, knifing, pilfering deils, whom hanging was too good for." And then he swore at them heartily, in broadest Scotch, and shook his fist in their faces; whereupon the men only scowled the more fiercely, and the old women begged the more clamorously, and the girls and boys were more daring than before.

"They've just driven me beside mysel'," said the mate. "It's only been by setting up targets against the rocks, and putting the men to ball practice, that I've kept them off the ship. They'd ha'e strippit the very copper off her bottom, sir!"

And then he went on to explain how, for the first few days, the inhabitants of every fishing village within the next fifteen or twenty miles had turned out *en masse*, hoping to find the ship a wreck, and eager for plunder; and how, with the exception of bringing down fresh meat and vegetables for sale, all of which had been paid for on the spot, no kind of help or service had been rendered to the ship's crew by those on shore. As the *Fairy Queen* had been cast, so she had lain ever since. The ship's carpenters had been hard at work upon her, refitting masts and yards, stopping leaks, and doing all that was possible, so long as she remained in her present position; but in none of this work had they found it necessary to call in assistance. Every claim, therefore, that might be advanced, whether for salvage, wages, or debt of any kind, was false and extortionate.

As the ship was comparatively uninjured, so also was the cargo. Of nine hundred and thirty-six tons of tallow in the hold, not a dozen tons, in so far as it was possible to judge without unlading the vessel, had sustained salt-water damage.

The crew, however, had not proved easy to manage. As the captain of the *Etoile du Nord* had predicted, the temptations of the shore proved stronger than the authority of the first mate, and Mackenzie had found it impossible to keep his younger sailors from straying to the neighbouring villages.

"I've been tied to the ship mysel'," said he, "or I'd lugged them out o' the wine-shops. But now you're come, sir, we maun ha'e discipline."

"We *will* have discipline, Mr. Mackenzie," said De Benham.

And though he said it very quietly, the first mate knew that he meant it.

He did mean it, too; though perhaps he

felt less securely confident of his own power than he chose to appear. The responsibility was, in truth, enormous; and it was a responsibility that he never fully realised till he came face to face with his work. That work, however, had to be done, and as the first step towards doing it, he proceeded to get rid of the mob.

It was of no use, he told them, to beg, for he would give them nothing. If they had claims, they might send three spokesmen to him at the Albergo del Sole, and he would hear them; but if they could even prove those claims, it would be for the British Consul to pay them. He himself had no power to pay away a single grano. And in order that he should listen to them at all, it was necessary that they should at once disperse to their homes. He was determined, he said, to keep the beach clear. He would have no intruders within a hundred yards of the ship on any side. And then he warned them that an armed patrol was about to be posted round about the ship; that it would be the duty of this patrol to challenge all comers; and that such persons as disregarded the challenge would do so at their own proper peril.

Finding that he spoke their language fluently, they listened to him; and seeing that he said what he had to say in a plain, resolute way, and was not one jot afraid of them, they hung back, cowed and silenced, and then gradually dispersed.

When they were all gone—and De Benham never stirred, nor took his eyes off them, till the last straggler had turned away—he bade Mackenzie call up the crew; asked the name and grade of each sailor; inquired if any were absent without leave; took down the names of two then missing; selected two men for the patrol, and two others to relieve them at the end of the first watch; desired that each man should be armed with revolver and cutlass; and himself traced out the line of their beat, and gave them the watchword. This done, he left the first mate in command, and went back to Soverato on foot.

Not to dine, however; not to rest; fasting and fatigued though he was. Before he would admit to himself that he wanted either food or sleep, the missing seamen must be found; punished, if necessary; at all events, sent back to their duty.

And he did find them, after repeated enquiries and much wandering to and fro in the village. He found them carousing in a low wine-shop at the bottom of a dark, disreputable alley; and, at the risk, perhaps, of some personal danger, brought them out from

the midst of a savage, half-intoxicated company, any one of whom would have been ready with knife or stiletto at a moment's notice. He then saw them out of the village and along part of the road leading to the beach; and so, bidding them go at once to the first mate and report themselves, dismissed them.

Walking slowly back to his inn in the pleasant summer dusk, with the stars coming out one by one overhead, and the fire-flies beginning to flit and sparkle about his path, De Benham could not but be conscious of a pleasant sense of victory. He felt that he had established his authority with the crew; and he almost marvelled at his own success in dealing with such a mob as that which had gathered about the ship in honour of his arrival. So far, this was very well, indeed. True, the most difficult part of his mission—that part for which he was least fitted by previous experience, and in the performance of which he must rely chiefly upon the help and counsel of others—still remained to be done; but that part which depended on himself alone, that part in which there was even some little spice of danger, and which, for its successful accomplishment, demanded courage, promptitude, a strong will, and some power of endurance, was already achieved.

Thinking these things over, he sat down by-and-by to his solitary dinner, in a bare, white-washed room, looking to the sea. Meagre were the resources and execrable was the *cuisine* of the Albergo del Sole; but, fortunately for De Benham, that same pleasant sense of victory covered a multitude of culinary sins, and imparted a flavour to the omelette and a body to the thin Gerace wine, to which neither could lay claim on the score of its own individual merit. After dinner, fagged though he was, he went again to the priest's house, to inquire after the sick man; and then back to the inn, to despatch a letter to his mother, and another to Mr. Hardwicke. The letter to Mr. Hardwicke was by no means short, for it treated of important details; but the letter to his mother took a still longer time to write, and covered many pages. In it he told her all that he had seen and done since leaving Naples. He described the journey across the mountains; sketched the scenery with the touch of an artist, and the people with the pen of a satirist; and was as gay and discursive as though he were neither overwhelmed with anxieties, nor so

worn out with fatigue that the pen was almost dropping from his fingers. For he knew that his letters, when he was far away, were to her as the very bread and wine of life, and he would not, for any consideration upon earth, have let her want that bread and wine while it was in his power to give them to her. Nay, he would, if necessary, have sat up half that night to write his letter, and have spent the other half in walking to Squillace and back to post it, sooner than leave her fasting for a single day. And then, having written the longest and most amusing letter he could think of, he stayed some time with the paper and pens before him, thinking of Miss Alleyne.

How strange it seemed, sitting there all alone in that wild, far-away Calabrian albergo—sitting there and thinking of her, with hundreds of miles of land and sea between them! How strange to look back upon those three weeks at Cillingford, so near in point of time, yet so distant in the impression they had left upon his memory! It seemed to him as if years had gone by since that day when they went up to the little church among the hills And now she did not even know where he was! Well, that was not his fault. She had forbidden him to write to her; and if fate had sent him to Australia instead of to Italy, it would have been all the same. Still, in the absence of any positive engagement, she was right. And it was better so. In nine cases out of ten, a long engagement was neither more nor less than a *purgatoire à deux*; and what right had any man to condemn any woman to so weary an ordeal? Clearly none, be his love what it might. Yes, yes, it was undoubtedly better so—especially for Miss Alleyne.

And then the young man shut his eyes, buried his face in his hands, and tried to bring back her image to his mind; for he had no portrait of her—not even a *carte de visite*. But, somehow or another, the sweet face eluded his memory, and would not come for all his trying. He could remember the flash of her eyes when she smiled, or the turn of her head, or any separate feature; but, strive as he would, he could not evoke the gracious picture as a whole. It was like a strange, tormenting puzzle. The pieces were all there; but to put them together defied his utmost skill.

And, trying still to put them together, he fell asleep.

SHORT ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

FOURTH INSTALMENT.

To listen well is a most rare accomplishment. Indeed, it is a thing beyond an accomplishment. It takes a great man to make a good listener. This is a bold saying, but I believe it is true. The ordinary hindrances to good listening are very considerable, such as the desire to talk oneself, the proneness to interrupt, the inaccuracy, if one may use such an expression, of most men in listening.

But there is something which prevents good listening in a much more subtle way, and to a much more dangerous extent, than any of the above-named hindrances. It is this. As soon as you begin to give utterance to some sentiment or opinion, narrate some story, declare some fact, you will find that your hearer, in nine cases out of ten, strikes at once a mental attitude in reference to what you say. He receives it as a friend, or as a foe, or as a critic, or as an advocate, or as a judge. Now all these characters may afterwards be fairly taken up; but the first thing is to listen, if I may say so, out of character—to be a *bonâ fide* listener, and nothing more. This requires some of the simplicity of greatness. It indicates the existence, too, of that respect which really great men have for other men, and for truth. In short, I maintain that it takes a great man to make a good listener.

One of the best modes of dwarfing the influence of clever men in state affairs, is to keep all salaries very low. If a Machiavelli were consulted by a rich aristocracy as to the best plan for securing power to themselves, I think he would reply somewhat after this fashion: "Tarquin signified what he meant by cutting off the heads of the tallest poppies: I say, starve them at the roots, so that they may droop their heads and be of no account with anybody." Then dropping metaphor, for Machiavellis are not fond of indulging in metaphors, he would add, "You can do this under the pretence of economy, and so ingratiate yourselves with the populace, while you suppress those who might be troublesome rivals to you."

There is something animal about decisiveness. If the mind be a fine and discursive mind, inclined to thought, and stored with knowledge, it must be hard for it to be swiftly

decisive. One of the main qualifications for decisiveness is to be able to shut your eyes to all manner of minor considerations, and sometimes even of major considerations. To do this, requires courage, which is an animal virtue, to be much enlarged by practice.

Let us take a numerical illustration, showing the rough and ready way in which decisions are arrived at by the neglect of minor considerations. Let there be eight considerations of the following values: No. one, value 17; No. two, value 9; and then six others, the values of which are not ascertained, but it is reasonably concluded that no one of them is higher than 4.

A decisive man sees that if he decides in a particular way, he will have on his side No. one, equal to 17. He sees that No. two will be against him. He has not time (it is perhaps on the field of battle) to ascertain to which side the other six will incline. He assumes, however, that they will be evenly balanced; he knows that the highest value of any of them is only 4; and he takes at once the decision which will be supported by consideration No. one, value 17.

Of course no man thinks so pedantically, as, for the purpose of illustration, I have supposed him to do in the foregoing instance. But it may serve to illustrate the mode of thinking adopted by decisive men, and to show how they are often right.

Had there been time for looking carefully at each of the eight unascertained considerations, it might have turned out that the smaller considerations would have entirely altered the decision. The man, not practised in decisiveness, cannot bear, even at a moment of peril, to overlook this possibility.

They say that every man is his own worst enemy. I do not know how this may be; but I am certain that he is his own most dangerous competitor.

All that he has ever done is sure to be brought up against a man, in some way or other, when he does anything new. If it is different, people say that he had better have kept to his old style, for there is a profound belief in common minds, as Sir Walter Scott has observed, that no man can do two different kinds of things equally well. If what he does is of a similar character to that which

he has done before, then all his past merits are brought up against him; and he is sure to be compared most disadvantageously with his former self. At last he almost hates that former self as being his bitterest and most provoking rival. He is like a man who has married a widow, and is always hearing about the merits of the dear departed.

I can imagine a man who had lived a very long and very active life, and who had done much either in writing, speaking, or in action, being absolutely suppressed by his former self when he undertakes any new thing. He would be crushed under the weight of his old laurels, which all men would conspire to heap upon him.

It was a vulgar way of getting rid of Aristides, to ostracize him. His Athenian friends, by constantly bringing up, and dwelling only upon, his *past* merits and services, might easily have driven him into exile, to find a recognition of his present merits in some other state.

Regarding one day, in company with a humorous friend, a noble vessel of a somewhat novel construction, sailing slowly out of port, he observed, "What a quantity of cold water somebody must have had down his back!" In my innocence I supposed that he alluded to the wet work of the artizans who had been building her; but when I came to know him better, I found that this was the form of comment he always indulged in, when contemplating any new and great work, and that his somebody was the designer of the vessel. My friend had carefully studied the art of discouragement, and there was a class of men whom he designated simply as "cold-water pourers." It was most amusing to hear him describe the lengthened sufferings of the man who first designed a wheel; of him who first built a boat; and of the adventurous personage who first proposed the daring enterprise of using buttons, instead of fishes' bones, to fasten the scanty raiment of some savage tribe. Warming with his theme, he would become quite eloquent in describing the long career of discouragement which these rash men had brought upon themselves, and which he said, to his knowledge, must have shortened all their lives. He invented imaginary dialogues between the unfortunate inventor, say of the wheel, and his particular friend, some eminent cold-water pourer. For, as he said, every man has some such friend, who fascinates him by fear, and to whom he confides his enterprises in order to hear the worst that can be said of them.

The sayings of the chilling friend probably, as he observed, ran thus:—

"We seem to have gone on very well for thousands of years without this rolling thing. Your father carried burdens on his back. The king is content to be borne on men's shoulders. The high priest is not too proud to do the same. Indeed I question whether it is not irreligious to attempt to shift from men's shoulders their natural burdens.

"Then, as to its succeeding,—for my part, I see no chance of that. How can it go up hill? How is one to stop it, going down? How often you have failed before in other fanciful things of the same nature! Besides, you are losing your time; and the yams about your hut are only half-planted. You will be a beggar; and it is my duty, as a friend, to tell you so plainly. There was Nang-chung: what became of him? We had found fire for ages, in a proper way, taking a proper time about it, by rubbing two sticks together. He must needs strike out fire at once, with iron and flint; and did he die in his bed? Our sacred lords saw the impiety of that proceeding, and very justly impaled the man who imitated heavenly powers. And, even if you could succeed with this new and absurd rolling thing, the state would be ruined. What would become of those who now carry burdens on their backs? Put aside the vain fancies of a childish mind, and finish the planting of your yams."

No one who had not heard my ingenious friend throw himself into the part of the first objector, can well imagine how much there is to be said against the invention of forks. The proposed invention was impious, troublesome, unclean, unnecessary, and ludicrous. Besides, it was impossible, by reason of its difficulty; and, if it were possible, it would be most dangerous. It was putting a ready weapon into every angry man's hands, when the juice of the grape should mount into men's heads; and it would mount into the heads even of the wisest. Who would answer for the deaths that would ensue from these dangerous weapons being always close at hand? There could be no blessing on a meal that was to be eaten with forks. They had had a famine last year, when two million Celestials died in anguish. What would happen the year after forks should come into use? Not that they could be used; for it would take a lifetime to learn how to use them. Then, what was to become of the four great Tang-rang ceremonials, which all depended upon the meat being taken bit by bit, in due succession, be-

tween the thumb and each of the several fingers? How was the Celestial monarch to show his world-astounding favour to a wisely-controlling minister, when that royal personage could not take between his thumb and his little finger a boiled bird's-nest, and for ever irradiate with joy the statesman, by throwing it into his mouth, held open reverently? The thing could not be; and he who should endeavour to invent such a machine as a fork, was an idiot, a hater of men, a parricide, cousin of a dead dog, and a despiser of all ceremonials. Finally, what would his aunt, widow of the great Ling-Pe, say? a wise lady, who had known all the sacred usages of old, and who had seven rice-fields and three-and-twenty slaves to bequeath. Thus the invention of forks was stopped in China.

My humorous friend was wont to say, that thus, too, several fork inventors in various countries had been quelled, until the wicked idea entered into a man who had no aunt, and then forks were invented; but he, the inventor, was justly burnt alive.

It is really very curious to observe how, even in modern times, the arts of discouragement prevail. There are men, whose sole pretence to wisdom consists in administering discouragement. They are never at a loss. They are equally ready to prophesy, with wonderful ingenuity, all possible varieties of misfortune to any enterprise that is proposed; and, when the thing is produced, and has met with some success, to find a flaw in it. We once saw a work of art produced in the presence of an eminent cold-water pourer. He did not deny that it was beautiful; but he instantly fastened upon a small crack in it, that nobody had observed; and upon that crack he would dilate, whenever the work was discussed in his presence. Indeed, he did not see the work, but only the crack in it. That flaw, that little flaw, was all in all to him.

The cold-water pourers are not all of one form of mind. Some are led to indulge in this recreation from genuine timidity. They really do fear that all new attempts will fail. Others are simply envious and ill-natured. Then, again, there is a sense of power and wisdom in prophesying evil. Moreover, it is the safest thing to prophesy, for hardly anything at first succeeds exactly in the way that it was intended to succeed.

Again, there is the lack of imagination which gives rise to the utterance of so much discouragement. For an ordinary man, it must have been a great mental strain to grasp

the ideas of the first projectors of steam and gas, electric-telegraphs, and pain-deadening chloroform. The inventor is always, in the eyes of his fellow-men, somewhat of a madman; and often they do their best to make him so.

Again, there is the want of sympathy; and that is, perhaps, the ruling cause in most men's minds who have given themselves up to discouragement. They are not tender enough, or sympathetic enough, to appreciate all the pain they are giving, when, in a dull plodding way, they lay out argument after argument to show that the project which the poor inventor has set his heart upon, and upon which, perhaps, he has staked his fortune, will not succeed.

But what inventors suffer is but a small part of what mankind in general endure from thoughtless and unkind discouragement. These high-souled men belong to the suffering class, and must suffer; but it is in daily life that the wear and tear of discouragement tell so much. Propose, not a great invention, but a small party of pleasure, to an apt discourager (and there is generally one in most households), and see what he will make of it. It soon becomes sicklied over with doubt and despondency; and, at last, the only hope of the proposer is, that his proposal, when realised, will not be an ignominious failure. All hope of pleasure, at least for him, the proposer, has long been out of the question.

There is a very peculiar form of criticism prominent, if not predominant, in the present day. Formerly, there were very unjust and slashing criticisms. There were also very hearty, praiseful criticisms. But it was left to our times to develop a form of criticism which should be a quiet, studiously-devised, continuous denigration, and which should balance its praise and blame in the same sentence with a certain skill, always contriving, however, that the blame should ultimately predominate. The writers who indulge in this kind of criticism will say of a statesman, an author, or an artist, something of this kind—"The object which he has aimed at, were it worth aiming at, has certainly, to some small extent, been attained. But the methods by which he has attained it are illusory, illogical, and often absurd. There was a young man mentioned by Jeremy Taylor, who threw a stone at a dog, and hit his cruel stepmother, whereupon he said 'that though he had intended it otherwise, it was not altogether lost.' We may say of our author that, if he has been more fortunate

than this young man, he has also been less fortunate. It would certainly have shown more good sense and good taste to have missed his aim than to have attained it; but we must confess that he has in some measure attained it." Their parentheses, as you will observe, are always injurious, their qualifications depreciatory, and their summing-up condemnatory. The man criticized feels that he has not much to lay hold of. Did they not say that he had attained his object? But all the time the poor man feels that an unpleasant creature of the snail species has crawled over his work, and left its slime behind it. If he cares about such things at all, and there are few men who do not care, he feels humiliated, discouraged, and depressed; but he has very little tangible ground for a grievance.

The men who write these criticisms have seldom done anything themselves. Doing is not their forte. They would, however, effect a great deal of mischief, and would bring on a Byzantine period in statesmanship, in letters, and in arts; but that, fortunately, the busy, energetic world is too strong for them; and the workers go on working, and never minding, except for the moment. After all, the world recognises true work; and though it is amused with this kind of denigration, does not really believe in it.

The ant is a most satirical creature, as may be seen by the quantity of formic* acid it secretes, which is only latent criticism.

It was a rainy day; and a community of ants had blocked up all the avenues to their nest. Now the ant, though very industrious, is also very fond of amusement, and holds with Aristotle that "the object of labour is to procure leisure." So, after having seen to the comfort of their wives and their babies—for the ant is very affectionate, as is the case with many satirical creatures—the males of the nest sat down in a lower room to have some good conversation. A frequent subject with the ants is afforded by the goings-on of men, which they view with considerable contempt; and this subject they dilated upon at some length on the present occasion. As is well known to those who have studied the ways of ants, they interchange thought by means of touching one another with their antennæ. A bitter old ant had touched off

many satirical things about men, as regards their religion, their polity, and especially their social arrangements. "There are plenty of paupers among men," he said; "but there is no such thing as a pauper ant. We understand how to provide for every member of our community."

In every company there is generally found some one who, for the sake of contradiction and from the love of argument, takes the unpopular side. A clever youth amongst the ants touched his neighbour's antennæ, to the following effect. He intimated, with some signs of disapproval from the rest of the company, that there was a good deal of similarity, after all, between men and ants. They build nests, we build nests; they are masons, we are masons; they are carpenters, we are carpenters; they keep cows, we keep cows; they make wars, we make wars; they take slaves, we take slaves,—and so on. To this the bitter old ant replied, that men were not good to eat, and therefore he did not see why they had been created. They were great, heavy, clumsy creatures, and all their arts of life had been borrowed from them, the ants.

"At any rate," responded the younger ant, "they are like us in that they can communicate their ideas to one another, if it be but by horrid noises resembling the barking of dogs."

The old ant touched off a triumphant reply, bringing in Providence, as people often do when they want to say a very severe thing. He said, or rather intimated by a very pregnant touch, that this noise which men were obliged to make, in order to convey their ideas to one another, was a signal proof of their inferiority, and of their paucity of ideas. A kind Providence, seeing how few ideas they have to communicate, had given them this slow, but upon that account beneficent, way of conveying their ideas. He, the present toucher, had known from a friend of his, an ant who lived under the flooring in one of their talking nests, that a man would make a noise for three hours to convey only two ideas.

Each ant touched his neighbour with laughter, and the whole company laughed so obstreperously that the female ants ran down from the upper chambers to learn what was the matter.

Thus it may be seen how the greatest gifts, even the gift of speech, may be depreciated; and it also may be observed what extraordinary powers have been conferred even upon what we call inferior creatures—powers which, in any state of being, we can hardly imagine to be conferred upon ourselves.

* The printer, in the first proof, put the word *forensic* instead of *formic*. All authors must have noticed that what are called printers' mistakes are often only a subtle expression of wit on the part of the printers, which, to vary a monotonous occupation, they cannot help indulging in, even at some trouble to themselves.

There are, I think, more good words to be said against Competition than for it. No doubt, it is a great incentive to exertion; but there its function for good begins and ends. It is no friend to Love; and is first-cousin, with no removes, to Envy. Then it deranges and puts quite out of place the best motives for exertion. "Read your book because that other boy is reading his, and you will be beaten in the contest with him, if you do not take care." Such is the motive that competition administers, but it says nothing about learning being a good thing for itself. Consequently, when the competitors are parted, the book is apt to drop out of the hand of him *who chiefly used it as a storehouse of weapons*.

Then, again, when education has been greatly built upon motives of competition, excellence is made too much of, and moderate proficiency is sadly discouraged. A very injurious effect is thus produced upon the mind of the person who has been used to compete. He, or she, thinks, "If I am not everything, I am nothing," and declines to sing, or to play, or to draw, or to go on with some accomplishment, because it has been ascertained by competition and examination, at a certain time of life, that other people could do better. The world loses a great deal by this; and, moreover, it is by no means certain that inferiority in anything, at one time of life, precludes excellence in that same thing at another time of life.

Competition, however, will not cease to be urgently employed as a motive, indeed as the first motive, until the mass of mankind become real Christians—an event which does not seem likely to happen in our time. The practical object, therefore, is to see what limits and restraints can be applied to competition. I should propose three:—

1. Do not apply it to the very young, for two reasons. In the first place, experience shows that, for the mere acquisition of knowledge, it does not answer to work the brain early; and that children who are somewhat let alone as regards learning, surpass the others when the proper time for diligent study comes. I do not pretend to define this time: that is a matter upon which those only, who are skilled in education, can pronounce.

The second reason is, that it is well, morally speaking, to let children get the habit of regarding their fellows as friends and playmates rather than as rivals.

2. Never apply competition as a motive in a family. Looked at in the most business-like and worldly way, it does not pay. Let

us take a familiar and domestic instance, for abstract talk, though it sounds grandly, seldom leads to much result. A father has two sons, James and Charles. James is always down in time for breakfast: Charley is apt to be late. Let the father praise and encourage James for his early rising, but not in Charley's presence. And let him (the father) administer good advice, or blame, to Charley, in the matter of early rising, without saying one word about Jamesie's merits, or holding him up as a model to be followed—and disliked. It is far more important for the family interests that Charley's love for Jamesie should not be diminished in the least, than that he should be incited, by competition with his brother, to get up early. That splendid copy-book saying—I wonder who first said it? It must have been the eighth wise man of Greece—*Comparisons are odious*, is especially true in domestic life. And the most unpleasant and dangerous comparisons are always brought out to incite to competition.

3. If, for purposes of education, you must, at some period of life, have earnest, I would almost say, fierce competition, at any rate let it be as little individual as possible. Let the object for a youth be, to get into a certain class, not to beat a certain other youth or youths. The riding school seems to furnish a good model. Put a bar up, and say, "All those who leap over this shall be considered good horsemen;" and then the youths who do succeed in leaping over it, will congratulate one another, and have a feeling of pleasant companionship, rather than of bitter rivalry, with each other. You may have as many bars as you like, of different heights, in order to test different degrees of excellence in horsemanship; but do not inquire too curiously into the exact merits of each individual rider, and seek to put him in what you may call his proper place. That will be found out soon enough, when they all come to ride across country—the difficult country of public or professional life.

After the foregoing illustrations, which are of a very homely character, it may seem a somewhat abrupt transition to revert to religious considerations. But I cannot conclude this short essay without remarking that competition is not a thing much encouraged in the best of Books and by the Divinest of Teachers. There is a command—the great command—about loving one another, but none about competing with one another. Yes; perhaps there is (at any rate an implied command), to compete for the lower place.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.—FROM BOMBAY TO MADRAS.

I LEFT Bombay with much regret. Never did men receive more kindness than we did there from all quarters. Many names, which need not be recorded, must ever be remembered by us with gratitude. I must mention, however, two visitors who, though they afforded me little information, gave me much pleasure and much of their time during my stay. These were two beautiful birds of the finch tribe. They occupied most of their spare hours in my dressing-room, engaged in a desperate endeavour to hold friendly communication with two mysterious relatives, who always appeared to them when they gazed into the mirror at the open window. How these creatures survived the agonizing flutter of their wings, and the incessant tapping of their beaks, to kiss their unknown brethren, I know not! Yet they never seemed to weary. Hope of ultimate success could alone have sustained their affectionate and eager endeavours. For aught I know, they may be still experimenting. As I parted from them they paused, and looked tenderly at me, forgetting for a moment the higher aim of their lives, and said, or at least I fancied they said, "Why leave us, instead of helping us to solve this mystery? Yet, remember, *we* are not sad, as you seem to be, for our family has lived on from generation to generation, piping their songs, eating their food, and enjoying the sun and air. And why should not you also sing and enjoy *your* good things? But you would not be less happy, nor get fewer worms or flies to live on, if you kindly helped us to understand those strangers, who look so like ourselves, but with whom, alas! we can neither eat nor sing!"

And so we parted from Birds and Bhestie, Hammals and Puttewallas, and—— But I forget all the kinds of servants who did the work given them to do very readily and faithfully.

By the kindness of the agents of the India Steam Navigation Company, or "Mackinnon and Mackenzie's" line, so famous in the East for its enterprise, we had a free passage to Beypore. Many friends came to bid us farewell and God speed.

The bay, as we sailed across it, seemed more beautiful than ever. A gentle swell gave an almost imperceptible motion to the surface of the sea, on which delicate yet bril-

liant coruscations rolled out in undulations of gold and silver, ruby and amethyst, more splendid than the royal robes of Delhi. The distant hills, with their fantastic outlines; the islands, with their lustrous foliage; the stretches of sunlit reaches—"all, all were beautiful." I then hoped to have seen it again ere leaving for home, but God willed otherwise; and so Bombay, with its many representatives of busy life, its scenes, its friends of all nations, remains in memory as when I bade it farewell.

As it faded out of sight, we could not but contrast the wonderful change which had taken place in its history, and in our own, since the time when it was ceded to England by the Portuguese as part of the dower of Catharine, the wife of Charles II. Then England was busy with intestine religious wars between Episcopalians and Non-conformists and Presbyterians (alas! not yet ended); Louis XIV. was the Cæsar-god of his day; and the Zenana yet reigned in their respective courts. The empire of the Great Moghul was still supreme in India in the person of Aurungzebe, the fourth in succession from the great Acbar. The Mahrattas were but rising above the horizon; while the English, as yet but little feared, were looked on merely as a nation of shopkeepers, and so were graciously permitted to kneel on the shore of India, humble suppliants before its mighty sovereign. And now! But how shall it be when three other centuries have passed? That, under God, will be determined chiefly by the Christian righteousness of this same nation of shopkeepers.

I may state by the way, that just before leaving we accidentally picked up a copy of a native paper called the *Weekly Journal of Prabhu News*. It contained a long notice of the death of a distinguished member of the so-called "Young Bombay" class. I extract a few specimens of what I presume is considered by them to be "fine writing" in classical English; and, as such, may be interesting to my readers:—

"Alas! He is gone—gone far from us to the future world, leaving *his beloved rib* and pet children to the tender mercies of friends, to bemoan his loss. In the twinkling of an eye, Death pounced upon him and he was no more. What is the life of man! Poets have appropriately writ and styled it but a span. He was in the full enjoyment of health, last week as we have said; and where is he? His soul severed

from its clayey tegument must have been borne away, we hope, to a happier and a brighter world; but his body is now reduced earth to earth and dust to dust. May his soul rest in peace!

"What boots it for vanity and boast in this drama of life. No sooner the drop scene lowers than all is over. And what more; in the words of Johnson

'Unnumber'd maladies (man's) joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade.'

"So it was with our hero. The fort was besieged, the enemy became formidable and the garrison was obliged to surrender.

"His death has cast a gloom over Young Bombay, who mourn for his loss with true cordiality. He was an asylum for this boasted class and was ever ready to give his ear and voice to any that went to him. He was a loving husband, a kind father, an amiable friend, and in a word, *he was 'Fat, fair and forty.'*"

We left in the afternoon of Monday, the 17th of December, and sailed along the Malabar coast, reaching Beypore, the terminus of the railway which crosses to Madras, early on Friday the 21st.

The sea was smooth as the waters of an inland lake, and was never once ruffled by the slightest breeze. Our ship was indeed "sailing in sunshine far away," and each day was a "gentle day." The habit, acquired in a moist and ungenial clime, of addressing our neighbour, in the bonds of common wonder and thanksgiving, by the salutation of "beautiful weather!" or "a fine day!" died upon our lips. We sailed as close to the shore as was prudent, and had an excellent view of the scenery. This gave such interest to the voyage, that we anticipated its ending with regret. We passed Jingeera and Vizidroog, or Gheria, once the strongholds of pirates. The possessors of Jingeera (or "the Island") are Mussulman Arabs from the coast of Abyssinia, whose ancestors were admirals of the Great Moghul. When that dynasty broke up, after Aurungzebe's reign, they became their own lords, and ranged the seas, to the terror of all who sailed them. Their descendant, the Hubshe, or Seedee (Abyssinian), is still independent chief of the small state of Hubshan, Dhunda Rajepoor, and resides at Jingeera. It was never reduced, and the principality has survived the empire of the Peishwas. In 1689 the Seedee captured the Island of Bombay, leaving only the fort in our possession. He materially assisted Admiral Watson and Clive in 1756 in subduing Angria, the Mahratta chief of Kolabah, a few miles south of Bombay, the last of whose descendants, I believe, died lately. The Hubshe still holds to his rock, a specimen of the fortifications of which is afforded

by Mr. Gell's sketch of the water-gate, page 328.

We touched at Curwar, Cananore, and Mangalore, but saw little except a small creek, glorious forests, an old fort, some native boats, a few European agents, which made one wonder how any of our countrymen could live in such out-of-the-way places. Curwar is the port where travellers must land who wish to see the falls of Gokak, which during the rains are the most picturesque in India—a volume of water, which, as a river, is 180 yards wide above the cataract, falling down a precipice 176 feet in height. The view of the Coorg Mountains, beyond Cananore, was also very pleasing. The jungles along the sides of these western ranges are very thick, abounding in monkeys and panthers, with innumerable reptiles.

We also saw the small town of Mahè, which is still possessed by the French—who have also Pondicherry and Karical, on the east coast of the Deccan, Chandernagore, near Calcutta, and a small factory, Yanaon, on the coast of Orissa.

At one of those places, where we called at night, I was awoke from a deep sleep by a hearty and healthy looking young man, who announced himself as "one of the sons of the clergy." I was recalled to such a measure of consciousness as enabled me to comprehend that he was the son of an old acquaintance. On becoming "wide-awake," I was rejoiced at this strange meeting with "a son of the manse."

We had, as is ever to be found on those steamers, a motley company. There was a European circus troupe, and professional singers—highly respectable,—together with one or two distinguished civilians, and intelligent military officers. In the wife of one officer I discovered the daughter of an old friend. With another couple I renewed, with pleasure, an acquaintance made in the steamer from England; and as I saw the recently-married, sweet young wife, from the English parsonage, landing and driving off into the interior with her excellent husband, Major —, I realised how much true love is needed for a woman thus to commit herself to another. But "tak thoct, lads and lasses," as we Scotch say, how you make such an experiment as that of voyaging across the ocean, to depend upon each other's love for years in a far distant India "station!"

One of our passengers was old General —, who was described, with a smile, as "a specimen of an old Indian officer." I

* This family has always received a pension of £5,356 from the British Government.

know not why, for one associates with this class refinement, intelligence, and courtesy, in spite of some crotchets. Poor old fellow! He had been in India—as a bachelor, too, I understood—for forty years, without having once visited his native land. He was not a small, wizened, yellow-faced man, but ruddy and well-favoured; and that he was large and rotund was obvious to common sight as he daily lay stretched asleep on the sky-light. He was unapproachable; and seemed to be a fort placed under martial law. Every one demanding admittance was suspected of being an enemy. “Yes!” “No!” were sent forth with the loud report of rifle, accompanied as by the blast of compressed air from a bellows. The interest he excited arose from the unvarying consistency of his manner, and his negation of whatever could inspire a stranger with confidence. One felt that to recognise him as agreeable would be the best way to insult his self-respect. Yet perhaps he has his old sisters or nieces at home who are supported by him, and who love him dearly. Perhaps, too, he has had disappointments which soured him; and perhaps—— But why conjecture? He has landed, and the last I heard of him was a tremendous growl.

I was delighted to find in our captain a native of the same town as myself, and full of those reminiscences of old characters and occurrences, which so vividly recall our past, and are more especially refreshing in a distant country, and among scenes and circumstances which seem to belong to a different and distant world. Captain G—— told me this story, among others, of the cyclone of '64:—“It was very awful! The darkness seemed like black marble. I could not stand, but dragged myself as I best could, along the deck on hands and knees. All the crew skulked below, save one man named Nelson. He was a brave fellow, and stood by me till the last. It was necessary, at one time, to cut away a hawser astern. At the risk of his life he did it—and disappeared. He was swept overboard; but as he was being carried past the ship, he caught hold of a rope, and to my joy crept up beside me again. Soon after that some one came near me, and shouted in my ear words I heard with difficulty:—‘A steamer is beside us, and my wife and child are on its deck. For God sake, save them! save them!’ Nelson and I managed to get over the side, I know not how, and we dimly saw something white. With immense difficulty we got hold of a woman and child, and dragged them on board just as the steamer sank. Next day we re-

ceived many thanks, and assurances that never, never, would this be forgotten! But, as in too many similar cases, we never heard more of husband, wife, or child!”

“And what became of Nelson?” I asked.

“He committed suicide in a fit of delirium tremens, in China,” was the sad reply.

We had a distant glimpse of Goa (see p. 329); and again we had to regret passing on without visiting a quaint and interesting memorial of departed greatness. The Portuguese territory in India is now confined to Goa, Damaun, and Diu, with an area of upwards of a thousand square miles and a population of 313,262 souls. How are the mighty fallen!

We reached Calicut early on Friday. A new feature appeared, in the long, narrow boats which came out to meet us. They seem as if cut out of the trunk of a tree—so narrow that the beam across accommodates but one person, with an outrigger to windward to balance them, on which, when necessary, one man or more will sit. And another new feature was presented in the huge round flat hats of the men, made of palm leaves, and serving also as umbrellas. Nothing can be more grotesque than their effect when thrust out of the third-class railway carriages, or when worn by the solitary steersman in the tiny boat which spins along like a mayfly before the breeze, nothing being seen but hat and sail, thus:—



We landed early in the day; drove through the scattered town; visited an old Portuguese burial-ground, in which, so our European guide assured us, Vasco de Gama lies buried! We finally paid a visit to the excellent magistrate, Mr. B——, and the German Mission Home.

Calicut is interesting as having been the first port in India visited by the great Vasco (1498), and the scene of *The Lusiad*. Here, as Camoens writes, the band of adventurers

“First descried the orient land,
The end at which their arduous labours aimed—
Whether they came Christ's holy law to spread,
New customs to establish, and erect
Another throne. As they approached the coast,
Innumerable little fishing-boats they saw,
And from their crews learned that their landward course
To Calicut would lead.”

But all such associations were lost, or rather

were blended with the scenery of the spot which will for ever live in my memory as affording me the first and, in spite of Ceylon, the most vivid impressions of the rich, surpassing glory of tropical vegetation. It is always an era in our life when, for the first time, we realise our ideal in nature or in art. It was thus to me at Calicut. I had never of course seen anything like this magnificent province of the vegetable kingdom, nor even conceived such glory of form and foliage. Here were palm-trees of every kind — cocoa-nut, palmyra, date, with the graceful betel-nut (see p. 329). The bread-fruit spread its large and beautiful leaves; the jac-tree hung out its fruit from its trunk, where no fruit had ever been seen by me before; the banyan dropped tendrils which sought to reach and root themselves in the earth, soon to become as cables of wood uniting the branches to the soil. There were tamarind-trees; bamboos, radiating their long and feathery branches to the sky; tree ferns; and teak-trees, such as could build the navies of the world; while hedges of cactus and aloes lined the roads and divided the fields. One felt as if in a huge botanic garden, and wondered where

the glass roof was which should have protected such oriental splendour from destruction! The red colouring of the roads, from their being made of laterite, formed a beautiful warm contrast with the rich green foliage of the woods through which they led. The cottages of

the natives too seemed comfortable, and nestled in the shade of the overhanging trees. The whole scene, as it suddenly presented itself to me, was like a glorious dream, the most fascinating and imaginative I had ever beheld—so beautiful was it in itself, so oriental in its every feature,

with such visible enjoyment of human beings from the generous bounty of that Creator who is merciful to the unthankful. It recalled scenes described by poets which had excited and pleased me in youth,—where every home in the landscape was the abode of domestic happiness, and every shady grove afforded an asylum to innocent and happy

lovers. Paul and Virginia, somehow, constantly suggested themselves to my thoughts. But alas for reality! Nature is ever pure, orderly, and bountiful. Yet it is a sad disturbance to these associations, or to any others which might be suggested by imagination guided by charity, to become acquainted at first hand with the actual condition and character of the inhabitants of such favoured spots. Those who know India, specially Malabar, will understand why I do not record the marriage laws and customs of the *Namburis*, or the *Nairs*, or the real history of the *Ackhums* and their sisters.

A little south of Calicut at Trichoor, begins the remarkable lagoon or “backwater,” by which the traveller may sail or be rowed by the natives for 160 miles as far as Trivanderam. This is practically the same as if voyaging along a river, and as the water is always smooth and the shore loaded with the same glorious vegetation, backed by the line of the same varied and picturesque hills, it may easily be conceived that such travelling is a luxury. It was not in our line of route, however, and therefore I can only speak from the evidence of others.

From time immemorial there has been a regular trade carried on between the Malabar coast, the Persian Gulf, and the Red Sea. This has been fostered, no doubt, by the constancy of the monsoons both north and south. All the Arab trading



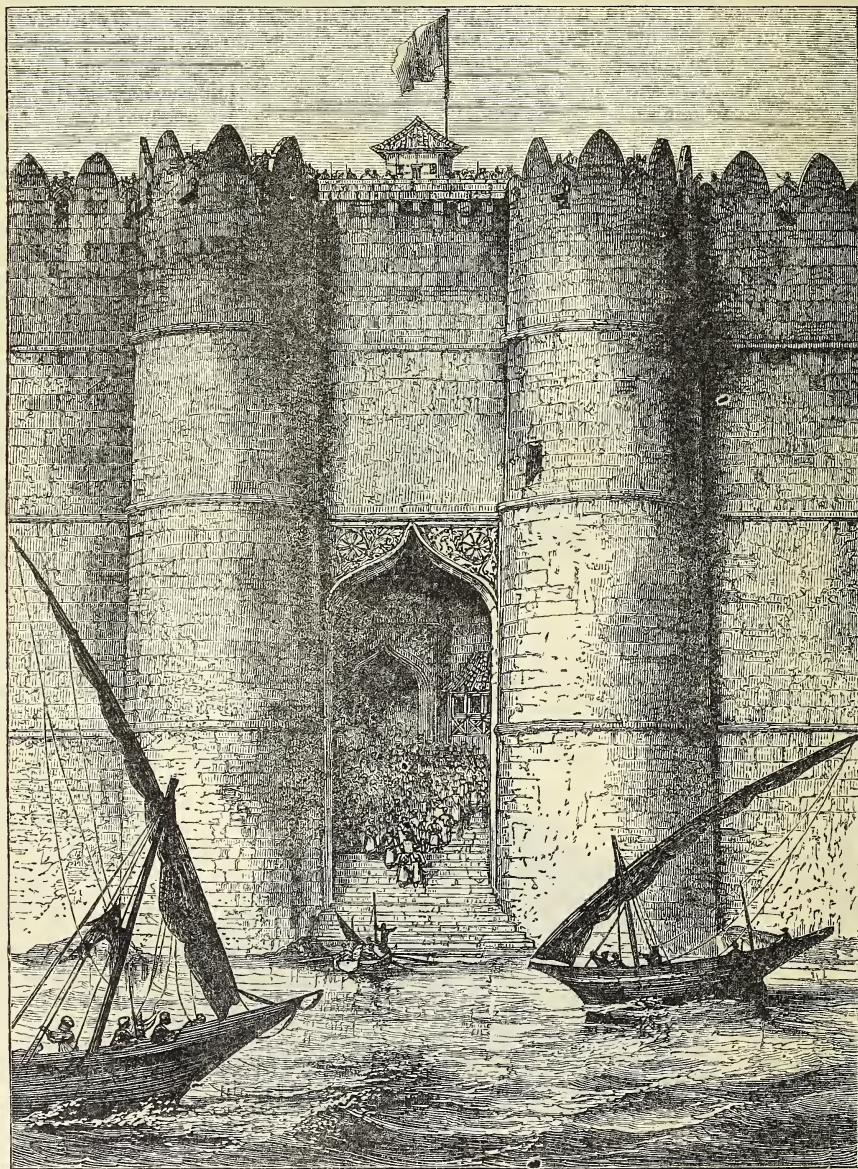
The Jac-tree.



The Banyan.

vessels are built of teak procured from Malabar. The emigration of Arabs has been from of old. We have seen how Abyssinia supplied them for the eastern navies; and even now there are many thousands in the army of the Nizam, forming,

as they have ever done, a body of Mussulman fanatics. The chief tribe on the Malabar coast are the Mopillas, who are the descendants of Arabs by native women. They are the navigators, and were the pirates, whose towers are still seen along the coast.

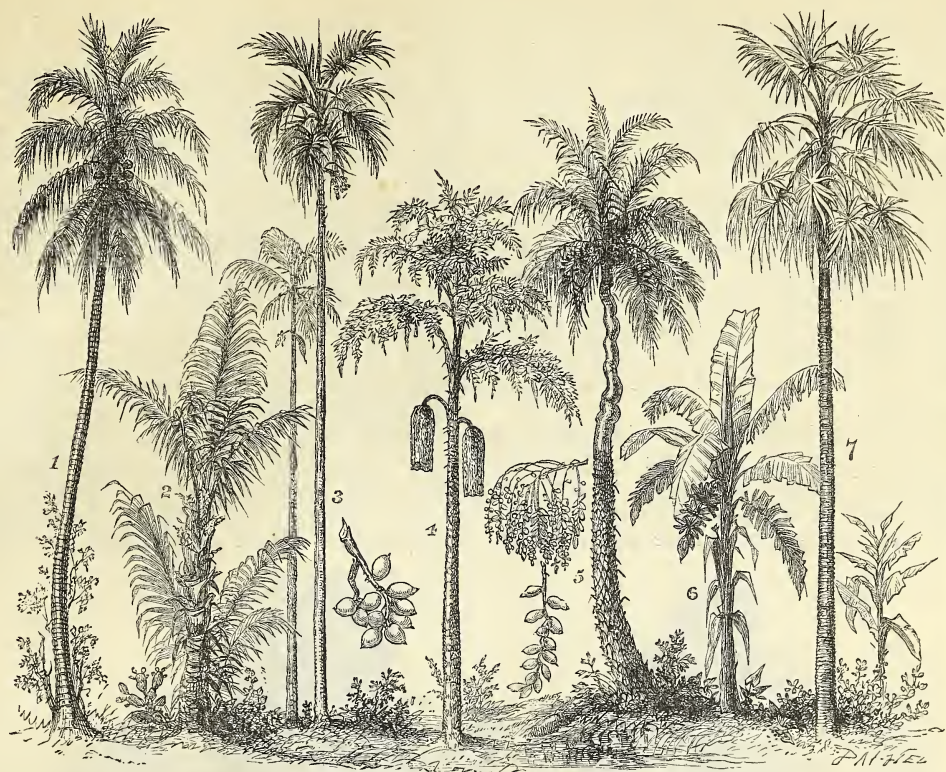


The Water-gate of Jingeera.

They manifest a fierce determination to maintain their real or supposed rights. They murdered Mr. Conolly the collector, and are guilty of such violence as quite equals that of their Arab fathers. It seems to me that Malabar, and not Ceylon, was the district

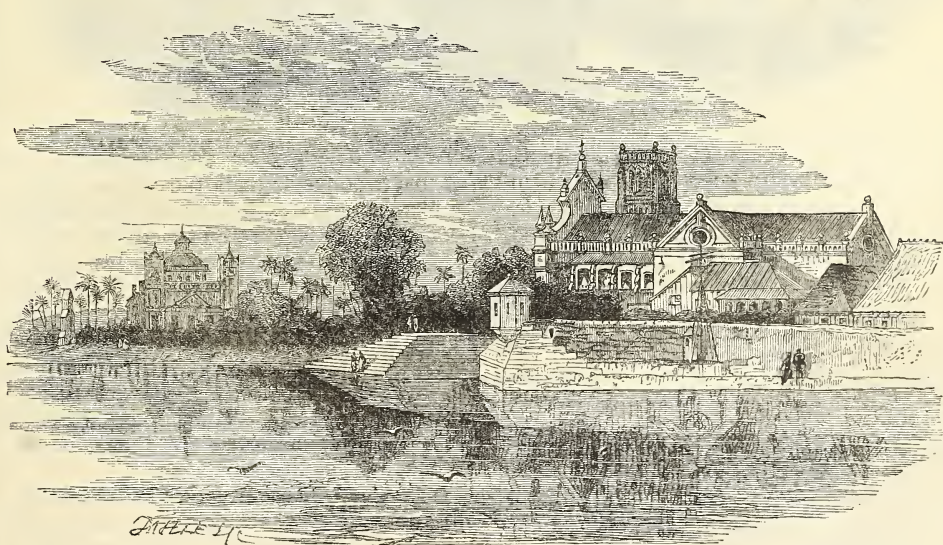
to which the ships of Solomon made their long voyages, returning "every three years" "bringing gold and silver, ivory, and spices, and peacocks."

The Nairs, or Nyrs, of Malabar, are a Hindoo race, and one of the most warlike in



1. Cocoa-nut (*Cocos nucifera*).
2. Sago Palm (*Cariota urens*).
3. Betel Palm (*Areca catechu*).
4. Sago Palm (*Arenga saccharifera*).

5. Date Palm (*Phoenix Sylvestris*).
6. Plantain (*Musa varadiasiaca*).
7. Palmyra Palm (*Borassus flabelliformis*).



The Landing-place at Goa.

India.* The Tiars are the cultivators, while the Pariar tribe eat carrion, and the Naidas are wretched outcastes, whom no slave would touch. They wander about in companies, and howl like dogs, keeping at a distance from all passers by, who if they wish to give them food leave it for them on the ground.

There is a German Mission in Calicut.† After calling on the excellent collector we spent a short time with the missionaries. There are three here. We found them intelligent, good men, who seemed earnest in their work, with very encouraging results. These being connected with education as well as preaching are the more likely to be permanent.

We left the Mission-house after sunset to travel six miles by a bullock garry to the terminus of the Madras railway at Beypore. We had sent on our servants some time before with our luggage, so that we had no inter-

preter, nor ever anticipated the need of one. But our machine broke down, and so did we! We were helpless. After making many vain attempts to obtain information or give advice by signs, we determined to let the driver do as he pleased with his team, while we walked back for two miles or so to the Mission-house. Though we grumbled considerably at the time, yet I recall with peculiar pleasure that nightwalk through the woods, with the glorious stars and their diamond sparkle overhead in the blue. The roads were crowded with groups of people, all loudly chattering, and as if returning home after the labours or purchases of the day. Like all hot climates, India is most alive very early or very late. The village bazaars also are open till a late hour, their small lamps casting light upon various kinds of grain, vegetables, and fruits, sold by men who sit doubled up, with their heads and turbans, like tulips, between their knees. Every one we met



carried blazing torches of cotton, which, by the way, having been first grown in India, was manufactured in Manchester, was worn in India, and there finally blazed abroad in torches. We met, too, the Indian *mail*. A coach and four, was it, or a palki?

A swift dromedary or an elephant? No. The bags, conveying all the varied threats, commands, and resolutions of love-making, and money-making, were carried on the back of a native runner, who with his lantern and small bells hurried past us! It is in this primeval fashion that the postal communications of Southern and Central India are kept up. The "post" goes at a conscientious trot, and soon transfers his bags and responsibilities to another. So on it goes, until all letters are duly delivered—as they generally are—at their final destination.

We learned afterwards that these torches, with the rattles or bells, are necessary precautions, to scare away cobras and other venomous serpents, which come out in numbers at night. Ignorant of any danger, and

* It is a strange fact, that, owing to the native marriage laws, no Nair can ever know who is his father.

† It belongs to the Basle Missionary Society. This society employs upwards of 90 missionaries in different parts of the world. Of these 45 are in this part of India, with 42 female missionaries; occupying different points around the respective head-quarters of Canara, South Mahratta, Malabar, and the Neilgherries. The mission was established in 1834. It has schools—"Higher," "Boarding," "Parochial," "Anglo-vernacular," and "Heathen-vernacular," employing 30 Christian (native) teachers, and 17 heathen teachers, and attended by 1,786 children. There are 1,680 adults in communion with the church, and 1,500 children (baptized), with 135 catechumens. Native pastor, 1; native evangelists and catechists, 45. The average cost of each European missionary is from £100 to £120 per annum. There are 10 unordained, and 32 married.

without light, except what came from our hearts, and without any rattle, except from our tongues, as we sung "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,"—which we wished the sleeping woods to hear,—we trudged along in peace and safety. The serpent brood had no fellowship with us, nor we with them, and so we never met. Perhaps the song mesmerised them; or perhaps the news of my great battle and victory at Colgaum had been carried south and filled them with terror.

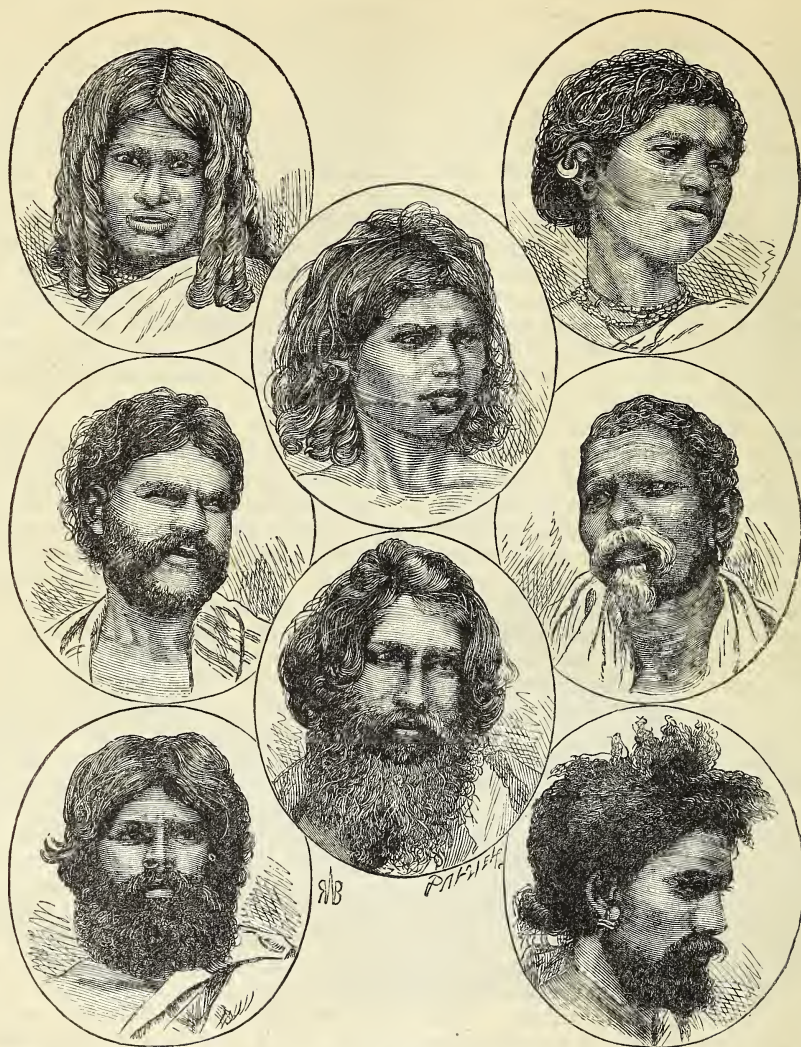
We re-entered the Mission-house, to the great surprise of our friends. We received a hearty welcome, and were assured that not without risk had we travelled in the dark, our host himself the night before having killed a large cobra in the path leading from the gate to the door of his house.

While another carriage was being got ready for us we partook of a generous tea with Mr. and Mrs. Schaufler and the other missionaries. I was delighted in this out-of-the-way place to have revived in me the memory of those good old German customs which were so pleasing to me in my early days when I spent some time in the Vaterland. In no other country was there then, in my opinion, such a combination of mental refinement and culture, such domestic virtue and simplicity, such unaffected kindness. The round smiling-faced, flaxen-haired Frau could cook, arrange the table, nurse her child, and do many things belonging strictly to servants' work in England; while her knowledge and nice appreciation of literature and art made her a fit companion for her husband, who with black velvet skull-cap, large spectacles, and long pipe, sat in the arm-chair discussing his sauerkraut, or speculating on theology, philosophy, and politics. This Calicut Mission-house, with its most pleasing hosts and hostess, is quite of this type, and no mission can be conducted with more economy, good sense, and genuine piety.

After spending a pleasant evening with our German friends, we got a safer machine, and reached the river which separated us from the railway hotel. It was delightful to hear in the clear air of the moon-lit night the songs of the ferrymen as they pulled us across. The cadence was melancholy but pleasing. Our steersman acted as clerk, and never failed to give his response and refrain at the right moment. We found the hotel far from comfortable; and though, through the hospitality of friends, our experience was limited to only one other hotel in Northern India, yet all we heard led us to the conclusion that this great half-civilised,

half-savage caravanserai of wide corridors, large half-furnished rooms, without rest for the weary or bread for the hungry, was but a type of too many Indian hostelries. But when men are *done up*, the difficulty is not to sleep, but to keep awake with any degree of intelligence. Our measure of sleep was stinted, for early in the morning we started for Madras. In vain we asked for something to eat before leaving; we could not get anything, not even a cup of coffee; so we set out with the disagreeable sensations of hungry men,—sensations which were not allayed until two in the afternoon, when we got some tough meat and the never-failing curry.

The journey from Beypore, beneath the shadows of the Neilgherries, is very beautiful. This group of hills occupies a space upwards of forty miles in length, and twelve in breadth. There are nearly twenty mountains within this space averaging from 5,000 to upwards of 8,000 feet high. The famous English Sanatorium of Ootacamund, to which all who can manage it escape from the summer heat in the Madras Presidency, is upwards of 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. The scenery of this granite range, from the lofty peaks down through the forests which clothe their sides, to the dense jungle which chokes the valleys, is described as singularly varied and beautiful. The sportsman, artist, and invalid, are sure to speak with equal enthusiasm of the Neilgherries. We passed with regret the station at which travellers leave for the Sanatorium. We dared not attempt to snatch at the great pleasure of visiting it, but were compelled to hurry again over the plain of the Deccan. Yet the view we got of these southern spurs of the hills was well worth seeing. With their bare scarped sides and precipices, their masses so picturesquely broken by peak, ridge, knoll, and gorge, the rich clothing below contrasting with the wild summits above,—they made a most unique picture. Never before or after in India had I the pleasure of seeing such rapid interchange of light and shade,—the shadows of the clouds slowly moving across the mountain sides. It brought the Highland hills, which I had just left, vividly before me. We remarked at the time, too, how like to that of Dunkeld was the broken and wooded scenery of the lower grounds. The aboriginal tribes of these hills have excited great interest among ethnologists, who tell us much about the Erulars, Kurumbars, Kohatars, Badakars, &c., and above all the Todas, with their fine faces, flowing ringlets, monotheistic



Group of Natives of the Neilgherries.

religion, and strange morals, including polyandry.

With the thermometer at nearly 90° in our carriage, a whiff of mountain air would have been "gratefully received,"—the cool season though it was. But the guard whistled, and we had to bid farewell for ever to the Neilgherries.

After a long ascent we passed the Palghaut station, and soon emerged into the monotonous plain, until in the morning we saw the fine hills near Vellore, of which more anon. We noticed in our journey very remarkable looking hills or knolls rising out of the great plain like icebergs or islands in the ocean. They are the remains of decomposed granite. They seemed to me to average

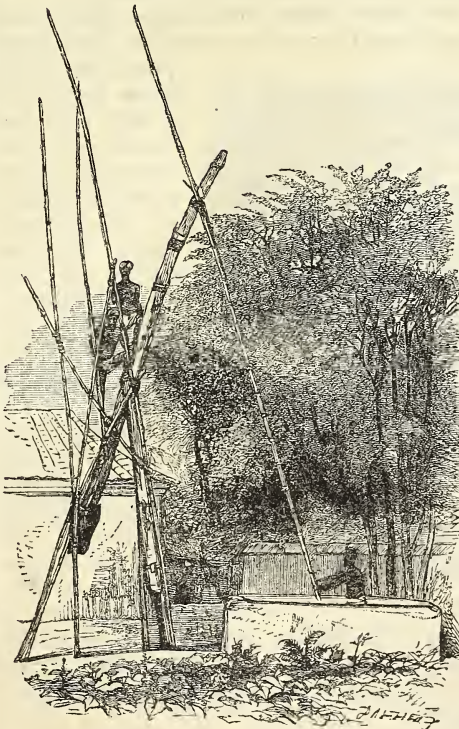
from one to two hundred feet in height, and to be shaped in this sort of way:—



Two things in the way-side scenery here attracted my notice. One was a shepherd watching his flock; the other the mode of drawing water for irrigation. The process is familiar, by which a bucket is let down from the longer end of a lever, and raised or lowered from the smaller end; but what I had never seen before was this sinking and elevating process being accomplished by men walking alternately backward and forward along the top of the lever. It was very odd



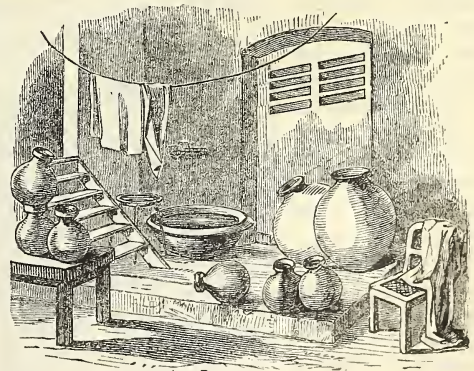
Shepherd.



Drawing Water.

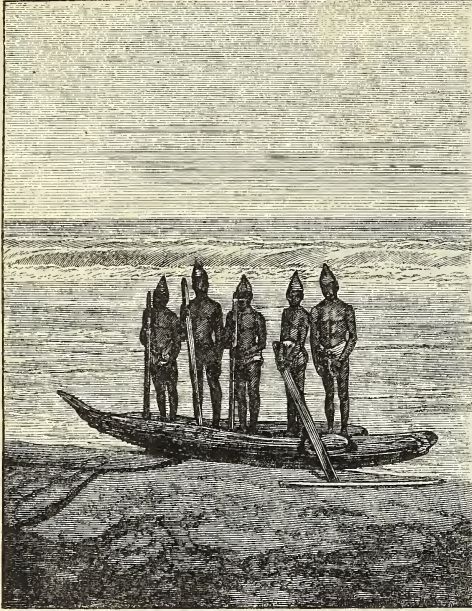
to witness two lanky natives steadying themselves by a light hand-rail as they paced to and fro, up and down, this lever that looked like a fishing rod, with a long pole for its line, and the bucket for its bait.

On the afternoon of Saturday we arrived at Madras. Here again my friend and I separated, each going to different hosts. Mr. William Scott was mine, and my comfort was secured in his hospitable and beautiful bungalow. But the word "bungalow" does not seem appropriate to these Madras residences. Mansions or houses are terms better adapted to describe these more stately structures. Between them and those of Bombay the contrast is striking. The large wooden Bombay cottage, so to speak, in spite of its elegance and comfort, here gave place to square, flat-roofed buildings of two stories, having pillared porticoes, verandahs opening into stately rooms, with handsome staircases, broad passages, and entrance halls; all surrounded by well-kept grounds, and trim flower gardens. There is, in short, a *finish*, a sense of permanence, which we had not hitherto seen. What a luxury it is after a railway or steamer journey, or after an hotel like that at Bepore, to find oneself in such a home! I feel that I have not yet done justice to that great institution—that life-giver and bracer of soul and body—the Indian bath. It is not a marble coffin in a small



apartment, as at home, but a sufficiently large apartment off bedroom or dressing-room. It is generally paved with clean brick, and has a huge tub full of cold water, and on a raised *dais*, a number of jars filled with the same. These jars are so small that one can pour them over one's head, and so numerous that one can satisfy one's intense desire to feel thoroughly cool. The water finds egress for itself to the hot world without through a hole in the corner, so

that there is no restraint from the fear of flooding or splashing the apartment, as a bird does its cage when fluttering in its little saucer of water. This apartment is



is confined to the native quarter, which is somewhat broken up into separate portions, one called Triplicane, another Blacktown, under Vepery, Chintadripeta, &c., all apart from the European districts.

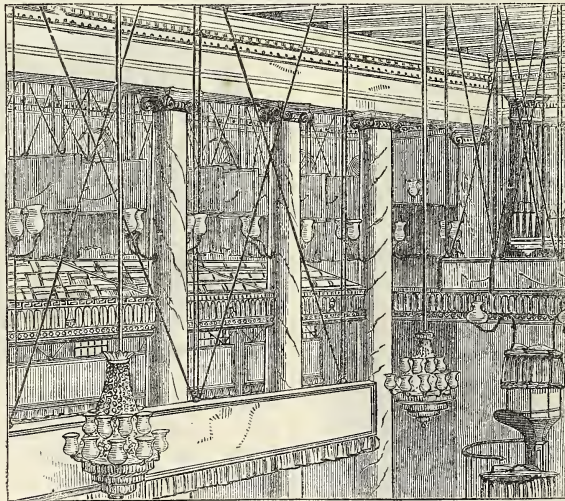
As at Poona, so at Madras, I was reminded of a rich English watering-place; yet it is not a small town, as its inhabitants number 700,000, of whom 2,000 are Europeans.

The surf, which every one has associated with the name of Madras, was the first object I desired to visit in this my first drive; and not the less so as our Scotch Missionary Institution is on the beach, and therefore beside this "sounding sea." I much enjoyed the sight. Oceanward, ships and steamers lay at anchor, and rocked with becoming decorum. The surf, like its Highland cousin on the shores of the Hebrides, came in, as it has been in the habit of doing—during what period?—with crested head, and heavy thud and roar, expending its gathered energies. We watched with interest the catamarans and Massowla boats riding over and defying the angry sea. There is really no danger whatever in these boats. As for the catamarans, the shark never touches them, from his high-bred sense, I presume, of low caste and high caste; while a white Englishman, on the other hand, will be instantly devoured.

attended to exclusively by that water-kelpie the *Bhestie*, who must be descended "originally" from a water god, whose throne must be on the western Ghauts. If there was a chief of the *Bhesties*, he should be made—perhaps not a C.B., for I detest puns, yet the bearer of some honourable distinction.*

Refreshed by the bath, I was prepared in the afternoon to accompany my kind hostess in her carriage drive, and thus to get my first peep at Madras. The general features of this Presidency town are not difficult to catch. It is a dead flat. The bustle of commerce

We drove thence to the public park, where a regimental band was at the time performing.



The Punkah.

There one felt at home amidst the crowds who had assembled from many a scattered mansion, barrack, or official residence. The centre of attraction was the military band, which was surrounded by carriages linked to carriages, most of them stationary, others driving slowly round, with a large attendance of riders. This was the Madras Rotten-row—with its flirtations, its

groups of admirers and admired, its elegant dresses, manners, and talk, with all the results, more or less artistic, of the fashionable world.

But having travelled a few hundred miles,

* Since this was in type a friend has informed me that *Behisht* is itself an honourable distinction—meaning *Paradise*; and with this I am content.

day and night, I felt disposed for rest and an early sleep—and therefore very soon retired.

That night I made my first acquaintance in India with the voices of the jackals, which I had not heard since I was in Palestine. Of these I shall have to speak when we reach Calcutta. At present I must relieve my feelings by testifying against them as the authors of the most diabolical and hideous sounds I have ever had the misfortune to hear. I only regret being obliged to use such mild language when alluding to such wretches.

Next day we preached in the beautiful Scotch church of St. Andrews, and to a large audience.* It was the first time I had ever preached with punkahs cooling the church. The effect was most distracting, for the swinging of this huge fan alternately revealed and concealed my hearers. I no sooner caught the look of any individual, or number of individuals, which so much guides a speaker, than I instantly lost them again. But though this is a trial of patience as regards the preacher, yet were the punkah dispensed with there would be a worse infliction on every one of the hearers. The punkah is drawn by cords and pulleys, which pass to the outside of the place in which they are used. At private houses, old men may be seen seated under the verandah near the wall, their whole occupation being to pull this cord night and day, during the hot season (and when is it a cool one?), both for public rooms and bed-rooms. These men are generally in couples, to keep one another from sleeping. It is not a very exciting occupation, verily! Yet it is one necessary for the health—at all events, for the comfort—of the unhappy foreigner panting for air. There is a punkah over the sleeper in bed; over the preacher (even the most decided Sabatarian!) in the pulpit; over the party at dinner, whether on land or sea; over every man, woman, or child who wishes to breathe with any degree of ease. Woe be to the old creatures who hold the cords of our fate in a hot night, if they pause for one moment and let the oven get overheated! A loud shout is soon heard from the gasping sufferer, which quickly awakens the punkawalla, and restores the breeze.

It is only when one actually travels through such a country as India, that one begins to

realise its vast extent and its various “kindreds and tongues.” We felt this to the full after our journey to Madras. Yet we had scarcely touched India, except on a small part of its circumference. We had seen Bombay—a Presidency including upwards of twelve millions of people, or, if we include Sindh, Cutch, Gujerat, and Katewar, upwards of twenty-three millions, speaking Mahrathi, Gujrathi, Sindhi, with many dialects. We had sailed along a seaboard for nearly six hundred miles, and had been whirled on for upwards of four hundred more through a portion only of the Madras Presidency, itself with a population as great as that of Bombay, with an area larger than Great Britain and Ireland, peopled by various races, civilised and savage, speaking various languages,—Tamil, Telegu, Gond, Canarese, Malyalum, &c.!

Yet, how few think of India as if it were other than one country, with the same race, the same religion, and the same language! It would be just as near the truth to think of the Highlanders of Scotland as being one with the Turks of Constantinople, because both happen to be in Europe. Let me, therefore, without wearying the reader by long statistics, select a few facts out of many, which from time to time I may introduce into my narrative for the information of those who wish to learn as much as a mere Peep can teach regarding this vast portion of the British Empire.

The territory of British India is larger than all Europe, exclusive of Russia. Its population is between one hundred and eighty and two hundred millions. Let it not be supposed that there are no *native rulers* in this great territory. There are; perhaps, too many; and they govern upwards of forty millions of people, according to their own laws and customs. They enjoy princely revenues, but are under allegiance to Britain, and depend on her protection, without which there would be no safety for themselves, and but little security for liberty or justice to their people. This protection, though represented in a vast number of cases by the local magistrate, yet also implies the presence of an English Resident, or Commissioner, at each Native Court of any importance. With as little interference as possible, he is always ready to advise its government, to give a hint occasionally if he sees anything going very wrong, to prompt and encourage what is right, and to act as a check on the many influences, whether social, political, or fanatical, which surround native rulers. Accordingly, the “Yea” or “Nay” of the British

* The Church of Scotland has not only missionaries in India, but military chaplains for the Scotch troops. These are paid by Government, and have retiring pensions, &c. There are eleven of them. According to the treaty of Union, the Established Churches of England and Scotland have equal standing in the eye of the law beyond Great Britain. Neither is *the* Established Church.

agent, whether commissioner, resident, or magistrate, when the Governor-General says Amen to it, is omnipotent in any court from the Himalayas to the sea. However numerous his opponents may be, and however treacherous, yet he is as a decimal *dot*, after which all the figures, however great or numerous, become as fractions for evil. But, when the native rulers are disposed to do good, the said dot retires, and then all the military and political figures, whether Brahmins or Wahabees, resume their old places, either as mere ciphers, or with their full powers for good restored to them. There are thus under British protection 153 feudatory States, small and great, which, in addition to that of the Nizam, are ruled by Rajahs, Maharajahs, Nawabs, Thakoors, Jaghirdars, Chiefs, &c.

These native rulers, small and great, from petty chiefs to great princes, have altogether under their sway half of the area and nearly one-fourth of the population of British India. Such of them as do not represent dynasties begun by military adventurers, are the successors of cruel usurpers or professed robbers. None of these native rulers have a tenure or a history older than our own in India, while the really old families, like the Rajpoots, would have been dispossessed and extinguished long ago, had it not been for the protection afforded to them, at their own request, by the English. The annual sum drawn by all these feudatories, either directly from revenue or from pensions granted by the British Government, amounts to ten millions and a-half pounds.* In 1862 the pleasing intelligence was announced to the native rulers that the governments of the several princes and chiefs of India were to be maintained, and that "on failure of natural heirs, the British government will recognise and confirm any adoption of a successor by each of the reigning chiefs or his successor, made by the ruler or any of his successors." This is to be for ever, as long as the ruler and chief continue loyal.

For the purposes of administration the whole of India is divided into ten divisions. There are first of all the three old districts called the Presidencies, which grew out of the factories, or innocent warehouses and counting-houses, first established by the London merchants in British India! Each of

these having required a council and *president* to govern them, and a fort also to protect them, thence came the term "presidency," and the names of Fort William (Bengal), and Fort George (Madras), as representing the presidency towns. These presidencies remain, with a governor and legislative council, each with its own army, law courts, revenue administrations, educational establishments, &c., as distinct (strange to say!) as the several states of the American Union. All, however, are responsible to the Governor-General in the first instance, and then, along with him, to the Imperial Government at home. But to become more definitive: the ten divisions are these—(1.) *Bengal*, now divided into two, with an area larger than France or Austria, a population of nearly forty millions, and containing wild tribes more numerous than the inhabitants of Scotland. Its southern division is under a Lieutenant-Governor, who resides at Calcutta. (2.) *Madras*. (3.) *Bombay*. The respective areas and populations of these two Presidencies I have already noticed. (4.) *The North West Provinces* (including the towns of Agra, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares, &c.), rivalling Great Britain in extent, and with a population to each square mile greater than any kingdom in Europe.* These have a Lieutenant-Governor, and form the northern division of Bengal. (5.) *The Punjab*, from Delhi to Peshawar, which is as large as Italy, and nearly as populous, and also presided over by a Lieutenant-Governor. (6.) *Oudh*, which is governed by a Chief Commissioner, and is as large as Belgium and Holland, with a dense population of upwards of eight millions. (7.) *The Central Provinces*, which also are governed by a Chief Commissioner, are nearly as large as Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of upwards of six millions, and with wild districts inhabited by wild tribes. (8.) *Burmah*, also with a Chief Commissioner, is three times larger than Scotland, but with a smaller population. (9.) *Berar* (for the Nizam), larger than Denmark, and having a million and a half of people. And, (10.) *Mysore*, with three millions and a half, which is now being managed for its future rajah, who, for good or evil, is to be placed on the throne when he comes of age.

The civil service of all India is on the same system as that of Bombay, which I described in a former chapter. The ten great divisions enumerated are consequently sub-

* Among the pensioners are the King of Oudh, who receives £120,000 a year; and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who receives £40,000. About £1,800,700 is given annually in pensions of this kind, or compensations to persons who have suffered by "the chances of war," or by political necessities. The rest is guaranteed to the several native rulers or chiefs out of the revenues of their several states or properties, while the tribute from them all, which is paid out of the same revenue to the Indian Government, is £700,634.

* The greater portion of Bengal has 300 to the square mile, which is above the average of Great Britain and Ireland. The average in British India generally is 120; the largest in the East except Japan, which is 153. In China it is 77; in Russia in Asia it is only 15; in Persia 22; and in Turkey in Asia 29.

divided into about 110 districts (or counties), each with a collector-magistrate, or deputy-commissioner; while in most provinces these districts are further grouped into, what might be called, departments, having each a chief commissioner; and of these there are twenty-three. The revenue of this great country has reached the sum of fifty-two millions, and in spite of wars, mutinies, and famines, and notwithstanding the cessation of the income tax, has about doubled itself in fourteen years!

These statistics, though necessarily dry, will not be uninteresting if they convey to us some impression of the greatness of our Eastern Empire, and the magnitude and splendour of the charge committed to our country, and to us as her citizens. And this impression should be deepened when we come to reflect on the various languages of India, as indicating races either differing originally, or long severed from each other. The old Sanscrit of the Aryans has about fourteen family branches; while the indigenous, or Dravidian, has nine branches, besides many dialects. To these twenty-one languages, Hindostanee, or Urdu, has to be added, which is probably the most modern language

in the world. And then there are also the various religions with whose followers we come into contact: Hindoos (104,000,000), Buddhists (Burmah and Ceylon), (4,000,000), Mahommedans (30,000,000), Sikhs (1,129,319), and Parsees (250,000), &c. The aborigines, who are hardly known, number upwards of twelve millions, and have religious beliefs and customs totally different from those of the Hindoos.* How difficult it is to understand how to rule and to Christianize such a country as this! We in England seldom think of the great cities in India; and yet there are *twenty* with upwards of 100,000 of a population, very many more with upwards of 30,000, and hundreds with several thousands, while villages with populations as numerous as most of the capitals of our Scotch counties, are clustered over distances greater than between London and any European capital.

This, and a great deal more than this, must be known and remembered, ere a fair conclusion, approximating even to the truth, can be come to regarding the manner in which the Church or State in India have performed their respective duties.

HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

V.—ABRAHAM.

THE readers of this series of papers are in this to be taken back from the later development of Hebrew hero-life into which they have been looking, to the fountain-head from which it sprang, eleven hundred years before the time when Micaiah the son of Imla prophesied to Ahab and Jehoshaphat—to the time when Abram was born in the house of his father Terah. Here we stand amongst the great progenitors of our race. Abram's birth was but two hundred and eighty years after the flood: a shorter period than has passed since Queen Elizabeth sat under a tree which is still alive in Hatfield Park, and saw the approach of the royal messenger who brought her, instead of the expected warrant to a dungeon and a scaffold, the tidings of her succession to the throne of England.

Noah lived for sixty-two years after the birth of Abram, and may well have repeated in his hearing the wonderful story of that rescued life which the hand of God Himself had shut for safety into the ark of gopher-wood. It may be that by such communings was first nourished in the soul of the patriarch that supreme trust in God's presence

with him and care for him which was the warp into which was worked the great spiritual life of the friend of Jehovah and the father of the faithful. He was born to Terah in Ur of the Chaldees, one of the cities of the rich plain of Shinar, into which flowed the first streams of the life of the repeopled world—the cradle of the first Babylonish empire of which, through the mists of the long ages, we may dimly see the shadowy form of the great Nimrod, the “mighty hunter before the Lord,” laying the colossal foundations. Thus though himself of the favoured race of Shem, Terah, the father of Abram, lived in the midst of the first Hamitic empire. This dwelling in the tents of Ham gives a certain probability to the stories which Arabian and Jewish traditions have woven round his name. Holy Scripture tells us only, with its wonted simplicity of narrative, that “Terah dwelt on

* The latest and most authentic statistics give the following results as to the relative proportions of religions and races in British India, *excluding the feudatory states.*

Asiatic Christians	1,100,000
Buddhists	3,000,000
Aborigines	12,000,000
Mussalmans	25,000,000
Hindoos	110,000,000

the other side of the flood" (the characteristic name of "the great river, the river Euphrates") "in old time, and served other Gods" (Josh. xxiv. 2).

But the story grows in other records. Terah is a maker as well as a worshipper of idols. He is high in favour with the mighty Nimrod, and a chief captain in the Hamitic host. Abram, his son, is a believer in the unity of the God-head; keeping alive, under the secret visitations of grace, the true tradition of the faith as it had been received from Noah. In the fervour of his spirit he destroys his father's idols, who accuses him to Nimrod. Then the grand drama which was acted generations after in the days of Nebuchadnezzar so gloriously on the plain of Dura by the three descendants of the patriarch is asserted to have been anticipated by their great ancestor, on the plain of Shinar. Abram refuses the offers of the idolaters, and is cast into a burning furnace, from which Jehovah delivers him unharmed. Some striking differences of narrative seem to contradict the idea of the story being a mere casting back of later history into a fabulous antiquity. For instead of the constant fidelity of the three Jewish worthies, it is said in the old record of Abram's trial that Haran, Abram's brother, was sitting by and saying in his heart, "If Abram overcomes, I am on his side; and if Nimrod overcomes, I am on his." So when Abram was delivered, they turned to Haran, and demanded, "On whose side art thou?" and, seeing that Abram was safe, he answered, "I am of Abram's." So they cast him too into the furnace. But his heart not being whole with God, there was no deliverance for him, and so he was consumed.

These old traditions may or may not hold in solution facts historically true. They may be nothing more than the nimbus glory which streams from great saints and manifests itself to us by lighting up into an encircling crown the floating atoms of the past. But whether they record facts or imaginations, we know that dealings of God with his faithful servant not less wonderful than these did mark the life of Abram in that old plain of Shinar. So much the words of inspiration tell us: "The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran, and said, Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and come into the land that I shall show thee" (Acts vii. 2, 3).

Such was the summons, and the obedience of Abram was immediate and complete. The traditions of a life were broken up, he went forth out of Ur of the Chaldees, not knowing

whither he went" (Heb. xi. 8). The bitterness of that first parting with kinsmen and relatives and accustomed scenes and the habits of a life was mercifully lessened by his aged father Terah's going forth with him into the unknown land. How the old man was moved to this migration we can but guess. Nahor, the eldest son of the house, was dead; and though Haran, the second brother, remained at Ur, yet it may well be that Terah saw in the character of Abram that which marked him out as the foremost of his family, and therefore clung to the mysterious fortunes of his youngest son. And so they journeyed, as men journeyed in those days of old, with sons and daughters, and shepherds, and man-servants and maid-servants, and goods, across the roadless steppes, by the tracks which other travellers had marked upon the great plain. At Charran, in Mesopotamia, the cloudy pillar of God's presence halted, and for a while the migration stayed. There for Terah's lifetime they abode; understanding, however, as it seems, that this was but a broken halt, and that the more distinct summons of the original command beckoned him yet farther. And so, when Terah's bones were laid in their resting-place, the march again began, and upon a grander scale. As yet, though parted from their early home, the wanderers had not altogether quitted the land of their nativity. That patriarchal realm was bounded by the mighty Euphrates — the "great river," "the flood;" the "other side" of which to those ancient men was little less of a partition from all they knew of life than were the waters of the great Atlantic to the adventurous Columbus. Right across the flood the mystic summons called the son of Terah, and over it he dutifully sped, and came into the land of Canaan.

This second migration is marked as the turning-point of his life—the first great venture of his faith. The former migration had been one of those tribe movements which appertained to the early history of man, when from the East, in which he had been cradled, he moved forward, as the tides of ocean sway under the moon, "to replenish the earth and possess it." Then his father, Terah, is spoken of as having taken Abram, and they went forth from Ur of the Chaldees; but now the patriarch goes forth alone; now the Voice calls him, and he follows. "The Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. . . . So Abram departed as the Lord had spoken unto him. . . . And Abram was seventy and

five years old when he departed out of Haran."

On the whole face of the replenishing earth such another sight was nowhere to be seen. It was the single grand spectacle of humanity on which angels gazed with wondering joy. He was perhaps then the sole type of that one true Man who in the after-ages should spring from his seed to do the will of God perfectly; to hear always that voice, and always to follow it. This nobleness, different indeed in measure, but in kind the same, the faith of Abram imparted to his soul. He rose above this earth because he believed simply in God. This is the record of the Highest. When Abram was ninety years old and nine, "the Lord appeared and said unto him, Walk before me, and be thou perfect." This was the one grandeur of his life; and this was to be for ever commemorated in the new name given to him. "Neither shall thy name be any more Abram" ("father of elevation"), "but thy name shall be Abraham" ("father of a multitude"). This walking before God it was which invested him with that glorious character which the voice of the Lord himself, when speaking to Abimelech, attributed to him. "He is a prophet, and he shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live" (Gen. xx. 7). We never read of Abraham's predicting the future, and yet he was, for the voice of God declared it, "a prophet."

It is full of instruction for us to see wherein his prophetic character consisted. For we shall have poor and unworthy conceptions concerning the mighty office of the prophets of Jehovah so long as we confound them with the tribe of the mere predictors of the future. Such a prescience was indeed often imparted to the prophet to qualify him for his office. But, first, it was the accident, not the essence of his office. In the soothsayer and the oracle priestess, on the contrary, that declaration of the future, real or pretended, by guess or enigma, by dark sign or darker word, was the very central point of the whole ministration. Men came in the hope of having the blinding curtain which hung over the future lifted up for them; they sought nothing else; they could receive nothing more. But so it was not with the prophet of Jehovah. He was the witness to man of the living God of righteousness and truth. If he did predict, he did it to shake some ungodly heart with terror, or to build up some faithful soul in hope. Abram, though, so far as we know, he uttered no predictions, was a grand fulfiller of this office. By his simple obedience and his glorious faith he bore a witness

to Jehovah such as no other man then living, perhaps as no other mere man through all the generations of the sons of Adam, ever equalled, as, with all belonging to him, he crossed the flood, going he knew not whither, at the bidding of the Voice, how grandly did he mirror back to all times and all ages the faithfulness and truth of Him in whom he so trusted! Thus in this central characteristic of the prophetic office Abraham ranks high in the goodly fellowship.

But, again, the prophet of Jehovah differs from the soothsayers in this essential feature of his predictive faculty. The mere oracular utterance declared, or professed to declare, some isolated and disjointed fact, foreseen in itself by some accidental prescience, as the eye may see some solitary star through a chance opening in the cloudy canopy which veils the general heavens. Instead of this, the true prophet's revelation of the future based itself on the present and on the past. On the present, because to him who believes in the righteous government of the all-good and the unchangeable the present is ever full of types of the future, which, until they are fulfilled all remain dark to common eyes, but which are opened to the reading of his instructed gaze; and on the past, because that past as it lies written in history is but the record of God's dealings heretofore with man; and it is the ever unfolding line of God's dealings which is opened to him. The law and the right of the moral government of the mighty King, not the unmeaning triviality of some separate event which an idle or an interested curiosity longs to foreknow, is that which it is given to him to discern. To him therefore the past is the future, as it lies yet folded up and waiting for its development within the germinating seed; and to him therefore prophecy is history prolonged. His prediction, whether in word or in act, is the utterance of his spirit, as under the teaching of the Spirit of Jehovah it reaches forth into that yet future development of the truth and right with which it now commences in God.

Now, such a gift of prophecy as this was most surely given to Abraham. For Christ has said, "Abraham desired to see my day, and he saw it and was glad." The great insight of his faith reached on so far as that. When he received as simply true the word of God concerning the birth of Isaac—against hope believing in hope that he might become the father of many nations—not staggering at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God, and being fully persuaded that what

He had promised He was able to perform, as the God who calleth those things which be not as if they were (Rom. iv. 17—21), then he received the promise of the true Son, in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed. Here we see before our eyes this great insight of the prophet of Jehovah into the typical character of the present; for in this gift of Isaac beyond the rule of nature he read the gift of the virgin-born; in the present son of promise, the coming in the fulness of time of the promised seed; in the son of Sarah, the Son of Mary. It may well be that his eye was opened to read further types which for others lay impenetrably folded up in the blinding present. As he climbed the hill of sacrifice, ready to accomplish that vast venture of his unquestioning faith, may he not have seen in the child of promise, bearing beside him up the steep the wood of the sin-offering, the figure of the child of far greater promise, of the desire, not of his eyes only, but of all nations, as He too bore up the hill of Calvary the wood on which He was to be offered up, the one sacrifice of sin? (Heb. xi. 17—19.) Surely he foresaw the offering of the one sacrifice for sin when he saw the day of Christ and was glad. Nay, may we not gather that even the mighty mystery of the resurrection of the Lord was read by him in the giving back to him of Isaac, from those pregnant words of the Epistle to the Hebrews which tell us that his faith grasped the seemingly audacious hope that "God was able to raise Isaac even from the dead?"

This prophetic gift, then, we may trace in Abraham.

But further, it is the prophet's office not only to read, but also to declare the future. This he may do in word or in act. Ezekiel as truly prophesied in act, when, at God's command, he portrayed the city of Jerusalem on a hill, and laid siege against it, and cast a mount against it, and lay on his right side and then on his left side, as when he uttered the predictive words which foretold the coming judgment. And in act, who was a greater prophet than Abraham? His whole life was, in the highest sense of the mysterious word, a prophecy. This leaving Charran, this "crossing of the flood," what else were they but acted prophecies of the mighty truth which shines conspicuously in the Gospel pages, that the man who would inherit the heavenly Canaan must be content to leave father and mother and all that he hath, and to follow houseless and homeless the call of Jesus? And as it was from the

beginning, so it was unto the end. Almost every recorded fact in Abraham's life is full of prophecy. In this high sense he is indeed the father of the faithful; and the history of all his children is fore-acted in himself. How simply and emphatically was he in act the true forerunner of all who ever since have "died in faith!" (Heb. xi. 14—16). Thus it was in the point of his history which we had reached. After the signal obedience which was accomplished in his leaving, at God's call, his home and all that he had, and crossing the Euphrates, to be led on he knew not whither, he is brought to the northern fords of Jordan, and crosses over them into the land of his future inheritance. The district that he entered was the most fertile of that whole valley of abundance. He passed up the valley of the Jabbok into the plain of Moreh. There, when his eye had been filled with the sense of beauty which is so keenly awakened after a weary journey through a waste, by the sight of abundance and verdure, "the Lord appeared unto Abram and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land" (Gen. xii. 7). There, in the fulness of his grateful trust, Abram built his first altar in the land of promise to the God who had appeared unto him. Perhaps he thought that all his wanderings were over, that thenceforward he might know again in this land of beautiful fertility the sweetnesses of home; but it was not to be so. He is indeed allowed to halt for a season in the earthly paradise he had entered. The first taste of the good land was to be one of rest after labour, of enjoyment after suffering, of the springing water and the vine and olive, after the drouthy, fruitless, barren desert. But the rest was not to last long, or even his faithful energy might have been relaxed; for "over sweetness breedeth gall, and too much joy, even spiritual, maketh men wanton:"* and so he tastes and passes on. All that he looks upon shall be his; but it is not his yet: "the Canaanite was then in the land." The enemy must be cast out before the joy of the faithful can be full. The time of that deliverance is hidden deep in the unrevealed counsels of God. In Abraham's day the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full: for all his children in faith the mystery of iniquity is not yet accomplished. Of that day and that hour knoweth no man. But it shall come. Evil shall be driven in upon itself: the seven nations of the wicked shall be driven out. The heir of all things shall possess the earth. And so the rich plain is

* Hooker.

to be left almost as soon as it has been gained; and from its luxurious ease the guiding pillar leads him on to the safe but barren upland. There he pitches his tent, "on a mountain on the east of Bethel, having Bethel on the west and Hai on the east;" and there again "he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called on the name of the Lord." Bethel and Hai, names unknown as yet in any sacred story, famous as they shall thereafter become for God's dealings with his people, for God's revelation to his saints. As yet there was no Beth-el, no house of God; it was known only as the district lying near to Luz, a heathen city of the elder Canaanite possession, the dreary dwelling-place of the godless and the idol worshippers. That first altar to Jehovah, as it rose under the hand of Abram, was itself a prophecy of all that was to follow; it foretold God's gracious vision to the wandering outcast from the family of Isaac; and again God's meeting him, as he came back from Padan Aram, and, after the mysterious night wrestling, endowing him with the name of Israel—that name of mystic significance, whether it be "thou hast contended,"* or, as the elders have it, the "prince with God."† It prophesied of the time when the ark of the covenant should here be fixed, with Aaron's grandson ministering before it, and when the repentant children of Israel should come here in their extremity to seek succour and direction from their fathers' God (Judges xx. 18, 31; xxi. 2).

Yet even here, at his mountain encampment, the faithful wanderer was not long to halt. To make his act of prophecy perfect, he was to be as destitute of any fixed habitation as is the Bedouin Arab of the wilderness. "Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south" (Gen. xii. 9). He was to show that he had "embraced the promises of God and confessed that he was a stranger and pilgrim on the earth" (Heb. xi. 13).

Then began those perpetual marches of his consecrated tent wherewith he moved up and down the land which his seed was hereafter to inherit, though not so much was given him in possession as to set his foot upon. And so with some brief, interposed intervals, in which he sojourned in Egypt, or amongst the Philistine lords on the plains which skirted the neighbouring seaboard, his long after-life was spent upon the rocky ridges and high grassy uplands of the hill country of Canaan; on which there slept in the sunlight, or fluttered beneath the sweeping breezes of the night,

the white folds of the great wanderer's tent. What a sight it was for the watchers of God's angel host, as they marked the man of faith standing well-nigh alone on a rebellious, unbelieving earth, building from post to post his altar to the Lord, confessing his name, doing his will, interceding for offenders, communing as a man communes with his friend, with the Almighty Jehovah! As those sacred circuits measured out the land, attesting its future possession by the faithful, what a prophecy did they utter of the setting up, on the mountain of the Lord of Hosts, of Messiah's kingdom! For within those circling folds there was gathered, in seed and promise, all the future Church of Christ. There was the family in covenant with Jehovah; there, the living faith which from generation to generation joins the soul of man to God. There was the only sure knowledge of the one true God; there, the revelation of his will. There, in the mysterious visitation of the three stranger forms before his tent door, subsiding into the single presence of Jehovah, was already a declaration of the hidden majesty of the Trinity in Unity. There, given perhaps already by sacred tradition from Noah—there, in vision, in dream, and by voice, vouchsafed to the watching patriarch, was all which should grow, under the prophetic breathing of the future, into the lively oracles of God. There, already, faith spread its strong wing, and soared in what were hereafter David's Messianic Psalms, and Isaiah's evangelic predictions. There, in the shadows of the covenant, sealed in circumcision and renewed in burnt-offerings, were the great sacraments of the Gospel Church, waiting only the appointed day of their open manifestation.

Surely, in no other time or place has the earth ever seen a life like that of the hero patriarch, which God's hand had shut within those enfolding curtains. By many a fire of furnace heat that great soul was tempered and annealed to do and bear without reserve the will of God. When, leaving all behind him, he crossed in simple trust the great river, he would, in man's judgment, have been pronounced already perfect in faith. Yet further trial brought to light an unsuspected weakness even in that great heart, and under a wholly new temptation the faith even of the father of the faithful wavered. A famine drove him into Egypt, which was even then beginning to develop its early heathen civilisation, strongly marked with deep lines of sensual indulgence and despotic power. The tented wanderer shrank as the Arab of the desert shrinks from the crowded city life, and

* So Gesenius and Rosenmüller. † St. Jerome.

he who through his desert migration and mountain wanderings had found ever in those vast solitudes abundant companionship in the presence of his God, felt himself forsaken and alone in the more depressing isolation of being immersed in the full busy stream of life, separated in every sympathy from his own. In this depression his great heart sank within him, and he sought to save his life, endangered by the coveted beauty of Sarai, by the denial of his wife. God was better to him than his fears, and delivered him from the danger which he dreaded, and he came up from Egypt enriched by the largess of its king, and safe under the shadow of the Almighty hand.

To purge away this remaining weakness he was still held by the hand of Love in the furnace heat. It was specially in all that concerned the child of promise that the long discipline and perfecting of his faith lay. There was first the long nine-and-twenty years of waiting from the date of the first promise for this still protracted birth. The slow years of waiting crept on until to mere nature the gift seemed to be impossible. Then when Isaac had been given there was the casting forth of Ishmael, who it is plain had greatly engaged the affections of the otherwise childless father. The thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son (Gen. xxi. 11.) Then, so far as Scripture has recorded his life, there was a lull in the sharp discipline of the great patriarch. The early years of Isaac's life passed peacefully, and he grew up in his father's tent, a meek and docile son, from childhood to maturity. But when this one delight of the aged pair, this gift beyond nature, this heir of so many promises, was something more than twenty years of age, once more his father's faith was subjected to the signal trial into which all the lesser ones of his life ran up and found their completion. He is called upon to offer up this beloved son, the one gift of gifts, in sacrifice upon the mountain of Moriah. He hears the voice, and he obeys : slowly up the hill of sacrifice his patient feet climb ; the victim bearing the wood for the burnt-offering by his side. His faith is tested to the very uttermost. For not until the sacrificial knife is raised to slay his son is that obedient hand stayed. This was the last great act of discipline. Now at last his noble, single-hearted faith was perfected. So the voice of God proclaimed : "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord : for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing

I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven ; . . . and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice " (Gen. xxii. 16—18).

The special purpose of the sacred records of the life of Abraham is written plain upon their surface. They are chosen with the one plain purpose of illustrating in this chiefest example the life of faith. They show us its root in the word of Jehovah ; its fruit in simple obedience ; in the grandeur of an unfaltering trust ; in the fulness of a life of sacrifice. They show us its nourishment in secret communings with God, its reward in the gift of righteousness, and with that the promised inheritance of the world.

But whilst the great purpose of the sacred narrative is to show us how this grand faith was formed, perfected, and crowned in Abraham, enough besides this is left on record to exhibit him as a real man and no imaginary figure. Thus we see him not only in his acts and communings as the friend of God, but also on his earthly side, in his intercourse with his immediate kindred on earth, with those in whose borders he sojourned or with whom the events of his life brought him into contact. All of these wear the same character. He is the Great Shiek. Grand, generous, powerful ; when necessary, warlike, and always munificent. Thus when increasing riches make the parting of himself and Lot, his brother's son, necessary for the peace of their retainers, he cedes at once to the younger man the choice of habitation, content himself to take whichever district is abandoned to him. His nephew's greedy selection of the well-watered plain involves him in the calamities which soon after overwhelmed the native chieftains. One of the many migrations of the more warlike northern tribes broke upon the rich and enervated dwellers in the vale of Sodom ; and the retiring wave of plundering aggression bore back with it, amongst the captives, the kinsman of Abraham. Though Lot's misfortunes had been the fruit of his greed, yet the generous heart of Abraham is at once touched to the quick by the terrible captivity of his brother's son. With Bedouin speed Abraham armed three hundred and eighteen trained men, born in his service, and with three confederate chiefs, Aner, Eshcol, and Mamré, attacks the retreating plunderers, routs them completely, rescues his nephew and his goods : and even drives back the emigrating horde into their own distant territory.

The returning conqueror is met by a two-

fold greeting; one enveloped in no little mystery; both displaying highly indicative traits of Abraham's character. To the king of Sodom's proposition, that he should yield to him the ransomed captives and retain the recovered goods, Abraham's answer reveals at once his estimate of that evil brood, in the midst of whom Lot from covetousness had so rashly settled, and his jealousy for the honour of his God. "I have lift up mine hand unto the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take from a thread to a shoe latchet, and that I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abram rich" (Gen. xiv. 22, 23).

The other greeting was from that half-revealed figure which reappears with undiminished mystery in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Who this Melchizedek was—the king of Salem, the priest of the most high God, the king of peace to whom Abram gave tithes of all—conjecture has from the earliest Christian time been busy to discover. The older belief rejected as impossible the newest theory that he was a Canaanitish prince, and delighted to see under this garb of mystery the priestly son of Noah, the venerable Shem, transported by the might of his God to bless his great descendant in whom now the whole line of the faithful was embodied.

The burial of Sarah throws out again into a strong relief the figure of the patriarch as he shows amidst the men around him. His first and only possession of the land of Canaan is the cave of Machpelah, which he purchases of Ephron the Hittite, that he may lay in it the body of the dead wife, who through so many

eventful years had been the faithful sharer of his ventures and his wanderings, and whom God himself had changed from being Sarai the quarrelsome, into Sarah the princess.

The aged man comes with his precious burden to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her. "I am a stranger," he says, in a half-deprecating tone, to the children of Heth, "and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place amongst you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight." The answer gives us, as though it were the event of yesterday, the Hittite view of him who wandered up and down their country the friend of God alone. "Thou art a mighty prince amongst us, in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead" (Gen. xxiii. 6). With grand oriental solemnity "the mighty prince amongst them" bows himself down before the children of the land, and declines to share with them in death, as he could not share with them in life, and weighs out to them in shekels of silver, current money with the merchants, the full price of Machpelah's cave.

Eight-and-thirty years later the stone was rolled from the cavern's mouth, and Isaac and Ishmael bore another honoured corpse into the shelter of that tomb. Abraham was laid beside Sarah his wife. The long toil, the many ventures, the faithful service, the joyful communing with Jehovah—these were over. The mighty faith which God's love had kindled, which many prayers had fed, which many trials had perfected, had lasted on even to the end, and "Abraham gave up the ghost and died in a good old age, an old man and full of years, and was gathered to his people."

THRIFT.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT WINCHESTER, MARCH 17, 1869.

LADIES,—I have chosen for the title of this lecture a practical and prosaic word, because I intend the lecture itself to be as practical and prosaic as I can make it, without becoming altogether dull.

The question of the better or worse education of women is one far too important for vague sentiment, wild aspirations, or Utopian dreams.

It is a practical question, on which depends, not merely money or comfort, but too often health and life as the consequences of a good education, or disease and death (I know too well of what I speak) as the consequences of a bad one.

I beg you, therefore, to put out of your minds at the outset any fancy that I wish for a social revolution in the position of women, or that I wish to see them educated by exactly the same methods, and in exactly the same subjects as men. British lads, on an average, are far too ill-taught still, in spite of all recent improvements, for me to wish that British girls should be taught in the same way.

Moreover, whatever defects there may have been—and defects there must be in all things human—in the past education of British women, it has been most certainly a splendid moral success. It has made, by the grace of God, British women the best wives,

mothers, daughters, aunts, sisters, that the world, as far as I can discover, has yet seen.

Let those who will sneer at the women of England. We who have to do the work and to fight the battle of life know the inspiration which we derive from their virtue, their counsel, their tenderness, and—but too often—from their compassion and their forgiveness. There is, I doubt not, still left in England many a man with chivalry and patriotism enough to challenge the world to show so perfect a specimen of humanity as a cultivated British woman.

But just because a cultivated British woman is so perfect a personage, therefore I wish to see all British women cultivated. Because the womanhood of England is so precious a treasure, I wish to see none of it wasted. It is an invaluable capital, or material, out of which the greatest possible profit to the nation must be made. And that can only be done by thrift; and that, again, can only be attained by knowledge.

Consider that word thrift. If you will look at Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, or if you know your Shakespeare, you will see that thrift signified originally profits, gain, riches gotten—in a word, the marks of a man's thriving.

How, then, did the word thrift get to mean parsimony, frugality, the opposite of waste? Just in the same way as economy (which first, of course, means the management of a household) got to mean also the opposite of waste.

It was found that in commerce, in husbandry, in any process, in fact, men thrive in proportion as they saved their capital, their material, their force.

Now this is a great law which runs through life; one of those laws of nature—call them, rather, laws of God—which apply not merely to political economy, to commerce, and to mechanics, but to physiology, to sociology, to the intellect, to the heart, of every person in this room.

The secret of thriving is thrift; saving of force; to get as much work as possible done with the least expenditure of power, the least jar and obstruction, the least wear and tear.

And the secret of thrift is knowledge. In proportion as you know the laws and nature of a subject, you will be able to work at it easily, surely, rapidly, successfully, instead of wasting your money or your energies in mistaken schemes, irregular efforts, which end in disappointment and exhaustion.

The secret of thrift, I say, is knowledge. The more you know, the more you can save yourself and that which belongs to you, and do more work with less effort.

A knowledge of the laws of commercial credit, we all know, saves capital, enabling a less capital to do the work of a greater. Knowledge of the electric telegraph saves time; knowledge of writing saves human speech and locomotion; knowledge of domestic economy saves income; knowledge of sanitary laws saves health and life; knowledge of the laws of the intellect saves wear and tear of brain; and knowledge of the laws of the spirit—what does it not save?

A well-educated moral sense, a well-regulated character, saves from idleness and ennui, alternating with sentimentality and excitement, those tenderer emotions, those deeper passions, those nobler aspirations of humanity, which are the heritage of the woman far more than of the man, and which are potent in her, for evil or for good, in proportion as they are left to run wild and undisciplined, or are trained and developed into graceful, harmonious, self-restraining strength, beautiful in themselves, and a blessing to all who come under their influence.

What, therefore, I recommend to ladies in this lecture is thrift; thrift of themselves and of their own powers: and knowledge as the parent of thrift.

And because it is well to begin with the lower applications of thrift, and to work up to the higher, I am much pleased to hear that the first course of the proposed lectures to women will be one on domestic economy.

I presume that the learned gentleman who will deliver these lectures will be the last to mean by that term the mere saving of money; that he will tell you, as (being a German) he will have good reason to know, that the young lady who learns thrift in domestic economy is also learning thrift of the very highest faculties of her immortal spirit. He will tell you, I doubt not (for he must know), how you may see in Germany young ladies living in what we more luxurious British would consider something like poverty; cooking, waiting at table, and performing many a household office which would be here considered menial: and yet finding time for a cultivation of the intellect, which is unfortunately too rare in Great Britain.

The truth is, that we British are too wealthy. We make money, if not too rapidly for the good of the nation at large, yet too rapidly, I fear, for the good of the daughters of those who make it. Their temptation—I do not of course say they all yield to it—but their temptation is, to waste of the very simplest (I had almost said, if I may be pardoned the expression, of the most barbaric) kind—to

an oriental waste of money, and waste of time; to a fondness for mere finery, pardonable enough, but still a waste; and to the mistaken fancy that it is the mark of a lady to sit idle and let servants do everything for her.

Such women may well take a lesson by contrast from the pure and noble, useful and cultivated thrift of an average German young lady—for ladies these German women are, in every possible sense of the word.

But it is not of this sort of waste of which I wish to speak to-day. I only mention the matter in passing, to show that high intellectual culture is not incompatible with the performance of homely household duties, and that the moral success of which I spoke just now need not be injured, any more than it is in Germany, by an intellectual success likewise. I trust that these words may re-assure those parents, if any such there be here, who may fear that these lectures will withdraw women from their existing sphere of interest and activity. That they should entertain such a fear is not surprising, after the extravagant opinions and schemes which have been lately broached in various quarters.

The programme to these lectures expressly disclaims any such intentions; and I, as a husband and a father, expressly disclaim any such intention likewise.

“To fit women for the more enlightened performance of their special duties;” to help them towards learning how to do better what we doubt not they are already doing well, is, I honestly believe, the only object of the promoters of this scheme.

Let us see now how some of these special duties can be better performed by help of a little enlightenment as to the laws which regulate them.

Now, no man will deny—certainly no man who is past forty-five, and whose digestion is beginning to quail before the lumps of beef and mutton which are the boast of a British kitchen, and to prefer, with Justice Shallow, and (I presume) Sir John Falstaff also, “any pretty little tiny kickshaws”—no man, I say, who has reached that age, but will feel it a practical comfort to him to know that the young ladies of his family are at all events good cooks; and understand, as the French do, thrift in the matter of food.

Neither will any parent who wishes, naturally enough, that his daughters should cost him as little as possible; and wishes, naturally enough also, that they should be as well-dressed as possible, deny that it would be a good thing for them to be practical milliners and mantua-makers, and, by

making their own clothes gracefully and well, exercise thrift in clothing.

But, beside this thrift in clothing, I am not alone, I believe, in wishing for some thrift in the energy which produces it. Labour misapplied, you will agree, is labour wasted; and as dress, I presume, is intended to adorn the person of the wearer, the making a dress which only disfigures her may be considered as a plain case of waste. It would be impertinent in me to go into any details: but it is impossible to walk about the streets of London now without passing young people who must be under a deep delusion as to the success of their own toilette. Instead of graceful and noble simplicity of form, instead of combinations of colour at once rich and delicate, because in accordance with the chromatic laws of nature, one meets with phenomena more and more painful to the eye, and startling to common sense, till one would be hardly more astonished, and certainly hardly more shocked, if in a year or two one should pass in Regent Street some one going about like a Chinese lady, with pinched feet, or like a savage of the Amazons, with a wooden bung through the lower lip. It is easy to complain of these monstrosities: but impossible to cure them, it seems to me, without an education of the taste, an education in those laws of nature which produce beauty in form and beauty in colour. For that the cause of these failures lies in want of education is patent. They are most common in—I had almost said they are confined to—those classes of well-to-do persons who are the least educated; who have no standard of taste of their own; and who do not acquire any from cultivated friends and relations: who, in consequence, dress themselves blindly according to what they conceive to be the Paris fashions, conveyed at third-hand through an equally uneducated dressmaker; in innocent ignorance of the fact—for fact I believe it to be—that Paris fashions are invented now not in the least for the sake of beauty, but for the sake of producing, through variety, increased expenditure, and thereby increased employment; according to the strange system which now prevails in France of compelling, if not prosperity, at least the signs of it; and like school-boys before a holiday, nailing up the head of the weather glass to insure fine weather.

Let British ladies educate themselves in those laws of beauty which are as eternal as any other of nature's laws; which may be seen fulfilled, as Mr. Ruskin tells us, so eloquently in every flower, and every leaf, in

every sweeping down of rippling wave : and they will be able to invent graceful and economical dresses for themselves, without importing tawdry and expensive ugliness from France.

Let me now go a step further, and ask you to consider this.—There are in England now a vast number, and an increasing number, of young women who, from various circumstances which we all know, must in after life be either the mistresses of their own fortunes, or the earners of their own bread. And, to do that wisely and well, they must be more or less women of business ; and to be women of business, they must know something of the meaning of the words capital, profit, price, value, labour, wages, and of the relation between those two last. In a word, they must know a little political economy. Nay, I sometimes think that the mistress of every household might find, not only thrift of money, but thrift of brain, freedom from mistakes, anxieties, worries of many kinds, all of which eat out the health as well as the heart, by a little sound knowledge of the principles of political economy.

When we consider that every mistress of a household is continually buying, if not selling ; that she is continually hiring and employing labour, in the form of servants ; and very often, into the bargain, keeping her husband's accounts : I cannot but think that her hard-worked brain might be clearer, and her hard-trying desire to do her duty by every subject in her little kingdom, might be more easily satisfied, had she read something of what Mr. John Stuart Mill has written, especially on the duties of employer and employed. A capitalist, a commercialist, an employer of labour, and an accountant—every mistress of a household is all these, whether she likes it or not : and it would be surely well for her, in so very complicated a state of society as this, not to trust merely to that mother-wit, that intuitive sagacity and innate power of ruling her fellow-creatures, which carries women so nobly through their work in simpler and less civilised societies.

And here I stop to answer those who may say, as I have heard it said, that a woman's intellect is not fit for business ; that when a woman takes to business, she is apt to do it ill, and unpleasantly likewise ; to be more suspicious, more irritable, more grasping, more unreasonable, than regular men of business would be ; that, as I have heard it put, "a woman does not fight fair." The answer is simple. That a woman's intellect is eminently fitted for business is proved by the

enormous amount of business she gets through without any special training for it : but those faults in a woman of which some men complain are simply the results of her not having had a special training. She does not know the laws of business. She does not know the rules of the game she is playing ; and therefore she is playing it in the dark, in fear and suspicion, apt to judge of questions on personal grounds, often offending those with whom she has to do, and oftener still making herself miserable over matters of law or of business, on which a little sound knowledge would set her head and her heart at rest.

When I have seen widows, having the care of children, of a great household, of a great estate, of a great business, struggling heroically, and yet often mistakenly ; blamed severely for selfishness and ambition, while they were really sacrificing themselves with the divine instinct of a mother for their children's interest, I have stood by with mingled admiration and pity, and said to myself, "How nobly she is doing the work without teaching ! How much more nobly would she have done it had she been taught ! She is now doing the work at the most enormous waste of energy and of virtue : had she had knowledge, thrift would have followed it ; she would have done more work with far less trouble. She will probably kill herself if she goes on : sound knowledge would have saved her health, saved her heart, saved her friends, and helped the very loved ones for whom she labours, not always with success."

A little political economy, therefore, will at least do no harm to a woman ; especially if she have to take care of herself in after life : neither, I think, will she be much harmed by some sound knowledge of another subject, which I see promised in these lectures,— "Natural philosophy, in its various branches, such as the chemistry of common life, light, heat, electricity, &c., &c."

A little knowledge of the laws of light, for instance, would teach many women that by shutting themselves up day after day, week after week, in darkened rooms, they are as certainly committing a waste of health, destroying their vital energy, and diseasing their brains, as if they were taking so much poison the whole time.

A little knowledge of the laws of heat would teach women not to clothe themselves and their children after foolish and insufficient fashions, which in this climate sow the seeds of a dozen different diseases, and have

to be atoned for by perpetual anxieties and by perpetual doctors' bills; and as for a little knowledge of the laws of electricity, one thrift I am sure it would produce—thrift to us men, of having to answer continual inquiries as to what the weather is going to be, when a slight knowledge of the barometer, or of the form of the clouds and the direction of the wind, would enable many a lady to judge for herself, and not, after inquiry on inquiry, disregard all warnings, go out on the first appearance of a strip of blue sky, and come home wet through, with what she calls "only a chill," but which really means a nail driven into her coffin—a probable shortening, though it may be a very small one, of her mortal life; because the food of the next twenty-four hours, which should have gone to keep the vital heat at its normal standard, will have to be wasted in raising it up to that standard, from which it has fallen by a chill.

Ladies, these are subjects on which I must beg to speak a little more at length, premising them by one statement, which may seem jest, but is solemn earnest—that, if the medical men of this or any other city were what the world now calls "alive to their own interests"—that is, to the mere making of money—instead of being, what medical men are, the most generous, disinterested, and high-minded class in these realms, then they would oppose by all means in their power the delivery of lectures on natural philosophy to women; for if women act upon what they learn in those lectures—and having women's hearts, they will act upon it—there ought to follow a decrease of sickness, and an increase of health, especially among children—a thrift of life, and a thrift of expense besides, which would very seriously affect the income of medical men.

For let me ask you, ladies, with all courtesy, but with all earnestness—Are you aware of certain facts, of which every one of those excellent medical men is too well aware? Are you aware that more human beings are killed in England every year by unnecessary and preventable diseases than were killed at Waterloo or at Sadowa? Are you aware that the great majority of those victims are children? Are you aware that the diseases which carry them off are for the most part such as ought to be specially under the control of the women who love them, pet them, educate them, and would in many cases, if need be, lay down their lives for them? Are you aware, again, of the vast amount of disease which, so both wise mothers and wise doctors assure me, is engendered in the

sleeping-room from simple ignorance of the laws of ventilation, and in the school-room likewise, from simple ignorance of the laws of physiology? from keeping the brain too long on the stretch, especially immediately after meals? from making girls sit on hard forms without any support to the back? and from many other mistakes of which I shall mention no other case here save one—that too often from ignorance of signs of approaching disease, a child is punished for what is called idleness, listlessness, wilfulness, sulkiness, and punished too in the unwise way by an increase of tasks and confinement to the house, thus overtasking still more a brain already overtasked, and depressing still more, by robbing it of oxygen and of exercise, a system already depressed? Are you aware, I ask again, of all this? I speak earnestly upon this point, because I speak with experience. As a single instance: A medical man, a friend of mine, passing by his own school-room, heard one of his own little girls screaming and crying, and went in. The governess, an excellent woman, but wholly ignorant of the laws of physiology, complained that the child had of late become obstinate, and would not learn; and that therefore she must punish her by keeping her in doors over the unlearned lessons. The father, who knew that the child was usually a very good one, looked at her carefully for a little while; sent her out of the school-room; and then said, "That child must not open a book for a month." "If I had not acted so," he said to me, "I should have had that child dead of brain-disease within the year."

Now in the face of such facts as these, is it too much to ask of mothers, sisters, aunts, nurses, governesses, all who may be occupied in the care of children, especially of girls, that they should study thrift of human health and human life, by studying somewhat the laws of life and health? There are books—I may say a whole literature of books—written by scientific doctors on these matters, which are in my mind far more important to the school-room than half the trashy accomplishments, so-called, which are expected to be known by governesses. But are they bought? Are they even to be bought, at most country booksellers? Ah for a little knowledge of the laws of physiology—of the laws of ventilation—of the value of different kinds of food and clothing—of those sanitary laws, to the neglect of which is owing so much fearful disease, which, if it does not produce immediate death, too often leaves

the constitution impaired for years to come ! Ah the waste of health and strength in the young ; the waste, too, of anxiety and misery in those who love and tend them ! How much of it might be saved by a little rational education in those laws of nature which are the will of God about the welfare of our bodies, and which, therefore, we are as much bound to know and to obey, as we are bound to know and obey the spiritual laws whereon depends the welfare of our souls !

Pardon me, ladies, if I have given a moment's pain to any one here : but I appeal to every medical man in the room whether I have not spoken the truth : and having such an opportunity as this, I felt that I must speak for the sake of children, and of women likewise, or else for ever hereafter hold my peace.

Let me pass on from this painful subject (for painful it has been to me for many years) to a question of intellectual thrift—by which I mean just now thrift of words ; thrift of truth ; restraint of the tongue ; accuracy and modesty in statement.

Mothers complain to me that girls are apt to be, not intentionally untruthful, but exaggerative, prejudiced, incorrect, in repeating a conversation or describing an event ; and that from this fault arise, as is to be expected, misunderstandings, quarrels, rumours, slanders, scandals, and what not.

Now for this waste of words there is but one cure ; and if I be told that it is a natural fault of women—that they cannot take the calm judicial view of matters which men boast, and often boast most wrongly that they can take—that under the influence of hope, fear, delicate antipathy, honest moral indignation, they will let their eyes and ears be governed by their feelings, and see and hear only what they wish to see and hear : I answer—that it is not for me as a man to start such a theory ; but that if it be true, it is an additional argument for some education which will correct this supposed natural defect. And I say deliberately that there is but one sort of education which will correct it ; one which will teach young women to observe facts accurately, judge them calmly, describe them carefully without adding or distorting : and that is, some training in natural science.

I beg you not to be startled : but if you are, test the truth of my theory by playing to-night at the game called “Russian Scandal,” in which a story, repeated in secret by one player to the other, comes out at the end of the game, owing to the inaccurate and—forgive me if I say it—uneducated brains through which it has passed, utterly unlike

its original ; not only ludicrously maimed and distorted, but often with the most fantastic additions of events, details, names, dates, places, which each player will aver that he received from the player before him. I am afraid that too much of the average gossip of every city, town, and village is little more than a game of “Russian Scandal :” with this difference, that while one is but a game, the other is but too mischievous earnest.

But now, if among your party there shall be an average lawyer, medical man, or man of science, you will find that he, and perhaps he alone, will be able to retail accurately the story which has been told him. And why ? Simply because his mind has been trained to deal with facts ; to ascertain exactly what he does see or hear ; and to imprint its leading features strongly and clearly on his memory.

Now you certainly cannot make young ladies barristers, or attorneys, or employ their brains in getting up cases, civil or criminal ; and as for chemistry, they and their parents may have a reasonable antipathy to smells, blackened fingers, and occasional explosions and poisonings : but you may make them something of botanists, zoologists, geologists.

I could say much on this point ; but allow me at least to say this. I verily believe that any young lady who would employ some of her leisure time in collecting wild flowers, carefully examining them, verifying them, and arranging them ; or who would in her summer trip to the sea-coast do the same by the common objects of the shore, instead of wasting her holiday, as one sees hundreds doing, in lounging on benches on the esplanade, reading worthless novels, and criticizing dresses—that such a young lady, I say, would not only open her own mind to a world of wonder, beauty, and wisdom, which if it did not make her a more reverent and pious soul, she cannot be the woman which I take for granted she is : but would save herself from the habit—I had almost said the necessity—of gossip ; because she would have things to think of and not merely persons ; facts instead of fancies : while she would acquire something of accuracy, of patience, of methodical observation and judgment, which would stand her in good stead in the events of daily life, and increase her power of bridling her tongue and her imagination. “God is in heaven, and thou upon earth : therefore let thy words be few,” is the lesson which those are learning all day long who study the works of

God with reverent accuracy, lest by misrepresenting them they should be tempted to say that God has done that which He has not : and in that wholesome discipline I long that women as well as men should share.

And now I come to a thrift of the highest kind, as contrasted with a waste the most deplorable and ruinous of all—thrift of those faculties which connect us with the unseen and spiritual world, with humanity, with Christ, with God—thrift of the immortal spirit. I am not going now to give you a sermon on duty. You hear such, I doubt not, in church every Sunday, far better than I can preach to you. I am going to speak rather of thrift of the heart, thrift of the emotions. How they are wasted in these days in reading what are called sensation novels, all know but too well ; how British literature, all that the best hearts and intellects among our forefathers have bequeathed to us, is neglected for light fiction, the reading of which is, as a lady well said, the worst form of intemperance—dram-drinking and opium eating, intellectual and moral.

I know that the young will delight—they have delighted in all ages and will to the end of time—in fictions which deal with that “oldest tale which is for ever new.” Novels will be read : but that is all the more reason why women should be trained, by the perusal of a higher, broader, deeper literature, to distinguish the good novel from the bad, the moral from the immoral, the noble from the base, the true work of art from the sham which hides its shallowness and vulgarity under a tangled plot and melodramatic situations. She should learn—and that she can only learn by cultivation—to discern with joy, and drink in with reverence, the good, the beautiful, and the true ; and to turn with the fine scorn of a pure and strong womanhood from the bad, the ugly, and the false.

And if any parent should be inclined to reply, “Why lay so much stress upon educating a girl in British literature ? Is it not far more important to make our daughters read religious books ?” I answer, Of course it is. I take for granted that that is done in a Christian land. But I beg you to recollect that there are books and books ; and that in these days of a free press it is impossible, in the long run, to prevent girls reading books of very different shades of opinion, and very different religious worth. It may be, therefore, of the very highest importance to a girl to have her intellect, her taste, her emotions, her moral sense, in a word, her whole woman-

hood, so cultivated and regulated that she shall herself be able to discern the true from the false, the orthodox from the unorthodox, the truly devout from the merely sentimental, the Gospel from its counterfeits.

I should have thought that there never had been in Britain, since the Reformation, a crisis at which young Englishwomen required more careful cultivation on these matters ; if at least they are to be saved from making themselves and their families miserable ; and from ending (as I have known too many end) with broken hearts, broken minds, broken health, and an early grave.

Take warning by what you see abroad. In every country where the women are uneducated, unoccupied ; where their only literature is French novels or translations of them—in every one of those countries, the women, even to the highest, are the slaves of superstition, and the puppets of priests. In proportion, as in certain other countries (notably, I will say, in Scotland), the women are highly educated, family life and family secrets are sacred, and the woman owns allegiance and devotion to no confessor or director, but to her own husband or to her own family.

I say plainly, that if any parents wish their daughters to succumb at last to some quackery or superstition, calling itself scientific, or calling itself religious—and there are too many of both just now—they cannot more certainly effect their purpose than by allowing her to grow up ignorant, frivolous, luxurious, vain, with her emotions excited, but not satisfied, by the reading of foolish and even immoral novels.

In such a case, the more delicate and graceful the organization, the more noble and earnest the nature, which has been neglected, the more certain it is (I know too well what I am saying) to go astray.

The time of depression, disappointment, vacuity, all but despair, must come. The immortal spirit, finding no healthy satisfaction for its highest aspirations, is but too likely to betake itself to an unhealthy and exciting superstition. Ashamed of its own long self-indulgence, it is but too likely to flee from itself into a morbid asceticism. Not having been taught its God-given and natural duties in the world, it is but too likely to betake itself, from the mere craving for action, to self-invented and unnatural duties out of the world. Ignorant of true science, yet craving to understand the wonders of nature and of spirit, it is but too likely to betake itself to nonscience—nonsense as it is usually called—whether of spirit-rapping and mes-

merism, or of miraculous relics and winking pictures. Longing for guidance and teaching, and never having been taught to guide and teach itself, it is but too likely to deliver itself up in self-despair to the guidance and teaching of those who, whether they be quacks or fanatics, look on uneducated women as their natural prey.

You will see, I am sure, from what I have said, that it is not my wish that you should become mere learned women; mere female pedants, as useless and unpleasing as male pedants are wont to be. The education which I set before you is not to be got by mere hearing lectures or reading books: for it is an education of your whole character; a self-education; which really means a committing of yourself to God, that He may educate you. Hearing lectures is good, for it will teach you how much there is to be known, and how little you know. Reading books is good, for it will give you habits of regular and diligent study. And therefore I urge on you strongly private study, especially in case a library should be formed here, of books on those most practical subjects of which I have been speaking. But, after all, both lectures and books are good, mainly in as far as they furnish matter for reflection: while the desire to reflect and the ability to reflect must come, as I believe, from above. The honest craving after light and power, after knowledge, wisdom, active usefulness, must come—and may it come to you—by the inspiration of the Spirit of God.

One word more, and I have done. Let me ask women to educate themselves, not for their own sakes merely, but for the sake of others. For, whether they will or not, they must educate others. I do not speak merely of those who may be engaged in the work of direct teaching; that they ought to be well taught themselves, who can doubt? I speak of those—and in so doing I speak of every woman, young and old—who exercises as wife, as mother, as aunt, as sister, or as friend, an influence, indirect it may be, and unconscious, but still potent and practical, on the minds and characters of those about them, especially of men. How potent and practical that influence is, those know best who know most of the world and most of human nature. There are those who consider—and I agree with them—that the education of boys under the age of twelve years ought to be intrusted as much as possible to women. Let me ask—of what period of youth and of manhood does not the same hold true? I pity the ignorance and conceit of the man who fancies

that he has nothing left to learn from cultivated women. I should have thought that the very mission of woman was to be, in the highest sense, the educator of man from infancy to old age; that that was the work towards which all the God-given capacities of women pointed, for which they were to be educated to the highest pitch. I should have thought that it was the glory of woman, that she was sent into the world to live for others, rather than for herself; and therefore I should say—Let her smallest rights be respected, her smallest wrongs redressed: but let her never be persuaded to forget that she is sent into the world to teach man—what, I believe, she has been teaching him all along, even in the savage state—namely, that there is something more necessary than the claiming of rights, and that is, the performing of duties; to teach him specially, in these so-called intellectual days, that there is something more than intellect, and that is—purity and virtue. Let her never be persuaded to forget that her calling is not the lower and more earthly one of self-assertion, but the higher and the diviner calling of self-sacrifice; and let her never desert that higher life, which lives in others and for others, like her Redeemer and her Lord.

And, if any should answer, that this doctrine would keep woman a dependant and a slave, I answer—Not so; it would keep her what she should be—the mistress of all around her, because mistress of herself. And more, I should express a fear that those who made that answer had not yet seen into the mystery of true greatness and true strength; that they did not yet understand the true magnanimity, the true royalty of that spirit, by which the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

Surely that is woman's calling—to teach man: and to teach him what? To teach him, after all, that his calling is the same as hers, if he will but see the things which belong to his peace. To temper his fiercer, coarser, more self-assertive nature, by the contact of her gentleness, purity, self-sacrifice. To make him see that not by blare of trumpets, not by noise, wrath, greed, ambition, intrigue, puffery, is good and lasting work to be done on earth: but by wise self-distrust, by silent labour, by lofty self-control, by that charity which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things; by such an example, in short, as women now in tens of thousands set to those around them; such as they will show more

and more, the more their whole womanhood is educated to employ its powers without waste and without haste in harmonious unity. Let the woman begin in girlhood, if such be her happy lot—to quote the words of a great poet, a great philosopher, and a great Churchman, William Wordsworth—let her begin, I say—

“With all things round about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.”

Let her develop onwards—

“A spirit, yet a woman too,
With household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty.

A countenance in which shall meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.”

But let her highest and her final development be that which not nature, but self-education alone can bring—that which makes her once and for ever—

“A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveller betwixt life and death.
With reason firm, with temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A BURIAL AT MACHÆRUS.

“And when his disciples heard of it, they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb.”

LIFT up the lifeless trunk;
The star of hope that lit the eastern sky
Now in deep night is sunk,
And all bright visions fade away and die.

We dreamt it had been he
Should lead us onward to a land of rest,
Or give at least to see
The wide fair valleys from the mountain's crest.

Half hoped we that at last
Had come the fulness of great joy unpriced,
That all the dreary past
Would fade before the glory of the Christ.

Or had Elijah come
With prophet's garment rough and words of fire,
To strike the murmurers dumb,
And turn the hearts of children to their sire?

Not so, he told us, no,
Nor Christ, nor yet Elijah, was the seer,
The friend who thus lies low,
Who taught us how to love, and whom to fear.

Only a voice, no more,
Heard crying in the wilderness, ‘Prepare,’
And then, its one work o'er,
Melting in silence of the midnight air.

And yet that voice could thrill
Through soul and brain with agony intense,
Searching each thought of ill,
Waking to rapture all the torpid sense,—

Could stay the lust of greed
In soldier rushing eager on the spoil,
Or meet the utmost need
Of peasants worn by ceaseless, thankless toil.

We listened till we poured
In all men's ears the story of our woes,
And kneeling there adored,
Where the old river through the reed-bed flows.

Then casting off our shame,
Naked we plunged beneath the cleansing stream,
And lo! upon us came
New thoughts and hopes that were not all a dream.

We might not onward press,
To where he dwelt upon the mountain's height,
Arrayed in holiness,
True priest, great prophet, stainless Nazarite.

Yet still from that blest day
We strove to curb the promptings of the sense;
Taught by him how to pray,
We climbed the lower slopes of excellence.

And now a woman's wiles,
A girl's soft movements in the winding dance,
A wanton's wreathed smiles,
Stirring the tetrarch's blood with harlot glance,—

These, these, O grief and woe,
Have crushed our hopes, and laid them in the dust;
Yes, these have brought him low,
The proud Herodias triumphs in her lust.

No hero's death was his,
Ten thousand warriors looking on to cheer;
He might not taste the bliss
Of those whose heart has known no doubt nor fear.

Wearied the slow, slow days,
The stifling dungeon, and the sultry air;
Wearied the long delays
Of hopes that bordered almost on despair.

Once there had come to him,
With brow that told its tale of sinless youth,
And speech not dark or dim,
That showed Him born true vessel of the Truth,

One before whom he bowed,
And fain had sought a blessing at His hand;
And lo! from out the cloud,
The voice of power that few might understand.

Yea, from the opened sky
He heard the words which bade him worship there
The Son of God most high,
And saw the Spirit hover through the air;

And then, when forty days
Had done the work of forty years of life,
And, working highest praise,
That prophet came victorious from his strife,

We heard the witness clear,
“Behold the Lamb that bears the world's great sin;”
And some who saw Him there,
Went where He dwelt, and stayed all night within.

And these we saw no more,
They left the seer who raised their souls from earth;
And on Gennesareth's shore
Gained, so they said, the gift of second birth.

Those men of Galilee,
The peasants and the fishers of the lake,
They went to hear and see :
But we our prophet-guide might not forsake.

We saw the crowds grow thin,
No more they came by hundreds to the stream ;
Hushed was their stir and din,
The fame and favour vanished as a dream.

We mourned, but he, our guide,
Rejoiced in spirit, as the bridegroom's friend,
When bridegroom meets his bride,
And love's long hopes at last attain their end.

"He must increase, but I
Am ready," so he spake, "to wane and fade,
Ready to fall and die,
Or wither slowly in the blighting shade.

"Needs must my soul rejoice
That now men list to Him their King and Lord,
I but a wandering voice,
He the true Christ, the Everlasting Word."

So spake he then, but soon
Came the sore heat and burden of the day ;
As the sun strikes at noon,
So fell on him the blasts that smite and slay.

He lost the people's love,
And would not turn to fawn upon the great ;
With crownèd guilt he strove,
And earned the guerdon of a harlot's hate.

Then came the weary weeks,
The fruitless strivings with a wavering will,
The pain of one who seeks
To wake to good a soul that cleaves to ill.



So in his prison cell
He lingered on, not knowing all that passed,
If all things prospered well,
Or the bright morning were with storms o'ercast.

At length, sore vexed and tried,
Worn down by dark perplexity and doubt,
He called us to his side,
And bade us go and ask the question out.

Weary he was and faint,
And dark clouds gathered round his vision clear,
And just the nascent taint
Of weakened faith had filled his soul with fear.

"Art Thou," he asked, "art Thou
The one we looked for, coming to redeem ?
Or must an other now
Rear the proud fabric of the glorious dream ?

"Why still from day to day
Tarry the wheels that should the conqueror bring ?
Why this long, long delay,
The halting of the chariots of the King ?

"Why leave the prisoners still
In dungeon dark and fetters sharp to lie ?
Why stays the all-loving Will
To set the sufferers free, or bid them die ?"

We came and looked, and lo !
Blind saw, deaf heard, and leapt as harts the lame,
And a sweet voice and low
With gentle words of love to poor men came.

We saw the fixèd eye
Gush with hot tears of love and holiest joy,
The man's heart, seared and dry,
Beat with the pulse and passion of the boy.

We saw the rough hands clasped,
The sighs breathed forth upon the silent air,
While many fondly grasped
His garment's hem in agony of prayer.
He heard our speech, nor spake
One word of anger at the quest o'erbold,
Nor would His friend forsake,
Nor leave the tale of love and power untold.
He bade us look and tell
Yet once again to John the things we saw ;
And all at last was well,
And the old faith was once more clear from flaw.
And then a few weeks more,
And at the gate we heard the spearman knock,
And too soon all was o'er,
The shepherd smitten, we a scattered flock.
But little time had he
For parting words of hope, or faith, or love,
And none were there to see,
The hero-greatness of his soul to prove.
And now the sun is set,
The grave is hollowed in the cavern's side,
And we few friends are met
That bleeding form within the tomb to hide.
Yes, wrap him as he lies ;
But little cared he for the spice and balm ;
No hireling mourner's cries
Need break the stillness of the sunset calm.
The linen fine and clear,
Keep that for lordly burials of the great ;

As he lived, lay him here ;
He needs no pageant, and the hour is late.
As he lived, let him lie,
That garment rough his only winding sheet,
Just veiling from the eye
The bleeding trunk, and swathing round the feet.
Scarce thirty summers old,
His sun goes down ere half the day is done,
And as a tale is told,
So all his work is ended, scarce begun.
And what shall we do now ?
To whom shall we in doubt and sadness turn ?
Wilt Thou receive us, Thou,
Who mad'st our cold faint hearts within us burn ?
The old has passed away,
The new begins in clouds and darkness veiled ;
But we not far shall stray,
If we but trust the Love that ne'er has failed.
Yes, bearing with us still,
Precept, and prayer, and hymn, and fast, and rite,
All that our spirits fill
With life and truth, with gladness and delight.
We to the Christ will go,
And bide our time till John arise again ;
We will not linger, no,
We will not wait till all things are made plain.
Enough for us to live
As those on whom the light of God has shone,
Till He more light shall give,
Or through the darkness claim us as His own.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

STARS AND LIGHTS;

Or, The Structure of the Sidereal Heavens.

I.—THE EDUCATION OF THE DISCOVERER.

IN the year 1759 a young Hanoverian, by name William Herschel, came to England to seek his fortune. He was one of a family of ten who had been brought up under straitened circumstances, but honourably and with the best of examples within his home. Isaac Herschel, his father, was a professor of music in the city of Hanover, and it is said that all his children acquired great proficiency in that accomplishment. William Herschel brought with him to England but very scanty pecuniary means, and no influential introductions ; yet a stout heart and that habit of self-reliance which had been successfully fostered at home, and for which, through a long life, he was so eminently distinguished, enabled him to bear up against the discouragements and privations which clouded the first two or three years of his residence in England. The first effectual relief that he met with arose from an appointment, which he received at the instance of the Earl of Darlington, as instructor of a military band in the north of England. This post he resigned in 1761, and then supported himself as a teacher of music, first at Pontefract,

and subsequently at Leeds. From thence he proceeded to Halifax, where he obtained the situation of organist in the parish church, having previously assisted at the performance of *The Messiah*, with which the new instrument was inaugurated. It was amidst the laborious occupation of a private teacher that he now began to complete that education of which only the earlier rudiments had been acquired in his native town. He taught himself Latin and Italian, and a certain amount of Greek ; plodding his way with no other assistance than that afforded by the unsympathising aid of grammar and dictionary. It is well known that there is no royal road to knowledge, and if William Herschel took the longest, assuredly he took the safest.

Independently of genius which was a natural gift, and of self-reliance which had become a habit, he possessed in an eminent degree a nobler quality of mind, which is a characteristic of all truly great men whose work for their fellow-creatures abides the test of time—that characteristic was *thoroughness*. By profession he was a musician, and it was impossible for such a man as he to rest content until he had become master of

the theory of his art. But the books which treat upon this subject were in his time, as to the present hour they for the most part continue to be, difficult and obscure,* and require for their mastery a considerable amount of mathematical knowledge. Hence William Herschel, nothing daunted by the task before him, set to work and added to his wearisome study of the dead languages, that of geometry and algebra. At Halifax he persevered in his new study, until he had sufficiently mastered the principal writings of Emerson and Maclaurin, and the still more difficult propositions in Smith's "Harmonics." It may here be well to anticipate somewhat the future astronomer's noble career, in order to show the thoroughness and the success of that educational training to which this great man felt it his duty to submit. It has long been the fruitful custom for mathematicians to challenge each other to the solution of problems involving some peculiar difficulty or novelty of conception; among these problems was one proposed in the "Ladies' Diary" of 1779, by the celebrated William Landen, under his usual name of Peter Puzzlem, to the following effect:—"The length, tension, and weight of a musical string being given, it is required to find how many vibrations it will make in a given time when a small given weight is fastened to its middle and vibrates with it." This problem, involving a very considerable and varied amount of mathematical knowledge, was satisfactorily solved by William Herschel, and furnishes not only a proof of the proficiency acquired by the self-taught student, but has this additional interest attached to it, that it appears to have been the first scientific publication of a man, who, for the next forty years, continued to send forth to the world a series of original investigations, discoveries, and speculations, which for novelty and grandeur of conception, have rarely, if ever, been surpassed in the annals of human knowledge. But we must return from our digression.

In 1766 Herschel left Halifax for a similar, but more lucrative, appointment at Bath, and he there became organist of the well-known Octagon Chapel. The demand upon the time of a man in his position must have been incessant. Concerts, promenades, and assemblies formed the staple of the life of that fashionable watering-place, and the services of William Herschel were required at them all.

* To this predication of obscurity I would make one most honourable exception in the case of an admirable treatise on Sound and the rudiments of the Theory of Music, such as would naturally be expected from its author, the present Astronomer Royal. Macmillan. 1867.

Independently of these occupations, there was a long round of private lessons, to say nothing of the Sunday work at the most popular chapel in the place. One is amazed to think that a man could find time to pursue his own earnest studies in the thick of such employments at once so incessant and so exciting. To William Herschel these studies were not only a refreshment, they were a necessity of his nature.

While this indomitable man was thus employed, a circumstance occurred which was destined to change, if not the bias, at all events the whole complexion of his life: that circumstance was the acquisition of a small and indifferent telescope, followed by the sight of the marvels which even such an implement reveals. M. Arago and some other writers have attributed his possession of this telescope to an *accident*; but we have unquestionable authority for stating that it was not so. On the contrary, it was inevitable that a man such as he was, should apply the mathematical knowledge which he had acquired to that one branch of science, which, beyond all others, it elucidates and claims for its special domain. Accordingly, in 1773, he purchased a treatise on *Astronomy* and a book of astronomical tables. And here we cannot resist the temptation to pause for a moment, and contemplate the enormous contrast between such astronomical treatises as existed in the last century, and those which serve to guide and to charm the student and the amateur of the present day; a contrast very much of which is due to the genius and the labours of William Herschel himself. If the reader is curious on such subjects, let him peruse a few pages of *Ferguson's Astronomy*, such as served for a glimmering, but suggestive, light to the elder Herschel, and then let him turn, we will not say to the noble treatise of his son, but to such a charming little manual as that recently provided by Mr. Lockyer (among others) for even those who are but tyros in this fascinating science. It is this very contrast, this modern accumulation of pregnant facts and grand generalisations, which renders it so difficult for a writer to throw back his mind to the conceptions which necessarily presented themselves to the practical astronomers of even so recent a period as 1773. But we must resume our narrative.

A fortnight after William Herschel had purchased and perused his new acquisition, he bought also a small lens, or object glass, of ten feet focal length, which, when fitted by his own hands to a tin tube, and supplied with such

eye-glasses as he could procure, formed an indifferent apology for a telescope, when compared with our own notions of what a telescope really means. But we have here the true indication of the spirit of the man, an instance of that determination which impelled him to know all that he could get within his reach, and to permit no difficulties to baffle him which time and perseverance could possibly surmount. But he was soon dissatisfied with the performance of so inadequate an appliance, and his next step was to *hire* from an optician, in Bath, a small Gregorian telescope of about two feet focal length—the same instrument, in fact, which M. Arago and others speak of as having *fallen into his hands*. Such an instrument as this was sufficient to fire, though insufficient to satisfy, the new enthusiasm which at once took possession of the man: it struck a chord within him which ceased not to vibrate while life remained. He became impatient to possess a larger and a better telescope, and instant inquiry was set on foot in London respecting the necessary outlay. Alas! the price by far exceeded the expectations and the means of the not over-paid organist of Bath. In an ordinary man this disappointment would have effectually chilled the new aspiration; but to William Herschel it suggested at once the only possible means by which it could be satisfied. If he cannot purchase, why can he not construct a telescope? It is here that the scientific career of William Herschel may be truly said to have commenced.

Few persons are aware of the difficulty of the enterprise in which the enthusiasm and self-reliance of this great man now impelled him to embark. No doubt he was at the first not wholly aware of it himself. When he commenced the construction of a reflecting telescope, he knew little or nothing of the relative adaptabilities of various metallic alloys for the formation of a polished surface, and still less of the means by which they could be ground into an accurate and suitable form. In those days it was the unfortunate habit to be jealously reticent on the methods leading to success in the several branches of art. Even now the folly of this reticence is not sufficiently recognised as in its results especially suicidal. Thus Herschel had to grope his way as best he could. The record exists that in the prosecution of his attempts, he cast, ground, and polished no less than two hundred metallic mirrors of seven feet focal length before he succeeded to his desire. He made also one hundred and fifty trials of mirrors of ten feet focal length, and about

eighty of twenty feet. And then, as to the method by which he proceeded in his work, it is said that he would cast some ten mirrors, and would then work at and polish the whole of them to the best of his ability. The most successful of these ten he retained; again working at the remaining nine until he obtained one which on examination proved to be superior to the first, and so on it was his habit to proceed until his scruples were satisfied.

The amount of labour implied in this recital may be gathered from an extract taken from a memoir by the celebrated astronomer Lalande to the following effect: "Each time that Herschel undertook to polish a mirror, it required from ten to twelve or fourteen hours of continuous labour. He did not quit the work for a moment, not even to eat: his food, without which the fatigue could not have been supported, was brought to him by the hands of his sister: nothing in the world could induce him to quit his work: in his judgment to quit it was to spoil it." Lalande is here speaking of the mirrors which he polished after he had quitted Bath, and before his adaptation of *machinery* to the work, but, of course, the same remarks apply with even greater force to the telescopes which he attempted to construct at the first. Of the noble lady spoken of in this extract we shall have more to say as the narrative advances. Here indeed is a record of patience; shall we not properly call it a record of genius? For such patience is more than a habit—it is a gift; and such patience is allied to prophecy, for it foresees with unshaken confidence the accomplishment of unknown though adequate results. In Herschel's case it was prophetic of the immediate discovery of a planet beyond the presumed confines of the solar system, and ultimately of the probable construction of the sidereal universe, of which at that day nothing was known, and but little reasonably conjectured.

Now it is this construction of the sidereal heavens, so far as at present we are permitted to know it, which is to form the subject of the present article, and of such subsequent articles as time and opportunity may enable us to write. The discoveries of the last eight or ten years in this branch of our knowledge have proceeded to an extent exceeding the bounds of reasonable hope, but the great foundation of the whole of this knowledge was laid by the genius and the labours of that great man whose earlier education for the work we have so far laid before the reader. In endeavouring therefore to bring before the readers of GOOD WORDS the physical construction of that universe of which

our own solar system forms a part, we shall proceed in the order of the discoveries successively made by Herschel, and when the occasion admits or requires it, we shall explain such additions as have been made to his discoveries by our own contemporaries, and his truly worthy successors. By adopting this course of a biographical arrangement, we hope to invest our subject with something of a living interest which otherwise to some minds it might scarcely possess. We shall thus not only learn what has been done for the advancement of our knowledge, but we shall see in their actual and native simplicity the several successive steps in the process of discovery, we shall be accompanied by the precious light of the example of the great man who accomplished it, and we shall enjoy the inestimable privilege of sharing in the thoughts of one of the noblest intellects that ever adorned and illuminated our race.

II.—THE FIRST DISCOVERY.

It was not until the year 1774 that Herschel succeeded in constructing a telescope which at all satisfied his wishes. We shall defer to a much later stage of our narrative, an account of what had been done up to his time, and what has since been achieved, towards the perfection of what he himself, in one of his earliest memoirs, communicated to the Royal Society, justly calls "this noble instrument." It is sufficient for our present purpose to state that, in the year 1780, he was constantly using a reflecting telescope of about eighty inches focal length, and of very nearly six and a half inches clear aperture, the most powerful and accurate instrument of which we have any record up to his day: he speaks of it with greater modesty himself in the following terms: "I believe that, for distinctness of vision, this instrument is perhaps equal to any that was ever made."* We shall presently see that, although he had much larger instruments at his command, this telescope, or rather the disciplined brain and the tutored eye at the side of it, soon led him to one of the most brilliant of his many discoveries, and thereby to his emancipation from those professional labours which, however conscientiously undertaken, now occupied a secondary place in his thoughts.

The first communication which he made to the Royal Society was read to that learned body on May 11, 1780. It related to the star called "Mira," or "The Wonderful," situated in the constellation Cetus (The Whale), a large but not very conspicuous configura-

tion of stars, which, in the evenings of the autumnal and winter months, may be seen in England occupying a considerable space low in the south. This particular star, ever since the year 1596, had been remarked for the wonderful variations in its lustre; sometimes it greatly exceeds in brightness the most conspicuous stars in its own constellation, but speedily wanes away, and ultimately disappears to the naked eye. The best observers, Cassini among them, had concluded that once it passed through all its gradations of brightness in three hundred and thirty-four days. Newton's friend, Halley, disposes of it more summarily than accurately, in stating that its period is "precisely enough seven revolutions in six years, though it returns not always with the same lustre. Nor is it ever wholly extinguished, but may at all times be seen with a six-foot tube." (?) William Herschel observed this star at various times between October 20, 1777, and February 7, 1780, watching its increase from invisibility to the naked eye, until, on November 2, 1779, it approached to a star of the first magnitude, and became again invisible on February 7, 1780. He continued these observations at various intervals until October 21, 1790, when it once more attained its greatest lustre. Now, the interval between November 2, 1779, and October 21, 1790, gives eleven periods of three hundred and thirty-one days. But this interval of time, this number of eleven recurrences, is too small for an average and for great accuracy, and hence recourse was had to an old observation of a maximum brightness on August 13, 1596, by Fabricius, and then the interval between this last date and Herschel's own observation on October 21, 1790, gives two hundred and fourteen changes, each occupying three hundred and thirty-one days, ten hours, and nineteen minutes, which may be taken as the average cycle in which this remarkable star goes through all the variations of its lustre. Such was the substance of William Herschel's first paper to the Royal Society in 1780, and of a part of another communication made in the year 1791. It is perhaps needless to say that such first communications to so competent and so critical a body, necessarily form a crisis in the life of any man devoted to the pursuit of knowledge.

It will not be supposed that such observations by such a man were undertaken with a cursory or spasmodic intention; on the contrary, they formed a part of a comprehensive plan which, as appears from various expres-

* Transactions of the Royal Society, May 11, 1780.

sions dropped by him in the course of his memoirs, from the very first evidently possessed his mind. It was nothing short of this, that, so far as he was permitted, he intended to investigate the general scheme upon which the sidereal universe had been constructed by its Omnipotent Designer. In this attempt we shall see in the sequel that he succeeded to a considerable, and certainly un hoped-for extent; at the commencement of his labours he found our conception of the starry heavens conjectural, indefinite, and vague to the last degree, after forty years of observation and thought, he bequeathed to posterity that conception, based upon logical induction, and comparatively definite and precise.

For the prosecution of the plan which he had thus proposed to himself, it was necessary that he should, if possible, acquire some knowledge of the distances of the stars from our earth, and from each other, and form some notion of the manner after which they are arranged. He imagined that one star appeared to "differ from another star in glory" mainly on account of the difference of the distances at which they are viewed. The brightest, he thought, in the average, to be the nearest, and that decided faintness of lustre indicated in general extreme remoteness. How far he was right or wrong we shall see in the sequel, but we mention it now, because it was partly in connection with this view that he was induced to look carefully into the question of those stars whose changes of brightness are periodical.

The question here probably, we may say naturally, arises to the mind of the reader, what possible importance can be attached to the variability of the light emitted by a star? Is so remote an inquiry worthy to occupy the attention of intelligent men who have to battle with the hourly wants and ever-varying relations of human society? Does not the whole investigation border on solemn trifling? To these remarks we might give more than one satisfactory reply; we might refer, for instance, to the fact that, within recent memory, one of the ablest and most practical of our statesmen* occupied such leisure as he could find, in writing a learned and admirable Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients. We shall, however, content ourselves with observing further, that our own sun is itself a star; probably, if not certainly, it is a *periodical* star. Its apparent surface is liable, in a greater or less extent, to an accumulation of spots, many of them extending to dimensions which greatly exceed the

entire surface of our globe, and which modern observations prove to recur in a cycle of about eleven years. We shall, in due course, find that Herschel connected the absence or predominance of these spots with the average price of corn, nor is the relation by any means chimerical, whether it be fully established or not. We must remember also that many important considerations in the physiology of animal life have been suggested by the simpler and, in some respects, more accessible physiology of plants; and, in a similar way, we may reasonably hope to learn something of the laws after which our own sun has been evolved and still exists, if we can catch some glimpse of the more comprehensive law which has been ordained to regulate the constitution of the stars. Nor, as we shall see, has this inquiry been wholly without success. But let us listen to the words of our great astronomer himself. "By observations on the relative brightness of the stars, we are enabled to resolve a problem, not only of great consequence, but in which we are all immediately concerned. Who, for instance, would not wish to know what degree of permanence we ought to ascribe to the lustre of our sun? Not only the stability of our climates, but the very existence of the whole animal and vegetable creation itself, is involved in the question. Where can we hope to receive information upon this subject, but from astronomical observations? If it be allowed to admit the similarity of stars with our sun as a point established, how necessary will it be to take notice of the fate of our neighbouring *suns*, in order to guess at that of our own! That *star* which we have dignified by the name of sun, to-morrow may slowly begin to undergo a gradual decay of brightness, like many diminishing stars that will be mentioned in my catalogues. It may suddenly increase, like the wonderful star in the back of Cassiopeia's chair, and the no less remarkable one in the foot of Serpentarius. And, lastly, it may turn into a periodical one of twenty-five days' duration, as Algol is one of three days and as many others are of various periods.* Many phenomena in natural history seem to point out some past changes in our climates. Perhaps the easiest way of accounting for them may be to surmise that our sun has been formerly more and sometimes less bright than it is at present and many hitherto unaccountable varieties that happen in our seasons, such as a general

* For a still more remarkable instance see the author's paper in *Good Words* for April, 1867, on "A World on Fire."

* Sir George Cornewall Lewis.

severity or mildness of uncommon winters or burning summers, may possibly meet with an easy solution in the inequality of the sun's rays.* And lest it should be supposed that subsequent and maturer considerations have modified the opinions thus expressed, we shall add similar remarks made by the illustrious son upon whose shoulders the mantle of his great father has worthily fallen. Sir John Herschel, with the pious intention of completing for the southern skies what his father had so well commenced in our northern latitude, after his father's methods and with his father's instruments, mapped and compared the relative brightness of those stars which are invisible in our own country. He says, "The subject is one of the utmost physical interest. The grand phenomena of geology afford, it appears to me, the highest presumptive evidence of change in the *general* climate of our globe. I cannot otherwise understand alternations of heat and cold, so extensive as at one epoch to have clothed high northern latitudes with a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation; at another, to have buried vast tracts of middle Europe, now enjoying a genial climate, and smiling with fertility, under a glacier crust of enormous thickness. Such changes seem to point to some cause more powerful than the mere local distribution of land and water (according to Mr. Lyell's views) can well be supposed to have been." And then, in a note, he adds: "It is the demand for not merely a mild but a *hot* climate, and the absence of winter in high latitudes, which causes the misgiving I have ventured to express."†

We shall only add this one further remark. Observations on the variability of the brightness of stars, lie peculiarly within the province and the capabilities of the intelligent

amateur. If any of our readers, who have their evenings at their command, would but devote a part of them, with perseverance and regularity, to the systematic comparison of the lustre of even a moderate number of stars visible to the naked eye, they might, nay, they must, add to our permanent knowledge of the structure of the worlds which surround us. A rich field of discovery herein lies before a good eye and a willing mind. The occupation, once fairly embarked in, would soon fascinate, and not soon be abandoned.

The memoir which was read to the Royal Society on the variableness of Mira, was accompanied by another on the height of certain Lunar Mountains. It was inevitable that the possessor of a large telescope should turn it towards the wonderful spectacle presented by the nearest of the celestial bodies. We shall not here occupy the reader's attention by dwelling on a scene which, from its strangeness and suggestiveness, never tires; the communication of knowledge has happily become so rapid,* so precise, and so widely diffused, especially on all subjects connected with physical science, that probably the majority of well-educated persons are as well acquainted with depictions of lunar scenery as with those of the remote portions of our own globe. Suffice it to say that, if the photographs of certain parts of the lunar surface, and of certain terrestrial regions, where extinct volcanoes abound, as in the south of France, for instance, or in the neighbourhood of Naples, were placed side by side, it is very doubtful whether an ordinary person would be able, on a cursory view, to discriminate between the one and the other.

Various attempts have been made to measure the heights, depths, and breadths of lunar craters, but of these we shall speak in another chapter.

C. PRITCHARD.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

A TERRITORY half as large as Europe stretches to the north and west of Canada, from the coast of Labrador, on the east, to the Rocky Mountains, on the south-west, and touching the arctic circle on the north, reaches as far as the boundary line in the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude between British North America and the United States on the south. It embraces within its sweep

Hudson's Strait, Hudson's Bay, and James's Bay—an expanse of waters equal to the area of the Mediterranean. From the south-west extremity, an irregular line, trending towards the north-east, divides it from that part of the British dominions which is generally known as the Indian territory. This contains the

* At the moment of revising these pages, there lies on the table the print of original drawings of certain lunar craters which have recently formed the subject of much good-natured controversy, presented to the readers of *The Student* for the present month (April). It is refreshing and hopeful to observe that these drawings were made by a practical optician and instrument maker, Mr. Browning, of the Minorities. They bear the suggestive dates of 130 A.M., 4 A.M., and remind us of the days of Stephens and the Elzevirs.

* Philosophical Transactions, Feb. 25, 1796.

† "Results of Astronomical Observations made at the Cape of Good Hope," p. 351. The secular variation of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit seems inadequate to the production of this *hotter climate*.—C. P.

Great Bear Lake, the Great Slave Lake, and Athabasca Lake; the Coppermine, the MacKenzie, and the Great Fish rivers; and through it, on the western side, runs the mighty range of the Rocky Mountains, which extend from the Arctic Sea to the Gulf of Mexico, and divide the Indian territory from British Columbia. A ridge of table-land running south-west from the coast of Labrador to the source of the Ottawa River, and forming the watershed of the rivers which on the one side fall into the St. Lawrence, and on the other into the Hudson's Bay, may be considered as the south-eastern limit of the territory, although neither on the west nor on the south-east has its boundary been ever accurately traced or defined. The whole of this vast region—by a very indefinite description, but under the name of Rupert's Land—was granted, by Royal Charter in 1670, by Charles II., to "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," familiarly called the Hudson's Bay Company, of whose history and policy I purpose to give some account in the following pages. But I will first endeavour to describe the natural features of the country itself, of which little more is generally known in England than that it produces the furs which are so largely used as articles of clothing, luxury, and ornament.

It is only on the southern part of the territory that cultivation is possible. This is owing to the rigour of the climate and the nature of the soil. The country to the north of the Saskatchewan River, Lake Winnipeg, and Lake Superior, has been described as a region of rivers, swamps, treeless prairies, and barren hills and hollows, "tossed together in a wave-like form, as if the ocean had been suddenly petrified while heaving its huge billows in a tumultuous swell." In the winter season almost the only means of subsistence in this dreary region is frozen fish. By far the greatest portion seems destined for ever to remain a sterile wilderness, tenanted by animals whose thick furs enable them to resist the cold, and roamed over by hunters, who, with guns and traps in their hands, pursue the bear, the beaver, the wolf, the fox, the martin, and the mink, and

"Kill them up

In their assigned and native dwelling-place."

Hudson's Bay—which was discovered by John Hudson, in 1610—may be considered as the great basin into which the rivers of Rupert's Land flow. The largest of the inland waters is Lake Winnipeg, on the south. It is 300 miles long, and in some parts 50

miles broad, distant about 50 miles from the boundary line that divides Rupert's Land from the United States, and 500 miles from Lake Superior. The next two largest lakes are Lake Manitobah (the "Evil Spirit" lake) and Lake Winnipegosis, to the west of Lake Superior, and together nearly of the same length. The Red River, which rises in the Otter-tail Lake, in Minnesota, flows northwards into Lake Winnipeg; and to the north-east of it is the Winnipeg River, another affluent of the lake, which connects it with the Lake of the Woods, and this again is connected by Rainy River, with Rainy Lake, through which runs the boundary line of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. The country lying between Lake Winnipeg and the Red River on the east—the south branch of the Saskatchewan on the west—the main stream of that river on the north—and the boundary line on the south—forms an irregular parallelogram, which is computed to contain 80,000 square miles—an area equal to that of Great Britain. And within this area there are upwards of 11,000,000 acres of arable land, and an equal quantity fit for pasture.

It is on the banks of the Red River that the Red River or Selkirk Settlement, of which I shall speak hereafter, was formed. The soil is alluvial, and produces crops of wheat, but in the immediate neighbourhood most of the forests that formerly existed have been destroyed by fire, but there is still a large quantity of wood, especially on the east side. The timber, however, is nowhere of great size. It has been said, indeed, that there is not a tree of any description five feet in diameter in the company's territory east of the Rocky Mountains, and the largest pines there seldom exceed three feet in diameter. But yet, on the other hand, one of the witnesses who was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1857, declared that in the vast area between the north branch of the Saskatchewan River and the Athabasca Lake, in the north, there are trees, "vast and splendid in their growth," which would bear comparison with "the magnificent trees round Kensington Park." There are, however, very few trees if any in the plains, and the buffalo hunters are obliged to carry wood with them for lighting fires. Between the Red River and Rainy Lake, to the east, there is an impracticable country full of deep morasses, of which it has been asserted that they never thaw, for below the moist surface there is a stratum of everlasting ground ice. But this, I think, must be a mistake, for the so-called permanent "frozen

district" begins at a higher latitude. Along the banks of the Red River for about the width of a mile there is a belt of land which has more or less been brought into cultivation, but beyond this the soil is extremely thin, and some idea of the nature of the country may be formed from the evidence of Sir George Simpson, who was for many years Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who stated before the Committee of the House of Commons that he had paddled over some of the roofs of the houses there in his canoe. These were certainly "lacustrine" habitations of a modern period.

Owing to the difficulties of the country the territory has not yet been fully explored, and actual knowledge of its features has been chiefly confined to the region that lies to the west of Red River and south of the northern fork of the Saskatchewan River; the two forks meeting at a place called Nepowewin or Fort *à la Corne*, and thence flowing in a united stream to Lake Winnipeg, which they enter near its head on the north-west side. An expedition to explore the country watered by the Assiniboine and the Saskatchewan was sent out by the Canadian Government in 1857, and its very interesting reports are to be found in a Blue Book published by order of the House of Commons in 1860.

The Assiniboine River flowing from the north, turns to the east five miles above Fort Ellice, about 360 miles from Fort Garry. Fort Pelly lies upon it to the north. For the first fifteen miles of its course the land of the valley is light and sandy clay, in many places pure sand covered with a low growing creeper. The grass is very short and scanty, and the aspens, which are the only trees, are small. Further on the country improves for about sixty miles, but it abounds with marshes, swamps, and ponds, round which grow willow and aspen trees. From thence to Fort Pelly the country is densely covered with aspens and willows, but there are open spaces here and there, where, says Mr. Dickinson, one of the officers employed on the Canadian expedition, "the wonderful luxuriance of the vegetation is beyond description. Lakes and ponds are very numerous throughout, encircled with large aspens and balsam poplars." To the east of Fort Pelly lies the Swan River, which flows in a north-easterly course into Lake Winnipegosis. The valley through which it runs is described as containing all the requirements necessary for a settlement, and the timber is plentiful and of a good size. The land for the most part is sandy loam, and is traversed by numerous creeks.

The Qu'Appelle, or Calling River, flows from the west, and joins the Assiniboine five miles above Fort Ellice. It rises near the south branch of the Saskatchewan, at a place called the Elbow; and in the long, deep, and narrow valley through which it runs towards the east, there are eight lakes, of an aggregate length of seventy miles. A scheme has been proposed to send the waters of the south branch of the Saskatchewan down the valley into the Assiniboine, and thence into the Red River, and past Fort Garry into Lake Winnipeg. This would be effected by constructing a dam across the deep and narrow ravine through which the south branch flows, just below the point where the Qu'Appelle valley joins it. The waters of the Saskatchewan would thus be turned into the valley, and enable steamers to navigate them for a distance exceeding 600 miles between the Elbow and Fort Garry. And the Indians who hunt in that district assured Professor Hind, who had charge of the Canadian exploring expedition, that between the Elbow and the western extremity of the south branch, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where the Bow River flows into it, there are no rapids or impediments of any description, except shifting mud and sand bars. I can give no opinion as to the feasibility of this plan, the object of which is of course to facilitate the formation of a highway between Canada and the Pacific; but it is right to state that Mr. Dawson, in his report dated Toronto, Feb. 22, 1859, mentions one objection to it, which, if well founded, is conclusive. He says, "The plains of Red River would be converted into a sea, and the settlement swept into Lake Winnipeg." Professor Hind combats this idea as chimerical; but I am unable to decide which of the two disputants is right. The possibility of such a catastrophe is perhaps sufficient to prevent the scheme from being attempted.

The immediate banks of the Saskatchewan are of a poor, sandy, and gravelly soil; but on the prairie plateau, three miles from the river, the rich soil commences, and in some places extends for a breadth of sixty miles. The Touchwood range of hills lies to the east of the Elbow and north of the Qu'Appelle River, and embraces an area of more than a million acres. "For beauty of scenery," says Professor Hind, "richness of soil, and adaptation for settlement, this is by far the most attractive area west of the Assiniboine."

Fort Garry, the head-quarters of the settlement, lies a short distance to the south of Lake Winnipeg, at the point where the Assiniboine falls into the Red River. The

Assiniboine valley on the north side, and south of a range of hills called the Big Ridge, comprises an area exceeding half a million of acres, with a soil which has been described as of "remarkable excellence." The south side of the Assiniboine is covered by a vast forest, varying in width from three to twenty-five miles, and below this there are wide open prairies, where herds of buffaloes range.

The grasshoppers are the pest of the region. Professor Hind says, "At times they would cast a shadow over the prairie; and for several hours one day the sky, from the horizon to an altitude of thirty degrees, acquired an indescribably brilliant ash-white tint, and seemed faintly luminous as the semi-transparent wings of countless millions of grasshoppers, towards the north and north-east, reflected the light of the sun." Another traveller says, "Lying on my back and looking upwards as near to the sun as the light would permit, I saw the sky continually changing colour from blue to silver white, ash-grey, and lead colour, according to the numbers in the passing clouds of insects. Opposite to the sun, the prevailing hue was a silver white, perceptibly flashing. On one occasion the whole heavens, towards the south, east, and west, appeared to radiate a soft, grey, tinted light, with a quivering motion; and the day being calm, the hum produced by the vibrations of so many millions of wings was quite indescribable, and more resembled the noise popularly termed 'a ringing in one's ears,' than any other sound. The aspect of the heavens during the greatest flight we observed was singularly striking. It produced a feeling of uneasiness, amazement, and awe in our minds, as if some terrible unforeseen calamity were about to happen. It recalled more vividly than words could express the devastating ravages of the Egyptian scourges, as it seemed to bring us face to face with one of the most striking and wonderful exhibitions of Almighty power in the creation and sustenance of this infinite army of insects."

The distance between Canada and the Red River Settlement by the canoe route is more than 500 miles, and 300 in an air line. When I say Canada, I mean starting from Lake Superior, which is generally assumed to be its south-west frontier. But it is only fair to state that the Canadians do not admit this, and lay claim to territory indefinitely to the west of the lake. The fact is, that the western boundary of Canada has never been accurately defined.* It was ceded to Great

Britain by France in 1763, but the exact extent of the territory was not determined; and there is a certain portion of "debatable land," between Lake Superior and the possessions of the Hudson's Bay Company, which, as I shall show hereafter, has caused disputes and some tragical episodes in the history of the company.

There are two routes between Lake Superior and the Red River Settlement. The lower one, from the western side of the lake, proceeds up the Pigeon River, along which runs the boundary line between British America and the United States, and then through a long series of swamps and ponds and lakes connected by intervening rivers, to Rainy Lake. But many of the rapids are so furious that canoes cannot live in them, and they must therefore be dragged or carried along the banks for considerable distances, which are known by the name of Portages. Rainy Lake is connected by Rainy River with the Lake of the Woods, and the latter lake by the Winnipeg River with Lake Winnipeg, into which the Red River flows, as I have already mentioned. It would be shorter to cross direct by land from the Lake of the Woods to Fort Garry; but it is a most difficult, if not impracticable country, which has never yet, I believe, been fully explored. Professor Hind, writing in 1859, says, "Up to the date of my departure from Red River last year, no communication had been effected in summer time between the settlements and the Lake of the Woods, except in canoes, although every effort was made to pass through the formidable bogs and swamps which intervene. This important link in the proposed line of route is still a *terra incognita* for a short distance."

The other, called the Kaministiquia route, is 63 miles longer than that by the Pigeon River, and lies more to the north. It starts from Fort William on Lake Superior, and proceeds up the Dog River to Dog Lake; then up the Kaministiquia River to the Mille Lacs, or Lake of the Thousand Isles, after crossing which, it traverses a rocky country, through a series of winding waters and grassy swamps, until it reaches the Rivière la Seine, which flows into the Rainy Lake.

It is difficult to ascertain accurately the number of the Indian population in Rupert's Land. It has been estimated at about 43,000 souls; but this is said to be one-fourth too large. Perhaps we may assume them to be between 30,000 and 40,000. They consist

* In a trial for murder at Quebec, in 1818, the court held that the western boundary of Upper Canada was a line on the

meridian 88° 50' west of London. This would pass through Lake Superior to the east of Fort William.

of different tribes—the Ojibways, the Crees, the Blackfeet, the Sioux (pronounced *Soos*), and the Assiniboines. The animals which are most valuable to them are the buffalo, the horse, and the dog. The Great Slave Lake is the northern limit of the buffaloes: vast herds of them occupy certain well-known and determinate ranges, along which they emigrate at different seasons in search of food. It is said that the sound of their approach can be recognised, “by applying the ear to a badger hole,” fully twenty miles before they arrive, if the weather be calm. Amongst them are often found blind buffaloes, whose eyes have been destroyed by prairie fires; but they are more wary and difficult to approach than those possessing sight. The Indians subsist on the flesh of the buffalo, and from its skin and sinews they make their tents, clothing, saddles, bow-strings, and dog-harness. Tea with them is becoming a luxury, and the taste for it ought, by every means, to be encouraged as a substitute for spirits. Their heaven is the Happy Hunting Grounds, “where buffaloes range as thick as rain drops in summer.”

The Church Missionary Society undertook a mission to Rupert's Land in 1822, and in 1857, they had there thirteen stations. The number of clergymen, including the bishop and the chaplain (whose salaries are partly paid by the company), in that year amounted to seventy; and it was estimated that 8,000 or 10,000 Indians were under Christian instruction. A free passage is given by the company to the missionaries; and, to use the expression of the secretary of the society, “they have countenanced the labours of the missionaries so far as they have not interfered with their trading occupations.” The bishop, Dr. Anderson, in his evidence before the House of Commons, in 1857, said that the missionaries were very devoted and faithful men, and were doing a vast amount of good. Besides these, there were two native Indian clergymen and Roman Catholic priests. Sir George Back stated in his evidence before the committee of the House of Commons, in 1857, that when he was in the territory, he saw nothing but the utmost kindness to the Indians and fairness in dealing; he never knew an Indian turned away without his wants being supplied, whether he had furs to give in return or not: and he saw strong instances of great benevolence on the part of the Hudson's Bay officers. One fact is very creditable to the poor Indians. I have been assured on the best authority that in courts of justice they

may always be relied upon to speak the truth. Perhaps this arises not so much from conscientious motives—for the moral principle must be very weak in untutored savages—as from the awe inspired by an idea of the superior intelligence of the white man, and the fear that as he knows everything, he will be able to confound them if they venture to tell a lie. Many of the Christianized Indians have family worship night and morning, and are quick in learning to read and write. The efforts of the company to prevent the introduction of that fatal curse which generally follows in the wake of Europeans—I mean the use of spirits—deserves every praise. One of the rules of the fur trade is “that the Indians be treated with kindness and indulgence, and mild and conciliatory means resorted to, to encourage industry, repress vice, and inculcate morality; and that the use of spirituous liquors be gradually discountenanced in those very few districts in which it is yet indispensable.” It is stated in a letter, addressed by Sir John Pelly, the then governor of the company, to Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, in 1850, that the average quantity of spirits annually imported by the company into the whole of the territories at that time under their control, to the east and west of the Rocky Mountains—if distributed equally amongst the persons employed in their service—would amount to less than two table-spoonfuls daily to each man, and this included the supply furnished to the troops stationed at Red River. I need hardly add that the use of spirits as an article of barter for furs is most strictly forbidden.

But it is of course very difficult along such a line of frontier, divided from the United States by only an imaginary boundary, to prevent altogether the introduction of spirits. An illicit traffic in furs is carried on between the Red River Settlement and Pembina, which is within the American territory; and the article of exchange chiefly used is spirits, of which the Indians, like all savages, are passionately fond.* There can be little doubt that if the trade in furs were thrown open the fire-water, like a destroying angel, would exterminate the race of the Red Man.

Such is the territory which was granted in the year of grace, 1670, by Charles II. to the Hudson's Bay Company.

The charter of incorporation recites, that whereas “our dear and entirely beloved cousin” Prince Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Christopher Duke of Albemarle,

* It is a curious circumstance, however, that the numerous tribe of the Chipewyan Indians in the north is said not to drink spirits, and they always refuse them when offered.

and other persons therein named, had at their own great costs and charges undertaken an expedition for Hudson's Bay, in the north-west part of America, for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, and for the finding some trade for "furs, minerals, and other considerable commodities," the king granted that they should be a body corporate and politic, by the name of "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," and have a common seal. It then made provision for the government of the company, and gave and granted to it "the sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance of the straits commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts, and confines of the seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds aforesaid, that are not actually possessed or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince or state, with the fishing of all sorts of fish, whales, sturgeons, and all other royal fishes," within the said limits, "and all mines royal, as well discovered as not discovered, of gold, silver, gems, and precious stones." It next declared that the said land should thenceforth be reckoned and computed as one of our plantations or colonies in America, called "Rupert's Land," and constituted the governor and company and their successors "the true and absolute lords and proprietors of the same territory,* saving always the faith, allegiance, and sovereign dominion due to us, our heirs and successors, as of our manor of East Greenwich, in our county of Kent, in free and common socage . . . yielding and paying to us, our heirs and successors for the same two elks and two black beavers, wheresoever, and as often as we, our heirs and successors, shall happen to enter into the said countries, territories, and regions hereby granted." Hitherto the condition has not been found onerous, for no part of the territory has yet been honoured by a royal visit, nor is it likely to be so; which is perhaps fortunate, for possibly the *elks* might not be forthcoming. The king then empowered the governor and company to make laws and

ordinances for good government, to impose pains and penalties and punishments for the breach of them, "so always as the said laws, constitutions, orders and ordinances, fines and amerciaments be reasonable, and not contrary or repugnant, but as near as may be agreeable to the laws, statutes, or customs of this our realm." The charter next granted that the company should have "the whole, entire, and only trade" to and from the territory, and to and from "all havens, bays, creeks, rivers, lakes, and seas into which they shall find entrance or passage by water or land" out of it; and that no part of it should be visited, frequented, or haunted by any of the other subjects of the crown "contrary to the true meaning of these presents, and by virtue of our prerogative royal, which we will not have in that behalf argued or brought in question."

The king then prohibited his other subjects from visiting or trading with the territory, unless by license from the governor and company in writing under their common seal, under pain of his royal indignation, and forfeiture of such goods and merchandise brought into England or any dominions of the crown, and the ships conveying them. The charter also empowered the governor and company to appoint governors and councils of the plantations, forts, factories, colonies, and places of trade within the territory, who were to have power "to judge all persons belonging to the said governor and company, or that shall live under them, in all causes, whether civil or criminal, according to the laws of this kingdom, and to execute justice accordingly." And in case any crime should be committed in places "where judicature cannot be executed for want of a governor and councils there," then the offenders were to be sent to such other plantation, factory, or fort where there should be a governor and council, or into England, "as shall be thought most convenient." The governor and company were also empowered to make peace or war with any prince or people whatsoever "that are not Christians," to erect castles, forts, garrisons, colonies, or plantations within the limits of their territory, and to seize and send to England any of the king's subjects who might sail to Hudson's Bay or inhabit any of the countries thereby granted without the leave of the company. And in case any person convicted of an offence by a president and council in the territory should appeal from the sentence, it was to be lawful for the president and council to seize him and carry him home prisoner to

* On a case submitted in 1814 to Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Scarlett, Mr. Holroyd, Mr. Cruise, and Mr. Bell, those eminent lawyers said: "We are of opinion that the grant of the soil contained in the charter is good, and that it will include all the countries the waters of which flow into Hudson's Bay." It is, however, not altogether easy to determine which waters in their course flow towards Hudson's Bay and which towards the Arctic Sea, as several of the lakes communicate with each other, and have different outlets.

England to the said governor and company, "there to receive such condign punishment as his cause shall require, and the law of the nation shall allow of."

Notwithstanding the stern command of King Charles, that he would not have his prerogative to grant the right of exclusive trade to the company "argued or brought in question," the impertinent curiosity of lawyers has scanned the charter, and grave doubts have been expressed whether the crown had the power to confer on any of its subjects a monopoly of trade. The same thing had been done in the case of the East India Company, which was incorporated in the year 1600 by a charter of Queen Elizabeth, and when the question was raised at the end of the reign of Charles II., in the case of the East India Company *v.* Sandys, in the Court of Queen's Bench, it was held that the grant was good in law. But the reasoning of the judges, headed by Chief Justice Jefferies, who, according to Roger North, "espoused the matter with great fury," is more ingenious than sound; and few lawyers at the present day would be likely to dissent from the opinion of the late Lord Campbell, who says (*Life of Lord Jefferies*, "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," vol. iii. p. 581) that the doctrine is "contrary to our notions on the subject." I will not argue the question here, and it is really of no practical importance, for the proprietary rights and powers of government conferred by the charter on the company are unassailable, and it is not likely that a case will occur in which they will think it desirable to challenge the opinion of a court of law upon the subject.* As owners of the territory and lords of the soil, they are entitled to treat all intruders as trespassers.

The company adopted the appropriate motto *Pro pelle cutem*, "Skin for skin," which happily and wittily expresses the nature of their trade.

The Canadians assert that the territory thus granted by King Charles, in 1670, actually then belonged to the crown of France, and had been previously granted by charter in 1623, by Louis XIII., to a company called *La Compagnie de Nouvelle France*, "New France" being one of the names by which Canada was then known. This charter is said to exist in the archives of the Canadian government, but I have not seen a copy of it, nor am I aware that it has ever been published.

* In his evidence before the committee of the House of Commons, in 1857, Mr. Ellice said: "I conceive that charter to give the rights expressed in it; some of them may be doubtful. I ought to be able to express a tolerably fair opinion upon this subject, since I have taken the opinion of every lawyer against the company when I was opposed to them, and for the company since I have been connected with them."

It has been also asserted that by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, a portion only of the shores of the Hudson's Bay was ceded to England, and that stipulations were made for the protection of the Company of New France. But on referring to the treaty, it will be found that this is a mistake, and that there is in it the fullest recognition of the title of the Crown of England to the *whole* of the territory in question. As the matter is of some importance, I will quote the words of the treaty in the original Latin:—

"Dictus Rex Christianissimus sinum et fretum de Hudsonia cum omnibus terris, maribus, oris maritimis, fluviis, locisque, in dicto sinu et freto sitis, *et ad eadem spectantibus*, nullis sive terræ, sive maris spatiis exceptis, quæ subditis Galliæ impræsentiarum possessa sunt, regna et reginæ Magno Britannæ, pleno jure in perpetuum possidenda, *restituet.*"

And it was provided that the Company of New France, or *Societas Quebecensis* as it was called, should evacuate the territory with all their property. Moreover, the king of France agreed to indemnify the Hudson's Bay Company for all damages they had sustained from hostile incursions and depredations of the French—*vigente pace*—before the war. So that there could not be a clearer acknowledgment that France had no claim except that which recent conquest had given her, for she undertook to "restore" whatever part of the territory she had seized, and to make good all losses sustained by the company at the hands of French subjects while the two were at peace.*

As might naturally be expected, the company at first confined their operations to the shores of Hudson's Bay and the northern parts of the territory; and it seems that they did not actually occupy the valley of the Saskatchewan until the latter end of the last century, nor the valley of the Assiniboine and the Red River until the beginning of the present. In the meantime, they gradually pushed their forts up the rivers—such as the Churchill, the Nelson, the Albany, and the Moose—that flow into Hudson's Bay. But in the middle of the last century they possessed only five or six forts altogether. In 1748 a petition was presented to a committee of the Privy Council, complaining that the Hudson's Bay Company had not effectually or

* By the Treaty Commissioners were to be appointed to determine the limits *inter dictum sinum de Hudson et loca ad Gallos spectantia*; but if they were appointed, I do not find that any boundary was ever settled. In 1690 an act (2 William, and Mary c. 15) was passed for confirming to the Hudson's Bay Company all their rights and privileges; but the act was to be in force only for seven years, and thence to the end of the next session of Parliament; and it has been contended, therefore, that when the act expired the privileges of the company ceased. But at all events they have been expressly recognised by several subsequent statutes.

in earnest searched for a new passage into the South Sea, and had obstructed its discovery by others; and that since the date of their charter, they had not taken possession of, nor occupied any of, the lands granted to them, nor made any plantation or settlement except four factories and one small trading-house. The petitioners prayed, therefore, that they might be incorporated "for finding out the said passage," and that they might have a grant of all the lands they should discover and settle not already occupied and settled by the Hudson's Bay Company, with the right of exclusive trade therein. The petition was referred by the Privy Council to the Attorney-General, Sir Dudley Ryder, and the Solicitor-General, Sir William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, who, having heard counsel on both sides, reported that the charges were "either not sufficiently supported in point of fact, or in a great measure accounted for from the nature or circumstances of the case."

In 1749, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the state and condition of the countries adjoining Hudson's Bay, and the trade carried on

there; and their report contains some curious matter. It appears from it that the servants of the company in Rupert's Land were not allowed to converse with the Indians, on pain of being whipped and forfeiting their wages; and one of the witnesses stated that the governor there forbade him to teach an Indian boy, adding that he had a general order from the company that none of the natives should be instructed. He said that there was no clergyman nor divine worship of any kind in the territory. Lake Winnipeg at this time was called Lake Quinipique, and the Red River, the Little Quinipique; and the country there was described as full of beavers. The Indians were said to use no milk from the time they were weaned, and to hate cheese, "having taken up an opinion that it is dead men's fat." The company must have been doing a good trade at this time, for I find that the average value of their exports during the preceding ten years, was about £5,000 a-year, and their yearly sales during the same period averaged £29,000.

In the next article on the subject I will continue the history of the company.

WILLIAM FORSYTH

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

An English Story of To-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE."

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CLOUD DISPERSES.



BARTY WOOLER did not need to tell his mother in so many words of his last failure.

"Mother," he simply said, "I ought to have been a sailor; and if I were one, I should say my lark on shore shows symptoms of drawing to an end."

Mrs. Wooler looked up with an expression of inquiry, but

none of surprise.

"Was there ever any whisper of Danish

descent at the old farmhouse of Nunton?" Barty went on. "But it was too far inland to be the fag-end of Danish colonies, I take it. I must be on the tramp again, however. You must not blame me this time."

He knew that she would not blame him, and, in fact, was vexed because she would not irritate him by questions.

"How will your Uncle Clays like it, when they thought you had come home for good?" was her single objection.

"Ill enough, I daresay," Barty admitted. "The old men will grumble, but I do not think they will do more. And even if they should, I cannot help it. But come now, mother, you did not mind their grumbling once upon a time; and when you have had the spirit to rear a restless dog of an artist son, who has only been a cross and a trial to you, I think you oughtn't to mind it now."

"Never you mind the cross; some folk would rather keep their own crosses than take other folks' crowns, my lad. But I can understand your hints, Barty, and I tell you I was in luck in my marriage, though some

fools said I might have done better, and he might have done better."

"I should say it was my father who was in luck there, mother," answered Barty, as he fingered the end of his scarf, without looking up.

"I don't know for that," with a toss of the head; "but all the fine young madams in Wellfield were pursing their mouths and airing their long necks and their long words for your father. Even that Queen of Sheba, Miss Rowe, though she had a hard-favoured face as ever was seen, kept what she called a 'commonplace-book' in those days, and that was none of an account-book, but was written pages on pages of his sermons and lectures. Ay, and under the wing of her match-making aunt, Mrs. Epp, she had to consult him on her difficulties and doubts, forsooth! and ask him questions, too, the bold piece."

"But I thought the Queen of Sheba gained her end, mother?"

"It is little you know, then," Mrs. Wooler answered derisively. "You do not read your Bible, son Barty, or you read it with much skipping. The man answered her, because he could do no less, when she had come so far out of her road to ask him; but did he not pack the learned madam off again, and wed princess lasses, two or three of them, who put no questions to him—happen shut his wise mouth when he volunteered to make them wiser, but who, for all that, were his own choice, out of strange country parts?"

"I like your commentary," said Barty, glad to have his own thoughts diverted, and smiling his frank smile.

"As for me," Mrs. Wooler went on, unheeding his remark, "I had never cause to hang my head and lollop wi' my finger in my mouth for my choice, though it was the Lord's will to take him from me."

That one home-thrust, amended by its pious conclusions, came so pat to the tip of her tongue she could not resist it.

"But there is one thing I would say," she urged, "to show you farther—Stop! Barty, stop! is that a ball or a bat among the trees?" she went off from the point, staring out of the window.

"Oh, never mind that, mother," he said, trying to draw her away.

"But I will mind, for the young rascal's good as well as my own," she rejoined.

"But, you know, boys will be boys," answered Barty; "they only enjoy the fun as they pass."

"They make a game at it, do they?" Mrs. Wooler urged energetically; "and you would wink at their game? But I'll make a game

of bringing them to order. Me and Becky are worth the whole police in the place. Barty," she went on in a calmer tone, "you know I'm not a miser-woman, with hooked fingers itching for gold; yet gold is Merlin's wand, if it isn't Moses's rod. Your Uncle Clays' fortune being your lawful inheritance, is there a lass in the country, high or low, good or ill, worth the risk you're fain to run of having to renounce what other men would higgie, and cheat, and lie away their very lives for?"

"Lass or no lass," Barty quickly negatived his mother's remark, "a man's peace of mind is worth any inheritance, and what is but a trifle for one man to carry may break another's back."

She pressed him no farther. But when he was gone she clasped her fingers together tightly, as she sat watching the boys, and indulged her own stern thoughts.

"That Paston tribe," she soliloquized, "is the greatest gang of thieves that have not seen Tyburn. They stole the fruit of my lad's brains when his fame was to win; now they have wiled him over once more, and stolen his man's heart from him. With his strapping body—for he takes after his mother in his make—he is over-true to escape being beguiled by a grand brought-up travelled lass like Phoebe Paston—Lady Dorothy's plaything and leaving. No man-body will serve this young brown-faced madam, in whose mouth butter will not melt, but the future Earl himself. And when that match comes to pass, the lift will be ready to fall. Nay, it is pride will have a fall."

Mrs. Wooler's musings were interrupted at this point by a new object of provocation coming within sight. "Becky," she screamed, "I say, Becky, yonder is a school-bag on the tree. Bring it in, and go this minute with my compliments to Mr. Hardy, at the school—Mrs. Wooler's compliments, and she will thank him to flog any boy who comes without his bag and books, for they are hanging high and dry to the cracking of her laburnums. At the same time, fetch in the bag and books, Becky, and take care you don't mislay them. I may find an old book of Mr. Barty's to put in the bag; for, if I'm not mistaken, they belong to that clever son of Crowe, the cripple cobbler, who can ill afford to buy books for his ne'er-do-wells."

Between Barty's judgments and his mother's there was the same difference that there is between manhood and age—between a narrow, uncultivated woman's nature and a broad man's nature, tilled and fertilised, and bearing the fruits of study and wide intercourse with his

fellows. In proof of this difference, Barty thought twice over his project of departure.

"I shall stay over the race-week, mother," he announced; "I have not seen the grand Wellfield festivities since I was an urchin. So you will have your son to be your escort to the course. You have always made a point of attending and supporting the races, because of my grandfather's Dobbin, and because you are no mean judge of horse-flesh."

"Indeed, son Barty, I may confess to knowing something of a horse's good points. Why shouldn't I, brought up as I was amongst them?"

"Very well, mother; when I make up my stud, I shall depend upon your help. What should a sign-painter know of horses, any more than counter-leapers like the Clays, although they have set up an out-of-date landau, with a pair of spanking greys? I should not wonder though the old fellows went a-wooing in company, late in the day as it is, just to cut me out of their wealth. If it were for their happiness, poor, dry, crusty old souls, I am sure you and I would not grudge it—eh, mother? We have not lived to stand in dead men's shoes only. A confirmed vagabond, who thinks of confessing himself a nomad, making all the settlements he ever will attempt Bokhara ways—what has he to do with the sovereignty of Folksbridge?"

Barty had deliberated with himself privately, and, after many pipes of all nations, arrived at the conclusion that it would not be fair to Paston if he were to run off at once.

"I certainly should not like Caleb or any one to think that I bear them malice. Poor old Caleb did his best for me, and it is in his throat that the early wrong has stuck all the time. Phoebe might have done her spiriting more gently; but she is young and not used to the business, and, fool that I was, I forced it upon her when she was at the height of her pet, and quivering all over with nervousness. I wish she were rid of the philandering young painter-peer. He will not likely stay at Brockcotes beyond the race-week, or if so, he will be engaged with company in the house. Therefore, I shall remain, and I hope the devil may not thank me for it."

In the meantime, Phoebe saw nothing more of Barty except at a respectful distance. Nor did she hear more of his wishes, except a hollow echo of them in the renewed and desperate devotion with which her father went back to his painting-room, and from dawn to sunset wrestled with his old antagonists on his own field of art. But it was not on the "Reconciliation of Jacob and Esau" that he

was now engaged. Phoebe noticed that he had turned its face to the wall, where it rested—its canvas back offering her a tacit reproach. In other respects, the little thunder-cloud of girlish trouble which had gathered and gloomed over Phoebe's horizon had broken, and was passing away.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

THE race-week at Wellfield came opportunely for one or two persons. The large party assembled at Brockcotes afforded a sufficient pretext for the slackening of Lord Wriothlesley's attendance in Wooers' Alley; while the outside excitement covered the mortification of Barty Wooler's withdrawal, and stifled the clamour with which that unlooked-for turn of affairs might, at another time, have been followed. Phoebe Paston's refusing to have anything to say to the Clays' heir, on the one hand, and being kept away from Lord Exmoor's heir on the other, would have formed such a unique combination of circumstances as Wellfield at an ordinary time could scarcely have been cognisant of and retain its equanimity.

Lord Wriothlesley had offered a little passive resistance to the mandate which had gone forth. He made a few wistful inquiries whether he were in the way, evidently intending them to be replied to in the negative; and even fell upon sundry ruses to establish a necessity and a precedent for his presence. At last he quietly acquiesced in the embargo laid on his visits to Wooers' Alley, and reaped his reward by retaining the liberty of paying calls at discreet intervals. Phoebe professed great indifference on the subject. Lord Wriothlesley was very clever and good-humoured, like his sister; but Phoebe was still able to mount her youthful high horse, and to regard the bestowal of his company on her family as a serious waste of time to both.

The races this year were expected to be particularly good, from the fact of their being patronised by the Marquis of Fairchester, Lord Exmoor's intended son-in-law. That the event was in anticipation of the greater gala of the Marquis's marriage with Lady Dorothea was a circumstance, too, which had its effect. Additional flocks of county gentry, with numbers of the remoter allies and adherents of Lord Fairchester, were thus attracted to Wellfield.

Phoebe was anxious to see Lord Fairchester, and to judge for herself whether his personal qualities were on a level with his titles and estates, so as to render him a fit match for Lady Dorothea. So anxious was she, that

she felt her state of suspense and anxiety must be second only to that of Lady Dorothea, who had seen very little of her bridegroom since the two were children.

It was the exciting eve of the race-week. The grand-stand was in process of erection on the course beyond the town. Strangers were arriving from all quarters. Phoebe was therefore surprised at Lady Dorothea's escaping from Brockcotes and walking in to drink a five-o'clock cup of tea in Woovers' Alley.

"There are hosts of people coming this very day to dinner, and to stay for the week.

Indeed, our September and October party is on the point of being completed in the first relay, so many guns balanced by so many cues at billiards and croquet-mallets. Your cousin, Mr. Hall, does not count on either side, Phoebe, for he fires before his covey rises, and hits out his own ball with his own cue. He is a great deal too much determined to be Cæsar or nobody, that young man."

"I have no doubt your Ladyship is right there," said Phoebe.

"And this is my last little bit of leisure, Phoebe," her Ladyship continued; "I shall



Page 372.

not have another moment I can call my own, and do not know when I may be here again. It is rather weary work, after all, Phoebe; and, if you will excuse my saying it, reminds me of the old adage, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'" Suiting the action to the word, Lady Dorothea leant back an exhausted little head on a cushion, and moved it from side to side with a faint protest.

Lady Dorothea was not often heard to murmur at the obligations she took upon her. But she was at this moment labouring under an excess and culmination of worry. The principal members of the Blount family were

to arrive at Brockcotes that afternoon, headed, of course, by Lord Fairchester. By a malignant fate Lady Dorothea had missed meeting the Marquis till the decisive moment, in spite of her season and a half in town, and her parties at country-houses. Her clearest recollection of Lord Fairchester was as a prematurely heavy little lord, mingling with other little lords and ladies in the occasional fairy extravaganzas of juvenile parties. Nevertheless, as the marriage of this little lord and little lady, who had now reached years of discretion, was an exceedingly desirable arrangement for the great houses of Blount and Latimer,



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

it was so far a fixed affair, which would probably take place before the sitting of Parliament.

It was not in woman to remain calm and undisturbed under such circumstances. Phœbe hailed the shade of agitation and timidity in her godmother as being in the last degree becoming—as being, in fact, the finishing touch, without which Lady Dorothea might not have been less a fine lady, but certainly less a woman.

Black and white were Lady Dorothea's natural colours—the rich black and white of the swallow, or the spots on minever. The prevailing fashion had even carried the black and the white into her dress. It consisted of soft white muslin and black velvet, and of floating black lace on a black hat with a white feather. This was not so much the result of artists' work as woman's simple witchery. But the element of agitation had fought the pearl-white cheek and conquered it, imparting the faint maiden blush which it wore only in the glow and sparkle of evening and its company—token sufficient that the flame within the alabaster vase was burning high.

To Phœbe's delight, she thought she had never seen Lady Dorothea look half so lovely and charming. But Lady Dorothea was far from content with herself; anything like tremour was very foreign to her, and, according to her code, unsuitable.

"I don't know what has come over me," her Ladyship said confidentially to Phœbe, as she sat sipping her tea after Mrs. Paston had left the two together, not caring, save by proxy, to have the honour of an Earl's daughter's regard. "I have as much need of something to steady my nerves as a washer-woman, Phœbe, and I don't conceal from you that it is about Fairchester. I have been thinking all the morning how nice it would be to be—not a milkmaid, for it strikes me milkmaids stumble on their fate in a manner not unlike our own—but a girl of the middle-class, like you and your cousins the Halls. How pleasant it would be to form acquaintances naturally, consulting your own individual taste, and to go on, with the acquaintance ripening into friendship, and by slow degrees into something else!"

"I am afraid girls of every class and grade have their own difficulties and griefs," said Phœbe, wistfully, more to fill up a pause than anything else.

"No doubt, my dear child; but there are difficulties and difficulties, as our French neighbours express it. I can remember,

when I was quite a baby, hearing Harris solemnly informing her acquaintances that I was 'bringing-up' for my Lord Fairchester; but it is not so pleasant, Phœbe, when one is brought up to the stake."

Lady Dorothea was guilty of inconsistency, like the rest of the world. In her unwonted mood she had forgotten how slightly she had spoken of the accidents of middle-class marriages on that first day Phœbe had gone up to Brockcotes after her return from Folksbridge; and how, on the same occasion, she had dwelt with the most unquestioning worldliness on certain advantages possessed by Barty Wooler—on his being a painter, Mr. Paston's old friend, and having the solid inheritance of the Clays in store. But though Lady Dorothea had forgotten all this, Phœbe had not.

"My hand is shaking," cried Lady Dorothea, in extreme vexation and disgust. "I declare the next thing will be that I shall drop through the floor when we meet in the drawing-room; and there will be so many eyes on us. Oh dear!" sighed Lady Dorothea, as she broke off in a sudden exasperation; "you won't mind my saying it, Phœbe, since Mr. Hall is our esteemed and invited guest, and we are not likely to forget that we are his obliged hosts, but isn't it hard to have a press-man here just now? Why! Mr. Hall may condescend to write a fashionable novel some day, and may now be taking notes of my costume and conduct to fill an odd chapter. We are never free from our enemies. They hover over us like lovers, and harass us like avenging furies. I should be the last person to deny that we owe a duty to the public; but is it not enough to have reporters at our banquets, our battles, our Parliaments, our operas? Must we also carry them into our family meetings and our withdrawing-rooms?"

Phœbe could not help laughing at this spurt at Frank Hall. She said she was sure he would not write a fashionable novel, or a novel of any kind for that matter, since there was no sentiment in his composition. Then she tried to comfort Lady Dorothea by the assurance that she had heard Lord Fairchester was sensible and amiable; and that her Ladyship might therefore depend on his doing all that was considerate and kind to support her in the trying position in which she was placed.

"Of course he is good," Lady Dorothea assented, a little impatiently, "or the affair would not have been thought of by a good father like the Earl. I don't deny that the

Blounts, taking them all in all, have had but indifferent characters, except in the matter of contriving to extend their lands; still they have not been the very worst of us. They have never committed murder that I have heard of, or turned Turks, or been convicted of robbery, apart from faroe tables and *rouge et noir* banks. But they have contracted an awkward habit of being expelled from their colleges, and they have once or twice stood a court-martial, which makes one quake for the family reputation when one remembers that Mr. Blount is still in the navy. But all that is past, we trust, and the family are going to make an effort to gain their proper place in the country. The late Countess, a Spencer, was an excellent woman. Still, I must confess that her son seems to have monopolized her valuable qualities. Lady Penelope and Lady Louisa are headstrong, silly girls. As for Mr. Blount, who is Fairchester's heir-presumptive, I am afraid he is a desperately *mauvais sujet*. But he must be borne with; for it is everybody's duty to bear with and provide for his or her black sheep."

Lady Dorothea, though high-minded, was tender of the black-sheep of her class. She ignored them when she could, and when she could not, she spoke of them as unlucky and blank supernumeraries, but not as outcasts from their social rank.

"You see," she went on, "it is no longer as in the days when gentlemen had the dangerous capacity for uniting manly ambition with love of pleasure. Fairchester's grandfather and great-grandfather were four-bottle men, and libertines of the second-water at least. But they were also mighty hunters and zealous place-men. They were never found straying from their peers' benches. They neither missed the division at five o'clock the one morning, nor failed to fill their saddles at the same hour down at their own country-seats the next."

"You draw a striking picture of the old race, Lady Dorothea, and you are not afraid to throw in the dark shadow in the background," observed Phœbe.

"But it's a true picture, Phœbe," her Ladyship went on. "The only thing the Blounts were easy in was as to their own morals and those of their neighbours. Their laxity, which was excessively shocking, left them with the greatest good nature and the finest manners in the world. Do you know, Phœbe, that I think the late Lord Charlton, considerably refined from their grossness, was the very last of the great old men of quality, precisely as the Earl of Warwick was the last of the

barons? But about poor Mr. Blount: he has nothing of his forefathers in him, save their tainted addiction to riotous living. He has none of the Stanhope wit, and is more like the ill-fated Herveys."

"But you are not going to marry Mr. Blount, Lady Dorothea," suggested Phœbe.

"God forbid, Phœbe!" her Ladyship exclaimed, with hasty emphasis. "That could not have been thought of for a moment in our family, not even though Lord Fairchester had made up his mind never to marry. But he has determined to follow his mother's advice, and settle before he is thirty. His estates—and you know the lands included in the Ford-in-the-Marsh property fill one little county with their trunk, and extend their limbs into three others—will afford him practice in business; for, of course, he is a great trader, as well as a landholder. His filling the chair at county meetings may accustom him to public speaking, in anticipation of his taking office under Wriothsley, if he should ever be Prime Minister. Dear! the men only whisper it as yet, and they would be fit to take off my head if they knew of our talking over these matters; so take care and keep state secrets, Phœbe. But who can say that such is not Fairchester's and Wriothsley's fit avocation?"

Phœbe ventured to break the impressed silence in which she sat by remarking—"You remember, Lady Dorothea, how often I have agreed with you as to Lord Wriothsley's cleverness? Of course I don't know so much about Lord Fairchester."

"Well, Lord Fairchester's weak point is his public speaking," Lady Dorothea confessed candidly; "his debating-society has not done much for him, although nobody denies that he has his mother's judgment, and she once redeemed the Sans Paréil estate when his mad uncle had put it in jeopardy. But as the work has been given Fairchester to do, I suppose he can wait till his tongue is loosed and he can, metaphorically, speak plain, and then go forward and take his proper post among his peers. Even if he cannot be such a public speaker as to fit him for leader, his immense stake will constitute him a *Fin MacCoul* of a follower."

"I think, Lady Dorothea, that it must be a great lot to be such a man's wife," said Phœbe.

"Yes, my child; it is a great lot," Lady Dorothea admitted, frankly, with her eyes sparkling and her hands clasped in her lap; "to be the means of aiding him in breaking his bonds, and at last fulfilling the pledges

so largely forfeited by his ancestors, and, with the aid of a powerful and honourable connection, to help to rescue a great family from the slough in which it has been content to wallow for centuries."

"Yes, it is a great lot," repeated Phoebe, with bated breath, as thought and enthusiasm struggled in her mind.

Lady Dorothea's intense matter-of-factness had crystallized into something like a vein of poetry at once homely and heroic, as indeed is the nature of all concentration of idea and purpose.

Phoebe Paston looked at her friend in admiration, but not without a species of trouble at the ungirlish sacrifice which Lady Dorothea was contemplating. It was plain she could not make the offering without pain and shrinking.

"As if I were the first bride of Brockcotes who has had her burden to bear," her Ladyship exclaimed, impetuously, after a pause, taking herself sharply to task. "I could give you legends to the contrary, fit subjects for a painter's daughter—I must not say a painter's mistress *now*, Phoebe."

Phoebe winced a little, but as she said nothing, Lady Dorothea went on—"There was Joan Latimer, married at fifteen to Lord Scrope, who was forced to have the knot tied at once, that he might make sure of her dower lands, though it was but three days before he was to embark for the siege of Orleans, where he was slain by a shot from a French culverin. There, now, isn't that something for a painter?"

"It is something for poet as well as painter, in my opinion, Lady Dorothea," said Phoebe.

"Yes, something for a poet, too, though the main interest is pictorial, as one might say. But, to my mind, there was not so much pictorial as pathetic in the case of that Elizabeth, believed to be the great heiress of Earl Evelyn—the same Lady Elizabeth whose portrait in a white hood hangs over the cedar door in the blue bed-room, which her ghost is said to haunt, as if it had not had enough of earth! But we don't believe in ghosts. She was only Earl Evelyn's heiress, till his son Earl Geoffrey was born late in the family. My poor, far-away Aunt Elizabeth had the small-pox the same year, and, being marred alike in fortune and in face, her marriage with one of the sensual, proud Somersets went on notwithstanding, although he never looked on his wife's scarred face after their miserable marriage, until he had satisfied himself that it lay, without deception, in the

coffin. I think, if I consulted my own feelings, I should not marry at all."

"But, Lady Dorothea, did you not say a moment ago that you were just like other girls?"

"Yes, but that was with reference to another thing, you know. It seems to me that I am cut out for an independent, single life. The living woman I envy is Miss Burdett Coutts. We have some old letters from Anne Pitt, Chatham's sister, and Fanny Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle's daughter (who both died unmarried), to their sprightly contemporary, Lady Dolly Latimer. And you have no notion how enjoyable these letters read, although you must make allowance for the coarseness of the age. Only, Phoebe, Anne Pitt had three pensions, and Fanny Pelham had not only her share of the great Newcastle spoils, but also a portion of her mother's savings as housekeeper at Kensington and Windsor. I declare, Phoebe," Lady Dorothea insisted, as she put down her cup and saucer in her earnestness, "I think these offices ought not to have been abolished, and nothing left for us but genteel pauper apartments in Hampton Court. No one can say that I would encourage sinecures. But when you consider what is required of us, I think the means should be provided for maintaining our position in more ways than one. It would not matter to me, because, as an only daughter, it is incumbent on me to marry, and to extend the family connection, and the first thing that we are made for is to fulfil our immediate obligations."

Phoebe said nothing to this, because she felt a little conscience-stricken. Some undefined gain to her father and to art had been contemplated in the prospect of a simple girl like her listening to Barty Wooller; and she had certainly heard of Andrea Mantegna wedding the sister of the Bellini, and of the widening of schools, and the great achievements, which were the results of that auspicious union. But she had not been able to fully enter into such reasons, far less to allow them to weigh with her for a single moment in her decision.

Lady Dorothea proceeded with her lecture more at ease. "If Wriothesley should have a large family of daughters, I do trust that the old provision will be revived for them, so that they need not all marry or starve upon a pittance. Don't you see in the newspapers, child, how spinster daughters of peers come to grief, become bankrupt, and are the prey of dishonest foreigners? They run into all manner of folly, I grant you; but this is not

so much from the bad blood in them, as because of the desperation to which they are driven. Be thankful that girls like you can work, however against the grain it may be, and however ill it may be to get the work. You are not forced to become hangers-on of some reigning earl and countess, perhaps a selfish younger brother and a supercilious chit. The peer's daughter ekes out her living by going the round of her more fortunate friends, living a month at this castle, and six weeks at that lodge. She is shown into the draughty bed-room, and set down in the worst seat at table. And not only that, she is soured and slandered; and if it were not that we, as a class, are, above all, faithful to ourselves, she would be shaken off and thrust out."

"I really think you are beginning to put too much shadow into your pictures of your class," said Phœbe.

"Now, now, my child," her Ladyship went on, "I have reconciled myself to my oppressively splendid lot by contemplating the dreary desolation of the opposite side of the question, and, you will acknowledge, that is not so unwise a process. I have no turn for dreary desolation, and I declare that, with any wit I have, I cannot see a variety of escapes for a girl who is not approachable and susceptible. I shall go while the impression is fresh upon me, and meet my Lord for whom I am destined, with the coolness of a martyr, and without much will either of his or mine. If you can walk with me to the end of the Wooers' Alley without any inconvenience," Lady Dorothea ended, with a clinging to Phœbe which was a slight departure from the coolness of a martyr, "I should like it very much, as it may be the last occasion for ever so long."

"I will go with you as long and as far as you will let me, Lady Dorothea," Phœbe answered fervently.

"But if it is to keep Mrs. Paston from her tea-table, or Mr. Paston from his painting-room, you must not think of it. I left Tommy Perry with the Countess's ponies in the High Street; because you see I did not have a mind to solve all difficulties by breaking my neck, as well as the ponies' knees, driving up and down the staircase of Wooers' Alley. I stole a march upon Chetwynd Dugdale and Bob Bertie, who both came yesterday, and who are now out with Wriothesley trying his new drag round by the great gateway. I did want to see you, and of how innocent and eager and happy you are, and have you all to myself for once

again, Phœbe." Her Ladyship wound up with another pressure of Phœbe's hand.

Lady Dorothea stepped along with well-planted steps, not picking them, nor yet making false ones. In her progress through Wooers' Alley, she excited the never-failing interest which a bird of another hemisphere, alighting and sunning its rich snowy down and glossy raven plumage among the common silver-weed and sorrel of the wayside, never fails to inspire in ordinary birds. Such customary notice Lady Dorothea received with the unconsciousness of a queen. She had still a warning to give Phœbe.

"You are to have the Edgescumbes with you this year as usual," remarked her Ladyship.

"Yes, I understand so," said Phœbe.

"Mrs. Edgcombe, poor old soul, has had her troubles," whispered her Ladyship, "and she lived in an evil day. She comes out with old experiences sometimes, I daresay without exactly thinking what she is saying. Only, a girl like you had better not hear them: don't let her tell you too many of her stories, Phœbe."

"Oh, I don't mind what she says; and sometimes I think of other things while she is speaking about men and women and things that I have no knowledge of."

"That is right, Phœbe; and be sure that you don't let the old squire go leering at you when he returns from the ordinary. He means no harm either, I believe: it is no more than an abominable old habit with him; but I don't like his looks at these times. However, I am wasting my words. Your father and mother, and another person more nearly concerned, will look after you."

The couple reached the pony carriage, but Lady Dorothea's confidences were not yet exhausted; so, holding Phœbe's hand in hers, she said—

"Good-bye, dear. You have comforted me, and done me a world of good, by just doing what not one person in a thousand can do effectually—letting me say my say, and listening with all your heart. But I guess what you want to hear more about, and I will tell you, though it irks me somehow to speak of it, and I am not sure whether it is not an indelicacy to mention it prematurely. Lord Fairchester will drive mamma and me to the course to-morrow as a matter of etiquette, so be there in time to catch the first glimpse of him. He is not to show in silk, as Wriothesley does in the last race but one; he leaves that to Mr. Blount and the other young bachelors. But he will certainly drive mamma and

me. I could get you a place on the grandstand ; but, believe me, it is a vast deal better for you below. It would be all exaltation, stiffness, and vanity to you up yonder. However, if you would care to experiment as to what it is to be a great lady, and to be able to note down the newest fashions for Mrs. Paston's delectation, telegraph to me through Mr. Hall at any time, and I shall give him *carte blanche* to fetch and accommodate you."

"You are very good, Lady Dorothea ; but I had rather not," declared Phœbe. "I should be as much out of place there as you would be with the townspeople."

"I must say I agree with you, Phœbe ; you are a great deal too sensible not to see what is best. If you tried the stand once, you would not do it a second time."

And here her Ladyship stepped into the carriage, and drove off with a little wave of the hand.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WELLFIELD IN ITS GLORY.

WELLFIELD was at last in such glory as Cinderella was in after the fairy had transported her to the Prince's ball. One would scarce have known the little dependent town, when private carriages, smart grooms with riding-horses, and groups of county paladins, were for ever stopping the way. It was a season looked forward to alike by the young squire, bent on running his cherished, pad-docked three-year-old, in fond trial for the further honours of the Derby Day and the Oaks ; by the young aristocratic matron, with her *esprit de corps* and *esprit de famille*, set upon filling her country-house with good partners and eligible *partis* for her unmarried sisters and girl friends ; by smock-frocked Hodge, who had bought his last flaming vest and flying neck-tie at the fair with an eye to "reace-toime," in which his soul still delighted as the pastime of the year, when his simple Sukey or Sally, who had dreamt night after night of the race-week, would be dazzled by his smart toggery.

Of course, the Wellfield races were only a mild version and small abridged edition of the great races. Indeed, they were almost a private institution of the Exmoor family, maintained by them for the improvement of horse-flesh and horsemanship, and, perhaps, somewhat like the gladiator shows of old Rome, to keep the people in good humour. They were a healthy primitive institution, running a little, of course, into the narrow byway of patronage and partisanship, only, however, to keep the more clear of the flood-gates of riot

and excess. But it is due to their patriarchal character to record, that they were in a great measure free from the vices of race-weeks and race-courses. Lord Exmoor used all his influence to confine the Wellfield races to their original intention. The result was, that, though eminently respectable, they would have proved slightly tame dowager races to highly-seasoned palates. But they were sources of simple enjoyment and pride to their noble promoter, and of solid advantage and pleasurable excitement to the Wellfield townsmen, with the speciality that few people connected with them suffered from a bad taste in their mouths for weeks or even months afterwards. As to sport, the Wellfield races bore about the same relation to the Chester week, the Epsom, the Doncaster, or the Newmarket, as an old-fashioned, discreet carpet-dance does to a huge heterogeneous public ball.

In the exigency of the inroad of company, Brockcotes and the neighbouring country-houses were literally filled from top to bottom. The Exmoor Arms and the Wriothesley Branch Hotel were likewise crammed. Naturally enough, the applicants for bed and board did not have recourse to the Temperance Hotel till every other refuge failed them ; and only the *bonâ fide* working-men, and indeed not very many of them, quartered themselves in the Working Man's Rights' Tavern, which uttered its small plucky protest against the tyrannous order of nobles, and dragged out a semi-socialist, semi-chartist, but languishing and spasmodic life, which would have collapsed entirely ere this had it not been indebted once and again to the secret forbearance and aid of Lord Exmoor.

The private houses of the town were pressed into the service. The best families in Wellfield opened their doors on the plea of obliging Lord Exmoor, while they did not repudiate the liberal pecuniary *douceur* for their hospitalities. Elderly spinsters like Miss Rowe were thus enabled to indulge without inconvenience in additional kettledrums for the rest of the year ; while large families like the Medlars could afford late sea-side trips and new campaigns in the wide, wealthy field of Folksbridge, and in the wider, wealthier field of London during the winter and the spring. Even people who no longer needed an addition to their incomes, like Mrs. Wooler and Mr. Mossman, did not like to feel stuck-up and unsocial. So they "let" their houses to be neighbour-like. All were rewarded by a little high-life experience, both above and below stairs, on which they could draw till

they got a fresh stock next race-time, and which completely superseded and cast into the shade such old sources as those of Miss Rowe with her naval and military authorities.

Thus, although the people of Wellfield were compressed into back-parlours and attic bedrooms for six days to admit of accommodating the distinguished strangers, the compression was so universal, and was so magnanimously borne, that it became like the old squeeze at the play and the race-ball—one of the racy, informal charms of the gaiety.

On the eve of the Wellfield races the townsmen and their families were quite prepared for their full bit of pleasure, and, in the meantime, feasted their eyes and ears on the nicest tit-bits of aristocratic gossip. Mr. Dick Vernon and Miss Dugdale had been seen riding alone together, like brother and sister; and she was not even his cousin as she was Lord Wriothsley's; besides she was spoken of for the last, in the shade and retirement of the Brockcotes Mall, before breakfast. Young Lady Lucy Ingram had positively gone back to Miss Rowe's in the sulks that morning, and would not enter her carriage, after she had put her foot on the step, because of the smell of cigars, Mr. Ingram having taken it upon him to shut himself up in it and smoke as he returned alone from dining at Brockcotes the evening before. Old Mr. Edgecumbe had swallowed three raw eggs to his coffee, after Mrs. Paston had taken care to provide him with a sweet pigeon-pie and a pair of beauties of cutlets.

Phoebe enjoyed the commotion immensely, perhaps all the more because of her girl's trouble just past, although even this brilliant exceptional life had its rubs for her. Barty Wooler and his loss might sit lightly on her conscience, but Mrs. Paston, though she enjoyed the race-week in her own way, was even more plaintively helpless than usual, and more impressed with her responsibility in having to answer for two persons with minds of their own, and with odd ways. But, notwithstanding this impression of her mother's, Phoebe, at least consistently, protested that she was exactly like other people. Mr. Paston, who hated bustle and excitement although he loved spectacles, was out of spirits and out of looks, and sometimes his appearance struck Phoebe reproachfully in the midst of her inexperience and light-heartedness. By his looks and absent ways, he forced her to think, with a pang, that she, who was his Phoebe, his friend and pet, had thwarted and

vexed him, however inadvertently and inevitably on her part.

Phoebe was foolish enough to have a little regret that her family were to have no more novel and interesting guests than Mr. and Mrs. Edgecumbe, of Appleby, who had stayed in Wooers' Alley for the races almost ever since Phoebe could remember. And this, notwithstanding that the Edgecumbes had been very generous and kind to her, so long as she had been a child, in gifts of flowers and fruit, in coral necklaces and turquoise lockets; though, it must be confessed, they were not immaculate in other respects, but had been rather a sad couple in their young days, and only passed muster now because of rank and age wiping out follies. Phoebe would have liked that they should have had young Lady Lucy Ingram, the last married county lady, who had come to St. Basils in bridal white silk, and even now wore no wrap more sombre than ermine; or, when gentlemen preponderated, that they should have had some of Lord Wriothsley's friends, who would swear less, and drink less, than Mr. Edgecumbe; who would wear delicate French-grey, and picturesque heather-brown morning coats, instead of Mr. Edgecumbe's faded and battered tweed frock-coat, like nothing in the world so much as a singed sheep-skin; and who would be gay and gallant, with a polite reserve, where Mr. Edgecumbe was either glum, or, without meaning offence, boisterously free.

But although Lord Wriothsley had lots of friends dropping in, for the purpose of killing two dogs with one bone,—by attending the Wellfield races (which might taste a little like cheese-curd), and shooting in the Brockcotes preserves, about which there could not be two opinions,—he did not bring his friends near Wooers' Alley, although he had to promenade Wellfield in search of a lodging, with waifs and strays for whom he could not find the form of a resting-place in the loftiest bachelor's retreat at Brockcotes, and that within five minutes of the first dressing-bell. He rather worked upon the fidelity and humanity of Mr. Medlar to allow mattresses, mirrors, and basins to encumber the very sacred precincts of the bank, morning and evening, for the first three days.

It was not that Lord Wriothsley was resentful at having been gently warned off from the painter's quarters. Nor did he seem to conclude that the Pastons had no sympathy with aristocratic jockeys. So far from that, he came out of the cigar-shop in the High Street, and stopped Phoebe for

three minutes to tell her that in one race he was going to show in silk himself, just to support the jockeys.

"Aren't we right, Miss Paston?" said his Lordship, quite frankly. "The Countess does not object. She is to wait till the last sweepstakes but one to-morrow, for the purpose of seeing her son beaten. Lady Dorothea is to be there, having a notion that races are patriotic and political, like the Olympic Games. She holds that it is worth a man's while to be a winner, even on the Wellfield course. Remember, Miss Paston, that it is the last sweepstakes but one to-morrow, and that my colours are white and coral, like your jacket and studs."

Still Lord Wriothresley did not humour Phoebe's girlish hankering for the mere accidental association with spirited magnificent race-goers who might frequent Wooers' Alley. At least he was not tempted by any levity of spirit, or any craving for confirmation of his taste, to transfer Lord Dacre, Bob Bertie, Dick Vernon, Mr. Edmund Blount, or any man save Frank Hall, from the highly-cultivated artificial *parterres* of Brockcotes to the comparatively virgin soil of Wooers' Alley.

Phoebe did not always know what to make of Mrs. Edgecumbe. She would have the girl in to talk to her when she was by herself, for Mrs. Edgecumbe had a great dislike to getting low. To keep herself from getting low was one of the great objects of her life, and the public held that she was remarkably successful in this. She would be very condescending and indulgent to Phoebe on these occasions, but, as Lady Dorothea had said, she occasionally let out strange experiences, which it distressed and scared a young girl to hear.

"Phoebe Paston," Mrs. Edgecumbe would say, "I like you because you have an idea in your head. One can see it in your eye, and a very good eye it is, child, if you only knew how to use it."

At this, Phoebe would colour and turn away her head, but this would only provoke Mrs. Edgecumbe to a stronger assertion of her opinion.

"Yes, Phoebe Paston, I have known eyes not half so good as yours draw down showers of diamonds and pearls—real jewels, mind you—as grand as those in the Devonshire tiara, or the Brockcotes necklace they speak so much of. But I must confess to you I don't know that they made their possessor much richer in the long run. I have heard they all turned to pebbles and slate stones on the green cloth. You see she was a French

dancer, and she was as fond of play as your cat is of fish. I knew her when she was a friend of Lord Dacre's father, and he was very soft and sweet upon her. We used to have merry parties all together at Richmond, not very proper, but nobody went in so much for propriety in those days—how could we, when Mrs. Fitzherbert was received by the court at Brighton, and Lady Conyngham went everywhere? There was my old man Edgecumbe too, who was not my old man then, for the Dean's sister had not divorced him yet, and Chin Bagot, my first husband, was not dead,—everybody called him Chin, and I don't know how he could take it amiss, for his chin, though it was ever so large and knotty, like the handle of a stout blackthorn walking-stick, was after all the most harmless point about him."

Phoebe could not help looking her surprise at the old lady's manner of speaking, if she did not venture to express any objection; but Mrs. Edgecumbe put aside looks.

"Tut, child! what makes you look scared? Chin Bagot is dead now, poor soul, and we must not speak ill of him. Edgecumbe and I never do, though we do not fear his memory, for the man was his own worst enemy. Oh! young country lasses of your sort, are like novices, Phoebe Paston; and that is why I am so fond of them, before even my carpet-work and my dog Crab, when they are pretty and clever, like you, my dear. I am as fond of a pretty girl as ever Edgecumbe was, but a great deal more particular about her being clever. At the same time, Edgecumbe always respected parts in a woman, and principles too, where he could find them. He never carried his whiskers and his hands where a woman had either the wit or the will to keep him off—I will say that for him—and so I always knew whom to blame."

"Oh, Mrs. Edgecumbe!" was all Phoebe could say to this lax speech.

"You need not go, Phoebe. Edgecumbe never comes from the ordinary till it is late, and when his son Struan is here, Edgecumbe is the latest of all. He must wait, you know, till the ill-mannered prig has retired, and Edgecumbe can say to his companions, 'Now that the old man is gone, boys, we'll have another cobwebbed bottle. I always send a contribution from my own bins to the ordinary, so that you need not fear Derby-day champagne or Epsom moselle here.' His man generally puts him to bed after that, whether drunk or sober. Hughes can manage him—he is easily managed now. And I

tell you he would not annoy you, girl, for, rough as the squire is, he was a man of breeding in his day, and knew when he was in the presence of a lady and an honest woman, whether she was his own wife or another's. That was more than could be said for all kings and royal dukes. But my tongue goes too fast, Phoebe; I see that by your face. But remember, you little saucebox, that you know nothing of what the world was when a certain terrible old man, blind of an eye, and deaf of an ear, sat, within the memory of people I knew, in his balcony in Piccadilly, with a parasol over his head, and neither decency nor ruth in his one eye. Yet seventy women, of all ranks, were found in England to cover his shameless deathbed with their notes of inquiry and condolence."

Mrs. Edgecumbe's conversation had a high flavour, and Phoebe really shrank more from it than from encountering the purple-faced, gouty, chuckling, cursing squire. As for Lord Wriothsley's friends, they merely glanced aside at the painter's pretty daughter, with a passing wonder, if Wriothsley, made of flesh and blood, were the least in the world smitten by his sister's friend. Only, it must be confessed, that Mr. Edmund Blount was bold enough to stare Phoebe out of countenance, in turning upon her his own swarthy, sodden face, with his moustache *à l'Empereur*. He made Phoebe angry with Lady Dorothea for her partial toleration of him. To think that a girl like Lady Dorothea Latimer could put up with such degradation, and almost make terms with such people, all because they were of her class, and in the persons of Blounts! The concession, Phoebe felt, was unbecoming and unworthy of Lady Dorothea.

Phoebe might have rested content. A hundred, or even fifty years back, this Mr. Edmund Blount would have been dogging her, spying on her, and bribing the giddiest and most stupid of the maidservants in Wooers' Alley to betray her service. Nay, he might even have been waylaying Phoebe

in the dusk in the loneliest road near Well-field, snatching kisses from her, insulting her, and frightening her out of her wits. Hear how Mrs. Edgecumbe spoke of those gallant adventures in the light of trifles light as air. But all that was over. Mr. Edmund Blount must stoop to much humbler, ruder prey. He must soil himself by the contaminating contact of those who were his equals and superiors in passion, impurity, and grossness, whatever might be their rank, every time he caused a woman to fall either in appearance or deed. The utmost he could do to a girl like Phoebe was to create in her an unconquerable antipathy, and a vehement indignation, by turning into her cool, brown cheek and olive eyes defiant fires of virtue to meet the unhallowed fires which lay smouldering in his prominent, hard eyes, and in the unhealthy flushed blotches on his smooth, flaccid cheeks, that no honourable cruise on her Majesty's service, or fresh, free sea-breeze had been able to brace and tan. To think such a fellow, whose antecedents Lady Dorothea slid over in the generalisation "one of our black sheep," should be by marriage entitled to call himself Lady Dorothea's kinsman,—near enough, surely, when he was the heir-presumptive of her husband,—and so to affront and disgrace her in the eyes of the country! But it was not Mr. Edmund Blount Lady Dorothea was to marry, as Phoebe herself had said. And Phoebe, having no right to raise her voice against the match, was in a measure reconciled to Lady Dorothea's throwing herself away on a well-disposed, powerful, young marquis, with great lands and long descent, but with discreditable connections, as some of their degenerate fruits. Phoebe gave herself up to a kind of fine despair on the subject. She believed that there never would be found the man and nobleman quite worthy of the stately, winsome, black-and-white little beauty, the high-hearted, sweet-tempered lady and woman, the faithful daughter, sister, and friend.



DEBENHAM'S VOW.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XXVII.—PHILISTINES AND FIG-TREES.



DEBENHAM was off the next day to Squillace, a distance of ten miles by the coast. There he waited upon the British consul, and busied himself with enquiries as to the ways and means by which the *Fairy Queen* might be got afloat again. He consulted the harbour-master, and several ship-owners and shipping agents, about the chartering of a vessel for the transport of the cargo; but he found no ship-builder in the place, and only a ship-builder could relaunch the *Fairy Queen*. Unsuccessful, therefore, at Squillace, he had no resource but to go to Reggio on the western coast, some eighty or ninety miles distant. Finding himself a mere mark for every kind of extortion at Reggio, he crossed over to Messina. But it seemed to him that, wherever he went, news of his purpose had gone before him. Informed, apparently, of the urgency of the case, Calabrians and Sicilians alike concurred in asking about eight times more than the ordinary tariff for the work he wanted done. Shipping agents, ship-owners, and ship-builders, seemed banded in a conspiracy against him. Referred from one to another, wearied to death with consultations, bargaining, disputes, estimates, obstacles wilfully raised, difficulties wilfully exaggerated, and repeated journeyings to and fro by land and sea, De Benham was almost driven to despair. He knew now exactly what it would be necessary to do, and he had taken pains to learn what should be the cost of doing it. Thus armed, he fought the ground over inch by inch, first with one contractor, then with another, till at last, thanks to his uncom-

promising determination to resist imposition, he succeeded.

"You will be glad to know that our worst troubles are well-nigh over," he said, writing to Mr. Hardwicke from the Albergo del Sole, about a fortnight from the time of his first arrival at Soverato. "The *Bella Lucia* of Messina is chartered for the work of re-shipment, and is even now on her way hither; and I have finally concluded with Paoli, of Reggio, for the refitting and launching of the *Fairy Queen*. He was here nearly all day yesterday with one of his head men, and came in to my terms at last. We signed and sealed before parting. I enclose a copy of both agreements for your perusal.

"The *Bella Lucia* bears a good character in Messina—a mere cargo vessel—one of Paoli's build, by-the-way—not a fast sailer, but in all other respects satisfactory—burden 980 tons—commander, one Alessandro Ciardi, a capital seaman, I am told, and, as Sicilians go, trustworthy. He would fain have backed up his owner in extorting another three hundred ducats for the hire of the ship, if I could have been brought to give it; but he would regard this, probably, as no more than his duty, and an orthodox spoiling of the Philistines.

"Captain Barclay is making rapid progress towards recovery. He left his room yesterday for the first time, and was sitting this morning in the shade of the good padre's fig-tree. I trust that by the time the *Bella Lucia* has taken in her cargo, he will be sufficiently recovered to admit of my sending Mackenzie with Ciardi, to see all safely delivered at the docks. I think this would, for many reasons, be satisfactory and desirable.

"As soon as the *Bella Lucia* is gone, Paoli will set to work without delay. He says the steepness of the beach at this point is much in our favour, and that, had it been a long and gradual incline, as in the neighbourhood of Montauro and other places hereabouts, the cost of getting the ship off, laying down stocks, &c., would have been immensely increased.

"Since writing the above, the *Bella Lucia*, I am glad to say, has come in. Ciardi has fortunately found good anchorage in the cove where the *Fairy Queen* is stranded. To-morrow, at daybreak, we shall begin transferring cargo."

Such, with the addition of certain details, technical and financial, was the letter in which Temple De Benham reported progress to his employer, and which Mr. Hardwicke (with some inward consciousness of relief, but much outward show of foreseen triumph) handed to his managing clerk to read.

"I think, Mr. Knott," he said, leaning back in his chair with a self-complacent smile, "I think you will admit that this is an eminently satisfactory letter. I think you will admit that my confidence in this young man's abilities has not been misplaced. You were of opinion that I had acted rashly in this matter; but even in commerce, Mr. Knott—even in commerce, where, as a rule, so much precaution is necessary—the power of reading character may occasionally be serviceable. I read this young man's character at a glance—at a glance, Mr. Knott."

The managing clerk returned the letter without a word of comment.

"Well? Well?" said Mr. Hardwicke, impatiently.

"I don't like the tone of it," said Mr. Knott.

"The tone of it?" echoed Mr. Hardwicke.

He of the relentless eye shook his head, coughed a dry cough, and solemnly took snuff.

"The tone of it, sir," he said, "is not commercial. Philistines, indeed! and fig-trees! What call has any young man, writing to his employer on the business of the house, to bring in such topics as Philistines and fig-trees?"

"I am glad you have no greater fault to find with Mr. Debenham than the vivacity of his style," said the merchant, with a twinkle of suppressed amusement in his eye.

Mr. Knott gave utterance to a little snort of scornful indignation.

"Vivacity, sir!" he ejaculated. "No young man in this young man's position has any right to be vivacious. It's highly objectionable. It's irrelevant. It's—as I said before—it's uncommercial."

And with this expression of opinion, Mr. Knott abruptly left the room.

Then Mr. Hardwicke laughed—a little quiet, self-complacent laugh, all to himself—rubbed his hands softly together; folded the letter, and put it away carefully in his desk. That old Knott should disapprove was only to be expected; that old Knott should even be jealous was also likely enough—old Knott, who was nothing if not commercial—old Knott, who, having lived all his life in the

one well-worn groove, would fain bring the rest of the world to the test of his own narrow gauge, and recognise no other! Amusing enough, all this—ay, and an additional testimony, if such additional testimony were needed, to young Debenham's merits. Uncommercial, indeed! Uncommercial, perhaps, in the sense that a pure Californian nugget, as yet unadulterated by baser admixture, as yet unfused in the common mould and filed down to the vulgar standard, is not a legal tender! But then it is pure gold, and ready to be converted into coin of the realm—just as this young man, with his talents, and his energy, and his fine education, had in him the making of fifty such commercial machines as old Timothy Knott!

For if Mr. Hardwicke had ever trembled for the results of his experiment, he now entertained no doubt that his new employé was a treasure—a treasure to be appropriated to his own use, and worked for his own exclusive benefit. And he foresaw so many ways in which the treasure might be turned to good account. There was that affair at St. Petersburg, for instance, given up long since as a bad debt—what if he were to send out this young man, with orders to sift it to the bottom? Why might it not be possible, even now, to recover every farthing? And then, again, that admirable scheme for monopolising the wool-trade of Lassa—a scheme hitherto impossible of fulfilment, by reason of the laws excluding foreigners from Central Thibet; but now, if confided to a man fluent in languages, fearless of danger, ready in emergencies . . .

Mr. Hardwicke drew a deep breath, rose from his chair, and began pacing to and fro between the window and the door. Visions of daring enterprise and brilliant success floated before his mind's eye, and he resolved to come to some definite understanding with De Benham as soon as possible. He was, in fact, so charmed with his own perspicacity in having been the discoverer of this same treasure, that he was willing to pay for it liberally.

"I will offer him," said he, half aloud, "three hundred a year. An increasing salary beginning at three hundred a year, or at four, if three don't content him. He'll never refuse that. He knows his own value; but he'll never refuse that!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.—PAST AND PRESENT.

A CHANGED and a busy life was Temple De Benham's under the new *régime*. Mr. Hardwicke continued to regard him as a *rara avis*; and though, in so rapidly achieving a posi-

tion of high trust and favour, the young man found himself not wholly unassailed by those minor perils to which the race of *rare aves* are liable in a world of jealous, hungry, fighting, commonplace sparrows, he continued, nevertheless, to soar and prosper even beyond his hopes. That he should be an object of envy and mistrust to those city sparrows in Mr. Hardwicke's employment amongst whom he had suddenly alighted, was only to be expected. But their enmity was of little moment. They could neither injure nor annoy him; for his work was not their work, and his place was not among them. His work, indeed, lay, for the most part, far enough away; and, to the sore trial of that one loving heart that had never borne to be parted from him for more than a few hours at a time, his life was henceforth given up to pursuits that carried him far afield for weeks, and even months, together.

And now that tide which governs the affairs of men seemed to have turned in his favour. He had found an employer who knew how to value him, and who was willing to deal with him liberally. For that first trip to Italy, he received, on his return to England, Mr. Hardwicke's cheque for one hundred guineas. He had never possessed such a sum, nor even the quarter part of such a sum, in his life; and though he knew that he had earned it well, and that he was not overpaid by it, he could not help marvelling at his own riches. One hundred guineas! Yes, the tide *had* turned, and was leading on to fortune!

And yet he had worked hard for his hundred guineas. He had been three months in Calabria, toiling at his task by day and night, and putting into those three months the work of six. Then, having reshipped his cargo to England, and got the *Fairy Queen* off safe, sound, and thoroughly refitted before he left the spot, he succeeded in reaching home just in time to spend his Christmas Day in the little lodging at Canonbury.

A happy Christmas Day for her who had been dwelling all solitary in that obscure, unlovely home all these three weary months, living on his letters and praying for his safe return. Happy, yet not perhaps so happy as those earlier times when he was yet a youth, and all her own; when no sterner stuff leavened the rich enthusiasm of his nature; when his ambition and his genius went hand in hand, and Beethoven and Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Spohr were the gods of his idolatry. Ah, those old college days! those pleasant winter holidays! those Christmas examinations, each richer in triumph than the

last, when he, her darling and her pride, used to come home from the crowded hall, pale and exhausted, but always successful, to lay his prizes in her lap! Then, too, came the joyous 24th of December, when the young men went out to the woods in troops to fetch in the Christmas trees, coming back at dusk with songs and torches, and laden with winter greenery—her boy among the rest, bringing home a young fir-tree to gladden their one sitting-room with the scent and hues of the forest. And then came Christmas Day, ushered in by early carol singing and much ringing of bells, when mother and son used to go to the choral service at the Grand Duke's Chapel in the morning; and then after church, if it was fine, walk together in the public gardens, to see all the little world of Zollenstrasse in its holiday smartness—the peasants in their picturesque costumes, the officers in their uniforms, the professors in their gowns. How happy, too, were those little un-English Christmas dinners—the chicken and jam sauce, the *braten* that betrayed no flavour of beef, the apple *küchen*, and the thin red wine which seemed all the thinner for being spiced and mulled in the stove! And then, when evening came, Temple used to play Handel's Pastoral Symphony, and the soldiers' chorus from Beethoven's Mount of Olives; and sometimes they read aloud to each other Milton's Hymn on the Nativity, or a dialogue of Plato, or an act from Shakespeare or Schiller.

Those were the Christmas Days of the past, before the tide had turned. It was different now. The young eager-eyed musician, whose very soul was in his art, and whose every dream was, as it were, set to music, was gone. Gone—changed—transformed; and in his place there sat this bronzed and bearded man, whose talk was of ships, and seas, and foreign shores, and future enterprises leading on to wealth.

He had much to tell, and she was never weary of listening. Still, proud as she was of his skill and energy, she looked back and sighed, and inly wondered whether any of this world's prizes were worth that Eden of poetry and art upon which her wanderer had turned his back for ever? Time was when Lady De Benham had regarded that very art with eyes of doubt and disfavour; but those prejudices had long since worn themselves away. She had lived eleven years in Zollenstrasse since then—Zollenstrasse, that later Weimar, of which it might almost be said that the cultivation of the fine arts was the religion of the state. Yielding to the in-

fluences of the place, she had become reconciled to music as the profession of her darling's choice; but to commerce . . . alas! not all the gold of Pactolus could reconcile her to this last degradation. That her son, her Temple, the last of the De Benhams, should sell his personal liberty; accept this man's pay; go east, west, north, or south, at this man's bidding; soil his hands with trade and traffic . . . these things were intolerable to her. She felt them bitterly. She wept over them in secret. She told herself that no end, however desirable, could compensate for such humiliation. But all this she suffered in silence, and therefore suffered the more keenly. Not for the world, now, would she have advised or expostulated. He chose to do it; deemed it right to do it; would have done it years ago, had she not withheld the secret from him. Lady De Benham never forgot that half-implied reproach. Had her son thought fit to drive a cab, or sweep a crossing, or serve behind a counter, she would have broken her heart sooner than breathe one syllable of remonstrance.

He had not many days to spend in England—less than a week, indeed; and was bound next for St. Petersburg. In the meanwhile, having a world of work to get through, and being detained in the City by Mr. Hardwicke for several hours each day, he found little time for home. Now Temple De Benham loved his mother so very dearly that this press of occupation, as it kept him from her in the present moment, and as it threatened to keep him from her in the future, grieved him sorely. Till now, he had never left her. And she was so solitary when he was away . . . and he was likely now to be away so often! She had no friends in London—no acquaintances—not a soul to come and sit with her, if she was ill. The utmost he could do for her was to subscribe to a library, and beg Archie to go and see her very often in his absence. . . . No; there was one thing more that he might do, if he would. He might give her an acquaintance, a friend, a daughter, in Miss Alleyne. Should he do this? Would it be wise to do it? He asked himself these questions very often, and could by no means answer them to his satisfaction. At last, being a good deal troubled in his mind, he mentioned the subject somewhat vaguely and circuitously to Archibald Blyth.

"You see, Archie," he said, "it's a delightful thing to feel one's self really moving on; but it has one drawback. I am obliged to leave my mother so much alone."

They had been down together to the docks, and, coming back up Lower Thames Street, had turned in by the front of the Custom House for a breath of open air and a glimpse of the river.

"Of course, she misses you dreadfully," said Archie, not knowing what other reply to make.

"Ay; but that's not all," replied De Benham. "She knows no one, except yourself, in all London. Not a soul."

"And I am not particularly well worth her knowing," said Archie, ruefully. "However, I can change her books at Mudie's, and all that sort of thing, you know. I'd call upon her every day with pleasure—only I know I should bore her awfully."

"My dear Archie," said De Benham, "you are the best fellow in the world."

And then he paused; for he did not know how to say what was in his mind.

"But she knows Miss Alleyne!" exclaimed Archie, suddenly.

De Benham shook his head.

"No," he said. "I left England, you know, before they came back from Cillingford, and—and I've only been home three days myself."

"You don't mean to say you've not seen her yet?"

"I mean to say," said Temple, reddening, "that till now it has been impossible. You seem to forget how my time has been taken up, and how far it is from Canonbury to Kensington."

"That fellow Leander used to swim across the Hellespont," said Archie, with a sidelong glance at his companion.

"But I am going to call there to-day—now, in fact; before going home."

"And won't you introduce them before you go away?"

"I don't know—I scarcely think. . . . You see, Archie, there is no engagement between Miss Alleyne and myself. And I don't want to—precipitate matters."

Archie pursed up his mouth, and uttered a prolonged whistle.

"Which, being translated," said he, "means that you have seen somebody else out there in Italy, whom you like better."

"It means nothing of the kind," said De Benham, angrily.

"Well, you have changed your mind, perhaps."

"Good heavens, no! I admire Miss Alleyne as much as ever. If I were a rich man, I would ask her to marry me to-morrow. But I am not a rich man. I am a very poor

man. I must work hard for years, before I dare think of marriage. Therefore I hesitate about making Miss Alleyne known to my mother. I—I feel I have no right.”

“Then, my dear fellow, don’t do it,” said Archie emphatically. “When a man feels he has ‘no right’ to do the decisive thing in a case of this kind, it generally means that he is not quite sure he cares to have that right.”

“If you think I have ceased to love her, Archie, you wrong me,” said De Benham, earnestly. “Upon my honour, you wrong me. My feelings are unchanged. She is the only woman I have ever cared for—or ever shall care for.”

“I’m not blaming you,” said Archie.

“Of course not. Neither should I deserve your blame. There’s not a grain of fickleness in my nature.”

And he said this with the utmost sincerity; knowing that he had never given one look or thought to any other, and believing, for the time, that he loved her as much as ever.

“Then I don’t understand your scruples,” said Archie.

“It may be so many years before I am in a position to marry.”

“But your prospects are better than ever.”

“My prospects,” said De Benham, quickly, “would be ruined, if I were to incur the responsibilities of . . . there, we won’t talk of it, Archie. Believe me, I am actuated by a stern necessity. You’ll understand it all, some day.”

And so it was. In all good faith, he believed in that “stern necessity.” It never occurred to him that the necessity was of his own making. He was, indeed, long past that point at which a man is capable of analysing his own motives, and he had no idea that he was ruled by a passion stronger than love.

As for Archie, he was silenced and puzzled, and knew not what to think.

CHAPTER XXIX.—HAD SHE FORGOTTEN?

THE young men parted company at the Mansion House, where De Benham hailed a Hansom and desired the driver to take him to Campden Hill, Kensington. For those days were past in which he would walk any number of miles to save a cab-fare, and time had come to be of more value than money.

It was now nearly four months since he had seen Miss Alleyne; and during the whole of that time there had been no communication of any kind between them. This, however, was not his fault. She had forbidden him to write to her, and he had obeyed to the letter. He had told himself again and

again, when he was in Calabria, that he was not only blameless in so keeping silence, but that he was somewhat hardly used in being required to do so. It might have been for twelve months instead of three; it might have been to Australia instead of Italy; he might have fallen sick among strangers, and she would have been none the wiser. Now, however, that he was about to see her for the first time in her own home—for the first time since that morning in the porch at Cillingford when she had promised to wear his ring, and think of him “by day and night” while they were parted—he began to doubt whether he had been quite justified in taking her *au pied de la lettre*. Perhaps, considering the circumstances of his journey, it would have been better had he set that edict aside, and written for once to tell her what had become of him. Yet he well knew that the thought of doing so had occurred to him repeatedly; but always as a thing which it would be wiser to leave undone. In the meanwhile, what had she thought of his prolonged silence? Had she waited, and watched, and wearied for his coming? Would she receive him with reproaches? Would it all be as if they had parted only yesterday? Or would there be a difference, a restraint, a sense of estrangement?

So absorbed was he in these doubts and questionings, that he found himself rattling through Kensington before he knew that he had passed Hyde Park Corner. It seemed to him that the cabman’s horse must have had wings, or that the road had suddenly grown shorter. He stopped the driver at once, however, and said he would walk the rest of the distance. And then he went into a shop and bought a pair of gloves. These gloves took a long time to choose, and a long time to put on; and when they were at last satisfactorily adjusted, he walked very slowly towards Campden Hill. The locality was strange to him, for he had never been further in this direction than Kensington Church. So he went up and down, inquiring his way, but making no especial haste to find it. He felt, indeed, nervous and embarrassed, and had he not come upon the house sooner than he expected, he would have been glad to turn back again for a few moments, to collect his thoughts before going in.

It was a pretty little house, with a long flight of steps leading up to the door, and—although it was winter—flowers in every window. He knocked, and a neat parlour-maid answered the summons. Was Mr. Alleyne at home? Mr. Alleyne was at home; but in

his painting-room, and particularly engaged. Was Miss Alleyne at home? No—Miss Alleyne was out.

De Benham had no card to leave—had, indeed, never possessed such a superfluity in his life; but he pencilled his name on the back of somebody else's card, and desired the maid to tell Miss Alleyne that he had been abroad for the last three months, and was leaving England again the day after to-morrow. Then he inquired how they were, and was told that they were both quite well; and so, with a lingering glance at the statuettes and evergreens in the hall, and the vista of conservatory beyond, he departed by the way he had come.

His first feeling, as he turned away, was of relieved embarrassment; his next, of disappointment. Now that she was not to be found, he would have given much to find her. It was surely a hard chance that took her away from home that one only afternoon when it was in his power to seek her there! A hard, hard chance that took him away from England for the second time without once again listening to the music of her voice—for he loved her! Ay, in spite of all that Archie had said, he certainly loved her. However stern the hand that Fate had laid upon him (for he would call it Fate)—however cruel the sacrifices he might be called upon to make—he was quite sure that he loved her. He dwelt upon this point, indeed, with so much insistence in his own mind, and repeated it to himself so often during that first half-mile of his homeward walk, that it almost seemed as if he needed re-assurance from within.

Retracing his steps through a network of squares, terraces, and lanes, he emerged presently through a sort of passage upon Kensington Palace Gardens, purposing to walk through the Gardens and the Park as far as the Marble Arch, and thence to take a cab home to Canonbury.

It was now verging towards three o'clock, and the afternoon was growing grey and cold. The Gardens, as he turned in by the broad walk running east and west beside the palace, looked chill and deserted. There were a few pedestrians scattered up and down the main walk between Kensington and Bayswater, and a solitary couple by the pond, feeding ducks; but the children and the boats, the nurses and perambulators, the life-guardsmen and the daily loiterers, were all long since gone. He went up to the pond, and stood there for some time watching that solitary couple and the ducks, in a dreary, discon-

tented way, thinking of many things, but chiefly of the long fight that lay before him, and somewhat also of Miss Alleyne. Was it not almost hopeless? Had he not condemned himself to a life of peril, and privation, and hope deferred? Would the battle ever be won? Or, if won, might it not be that victory would come too late? Of what use to triumph when youth was past, and hair was grey, and the wine of life had lost its flavour? See that pair—they looked poor, but they looked happy. The man's hat was shabby, but the girl's face was bright and loving. A coronet was a fine thing; but supposing that one had to give up the bright face in order to gain it, might not the shabby hat be better worth the wearing?

Tough questions these; hard to solve—hard even to contemplate without solving! De Benham gave them up, and turned away with a sigh. As he did so, he saw a lady coming round by the pond, apparently from the direction of Victoria Gate—a lady dressed in some delicate grey material, jacket and dress alike, the skirt looped up over a crimson petticoat, and a little white and crimson feather in her hat. The blood rushed to his face, and his heart beat quickly. He recognised her at the first glance, long before he could distinguish a feature of her face. It was Miss Alleyne.

And now that she was within a hundred yards of him, what should he do? He had paid his visit—he had left his name and message—he was confident that she had not yet seen him Should he turn away? Would it not be more prudent to do so? Oh, perversity and inconsistency of man! But a few minutes ago, and he was lamenting the hard fate that took him to her door when she was from home; and now Well, now he would not, could not avoid her! He blushed for the cowardly impulse; cleared his brow by an effort; and, with a quick, firm step, hastened to meet her.

When they were within a few yards of each other, she looked up—saw him—turned very pale—and stopped. He went up to her with both hands extended.

"Juliet!" he said.

She let him take her hand, but she uttered no word of greeting. He felt and saw that she was trembling.

"I have just been to the house," he went on, hurriedly; "but you were out. I was in despair. I have been in Italy ever since we parted, and I came back only three days ago. I am off to Russia the day after to-morrow. I could not bear to go away again with-

out seeing you. You have not forgotten me?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said, smiling; "I have not forgotten you."

But both the words and the smile seemed to cost her an effort.

"It would have been most unjust if you had," he said; "for I have been thinking of you in all kind of wild and far-away places. You must have wondered what had become of me?"

"No—we knew you were gone away."

"How could you know that?"

"We thought we should like to hear you play, so we went down one Sunday to St. Hildegardes—papa and I; and although the organist played very well, I felt quite sure—at least, we both felt quite sure—that—that it was not your touch. And then, when the service was over, papa asked the pew-opener, and she said you were gone abroad."

All this was said hurriedly, but still smilingly—that paleness which had come upon her at first sight of him having given place to a feverish flush.

"I am glad you detected the difference," he said, lowering his voice and bending somewhat towards her. "I am glad that no other succeeded in representing me to you in even so small a matter."

But she drew a little back, and put her hand to her throat, as if she were feeling chilled.

"I should indeed be a poor judge of music, if I had not ear enough for that," she said. "But how cold it gets now, after two or three o'clock!"

"Especially just here, with the air coming across that pond. Shall we go down yonder, where the trees are?"

"No, it is late; and I am on my way home."

"Then I will see you to the door."

So, Miss Alleyne offering no objection to this arrangement, he turned, and they took the road by which he had just come.

"And all this time," he said, going back to that first stage in the conversation, "you only know that I have been abroad; but you do not know where I have been, or what I have been doing. Would you care to hear the whole story?"

"I should like to hear it very much."

So he told the whole story; and the telling of it lasted till they came almost within sight of the house.

"It must be a great change for you—this stirring, adventurous sort of life," said Miss

Alleyne, when he had done. "I suppose you prefer it to music?"

"I prefer it to a life of hopeless poverty," he replied. "But it is not all excitement; and at first I cannot even expect it to be very profitable. Besides, it has its drawbacks. I am obliged, for instance, to be almost constantly away from England—from home—from all that I hold dear."

And here again his voice dropped tenderly, and he pressed closer to her side.

"That is very sad for—for Mrs. Debenham."

"It is very sad for me, too," he said. "Very sad, and very solitary. You have no idea of what it is to be alone in such a place as Sovorato. I got terribly hipped sometimes, and used to fear that you had all forgotten me."

Miss Alleyne made no answer; but De Benham fancied, through the dusk, that he saw the colour deepen on her cheek.

"You will think of me sometimes, when I am in St. Petersburg?" he said, presently. "I should not feel half so lonely, and the distance would not seem half so great, if—if I thought. . . ."

He hesitated—not so much from want of words, as from a feeling that it behoved him not to give rash utterance to such as might come first.

"Will you not come in, Mr. Debenham, and see papa?" said Miss Alleyne.

He felt rebuked and uncomfortable. He understood perfectly that she desired to ignore his meaningless, half-uttered tender speeches.

"I don't like to be called 'Mr. Debenham' by you, Juliet," he said, reproachfully. And then he waited for an answer, or a question; but none came.

"However," he added, with a sigh, "I will not come in. I asked for Mr. Alleyne, and they told me he was engaged. Next time, perhaps, I shall be more fortunate."

"When you come back from St. Petersburg," said Miss Alleyne.

"Yes. But I hope that may be very soon—in three weeks, perhaps, or a month."

"You are going quite at the right time," said Miss Alleyne. "I have heard that Russia should always be visited in winter."

"By people who know how to take care of their noses."

"Surely you are equal to that responsibility, Mr. Debenham," laughed she.

"I really can't say. I fancy it is more difficult to keep one's nose in Russia than to keep one's heart in most other places."

"I have not the slightest doubt that you will succeed in keeping both," said Miss Alleyne, with her hand on the gate. "Then you won't come in? What shall I say for you to papa?"

"That I am sorry not to have had the pleasure of finding him disengaged, and that I hope soon to bring him the latest news from the capital of the Czar."

"I will deliver your message precisely. *Bon voyage!*"

"Good-bye — good-bye, Juliet," he said, taking her hand between both of his own.

"But she drew it quickly away, and ran up the steps, smiling still, and repeating, "*Bon voyage.*"

He waited till she had opened the door with her latch-key, and gone in; and then he turned away, somewhat gloomily, and went back again, in the direction of Kensington Gardens. Had she forgotten? he asked himself. Had she, indeed, forgotten; or did she only affect to forget? How gay she seemed! how indifferent! And yet she turned pale when they first met. She turned pale, and he was sure she trembled. Was that cheerfulness all unassumed? She was surely thinner than when they parted at Cillingford — thinner, and not, perhaps, quite so pretty.

And then he wished that she had not been so gay; and that she had not smiled so persistently. He would have been better pleased had she been silent, and agitated, and uncomplainingly sad. But she had been nothing of the kind. Granted that she did change colour for a moment, she recovered her self-possession immediately. Her voice did not even falter when she wished him good-bye. Ah, well! — she would at least not weary after him as his mother wearied after him. She was spared all those apprehensions and sufferings; and it was better so. It was, of course, better so. He felt that he ought, for her sake, to rejoice in the turn that things had taken; and yet it would have been pleasanter to believe that — that she was not heartless. Was she heartless? There he paused. Was it heartlessness, or was it womanly pride? Was it levity? Surely, heartlessness was a terrible thing in a woman; and levity was almost worse. Repose of manner, too, was so charming! His mother's repose of manner was perfect. His mother smiled but seldom, and he had never seen her laugh. How dignified she was — how quiet — how stately — how worthy to wear and grace an ancient coronet! Ah, where should he find any to compare with her? Thinking thus, he went with long strides across the gardens and the

park, and resolved in his own mind that he was glad he had not introduced Miss Alleyne to Lady De Benham — at all events, for the present.

In the meanwhile, she had gone smiling into the house, and smiling past the trim parlour-maid upon the stairs, and straight to her own bed-room, where she quietly shut herself in and bolted the door. And then she laid aside her hat and gloves, and stood for a long time looking down at the little heart-shaped ring that Temple De Benham had placed upon her finger that happy, happy morning at Cillingford, only four short months ago. Then she took it off, and kissed it, and still looking at it wistfully, wrapped it in silver paper, and locked it away in her dressing-case. This done, she laid herself down upon her bed, and covered her face with her hands, and sobbed bitterly.

Had she forgotten?

CHAPTER XXX.—BROTHER AND SISTER AT HOME.

ON the morning of the sixth day after his return to England, Temple De Benham was on the road to St. Petersburg, where it was his mission to recover a long-standing and almost hopeless debt of fifty thousand roubles; the debtor thereof being a certain great Lithuanian prince, who was reported to have creditors *en masse* in every European capital; and who (fenced round by special privileges and immunities) was wont to boast that he had committed every folly under the sun — except that of paying one single kopeck that he owed. Now this was an avowedly bad case, and if De Benham had come back at the end of a fortnight or so, utterly routed, it would have been no more than Mr. Hardwicke expected. But when the young man telegraphed to the effect that, finding all other means ineffectual, he had carried his case before the British envoy; that through official channels he had caused a petition to be conveyed to the emperor's own hand; and that within three days, the recalcitrant prince's own steward had waited upon him at his hotel and paid up every farthing of the fifty-thousand roubles — then was Mr. Hardwicke more than ever triumphant over Mr. Timothy Knott, and more than ever convinced that he had in truth lighted upon a *rara avis* in Temple De Benham.

"Music, indeed!" he said. "The idea of a man of young Debenham's powers of mind throwing himself away upon music! You remember him, Claudia? He came to one of our parties last year, to play the piano.

Archie's friend, you know—the organist at St. Hildegard's—pale young fellow—very peculiar looking—splendid head.”

To which Miss Hardwicke, without lifting her eyes from her book—it was after coffee one evening at Strathellan House, when the brother and sister were alone—replied somewhat abstractedly:—

“Yes—I remember we had the organist to play. I did not observe his appearance.”

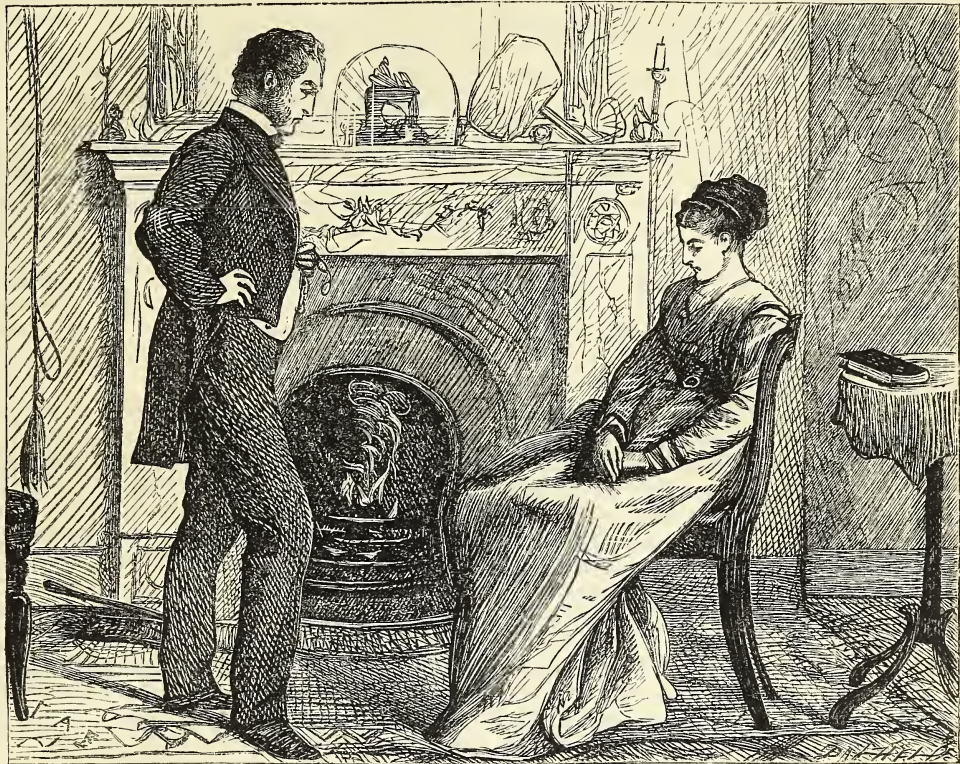
“He is a remarkable young man,” pursued Mr. Hardwicke; “highly educated—speaks

six or seven languages—full of energy and resource—born to be successful—the sort of stuff that your Raleighs and Columbuses, your daring soldiers of fortune and bold discoverers were made of.”

“He played very well,” said Claudia, with supreme indifference.

“He will make a fortune some day,” said Mr. Hardwicke. “He means to make a fortune. He told me as much.”

Miss Hardwicke laid her book aside, with a faint, disdainful smile.



“A noble ambition!” she said.

The merchant looked grave. To despise wealth formed no part of his creed.

“It is a very respectable ambition,” he replied, pompously. “Very respectable, and very praiseworthy. It is an ambition that the Hardwicks have cherished for—for generations.”

“Say, for three—our genealogical tree being somewhat stunted.”

“You have been rich all your life, Claudia,” pursued Mr. Hardwicke, colouring slightly at the interruption. “You have never known what it is to work, and you have never known what it is to be poor. Therefore you despise industry, and you

undervalue wealth. It indicates—forgive me for saying so—a defect of judgment on your part. And I have the highest respect for your judgment, as you know.”

“And this moral lecture, my dear Josiah, is all *à propos* of your piano-playing hero?”

Mr. Hardwicke could not restrain a gesture of impatience.

“You are in one of your severe moods to-night, Claudia,” he said.

And then there was a pause, during which the twin giants came in with tea. This they handed upon silver trays with as much pomp and circumstance as if the Lord Mayor and the whole court of aldermen had been there to partake of it.

When they were gone, Mr. Hardwicke, with some folding and unfolding of his evening paper, and a little preliminary cough, hazarded another observation.

"I saw Lord Stockbridge's card," he said, "in the hall."

Miss Hardwicke had resumed her book, and again answered without looking up.

"Yes—he called to-day."

"And you were out?"

She bent her head affirmatively.

"That was unfortunate."

"Really?" she said, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, but still with no uplifting of the eyes. "I do not see why."

Mr. Hardwicke, discomfited again, retired behind his paper.

This time, a still longer pause ensued.

"I think," he said, at length, "as Lord Stockbridge has called, we might venture to ask him to dinner."

"Venture?" echoed the lady, haughtily.

"Yes—do you object to the word? A plain city merchant who invites to his table a man of Lord Stockbridge's rank"

He stopped, suddenly silenced by the look with which she turned upon him.

"Lord Stockbridge," she said, "is no demigod. He is in debt. His estates are mortgaged. And his past life, from what I have heard, seems to have been little better than the life of an adventurer."

"I know nothing about his past life," replied the merchant, with some spirit. "He has probably been poor; for he comes of a younger branch, and has only lately succeeded to the title. But he is every inch a gentleman."

"Yes, he is gentlemanly; and I suppose no worse than others who have lived beyond their means," said Miss Hardwicke, as if weary of the subject; "but I should certainly not feel disposed to bow down before him, as if he were a superior being."

"I am not aware that any one ever dreamt of him as a superior being, or had any idea of bowing down before him! It is certainly no act of homage to ask a man to dinner."

"Ask him, by all means."

"And as for aristocratic tastes and tendencies, your tastes and tendencies, Claudia, are far more aristocratic than mine. I am not over-fond of City society myself; but you abhor it, and, if I may be permitted to say so, you sometimes show your abhorrence very openly. Yet you seem sometimes as if peers and bishops were not good enough for you."

Mr. Hardwicke spoke with warmth, for his

sister had dealt hardly by him the whole evening, and he felt aggrieved—in this last matter especially so; for, in proposing to invite Lord Stockbridge, he had laid himself out, as the phrase is, to please her.

But Miss Hardwicke only smiled; and her smile, somehow, was not as pleasant as it might have been—by reason, perhaps, of a certain curve about the beautiful upper lip.

"I believe I dislike all society," she said. "And I am not sure that peers and bishops are much less tiresome than aldermen and aldermen's wives. We must make it a large party, I suppose?"

"Yes—large; but very choice. Eighteen, I should say, besides ourselves."

"Eighteen very choice people, and Parliament not yet sitting! That will be difficult."

"I don't know. We should give three weeks' notice; and by that time the session will have begun. Sir John and Lady Dawkins are in town: Sir John called upon me this morning at the office."

"Sir John is only a K.C.B.; and his wife is a half-caste."

"Still, they will do. And there's Cromarty of the Home Office, and the Bishop of Patagonia."

"Colonial. An English bishop would be better."

"But he talks so well, Claudia. Besides, we know only one English bishop"

"True; and he lives more than two hundred miles away. The Bishop of Patagonia will pass."

"Sir Frederick Howe?"

"A physician!"

"Ay; but a baronet, and a man of science."

"Well, if we ask Sir Frederick Howe, we must on no account have Colonel Calderon. The Geological Society is enough, without the Geographical."

"Sir Solomon and Lady Bradfoot?"

"Impossible. Once introduce the aldermanic element, and the *prestige* of the whole thing is gone."

"You know that he is returned for Swindleborough?"

"Yes; but I also know that her father was a tailor. No—Sir Solomon might pass; but Lady Bradfoot is simply unrepresentable."

And so they discussed the list of their acquaintances till the great ormolu time-piece struck eleven, and then Miss Hardwicke rose to say good-night. Her brother, always scrupulously courteous, rose to light her candle and open the door.

"By the way," he said, "I expect young Debenham back from St. Petersburg to-

morrow. I think we must make a little dinner for him, and Timothy Knott, and one or two City men, before long."

Miss Hardwicke looked surprised and annoyed.

"Is that necessary?" she said, coldly.

"Not 'necessary,' perhaps; but, as a matter of business, desirable."

"Against a matter of business I have, of course, nothing to urge."

"Are you engaged for next Monday week?"

"I think not."

"Then shall we fix it? We can ask Archie Blyth at the same time."

"As you please, and when you please."

"Thanks, my dear Claudia. Good-night."

Saying which, Mr. Hardwicke, as was his nightly wont, touched with his lips her half-averted cheek, and betook himself to his library and his nocturnal cigar.

Temple De Benham did arrive in London next day, direct from St. Petersburg; and Mr. and Miss Hardwicke did accordingly request, by letter, in all due form, the pleasure of his company to dinner at Strathellan House upon the evening of the day agreed upon. But, to their unqualified surprise, he declined the invitation.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE RISING OF THE TIDE.

THE old year had not yet expired when De Benham left England for St. Petersburg; the new year was verging towards the close of its second month when he came back. And this new year was the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one. For him it was the newest of all new years that he had yet known—the first year of an utterly new life. He entered upon it as a voyager entering upon unexplored seas. He entered upon it with new aims, new prospects, new ambitions. He entered upon it having, as it were, formally dissolved partnership with the past, and pledged himself to the future. He felt that he dared not look back, for it seemed to him as if Youth, and Love, and Poetry, and Art, were all dead with that dead old year, and buried in its grave. No; he must look back nevermore. He must set his face, now, to the unknown future, let that forward path lead whither it might.

A portentous new year, this 1861, could one have foreseen all that it was destined to bring forth! A new year not only fraught with the fortunes of Temple De Benham, but big with the fates of nations, and sacred to the liberties of millions! Already, in this very month of February, while our traveller was yet in St. Petersburg, the Emperor of all the Russias had decreed the

total emancipation of the serfs throughout the length and breadth of his vast dominions. Already Francis of Naples had retired to Rome, and Victor Emmanuel had been proclaimed king of Italy. Already, too, had begun that mighty and protracted struggle between the Northern and Southern States of the American Union, which was destined ere its close to wash the stain of slavery from the annals of the New World. The secession of the six slave-holding states was now an accomplished fact; President Davis had been inaugurated at Montgomery; and rumours of a great war were already in the air.

Temple De Benham was now definitively enrolled in Mr. Hardwicke's service, declining, however, to be bound by any kind of annual contract. He would not, he said, dispose of his liberty, or accept a fixed salary upon any terms, however liberal. And yet Mr. Hardwicke tempted him sorely, bidding as high as six hundred pounds a-year for his permanent services. Now, six hundred pounds a-year was a comfortable income—an income upon which a man might venture to marry, and rent a house, and hope to live with some amount of ease, and even of modest luxury. But he told himself it was not a comfortable income that he needed; it was capital. Were he now to accept six hundred pounds a-year, with even the probability of a gradual increase to eight hundred or a thousand, he must hope for nothing more and nothing better, be the years of his life as many as they might. Not thus could his vow be accomplished. Not thus might he hope to rebuild the home and win back the lands of his fathers. Such paltry savings as he might succeed in scraping together from an income of six hundred pounds a-year, would be but as drops of water compared with the Pactolus of his dreams. No; what he must have now was freedom to watch for, and seize upon, such chances as might present themselves. Stirring times were at hand. Great questions were even now fermenting in men's minds; great interests were trembling in the balance; great changes were preparing on every side. Already he foresaw, though vaguely, what opportunities might be his, if only he were patient to wait, and proof against present temptation. Surely, he thought, now that the tide had really turned, he should be mad to accept any service that would not leave him free to take that tide at the flood when the precious moment came and the waters were at their highest! So he declined Mr. Hardwicke's offer of a salary, as he had declined his invitation to dinner;

whereupon Mr. Timothy Knott confidently asserted that he was mad. Mr. Timothy Knott's employer, however, was by no means of that opinion. He recognised in De Benham's decision only another evidence of self-reliance; and so valued, and coveted, and respected him the more. In the meanwhile, the young man went hither and thither, transacting such work as Mr. Hardwicke put before him, earning money easily and pleasantly enough, watching the progress of events, and biding his time.

And now the great theatre of action was America. Day by day, week by week, all Europe watched the gathering of the storm, and listened breathlessly to the first mutterings of the thunder. The month of March was rife with evil portents. President Lincoln refused to receive the commissioners from the seceding states; and President Davis, in announcing his intention of preparing for war, demanded a levy of one hundred thousand men. In April, the war began. Fort Sumter, then held for the Union by Major Anderson, was taken by the Confederate troops. President Lincoln called upon the Northern States for a contingent force of seventy-five thousand men. President Davis issued letters of marque, and so let loose a swarm of daring privateers. At Harper's Ferry and Norfolk Navy-yard, the officers of the United States Arsenal, being hard pressed by the Confederate troops, sunk and burned their stores and ships of war. And President Lincoln proclaimed the blockade of the whole line of Southern coast from Virginia to Texas.

And now the nations stood by and beheld this sad and terrible spectacle of a great brotherhood suddenly split asunder; both sides preparing in fierce haste for the deadliest of struggles; their strength turned against each other, and their love transformed to bitter hate—a desperate tragedy played on a mighty stage, with all the world for audience.

Nor was this audience, though individually passive, affected only through its sympathies with those in the arena. The interests and prosperity of tens of thousands—nay, of millions—in England alone, were perilled by the conflict. The supply of cotton had suddenly ceased. At the mouth of every port along the shores of the cotton-growing states there now lay, armed and vigilant, the war-steamers of the Union. The cotton crop might blossom, and ripen, and be gathered in; but the North had decreed that the great trade of the South should be paralysed; that the planter should not sell, and the stranger should not buy, and that

no foreign gold should find its way to the treasury of the secessionist government.

But in the meanwhile, there were between four and five millions of British subjects to whom Cotton was Bread. There were ship-owners and seamen, who brought the raw material from America to England; merchants, warehousemen, dock-owners and dealers at Liverpool, to receive it; spinners, weavers, bleachers, calenderers, dyers, and printers all over Lancashire and the north, to convert it into fabrics for the public use; engine-makers, machinists, factory builders, export shippers of yarn and manufactured goods, petty traders, workmen, and extraneous hangers-on of every description who found their occupation either suddenly gone, or threatened with a destruction which was none the less certain because it was not immediate.

And now those who had store of cotton laid up in Liverpool warehouses, held it back, anticipating great profits to come; mill-owners, foreseeing the time when that store should be exhausted, were already putting their men on "short time" work; newspaper writers were urging the merchants, by every consideration of patriotism and interest, to sell none of their reserve supply to North American or Continental buyers, but to keep it all for home consumption; speculators and statesmen were busy with projects for stimulating the cotton trade of India, Egypt, and Brazil, and for fostering it in all kinds of new districts—in Liberia, Persia, Jamaica, Sierra Leone, Natal, Queensland, the Gold Coast, the Cape of Good Hope, and even the Fiji and Hawaiian Islands.

And all this time prices were going up, work was getting slack, wages were on the decline, and a great dread and trouble filled the public mind. The season of distress had not yet come; but that it must come ere long, none dared to doubt. The rich foresaw ruin; the poor, hunger, and cold, and the diseases born of privation. Even Mr. Hardwicke looked grave, well knowing that any great commercial panic, though it might concern a trade with which he had no important relations, must affect him indirectly in many ways.

But Temple de Benham, watching only the rising of that tide on which his hopes were staked, knew now that the flood was at hand, and that his time was come.

CHAP. XXXII.—MR. HARDWICKE'S TEMPTATION.

"If you are willing to take the risk, I am willing to take the danger."

"It is a bold proposition," said Mr. Hardwicke, thoughtfully.

And then there was an interval of silence, which De Benham was the first to break.

"It *is* a bold proposition," he said, "coming, as it does, from a man who has nothing to lose—who is not even a seaman. I cannot wonder if you decline it."

"Supposing I decline it," said Mr. Hardwicke, "what will you do?"

"Find some one else to undertake it," replied De Benham, promptly.

Mr. Hardwicke looked grave; for here was the unwelcome possibility that he had foreseen and tried to guard against from the first. It was out of the question that he should let this young man transfer his talents to the service of another employer. Having once found his *rara avis*, he could by no means endure to part from it. If, now, he had but succeeded in clipping the wings of that *rara avis*. . . . but alas! the creature knew too well the value of his own powers of volition, and would not submit to the clipping for even so high a bribe as six hundred pounds a year. Mr. Hardwicke shook his head.

"No, no," he said, "that must not be. We won't part, Mr. Debenham, if we can help it."

"It is not my wish, sir," said De Benham.

"Let us consider what you would require for this enterprise. In the first place, a ship"

"A steamer," interposed De Benham. "A steamer built for speed."

"Well, a fast steamer, then—a resolute and capable commander—and a crew proportioned to the size of the boat. What more?"

"A cargo."

"A cargo, of course—consisting of Manchester goods."

"Manchester goods, blankets, shoes, hats, small arms, and ammunition."

"I cannot say that I approve of the small arms and ammunition," said Mr. Hardwicke, uneasily.

"They will fetch almost their weight in gold."

"But they would increase the risk."

"Not in the least. The risk cannot be increased. If we are captured—why, we are captured; and steamer and cargo are alike confiscated. Whether we carry milk for babes, in the shape of Manchester goods, or strong meat for men, in the shape of rifles and revolvers, no worse fate can befall us."

"You speak lightly enough of the chances of capture," said the merchant, looking infinitely perplexed, tempted, and troubled.

"But the loss, in such case, would be enormous—fifty thousand pounds, at the least."

"Pardon me—I admit the magnitude of

the risk. I should not dream of advising you to embark in it."

"Still, you think the thing is practicable?"

"I am sure that it is practicable. I know that it has already been done. I have certain information of a small tug steamer—a mere tub of a boat, scarcely seaworthy—that ran into Charleston from Nassau on the eighteenth of last month. There will be scores of such boats out in the course of the summer and autumn; but the faster they multiply, the more stringent will the blockade become."

"And you think those will risk least who are first in the field?"

"Undoubtedly. The blockading war-vessels are as yet new to the work; but their vigilance will get sharpened with practice."

"Cotton has gone up to one-and sixpence a pound in Liverpool," said Mr. Hardwicke, biting the end of his pen.

"It will stand at two-and-sixpence before twelve months are past," said De Benham.

And then again there was a pause.

"There is this Morrill tariff, too, hampering all our operations on the Canadian frontier," resumed the merchant.

"Yes; there is not much to be done just at present, on the other side of the Atlantic."

"It would be cheaper than ever now that the market is closed upon them," mused Mr. Hardwicke.

"From twopence to threepence a pound at Charleston or Wilmington," replied De Benham, knowing that the merchant's thoughts had gone back to the cotton question.

Mr. Hardwicke dipped his pen in the ink, and jotted down a little column of figures in the corner of his blotting pad.

"Take the average American bale at four hundred and eighty pounds," said he, half aloud; "then fifteen hundred bales would make seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds of raw cotton. And seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds of raw cotton at—say, threepence the pound, would represent an outlay of nine thousand pounds. Now supposing it sold again at—at two and threepence the pound, the lot would fetch humph! eighty-one thousand."

"Leaving seventy-two thousand pounds sterling for expenses and profits," added De Benham. "Not a bad speculation, Mr. Hardwicke. Besides, there are the profits on the exported cargo to be considered as well."

"Still, there is the risk."

"Yes; there is always the risk. It is gambling on a gigantic scale, no doubt."

"And I have never gambled."

"Then let no representation of mine lead you to begin it."

Mr. Hardwicke sighed, and bit his pen again, and altered some of the figures in the corner of the blotting pad.

"Increase the cargo to two thousand bales, and the profits would amount to over ninety thousand pounds," said he, with a somewhat heightened colour. "And I know at this moment of an iron steamer—a first-rate boat—for sale or hire—three hundred and fifty horse-power—capable of carrying two thousand bales at the least. . . . Mr. Debenham, you tempt me sorely!"

"No, sir, I do not tempt you," said De Benham, in a gravely decisive tone. "I submit my project to you, believing it to be both practicable and profitable. I even conceive that it is my duty to do so. But I neither tempt nor persuade you."

"And your own share in this enterprise, Mr. Debenham?"

"Fifteen per cent. upon the profits."

"The risk being entirely mine."

"Not so. I risk my personal liberty. I become, if captured, a prisoner of war."

"Humph! I don't know what to say to it. I must talk it over with Mr. Knott."

"By all means," said De Benham, rising and taking his hat. "When may I expect your decision?"

"You have not named your idea to any other capitalist, I conclude?"

"To none at present, except yourself."

"And you will not do so, of course, while the matter remains in abeyance?"

"That must depend on how long you take to consider it, Mr. Hardwicke. I am confident that the matter should be taken up promptly, if at all. Can I have your answer to-morrow, at this hour?"

So Mr. Hardwicke promised his answer the next day at that hour, and De Benham withdrew, tolerably confident beforehand as to the decision that answer would convey.

He then plunged into a variety of crowded city thoroughfares, and presently hailing a cab, desired the driver to take him to a certain private hotel in Dover Street, Piccadilly. Enquiring here for Mr. Heneage, he was shown into a room where sat a sallow, sickly-looking man at a table covered with maps and papers. This man's name was not Heneage. He was a native of South Carolina, a wealthy planter, a man of high official position in and about Charleston; and he was lying *perdu* in this quiet Piccadilly hostelry, dreading discovery by the Vigilance Committee of the

North, and waiting an opportunity to get home by any route, however circuitous, and at any cost, however heavy. De Benham and he were mere chance acquaintances. They had met daily, a few months back, at the *table d'hôte* of an hotel in St. Petersburg—met, and conversed, and parted with that sort of mutual liking that is so pleasant to take up, so easy to lay down, and yet might become friendship, if it had time to ripen.

And now, but a day or two ago, they had met again—run against each other, as it were—in a little by-street near the docks, where De Benham had frequent business. And then they had greeted each other and talked freely of many things, the Southern gentleman telling how he was waiting under an assumed name for the first chance of a passage out, and De Benham, eager for information on the subject then uppermost in his mind, confiding to him by degrees his project of running the blockade. So now they were allies, bound together by a strong common interest; and De Benham, had he searched all Europe for the purpose, could scarcely have found an ally in every way so valuable.

Mr. Heneage looked up from his maps, rose, and grasped his visitor by the hand.

"Well?" he said, eagerly.

"Well, I hope by this time to-morrow that I may be able to promise you a passage," replied De Benham.

"I will give you a thousand pounds for it," said the Southerner. "Half down, before we start."

"Give me your advice, and all the information you can think of that is likely to help me. We will settle the rest hereafter."

And then they sat down with a plan of Charleston harbour between them, and Mr. Heneage pointed out the probable position of the blockading ships; explained all about the lights and the bar; and went over the names of the different beacons—Lawford Beacon, Morris Beacon, Charleston Beacon, and the rest.

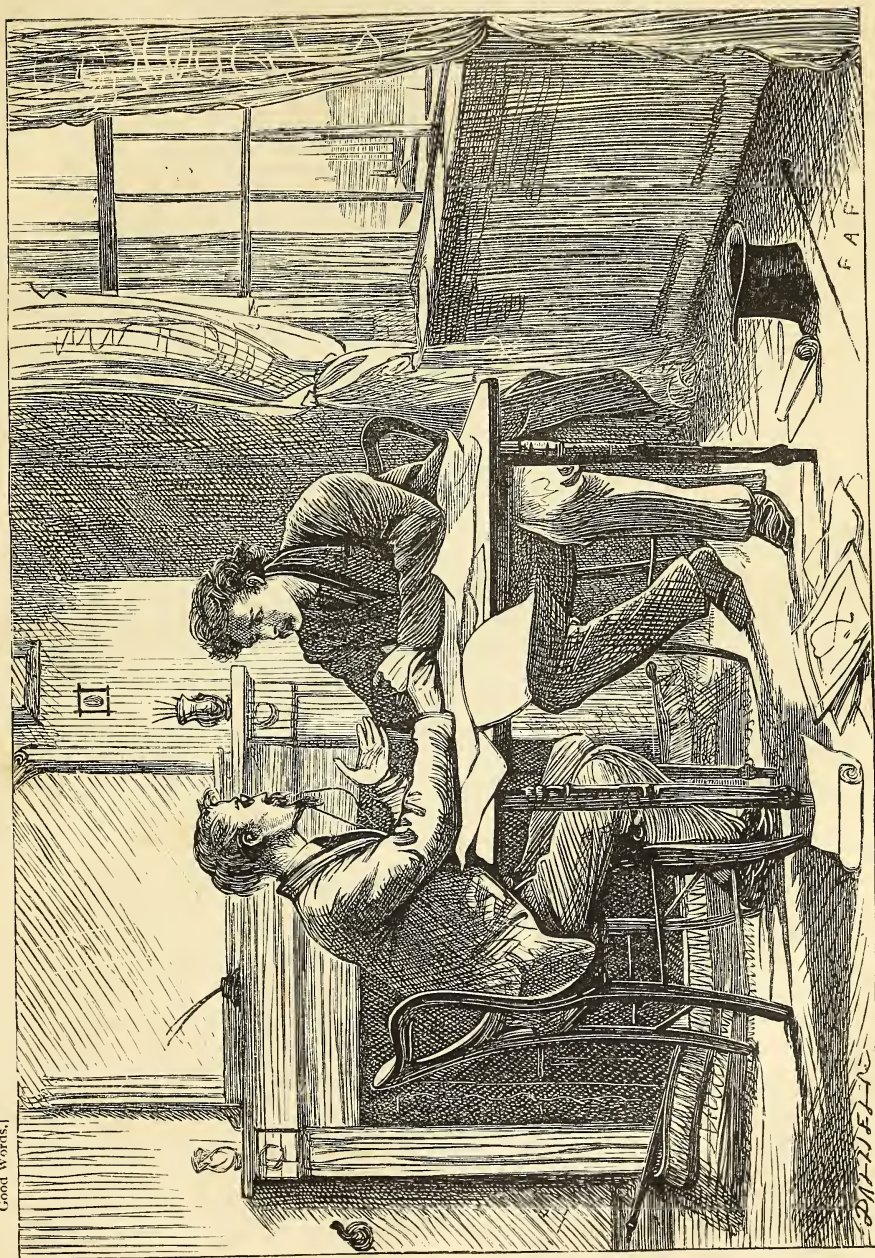
"Not in vain have I for the last fifteen years owned the fastest yacht in Charleston harbour," said he, laughing. "There is not a pilot along the whole line of coast who is more familiar than myself with every shoal, and current, and sounding of that difficult estuary."

"What good fortune for me to have you as a passenger!" said De Benham.

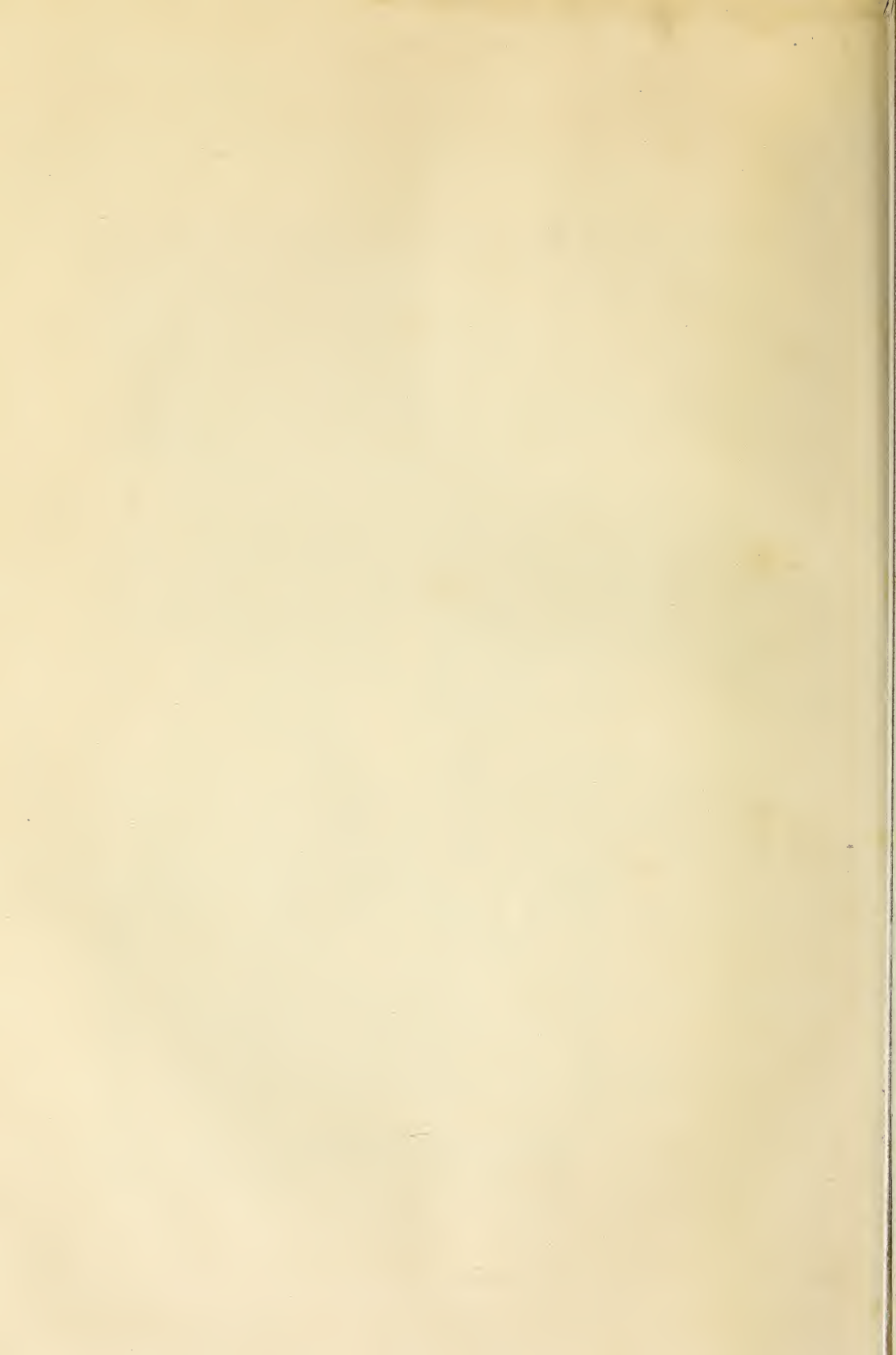
"Heaven grant that your capitalist may not become faint-hearted on reflection!" sighed the exile.

[June 1, 1869]

Good Words,]



"DEBENHAM'S VOW."



Now it is quite possible that Mr. Hardwicke might have become faint-hearted, had he taken counsel only with himself. But he chose to "talk the matter over" with Mr. Timothy Knott, and that excellent man betrayed so much righteous horror at the proposition, and opposed it so vehemently, that Mr. Hardwicke at once made up his mind to undertake it. His courage needed some little spur before so bold a leap, and Mr. Timothy Knott was obliging enough to furnish that gentle stimulus at the right moment.

CHAPTER XXXIII. — THE "STORMY PETREL."

It is about three hours after daybreak—a light breeze coming and going; the water sparkling, flashing, breaking into ripples that scintillate as if each drop were a glowing sapphire; the sea-birds skirling round and about on rapid wing; the sky already one blaze of sunlight—when that excellent, English-built, double-screw steamer, the *Stormy Petrel*, Captain Frank Hay, from Liverpool, steams into the port of Nassau, having made the run out in the short space of thirteen days and eleven hours from the moment of lifting anchor at Birkenhead. The history of the *Stormy Petrel* may be told, and her portrait sketched, in a few lines.

Built for Messrs. Bodger and Twelvetrees of Leadenhall Street, and originally known to the commercial world by the less euphonious name of the *Molly Carew*, this boat had, for some five years past, plied as a merchant steamer between Liverpool and the Mauritius. She was an iron boat, trim and graceful enough, of 1,070 tons burden, and 350 horse power. Her length was 279 feet; her breadth of beam, 35 feet; her ordinary rate of speed, thirteen and a half knots (*i.e.*, fifteen miles) an hour. She drew eleven feet of water when loaded, and six feet four inches when unloaded; and her consumption of coal at half-speed was just twenty tons in twenty-four hours. At her fullest speed, she consumed about thirty. She carried coal for twelve days. Such was the *Molly Carew*; such, with certain novel peculiarities lately superadded, is the *Stormy Petrel*.

For the *Molly Carew* has changed owners, been re-christened, and, with a view to the new class of work in which she is now about to be employed, has undergone sundry alterations and repairs. Her speed is now increased to fifteen and a half knots an hour. She used to carry passengers and "an experienced surgeon;" but now her cabin accommodation is of the scantiest, every spare inch of space below decks being given up for the stowage of

cargo, and everything above deck being cleared away so as to bring down the visible proportions of the *Stormy Petrel* to the lowest minimum. Her coal-bunkers, by means of an ingenious contrivance originated by De Benham himself, are disposed in the form of upright recesses lining the hull on either side of the waist of the vessel; *thus, as it were, armour-plating with coal that important part where the engines are placed.* Her spars are reduced to a light pair of lower masts with only a "crow's-nest" on the fore-mast for the watch, and no cross yards whatever. Her boats are lowered to the level of the gunwales. Her funnel, of the "telescope" kind, lies low and raking aft. And her hull is painted of a dull, bluish, sea-green hue, which even by daylight is scarcely distinguishable from that of the waves, and by night, or in the lightest fog, is wholly invisible. The *Stormy Petrel*, it should be added, burns only anthracite coal, which yields neither smoke nor sparks; and her engines are so constructed that, in case of a sudden stop, the steam can be blown off noiselessly under water.

Such are the outward lineaments and characteristics of the vessel which steams into Nassau harbour this glorious, early morning in the month of June, 1861, seeking fresh coal and a pilot; and a more stealthy-looking craft, or one more closely adapted to thread the perilous ways of a blockaded coast, never dropped anchor in that wild far-away British port. For the *Stormy Petrel* is bound for Charleston, having on board an assorted cargo of Manchester goods, ready-made clothing, and munitions of war; and this is her first trip in the character of a blockade-runner.

Not the boat alone, however, but her captain and crew are alike new to the work. Indeed, the work in itself is new. Blockade-running, so soon to develope into an organized system, has as yet scarcely begun; and the *Stormy Petrel* is the first well-appointed boat in the field. But her commander has been accustomed to the navigation of these waters before ever the war was dreamed of on either side, and knows the whole coast and all the West India isles by heart. He is a West of England man—a born sailor—short, active, hairy, broad-shouldered, taciturn, cross-grained, fearless as a lion, and about forty-four years of age. This officer, with three mates, a chief engineer, two assistant engineers, eight firemen, six seamen, supercargo, and one passenger, are all the souls on board.

That passenger (who puts up, by the way, with a mattress and rug in the supercargo's cabin, and enjoys none of the usual passengers' comforts) is a certain ex-senator, magistrate, and planter of South Carolina, now stealing home to Charleston under the assumed name of Heneage. That supercargo (charged with the care and sale of the present cargo, and with the purchase of as much raw cotton as the boat can carry back from Charleston to Nassau) is Temple De Benham.

And now the *Stormy Petrel* anchors, for the nonce, not far from the lighthouse at the mouth of the harbour, keeping well away from the quays, which, however, are soon alive with spectators. De Benham hangs over the ship's side, sweeping the shore with his glass—that low-lying palm-fringed shore, with its stunted shrubs, whitewashed houses, and dazzling coral-sands all ablaze in the sunshine—watching the little silver fish that keep perpetually leaping and springing along the surface of the water; inhaling the soft and perfumed air; and revelling in this his first glimpse of the New World. The captain at once despatches his first mate to the town to purchase fuel, but permits none others of his crew to go on shore. The *Stormy Petrel*, however, is soon beset by a swarm of small boats filled with free niggers of both sexes, clamorous, grinning, importunate, who offer bananas, alligator pears, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, shad-docks, and other tropical fruits for sale. Towards midday, the *Stormy Petrel* is brought in closer to the shore, and moored alongside a private wharf, so as more conveniently to take the coal on board.

The crowd upon the quays, though constantly shifting and changing, continues, meanwhile, to increase. Here are sailors, soldiers, English officers wearing white linen hats with a flap behind the neck, porters, free niggers, and all the miscellaneous loungers of a small British West India station. A motley crowd, gathered together, apparently from every quarter of the little town—a crowd to whom this low-lying, sea-green steamer is evidently an object of the intensest curiosity.

And now, towards evening, when the cooler breeze is beginning to set in from the sea, and the band is playing in front of the barracks, and the harbour is gay with pleasure boats, the *Stormy Petrel*, having taken in her coal, moves out again to her former anchorage, and there awaits the arrival of her pilot—a seasoned, experienced New Englander, native of a certain well-known whaling-station cylept Martha's Vineyard, on the coast of Massa-

chusetts—one Zachary Polter by name, who comes off presently in a row-boat with his wife, and has a private interview with the captain before bidding her good-bye.

This man's price for running the *Stormy Petrel* into Charleston and back again to Nassau is seven hundred and fifty pounds for the round trip, and half the money down before starting. His risk is great, and therefore his pay is high. He will be roughly dealt with, if the *Stormy Petrel* falls in with one of the Northern blockaders on the way. So he has five minutes with closed doors in the captain's cabin before starting, and there receives across the table three hundred and seventy-five pounds in good and true Bank of England notes. These he stows carefully away in the recesses of a well-worn pocket-book, which he hands over to his wife, who puts it carefully in her bosom. A hard-faced, weather-beaten, rough fellow of a pilot, ready to take his life in his hand; but tender-hearted withal, and not ashamed to draw his sleeve across his eyes and kiss his wife at parting! This over, she goes away quite quietly and steadily, rowed by a stalwart young nigger in a striped jersey; and when she is some little way from the steamer, puts her handkerchief to her eyes, and looks back no more.

"And now, Mr. Polter," says the captain, "what have we to expect out yonder? The Federals, I suppose, are on the look-out for visitors?"

Mr. Zachary Polter, regarding the deck in the light of a monster spittoon and behaving accordingly, replies drily:—

"Wa'al, cap'n, I guess our people hev skinned their eyes pretty clean for the work, this time."

"What ships have they now off Charleston Harbour?"

"The *Wabash*, the *Seminole*, and the *Roanake*; not keowntin' all kinder little wasps o' gun-boats and other small fry," says Mr. Zachary Polter.

"Humph! Only three ships of war."

"Wa'al, cap'n, I won't swear to that. The *Pawnee* and the *Pocahontas* hev been off that coast, I know; and thar's bin a whisper afloat this last day or tew, that the *Ironsides* is expected to jine."

"There is not a more formidable armoured vessel in the Federal service," observes Mr. Heneage, standing by.

Struck by the voice, the pilot turns and looks at the last speaker. "Hallo!" he exclaims. "Senator Shirley, sir, is that you? Wa'al, sir, I'm glad to see you. And they'll be glad to see you in Charleston, sir. And

I'm uncommon pleased to hev the job o' takin' you home again, sir."

Saying which, Mr. Zachary Polter puts out a gigantic mahogany-coloured paw and shakes the ex-senator's hand till he winces.

"My name is Heneage till I get back into Charleston," says the South Carolinian, good-humouredly.

"Sir, all right—Heneage it is; but, I take it, we'll give you yer right spellin' afore we're forty-eight hours older."

"This is not your first attempt at running the blockade, Mr. Pilot," says the captain, sharply.

"Why, no, cap'n. It is the second time. I ran a rotten old Mississippi tug-boat over, jest three days arter them ships had come down; and pretty smart work it was, tew, with a crack in hir steam-pipe big enough to let in a dollar piece edgeways. But it'll be smarter work this time. There's more ships out; and them Parrot guns dew hit at a confounded long range."

"Psha! we can afford to laugh at the Parrot guns, if only we keep well away from 'em," says the captain, contemptuously.

To which Mr. Zachary Polter (still labouring under that little misapprehension with regard to the deck) replies in his driest manner:—

"Wa'al, cap'n, I guess it ain't exactly a pleasure trip we air takin' together. We'll laugh, if *you* please, when we git back agin into this here harbour."

And now the rapid dusk comes on. The men are at their posts; the captain gives the word; and the *Stormy Petrel*, which has been busily getting up her steam for the last hour or more, swings slowly round and works out of port as composedly and unobtrusively as she had worked in. The chain of lamps along the quays, the scattered lights sparkling along the shores of the bay, the steady fire of the beacon at the mouth of the harbour, fade, and diminish, and are lost one by one in the distance. For a long time the *Stormy Petrel* skirts the coast line, keeping in with the Bahamas, and pursuing her way through British waters; but a little after midnight (the crescent moon now dropping down the west, and a light breeze blowing from the south-east) she stands out to sea.

A lovely night! the horizon somewhat hazy after the heat of the day, but the sea breaking all over into phosphorescent smiles and dimples, and the heavens one glowing vault of stars. The *Stormy Petrel*, her steam being now well up, rushes on with a foam of fire at her bows and a trail of molten diamonds

in her wake. Now and then, a shark plays round her in her course, distinctly visible in the light of his own progress, and then shoots off like a meteor. Thus the night wears, and at grey dawn the boy in the crow's-nest reports a steamer on the starboard quarter.

Scarcely has this danger been seen and avoided than another, and another, is sighted at some point or other of the horizon. And now swift orders, prompt obedience, eager scrutiny are the rule of the day; for the *Stormy Petrel* is in perilous waters, and her only chance of safety lies in the sharpness of her look-out, and the speed with which she changes her course when any possible enemy appears in sight. All day long, therefore, she keeps doubling like a hare; sometimes stopping altogether, to let some dangerous-looking stranger pass on ahead; sometimes turning back upon her course; but, thanks to her general invisibility and the vigilance of her pilot, escaping unseen, and even making fair progress in the teeth of every difficulty.

And now the sun goes down, half-gold, half-crimson, settling into a rim of fog-bank on the western horizon. Lower it sinks, and lower; the gold diminishing, the crimson gaining. Now, for a moment it hangs, a bloody shield, upon the verge of the waters, and the sky is flushed to the zenith, and every ripple crested with living fire. And now, suddenly, it is gone—and before the glow has yet had time to fade, the southern night rushes in.

An hour or so later, the wind drops and the *Stormy Petrel* steams straight into a light fog, which lies across her path like a soft, fleecy upright wall of cloud.

"This fog is in our favour, Mr. Polter," says De Benham, pacing the deck with rapid steps; for the night has now turned somewhat chill and raw.

"Wa'al, sir, that's as it may be," replies the pilot, cautiously. "The fog helps to hide us; but then, yew see, it likewise helps to run us into danger."

And the event proves that that sagacious renegade is right; for at a little after midnight, when all seems to be solitude and security, and no breath is stirring, and no sound is heard save the rushing of the *Stormy Petrel* through the placid waters, there suddenly rises up before the eyes of all on board a great, ghostly, shadowy Something—a Phantom Ship, vague, mountainous, terrific—from the midst of which there issues a trumpet-tongued voice, saying:—

"HEAVE-TO, STEAMER, OR I'LL SINK YOU."

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

PART II.

AT the end of the last century Earl Selkirk, a benevolent young Scotch nobleman, visited the Highlands, which were then a *terra incognita* to tourists, and finding that emigration to the United States was going on to a considerable extent, he thought that it would be desirable to turn the tide into our own colonies. Having matured his plans, he headed a body of settlers, who sailed for Prince Edward's Island, and established themselves there in 1803. The success of the experiment induced him to make a bolder venture, and in 1811 he obtained from the Hudson's Bay Company a grant by deed of a portion of their territory in the vicinity of the Red River. Here he planted a Settlement of Scotch emigrants, and became a sort of patriarchal governor.

In 1817 he made a treaty with the Chipeway and Cree Indians, in order to extinguish any rights they might claim over the land occupied by the Settlement. The instrument was signed, or rather *marked*, by four chiefs of the tribes, who each scrawled under it the rude figure of an animal; and they thereby ceded to "our Sovereign Lord the King" a certain tract of country in the Red River, on condition that Lord Selkirk, his heirs and successors, should pay annually to the chiefs and warriors of the two tribes "one hundred pounds weight of good merchantable tobacco."

The geological nature of the land of the Settlement is the limestone formation, and the soil is composed of the *débris* of granite and limestone, with a large proportion of decayed vegetable matter. It is extremely fertile, and when well cultivated yields large crops of the finest wheat. But the colony did not prosper. It was too far removed from the operations of commerce, and had no means of market or export except by the difficult and at certain seasons impracticable route of the Nelson River to York Fort on Hudson's Bay. Half of the original settlers abandoned the Red River, as they found that they had no market for their produce. They were scorched by the heat in summer and frozen in the winter, and they more than once took refuge in Pembina. The late Mr. Edward Ellice said in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, "It was an unwise speculation settling people in a country where they could send no produce to market, where they could be

in communication with no neighbouring settlement, and accordingly it has failed." The Settlement was purchased back from Lord Selkirk or his heirs by the company in 1834, and since that time it has remained in their possession. It now occupies in a straggling manner about fifty miles of the course of the Assiniboine, and twenty miles of the course of the Red River, and the population may be estimated at about 12,000 souls. Fort Garry is the principal station, or rather there are two forts—an upper and a lower one. The lower fort occupies three or four acres, but the upper one is not quite so large, and they are both surrounded by stone walls, flanked by towers. In their amusing book, called "The North-West Passage by Land," Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle say:—

"From Red River to the Rocky Mountains, along the banks of the Assiniboine and the fertile hills of the Saskatchewan, at least sixty millions of acres of the richest soil lie ready for the farmer when he shall be allowed to enter in and possess it. This glorious country, capable of sustaining an enormous population, lies utterly useless, except for the support of a few Indians, and the enrichment of the shareholders of the Last Great Monopoly."

This last remark is not quite fair, for that part of the territory contributes little or nothing to the exchequer of the company, as the fur-bearing animals hardly exist there, and no trade is carried on in that region from which the company derives benefit.

I have mentioned that the western frontier of Canada has never been authoritatively defined, and on one occasion, in 1818, when a question of jurisdiction was raised in a criminal trial at Toronto, under a commission from Lower Canada, the court directed the jury to return a special verdict, stating that "they could not see from any evidence before them what were the limits of Upper Canada." The Chief Justice said, "I do not know whether from 90° to 100° or 150° forms the western limit of Upper Canada."

Soon after the cession of Canada by France to England in 1763, traders from Montreal began to push their way towards the west in search of furs. They followed the Pigeon River route from Lake Superior, and in spite of King Charles's charter encroached not only upon the territory but the privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1784 these traders formed themselves into a Company, and for many years a civil war raged in Rupert's Land between the two rival com-

panies, in which sanguinary battles were fought and many lives were lost. Before long a second Canadian company, called the X. Y. Company, came into the field, and the confusion was worse confounded.

All readers of Washington Irving's "Astoria" must remember the account which that delightful writer gives of the North-West Company, which, as he says, "for a time held a lordly sway over the wintry lakes and boundless forests of the Canadas, almost equal to that of the East India Company over the voluptuous climes and magnificent realms of the Orient." They had in their employ two thousand persons, and the principal partners resided in Montreal, where, as Washington Irving says, they formed a kind of commercial aristocracy living in lordly and hospitable style. Two or three of them used to meet every year at Fort William the superintendents of the trading posts in the wilderness, who came there with a body of retainers, like chieftains of the Highland clans.

"The councils were held in great state, for every member felt as if sitting in Parliament, and every retainer and dependent looked up to the assemblage with awe as to the House of Lords. There was a vast deal of solemn deliberation and hard Scottish reasoning, with an occasional swell of pompous declamation. These great and weighty councils were alternated by huge feasts and revels, like some of the old feasts described in Highland castles. The tables in the great banqueting-room groaned under the weight of game of all kinds, of venison from the woods and fish from the lakes, with hunters' delicacies, such as buffaloes' tongues and beavers' tails, and various luxuries from Montreal, all served up by experienced cooks brought for the purpose. There was no stint of generous wine, for it was a hard-drinking period, a time of loyal toasts and bacchanalian songs, and brimming bumpers."

Such was the company of the "mighty North-Westerns," at whose board the youthful Washington Irving often sat, and who for many years were a thorn in the side of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The effects of the contest have been described as "the demoralisation of the Indians; liquor was introduced as a medium of trade throughout; there were riots and breaches of the peace continually taking place, and the country was in a state of great disorganization."

Sir John Richardson made the following statement to the Committee of the House of Commons in 1857 of what he saw in 1819, when he accompanied Sir John Franklin on his first expedition:—

"Landing at York Factory, we found several of the members of the North-West Company prisoners in the fort; they had been captured shortly before we arrived there. One of them, a Mr. Frobisher, escaped with some men and perished; he died for want of

food in attempting to make his escape. . . . We found both parties supplying the Indians liberally with spirits. The Indians were spending days in drunkenness at the different posts, and a contest altogether shocking to humanity was carried on."

Lord Selkirk naturally took the side of the Hudson's Bay Company in its contest with the Canadian interlopers, and he became a very active partizan. He treated the North-West Company as poachers, and warned them by proclamation that they had no right to kill any animals on his land. Scenes of bloodshed were frequent, and in June, 1816, a battle was fought on the Frog Plains, near the Red River, when a wild body of "North-Westerns," consisting of half-breeds and Indians, attacked the Settlement, and the governor and twenty of his followers were killed. The whole colony were driven from their homes, and took refuge at Norway House, on the north of Lake Winnipeg. Earl Selkirk was at this time on his way from Montreal, at the head of a motley body of disbanded soldiers—chiefly foreigners—and in retaliation he seized on Fort William, at Lake Superior, which was then the headquarters of the North-West Company, and arrested the principal partner, Mr. McGillivray, taking possession of all the property. Actions of trespass were brought against him in the Canadian courts by different parties, and verdicts for heavy damages were given. Criminal proceedings were also instituted, and a bill of indictment was preferred against him and his associates. The colony was brought back to the Red River, and soon afterwards Lord Selkirk left the settlement and did not return to it.

Earl Bathurst was at this time (1820) the Colonial Secretary, and being at his wits' end to know how to deal with the belligerents, he availed himself of the shrewd sagacity of the late Mr. Ellice, who had been one of the most influential members of the North-West Company. Under his able management, a union of the two companies was effected on the basis of equality, so far as possible, amongst the respective shareholders.

In 1821, an Act (1 and 2 Geo. IV. c. 66) was passed, authorising the Crown to grant a license for the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians in such parts of North America as were not part of the territory granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, or of any of the British "provinces" in North America, or "of any lands or territories belonging to the United States of America;" but the license was not to be given for more than twenty-one years. Under this Act, the Crown, at the end of 1821, granted to the

Hudson's Bay Company, and to William and Simon McGillivray and Edward Ellice, who represented the North-West Company, a license for the sole exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians for twenty-one years within the above-named limits; and it provided that they should give security in the penal sum of £5,000, for ensuring the due execution of criminal process and civil process, where the matter in dispute exceeded £200, "by the officers and persons legally empowered to execute such processes" within the territories included in the license. They were also required to submit, for the royal approval, such rules as might appear to the Crown to be effectual for gradually diminishing, or ultimately preventing, the sale of spirits to the Indians, and for promoting their moral and religious improvement.

The Hudson's Bay Company acquired, by agreement, all the rights and interest of the North-West Company in 1824; and it was therefore unnecessary to continue the trading partnership with the Messrs. McGillivray and Mr. Ellice; but the license remained in force until 1838, when it was surrendered to the Crown, and a new one was granted to the Hudson's Bay Company alone, for another period of twenty-one years, on similar terms as before.

There was, however, an important proviso added to the new license, which shows that the Government had in view the possible creation of a colony or colonies in the licensed territory. It was, that nothing therein contained should prevent the establishment, "within the territories aforesaid, or any of them," of any colony or province, or annexing any part of them to any existing colony. The proviso, also, for ensuring due execution of civil process was extended to all suits, whatever might be the amount in dispute. This last license expired in 1859, and has not since been renewed. There seems to have been a general impression that the company were bound by their license to send civil and criminal cases that arose in the licensed, as distinguished from the chartered territory, to the courts of Canada for trial. But this is a mistake. There is nothing in either of the licenses about the Canadian courts; and, according to them, process was to be executed by the officers and persons legally empowered within the licensed territories. But, by the Act 43 Geo. III. c. 138, passed in 1803, it was enacted, that all offences committed within any of the Indian territories, or parts of America not within the limits of Canada or the United States, should

be tried as if they had been committed within the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; and offenders were to be arrested and conveyed to Lower Canada, to be tried there, or in certain circumstances in Upper Canada. Further, by the Act 1 and 2 Geo. IV. c. 138, passed in 1821, civil and criminal jurisdiction over the same region was given to the courts of Upper Canada; and the Crown was empowered to appoint, by commission under the Great Seal, justices of the peace, to hold their courts of record for the trial of civil and criminal cases, "anything in the charter of the Governor and Company of Merchants and Adventurers of England trading to Hudson's Bay to the contrary notwithstanding." It seems, therefore, that the Canadian courts, and the Rupert's Land courts, if established by commission under the Great Seal, have concurrent jurisdiction; but I believe that no such courts have been created.

In 1839, the company took on lease from the Russian Government a strip of coast, on the seaboard of the Pacific, between Fort Simpson and Cross Sound, for which they agreed to pay a rent of 2,000 otters a year; but this was afterwards commuted into a rent in money. Before the treaty between Great Britain and the United States in 1846, which made the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude the boundary between the territories of the two Governments, the Hudson's Bay Company were in occupation of lands south of that line, in what are now the States of Washington and Oregon; and it was expressly provided that their possessory right, as well as that of "all British subjects who may be already in the occupation of land or other property lawfully acquired within the said territory, shall be respected." And the late well-known American statesman and lawyer, Mr. Daniel Webster, said, in an opinion he gave, that he entertained no doubt that the company had a vested proprietary right in the lands. The matter was referred to arbitration before a commission, sitting at Washington, and has, I believe, not yet been decided.

In 1849, Vancouver's Island was granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, under certain restrictions and conditions, which I need not detail, but which, to use the language of Mr. Ellice, "ensured from the beginning an absolute failure of the whole scheme." The truth is, that a trading company is wholly unfit to carry out a system of colonisation, and the experiment is not likely to be again attempted.

In 1857, the Select Committee of the House of Commons, to which I have so often re-

ferred, was appointed, "to consider the state of those British possessions in North America which are under the administration of the Hudson's Bay Company, or over which they possessed license to trade." It consisted of Mr. Labouchere, then Colonial Secretary, Sir John Pakington, Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Stanley, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Lowe, and others; and, after examining a great number of witnesses, and obtaining much valuable evidence, they made a short report, in which they said that they considered it essential to "meet the just and reasonable wishes of Canada, to be enabled to annex such portion of the land in her neighbourhood as may be available to her for the purposes of settlement, with which lands she is willing to open and maintain communications, and for which she will provide the means of local administration." They recommended, also, that the connection between the Hudson's Bay Company and Vancouver's Island should cease:—

"As to those extensive regions, whether in Rupert's Land or in the Indian territory, in which, for the present at least, there can be no prospect of permanent settlement, to any extent, by the European race for the purposes of colonisation, the opinion at which your committee have arrived is mainly founded on the following considerations: The great importance to the more peopled portions of British North America that law and order should, as far as possible, be maintained in these territories; the fatal effects which they believe would infallibly result to the Indian population from a system of open competition in the fur trade, and the consequent introduction of spirits in a far greater degree than is the case at present; and the probability of the indiscriminate destruction of the more valuable fur-bearing animals in the course of a few years. For these reasons, your committee are of opinion that, whatever may be the validity or otherwise of the rights claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company under the charter, it is desirable that they should continue to enjoy the privilege of exclusive trade, which they now possess."

Soon afterwards Vancouver's Island was wholly withdrawn from the administration of the company, and erected into a colony; and at the same time the colony of Columbia was established on the mainland opposite, to the west of the Rocky Mountains.

In 1863, a change took place in the proprietary of the company. Their capital was half-a-million; and, by an arrangement with the International Financial Society, £1,500,000 was paid by that society to the then existing shareholders, and a new stock was created to the extent of two millions, which was offered to the public, in shares of £20 each. By this means a new proprietary was created, which constitutes the present company; but no change was made in the charter, and all the rights and privileges

which had been granted by Charles II. remained unaffected. In their prospectus the International Financial Society stated that the landed territory of the company comprised an area of more than 1,400,000 square miles, or upwards of 896,000,000 acres; and that the southern district (which is sometimes designated the Fertile Belt) would be opened to European colonisation, "under a liberal and systematic system of land settlement." It was shown that the average net annual profits of the company (after setting aside 40 per cent. as remuneration to the factors and servants at the posts and stations in Rupert's Land) for the previous ten years had been 16 per cent. on the old capital of half-a-million, and would, therefore, amount to 4 per cent. upon the new capital of two millions.

During the last few years a negotiation has been going on between the company and the Colonial Office, with reference to the surrender of their rights in the southern portion of their territory, either to the Crown or to Canada, with a view to colonisation. One important question was the amount of compensation to which the company would be entitled. Canada, however, denied their legal title to an important part of the territory. In a report of a Committee of the Executive Council of Canada in June, 1866, they say that "they do not admit that the company have a legal title to that portion of the North-Western territory which is fit for cultivation and settlement. This fertile tract is a belt of land stretching along the northern frontier of the United States to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and Canada has always disputed the title of the company to it." But notwithstanding this, the Canadian government were prepared to admit generally the claims of the company, and would themselves have opened negotiations for the extinction of those claims if the Confederation scheme had not been brought forward, when it was thought that the question ought to be reserved for the consideration of the Confederate government.

In December, 1867, the parliament of the Dominion of Canada agreed to an address to her Majesty, praying that she would by Order in Council under the powers of the act by which the Confederation of the British North American Colonies was established, unite Rupert's Land and the North-Western territory to Canada. This would embrace British Columbia, and make the new Dominion extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The address stated that in the event of the

transfer to Canada of the jurisdiction and control over the region, the government and parliament of Canada would be ready to provide that the legal rights of any corporation, company, or individual within its limits should be respected and placed under the protection of courts of competent jurisdiction. But the Hudson's Bay Company were not likely to accede to this proposal. It would, if carried into effect, have handed over to Canada their territory, and placed their rights at the mercy of the tribunals of a government which had gone far to deny that they possessed any legal rights at all. It was like conveying a property to a purchaser, and giving him the absolute power of determining whether he should pay anything for it or not. Sir John Macdonald, the present prime minister of Canada, said in the course of his speech on the subject in the Canadian Parliament :—

"What would the title of the company be worth when it was known that the country belonged to Canada, and that the Canadian government and Canadian courts had jurisdiction there, and that the chief protection of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the value of their property, namely, the exclusive right of trading in those regions, were gone for ever? The value of the company's interest would be determined by the value of their stock, and what would that be worth when the whole country belonged to Canada?"

The address from the Parliament of Canada was not acted upon so far as it prayed for an annexation of the territory by an Order of Council; but an Act called "The Rupert's Land Act, 1868," was passed last year for enabling her Majesty to accept a surrender, upon terms to be agreed upon, of the lands, privileges, and rights of the Company, and for admitting the same into the dominion of Canada. And quite recently the present Colonial Secretary, Lord Granville, has proposed that the company shall surrender to her Majesty all their rights of government and property in Rupert's Land and other parts of British North America, which will be transferred to the Dominion of Canada upon Canada paying the company £300,000 as compensation. It is proposed that the company shall retain their rights of trade, their stations, and blocks of land adjoining them; and they shall, moreover, be allowed to claim one-twentieth of the land in every township or district within the Fertile Belt as it is set out for settlement.

Looking forward to the future it was impossible not to see that a change must take place in the destination of Rupert's Land. It could not always remain merely a hunting ground for traders in furs. Indeed the

southern part no longer affords to the same extent a supply of those articles; for the animals are decreasing in number, and the valuable trade is in the northern portion. There the climate and the soil are alike unfit for the habitation of civilised men, and the land must for ages be the abode of the bear, the beaver, and the fox, with a few wandering tribes of wretched Indians. But the south is more or less suitable for colonisation, and many considerations point to Canada as the country to which it ought to be annexed.

In the report of a committee of the Executive Council of Canada they say :—

"The government looks forward with interest to the day when the valley of the Saskatchewan will become the back country of Canada, and the land of hope for the hardy youth of the province when they seek new homes in the forest; and it anticipates with confidence the day when Canada will become the highway of immigration from Europe into those fertile valleys."

There are, no doubt, serious difficulties to overcome in making such a highway and effecting a ready means of communication between Lake Superior and the Red River. Colonel Crofton, who commanded a body of troops that were sent to Rupert's Land in 1846, stated before the committee of the House of Commons that it would be utterly impossible to make a road for waggons there on account of the swamps. But the word "impossible" is said not to be found in the dictionary of engineers, and the idea of a railway from Canada, even as far as the Pacific, has long been seriously entertained. It has indeed been asserted that a Canadian swamp is "about the best ground that nature ever made for a railway track," for what is called a "swamp" there, is a level tract, with a thicket growing upon it, which keeps the ground damp by excluding the sun's rays, and there is generally a stiff clay bottom.*

A private trading company like that of the Hudson's Bay has not authority or power to preserve order and good government amongst a large population, composed as it undoubtedly will be before long in a great measure of immigrants from the United States, by no means disposed to submit patiently to law, and least of all to the law of a foreign nation. They would require the strong hand of a powerful government, and would set at nought the feeble authority of a council of factors and traders.

The Indians sometimes give trouble enough. In a letter from Mr. Mactavish, the governor

* See the evidence of Mr. McDawson before a select committee of the Canadian House of Representatives, printed in the Blue Book; Report, Hudson's Bay Company, 1857

of Rupert's Land, dated 31st July, 1866, he says that a band of Salt Indians, from Red Lake in Minnesota, had murdered four Sioux within sight of Fort Garry, and then immediately retired within the American boundary. And at Fort Pitt, on the Saskatchewan, a band of Blackfeet forced the inner gates of the fort and plundered it. They then met in their way a party of the Company's servants returning from the plains, and after firing on them took away their horses.

The close proximity of the United States makes it very desirable that a transfer of the territory should take place with as little delay as possible. In the report of the committee of the Canadian Government, to which I have before referred, they say :—

“The close relations springing up between the Red River settlers and the Americans of Pembina and St. Paul, and the removal of many Americans into the territory, render it doubly expedient that a settled government under the British Crown should be established in the country at an early date.”

Next adjoining the southern frontier of Rupert's Land lie the States of Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana, divided from it by only an imaginary line, across which the straggling waves of the advancing tide of population will slowly but surely flow. It may be said, and with truth, that these States are as yet only partially occupied, and that many years must elapse before they are filled with a population which would require any expansion of space towards the north. But we must bear in mind an important fact. It is quite true, as a general rule, that population does not migrate to seek distant lands for cultivation, so long as good land in sufficient quantity can be had near at hand; but there are numbers of restless spirits in America whose vocation may be said to be to act as the vanguard of material progress. They dislike a settled life, and when they have made a clearing in the wilderness, and begun to cultivate the soil, they throw down the spade for the axe, and seized with an irresistible impulse, travel onwards.

“I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.”

It is thus that, before Iowa was settled, Minnesota was invaded; and, although that State is only scantily peopled, Dakota and Montana have since been added to the United States.

In 1864 the inhabitants of the Red River Settlement were so alarmed by the threatening attitude of the Sioux, that they strongly pressed Mr. Dallas, the governor of Rupert's Land, to invite American troops across the frontier; and certainly, to use the expression

of the late Sir Edmund Head, who was governor of the company in England, the fact of the Queen's subjects “looking for protection to the United States, was one of grave importance with reference to the nationality of the settlement and the territory.”

The year before last Mr. Adams, the American Minister here, applied on behalf of his Government to the Foreign Secretary, Lord Stanley, to know whether arrangements could be made for allowing the troops of the United States to follow Indians who infested the emigrant road in Dakota, and committed every kind of atrocity, into the British territory, where they took refuge. It seems to be rather doubtful whether this particular territory belongs to the company or the Crown, as there is a narrow belt of land running to the north of the forty-ninth parallel—the boundary line—which is supposed to be watered by streams which do not find their way into Hudson's Bay, and if so, this was not included in the grant made by the original charter to the company.

Besides, gold has been discovered in the Saskatchewan region, and in a pamphlet published in America in 1866, and addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, the following significant passage occurs :—

“Rumours of gulches and ledges in the Saskatchewan district, yielding even greater prizes to the prospector, are already rife, and will soon precipitate ‘a strong, active, and enterprising people’ into the spacious void. What is called the Americanisation of the Red River Settlement has been slow, although sure, since the era of steam navigation, but this Americanisation of Saskatchewan will rush suddenly and soon from the camps of treasure-seekers in Montana.”

I will now say a few words on the constitution and government of the company. In England, it consists of a governor—Prince Rupert's chair at present is occupied by Sir Stafford Northcote—and a body of directors, who represent the shareholders. In Rupert's Land there is an acting governor, who is assisted by a council composed of the chief factors, sixteen in number, and sometimes of chief traders, and by a recorder, who was first appointed in 1839. The chief factors are not paid by salaries, but are admitted into a sort of partnership with the company, on the following principle: the profits are divided into one hundred shares, of which forty are allotted amongst the officers in the territory in certain specified proportions. This forty per cent. is debited to the fur-trade, and is, of course, so much deducted from the fund available for dividend to the shareholders. It is, in fact, part of the working expenses of the concern,

which must be paid before the net profits can be ascertained. Besides the chief factors, there are twenty-nine chief traders, and the number of servants in permanent employment is about 1,200.

The number of forts or posts in Rupert's Land is sixty-six. At the north end of Lake Winnipeg is the fort called Norway House, which is the central station of the upper country. Here brigades of boats receive annually their supplies for the different posts, and proceed on their winding voyages along rivers and lakes, bringing back furs which are then conveyed to York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, and shipped to England. At Norway House also there is annually a meeting of the factors who have charge of the different posts, and who there consult together on the interests of the trade.

The currency of the country is the beaver-skin, as tobacco used to be in Virginia. It is the unit of value according to which all barter is computed. Thus, ten musk rats go to one beaver, and a beaver is equal to a blanket. Four or five beavers go to a silver fox, and a certain number of silver fox-skins are given for a gun. The way in which the trade is carried on is this. When an Indian hunter arrives at one of the posts with a bundle of furs, he proceeds to a room, where the superintendent separates the furs into lots, and, after adding up the amount, delivers to him a number of little pieces of wood, which indicate the number of beaver-skins to which his furs are equal in value. The Indian then goes to the store-room, which contains the articles he wants, such as blankets, coats, guns, powder-horns, and knives. Each of these has a fixed and known value in beaver-skins, represented by the pieces of wood, and the hunter pays them away just as if they were cash for whatever article he fancies. At Red River, however, the Hudson's Bay Company issue notes to the extent of £9,000 or £10,000, which act as a circulating medium in the colony.

When the furs arrive in England they are stored in the company's warehouses in Lime Street—part of the buildings of the old East India Company—and they are sold in lots by auction, in the spring of the year. There, in the different rooms may be seen vast piles of skins of bears, foxes, wolves, wolverines, martens, minks, otters, and even skunks—which last are used on the Continent (where I suppose the olfactory nerves are not so sensitive as ours), for the lining of cloaks. A story is told of the late Prince Gortchakoff, that when he was in England a short time

before the Crimean war, he went to see a fox-chase, and as the hounds approached they suddenly made a rush at him and gave tongue loudly. They were with difficulty whipped off by the huntsman, and it turned out that the Prince was wearing a cloak lined with the skins of foxes, so that the dogs naturally attacked him. If they had pulled him down, the Russians might never have crossed the Pruth, and the world would not have heard of the siege of Sebastopol!

It seems paradoxical that the highest prices in proportion to their value should be given for the inferior furs. But the reason is this. If the company were to pay for the finer furs at the same rate as they pay for the less valuable ones, the Indians would hunt up the animals that bear the best furs and destroy the race, as has, in fact, been the case along the southern frontier. The silver fox and the beaver would soon disappear, and only musk rats, and raccoons, and martens be left. Since the beginning of the present century, the collection of furs has much increased, but the company pay the Indians more for them, and thus there is a larger trade in them than ever, but with less profit. The valuable trade is in the remote and colder districts, where, there being no interference by the efforts of civilisation, the animals are preserved like game in England, and the Indians are encouraged to kill them only when the fur is in season, and to spare the females when they are breeding. But if the trade were thrown open, it is obvious that wanton destruction would ensue, and the supply of furs would soon cease to exist, for it would be the interest of every trader to secure as much in as short a time as possible, and, to use a homely phrase, the goose would be killed to get the egg.

I have now endeavoured to give an account of the constitution and history of the last of the great proprietary companies of England, to whom a kind of delegated sovereignty was granted by the Crown. It was by some of these that distant colonies were founded, and one, the most powerful of them all, established our empire in the East, and held the sceptre of the Great Mogul. But they have passed away—

fruit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum—

and the Hudson's Bay Company will be no exception to the rule. It may continue to exist as a Trading Company, but as a Territorial Power it must make up its mind to fold its (buffalo) robes around it, and die with dignity.

WILLIAM FORSYTH.

PASSING PLEASURES.

THESE blessed passing pleasures !
 We need not let them waste,
 We need not leave their treasures
 Behind us in our haste.
 We need not doubt their fitness
 Where earth's deep shadows fall ;
 God giving, He is witness
 That we shall want them all.

Amid the old sad story
 Of human shame and sin,
 If He gives gleams of glory
 We ought to let them in.
 And oh, when brought before us
 Where heart and soul can see,
 How mighty to restore us
 Love's little signs may be !

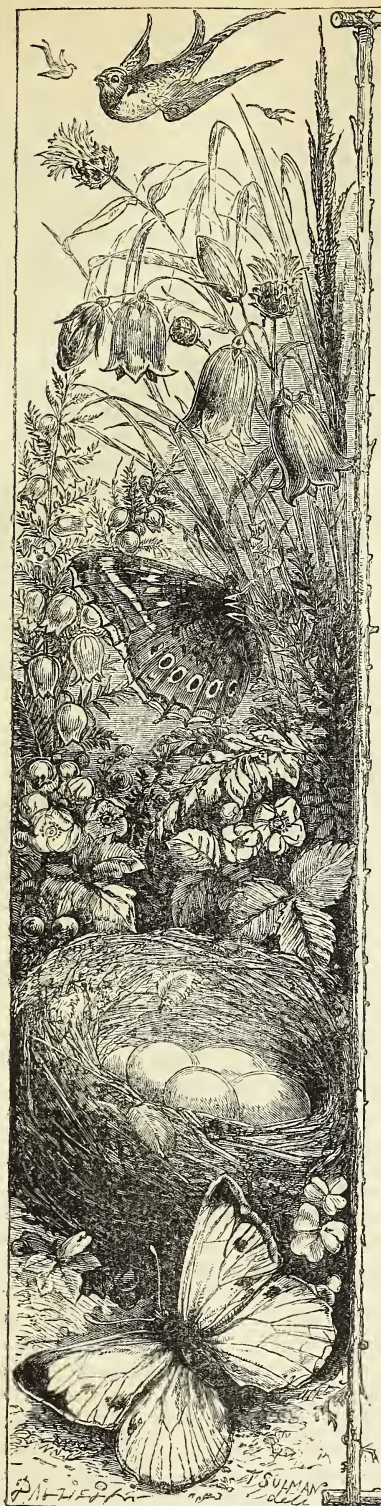
A bird, a tree, a flower,
 A creature just as frail,
 Will take us in His power
 To Him within the veil ;
 Will come, if He has bidden,
 Amidst the darkening fight,
 And leave us safely hidden
 Behind a shield of light.

Perhaps His angels see us
 Disquieted in vain ;
 Perhaps His watch would free us
 From some ensnaring pain ;
 But only He can measure
 Who sees our nature through
 The good that in His pleasure
 A passing joy may do.

If but for one bright minute
 Through gathering clouds it break,
 There is a token in it
 That He would have us take.
 And His least sign obeying,
 No wealth our hearts shall miss,
 Even when we hear Him saying,
 "See greater things than this !"

For He the dull ear gaining,
 Meeting the dim weak sight,
 Our faith is gently training
 To bear the perfect light.
 And while His mercies guide us,
 We in one sure belief
 May trust the joy beside us
 Even as we trust the grief.

A. L. WARING.



HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

VI.—JACOB.

THE life of Isaac succeeds to that of Abraham in the sacred record like the vision of some peaceful lake into which the full waters of a giant river have poured their majestic flow; and which mirrors motionless back the sky above and the mountains round it. Stillness, instead of wandering, was the new condition of his outward life; and the inward answered to it. A calm, meditative, unimpassioned man, conscious of possessing a life given as a marvel, of being the channel of promises which should reach on to the ends of time, his religious character seems to have been summed up in Jacob's words, "The God of my fathers, the God of Abraham, and *the fear of Isaac*" (Gen. xxxi. 42); he dwelt all his days under the safe shadow of the fear of God. All his life, as often happens, was figured forth in that great act of self-sacrifice which marked his early manhood. For such was his willing ascent of the mountain of Moriah at the bidding of Jehovah, and his unresisting submission to being bound for sacrifice on the wood of the burnt-offering which he had meekly borne up the mountain-side. It is the nature of such a life of early devotion to God to be free from the great crises, trials, and agonies by which later conversions and renewals are effected and brought to perfection. It is one long period of unbroken restfulness, leaving, from the very tranquillity with which it was blessed, little to record for others; and tending to develop in the man himself a character of peace rather than of strength. These features we may trace in Isaac. He was a quiet, prosperous, religious man. He sowed and "received an hundred fold, and the Lord blessed him; he waxed great, and went forward, and grew until he became very great, for he had possession of flocks, and possession of herds, and great store of servants, and the Philistines envied him" (Gen. xxvi. 12—14). In the midst of this envy he was unwarlike and peaceable, trusting in God's protection, and little disposed to self-assertion. Thus, time after time, he yields to the herdsmen of Gerar the wells that he has digged, till they cease to strive for them (Gen. xxvi.). And the same character reappears in his patient acquiescence in the contentions which in later years disturbed his family. This life of calm was for the most part spent in the neighbour-

hood of that spring of water which the angel of God had shown to Hagar when she was sent forth with Ishmael from the tent of his father. "Isaac dwelt by the well Lahai-roi." There, it seems, when he was himself sixty years old, and twenty years after his marriage, his twin sons, Esau and Jacob, were born.

God's prophetic answer in interpreting the struggling of the unborn children had already foretold to Rebekah the great issue of that birth, in the two nations which should spring from it, of which "the one people should be stronger than the other, and the elder should serve the younger" (Gen. xxv. 23). The different characters of her two sons soon declared themselves. The calm quietness of Isaac's tent was irksome to her firstborn, Esau. He cared not for the pastures which fed his father's many flocks. The wild grounds of the neighbouring desert, with the excitement of the chase of its game, and of conflicts with its beasts of prey, were more congenial to his spirit; and into these he cast himself, mingling in them freely with the children of the land, amongst whom he was soon a leader, as he grew up "a cunning hunter, a man of the field." Closer connection with them naturally followed; and when he was forty years old he took two wives of that Canaanitish blood with which the family of Abraham had never mingled, and "which were a grief of heart and bitterness of spirit unto Isaac and Rebekah." The touches which sketch his character are few, but they are most expressive. We see before us the bold, wild, impetuous, generous, spirited, popular Arab, full of impulse, unsuspecting, uncontrolled, ready to purchase immediate gratification at any price; unable to appreciate the distinctive spiritual blessings which belonged to him as the heir of the great father of the faithful. In him, even more plainly than in Ishmael himself, the Arab son of Abraham, the distinctive unworldly character of the separated Friend of God seemed to have lapsed back into the mere son of the world. And so it is a rise in his position when by another sudden act of his impulsive nature, on Jacob being sent to take a wife of the old stock of the Abrahamic family, he, as though to retrieve the character of his married life, takes a third wife of the family of Ishmael, the son of the bond-servant. This essential worldliness of

character was connected, as it so often is, especially in youth, with many attractive qualities. Wherever we meet him there is about him a generous recklessness which, though really compatible of union with the highest reign of thoughtless selfishness, yet wears to one who does not look below the surface an aspect of unselfishness which at once wins for him a great amount of sympathy.

Jacob's character was in almost every respect the opposite of Esau's; and in youth at least far less naturally attractive. He was "a plain man, dwelling in tents." Whichever of its disputed meanings we attach to the epithet plain, it does not greatly alter the aspect of Jacob's character; perhaps the highest is the nearest to the truth; he was a cultivated as his brother was a rough man; a man of the tent, as the other was a man of the forest, the hill-side, and the waste. His taste was for the flocks and herds, for domestic cares and pursuits. As the natural result of the common instincts of our nature, he was the mother's, as Esau was the father's favourite. The somewhat inactive character of Isaac delighted in the daring of his hunter son, whilst the mother found in her more civilised child a companionship and sympathy which she could never taste in the company of the wild man of the desert, the husband of Hittite wives whom she abhorred. Though, moreover, in Jacob's early life there is no more mark of godliness than there is about that of Esau, yet there must in the younger son have been always present that substratum of affectionateness of heart which is the special character of his after years, and which is always so dear to a mother's soul. Jacob's natural character combined remarkably the distinctive features of both his parents. It repeated much of his father's musing, meditative temperament, whilst the stronger passions of his mother's nature stirred its depths to bursts of feeling unknown to Isaac, and whilst there was joined with it the shrewd business powers which seem to have pervaded the family of Laban. His unenterprising home life was in him probably in part the consequence and in part the cause of a certain timidity of nature; which must have shrunk from very close contact with his rough and daring brother. The visits of Esau to the tent beside the waters of Lahai-roi could have been no time of enjoyment for Jacob. Doubtless they drew closer together the bonds between himself and Rebekah, whilst he felt himself eclipsed in the view of the old patriarch, who ate gladly of his favourite son's venison, and listened with wondering admiration to the stories of the adventures

and the risks through which Esau's quiver and his bow had secured the welcome game.

Thus the mother's influence would be great with Jacob, and it would almost surely tend to evil. Such a man must be sorely tempted to gain by intrigue what natural force secured for his brother—and the spirit of intrigue is an inherent attribute of the Arab woman. As the desert nourished the fierce independence of Esau's nature, so would Rebekah nurse the lurking subtlety of Jacob's heart. There would be, moreover, a certain aspect of piety about it. Deep in the mother's heart lay the old prophetic utterance, "The elder shall serve the younger;" it was the Will of God that this beloved son, who cowered before his braggart brother, should live to be his lord. She had not learned that deep lesson of faith, the leaving God to work out His Will in His own way. She must help forward its accomplishment. She would possess the mind of Jacob with the same idea. In their after converse, in times of peace and hope, still more, perhaps, when Esau's unwelcome presence drove them into closer and yet more intimate relations, she would fill his heart with visions which belonged to that yet to be accomplished prophecy which Isaac perhaps had never heard, perhaps had long since forgotten. The securing the fulfilment of this prediction by any means would by little and little become with him, as with her, the ruling idea with which his mind was full. Its first recorded outbreak was when at thirty-two years of age he tempted his hungry brother to sell his birthright for the savoury mess of lentile pottage. Here the opposite characters of the two men stand out in the boldest relief. The impulsive Bedouin hunter, returning half-famished from some unsuccessful chase, saying under the counter-influence of appetite, "What profit shall this birthright do me?" and so for a momentary enjoyment sacrificing the religious and the temporal rights which by patriarchal use belonged to the first-born; acting herein as a "profane person," as a thorough man of this world, yielding up the future, even the spiritual future, for the immediate and the carnal. Jacob, on the other hand, thoughtful, and given to anticipations of the future; eager to please the mother whom he loved, seeing an opportunity of securing what she had taught him that God meant him to possess, and so with a meanness bred of a subtle intellect, misleading affections, a timid temper, and a debased religiousness, tempted his brother to a sin by which he was himself to profit. Here is the cunning hunter, the man

of the field outwitted, as he always is, by the polished man dwelling in the tent.

The next great scene of the two lives, five-and-thirty years later, is when by another act of subtlety he steals away the blessing as he had meanly purchased the birthright of the first-born. Here all the lines are darker. Rebekah is yet more visibly the tempter. Her more timid, perhaps less deceitful son, shrinks from the perfidy of abusing the darkened sight of his aged father. But she overbears his resistance. She has now persuaded herself that it is well to lie for God, that the great just God of Truth can be helped in the government of His world by a cunning, devil-born falsehood; and she succeeds in her plot, and the younger son secures the blessing.

Here again Esau's character breaks out into most indicative revelations. The wild despair, the passionate pleading, the cry for another blessing, with no apparent sense of the greatness of his higher loss, but with a keen perception of the present evil, and so the cry for a temporal if he could not have the spiritual blessing. Here are the evident utterances of a character all impulse; venting its sadness in the unspoken thought that when the old man, whose heart it would grieve, was at rest, he would slay his traitor brother, and so wipe away at once the injury and the insult.

It needed no speaking out of the revengeful purpose to alarm Rebekah. The dark, silent, strong-willed woman used to watch with that keen eastern observance of hers every turn of countenance and tone and manner in her strange wild son of the desert, read it all at a glance. She had gained her point; Jacob had won both the birthright and the blessing, but she had imperilled his life, and she must save it.

There is a deep strain of artifice in her next device. She wakes up in the old father's heart its aching remembrance of Esau's unholy marriages, in order to exalt her younger born. Rebekah said unto Isaac, "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are the daughters of the land, what good shall my life do me?" (Gen. xxvii. 46).

Again she succeeds. Isaac sends away his son from the threatening danger which he knew not of, to find a wife from the daughters of his mother's house. She succeeds, but at what a cost! She loses the son of her love; has to bear henceforward a solitary life; has to live alone; to die alone. For those eyes, it seems clear, see the beloved one

again no more for ever. She is not mentioned on his return, and the presence of Deborah, her nurse, with the family of Jacob, as they come back from Padan-aram, goes far to prove the previous death of her mistress. The busy, scheming head was laid low in the dust, it may be weighed prematurely down by the sorrowful harvest she had sown in deceitfulness to reap in anguish.

A new reach of Jacob's life opens with his separation from his mother. The hand of God had taken him into the wilderness there to plead with him mightily. It was a long and a bitter pleading. His own old sin returns before him time after time, as if its haunting presence never would leave him. He had sinned by treachery against his near of kin, and the treachery of those near of kin to him embitter all his life. First, there is Laban's great and often-repeated perfidy. As he had consented to his mother's voice, and lied to his blind father to win the elder brother's portion, so his mother's brother lies to him to win for the elder daughter the marriage he offers to the younger. Into this one master fraud were gathered up for him the seeds of all the long sorrows which darkened his after life. From this came the other great deceit which whitened before the time the hairs of his head; when his own elder sons, hating their younger brother, the child of his beloved Rachel, because his own heart is bound up with the life of the lad, sell Joseph into Egypt; and as he had deceived Isaac with the flesh and the skins of the kid, so they deceived him by dipping in the kid's blood the coat of many colours. Surely God was purging out of the soul of his servant this close-clinging evil even by the hotness of the furnace fire. For coincidently with these retributive sorrows God was giving to him another and a yet deeper teaching. The griefs and injuries of life, if sent alone, might only have hardened and embittered him. But this inner teaching gave to them their special character and power of moral healing. That inner teaching begins at once on Jacob's separation from his mother.

Half his life was now spent—spent amidst the enervating and lowering influences of inaction, and want of responsibility, of timidity, favoured by a certain natural subtlety encouraged by the mother, whose influence over him was supreme. With all these elements of weakness abounding in him, he is cast suddenly forth into the wilderness, the perils of which his martial brother loved, but which he had always dreaded. The home-loving, timid, thoughtful man is forced to

rely upon and act altogether for himself. On one misty, ill-apprehended belief alone can he at all rest his anxious spirit. There is a future before him. In himself the great promises for which Abraham had wandered and Isaac had waited, now surely centred. He had the birthright and the blessing. To that mysterious future his mother's voice, with all her faults, had ever taught him to look forward. Here was the point of difference between himself and Esau. Esau lived for the present, he lived for the future. That dim, uncertain outline ever before his eye gave to life in him a meaning and a depth which it could never have in the clear, bright, dancing, sunlit, but shallow, waters of his brother's objectless being. That worldly spirit lacked utterly the receptive faculty to which higher communications could address themselves. Jacob's soul was ready for them. And they were given to him. As he journeys towards Haran, he lights at eventide upon a certain place. The red sun, like a wearied giant proudly flinging himself to rest, goes down with sudden speed below the wide horizon. The benighted wanderer makes the hasty preparation which alone is possible, and prepares his hard pillow of the desert stones. The bright stars fade away before his weary eyes, and he sleeps. Then the vision wakes. He sees the mystic ladder joining together earth and heaven; he marks with wonder the ascending and descending angels, and he hears the voice of the personal God; with him there in the waste as much as in the tent of Isaac; putting into shape and form that misty future on which his mind had ever dwelt; and above all, promising to him a perpetual presence and a constant guard. "I am with thee, and will keep thee. I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of" (Gen. xxviii. 15). He awoke with a sense of God's nearness to him, which made the very place dreadful. The vision of the night-watches had changed everything around him. There was no loneliness now in that unpeopled waste: it was full of God. Its monotonous stillness was gone. The morning breeze which swept over, the leaves which rustled under its breath, the brawling waters of the brook, all re-echoed the voice which still rung in his ears. The track of the sunbeams as it lay broad and bright upon the land, spoke to him of the glorious pathway of light which had joined together the heaven and the earth. Everywhere God was around him. Everywhere God was close beside him. The great training of his spirit

had begun. That close, perpetual presence of the personal God made life another thing. It was not for him to weave cunning schemes with sharp, dishonourable subtlety in order to bring to pass the purposes of the great God, who had said to his inmost spirit, "*I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.*" The answer of Jacob's heart is immediate, though it betrays much remaining darkness. There is the "*If God will be with me and bring me again, then the Lord shall be my God.*" The light of God's verity is breaking through, and manifestly scattering the darkness.

With this new light, he goes on his journey, and reaches "the people of the east." Then follows his long service with Laban; his own practical experience of what deceit is: by it all he is driven to rest himself on that mysterious presence which is now shed around his being; and as he communes with that, he sees the stains upon his own life, the weakness of his own heart. And so the work within advances. For one-and-twenty weary years he labours and toils at Padan-aram: the drought consumes him by day, and the frost by night, until the hand which others saw not seemed through his reading of Laban's altered countenance to beckon him to depart. He sets out on his return. Some remains of his old self-trusting subtlety, not yet purged out of his heart, lead to his secret flight, and bring on him at once the threatening pursuit of Laban. From this great danger God's direct interference alone delivers him. The recollections of the long past, God's visitation, God's promises, the revelation of his own feebleness and sin—these crowd around him as he retraces his way. He needs them all, for his life is full of peril. He must pass beside the border of the hill country, in which Esau, his injured brother, had grown into a warlike tribe. Now would come, his heart whispered to him, the long-delayed day of reckoning. The more he had learned to see the true character of his own faithless falsehood, the more terrible that danger must have looked. He prepares for it as best he may; but his heart, made tender by discipline, bled for the wife of his love and the children God had given him. But his God had not forgotten his servant. He saw and pitied the weaknesses of his child. At Mahanaim he is met by the angelic host, whose footsteps he had seen upon the heavenly ladder, one-and-twenty years before. But he needs more strength yet, and a greater vision is before him. At the ford Jabbok he sends on

before him his wives, his eleven children, and all that he has, and remains himself alone behind—doubtless for unwitnessed, undisturbed communion with his God. It was not in vain that he was led to wait for it. "Jacob," is the mysterious record, "was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him till the breaking of the day," when the unknown stranger said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." But the mighty one who wrestled with him strengthened him for the unearthly struggle, and the opened and ennobled heart of the long-tried patriarch put forth its last strength in that passionate cry for aid, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." The loving discipline of the Almighty had done its work. Close and yet closer his God had drawn to him; and by that near presence, the work of purifying his inmost spirit had been mercifully accomplished. A new name, given him by God, sealed his new character; the meanness of the supplanter was gone; the royal spirit was come. Jacob, "the supplanter," was turned into Israel, "a prince with God." Though the sorrows which chastised his early sin were not yet exhausted; though he had yet to bear the shame of Dinah's fall, the grief of his heart at Simeon's and Levi's cruel and treacherous vengeance; yet from this time a new atmosphere is round about him: he is delivered from Esau; he reaches safely his father's house; he joins with Esau in the solemn burial of Isaac. Again the solemn cave at Machpelah is opened; again united brothers bear into its shadows the aged form of another father. Isaac is at rest; and Esau and Jacob are at peace; they meet and they part in concord. Each of the brothers had, indeed, received that to which their separate instincts all along had pointed. For the spiritual blessing Esau had never longed. Temporal prosperity and earthly power were the inheritance which he had connected with the birthright and the blessing; and these had come to him, and he was content. Jacob, even in the darkness of his earlier years, had longed for the spiritual gift which still hung in misty outline before him; and all, and more by far than all, to which that desire had pointed had been vouchsafed to him; and for it he was well content to have endured those searching, cleansing years of sorrow, the sharp handling of which he had known. The two brothers part to meet no more, but they part in peace. They share between them their father's goods; the old jealousy and wrath have died out, even of memory;

the planter of a new tribe, the head of the future race of the Edomites, takes his "wives, and his sons, and his daughters, and all the souls of his house; and his cattle, and his beasts, and all his substance which he had got in the land of Canaan, and went into the country from the face of his brother Jacob; for their riches were more than that they might dwell together. . . . Thus dwelt Esau in Mount Seir; Esau is Edom."

But the great patriarch's course was not yet accomplished. Few and evil, as he afterwards, on retrospect, esteemed the days of the years of his pilgrimage, he had yet twenty-five of them to spend. Chequered they still were with many sorrows. The punishment of "the supplanter's" subtlety lasted on after its guilt had been forgiven to the Prince with God. He had yet to weep over the jealous hatred of the offspring of Leah and the handmaid to Rachel's beloved son; he had yet, when the cruel deceitfulness of the ten brethren, that fruit of Laban's treachery, had sent him the coat of many colours, stained, as he believed, with Joseph's blood, to mourn sadly forth his sorrow when "he refused to be comforted, and said, For I will go down into the grave to my son mourning;" he had yet to part with Benjamin, and say, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

The especial character of these last years of the patriarch's life is one of deep and lively affectionateness. This is traceable at every turn, and gives its colour to the whole scene. There is an intense humanity about his character which wakes up in every heart a filial feeling of reverential love towards the aged man. We see this in the conduct of the great Pharaoh towards his vizier's father. How grand in its simplicity is the inspired record of this remarkable meeting between the old desert chief and the haughty Pharaoh! The king's question seems to point to the stamp of extreme age as set already on those venerable features—"How many are the days of the years of thy life?" "Few and evil" the old man pronounces them to have been; and then, with the eastern solemnity of age, gives to the Egyptian king the blessing of Jehovah.

How in point of picturesque interest have the two sons of Isaac now changed their places! Esau in his youth is a far more attractive character than Jacob. But who ever dwells on his later years, as we fashion them forth to ourselves in his strongholds on the Mount Seir, the rich, successful, mighty Arab chief, as we rest on those of Jacob? It is the true,

ever self-repeating history of the world's banquet; the best wine is that which is first, and afterwards that which is worse. The very lands of the two brothers' inheritance seem to catch up and repeat the mighty truth. The red ranges of the mountains of Edom shine forth gloriously under the blaze of the morning sunshine; but the calm shadows of evening sleep peacefully on the grassy uplands of Judah. There is a difference deep as eternity between natural attractiveness and the true character of redeemed humanity wrought by however slow degrees in the servant of God by the regenerating, renewing influences of the Holy Ghost. It is best, after all, to be indeed on God's side in His world. Brightly as the morning of the man of the world may glow with all the glorious colours of the molten light, it must end in darkness. Showy and attractive as are youthful frankness, joyousness, and daring, there is a poison which pervades and at last destroys all worldly things which are not sanctified by the presence of God; whilst the path of those who walk with God is like the shining light which shineth ever more and more unto the perfect day. And though we are indeed taught as to Esau himself nothing more in his "finding no room for repentance" than that his repentance was too late to bring back to him the blessing of his father's birthright which he had profanely bartered away for the mess of pottage, we are in parable instructed that there may come to every one a time when his probation is over; when for him too it is too late; when the bitter cry cannot unlive the life which has been spent in sin; when the heavenly birthright has been lost, and cannot be re-won.

"Watch by our father Isaac's pastoral door—
The birthright sold, the blessing lost and won
Tell Heaven has wrath that can relent no more,
The grave dark deeds that cannot be undone.

We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown;
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown."*

As Jacob draws nearer to his end, the halo round his withered brow glows with yet brighter colours. The sorrows of the past are a departing vision; the bitter breaking up of his life from the tent of Isaac, and the companionship of his mother; the cruel treachery of Laban; the loss of Rachel, the well-beloved wife; the quarrels and the scandals of his family—all, one by one, melt away in the distance. The one remaining and ever increasing idea of that life is the presence of God with it; the vision before his going down into Egypt gradually expands over and covers the canvas; other voices die away; this only he hears—"I am God, the God of thy father; fear not. I will go down with thee into Egypt" (Gen. xlii. 3, 4). Seventeen years he spent there in that blessed companionship; seeing Joseph's greatness and the wonderful multiplication of his seed: and then "the time drew nigh that Israel must die." And round his dying bed the powers of the world to come arrayed themselves, and there fell on him the breath of clear, exalted prophecy. From the shadows of his own coming end, his eye ranged on along the ages until, in prophetic foresight, he saw the Conqueror of death. A stranger himself, tarrying for a season in the land of ancient sovereignties, he speaks of his own, as yet subject, race as royal, and of its rule as universal: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be" (Gen. xlix. 10). What more, after such an utterance, could he do than "gather up his feet into the bed, and yield up the ghost, and be gathered unto his people?" (Gen. xlix. 33).

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.—MISSIONS IN SOUTH INDIA—CONJEVERAM.

SOME of my readers may possibly be disposed to pass over this chapter, when they observe from its title that it treats of Christian missions, and may even wonder how men of common sense, common honesty, and some knowledge of the world, can seriously believe in Christian missions, and earnestly advocate them. Persons of this way of thinking are not rare in modern society. But surely I may be allowed to take advantage of another

characteristic of our times,—the respect which is yielded to every form of opinion, earnestly held, or of speculative thought seriously followed—and ask, why should not the claims of missions to the heathen abroad,†

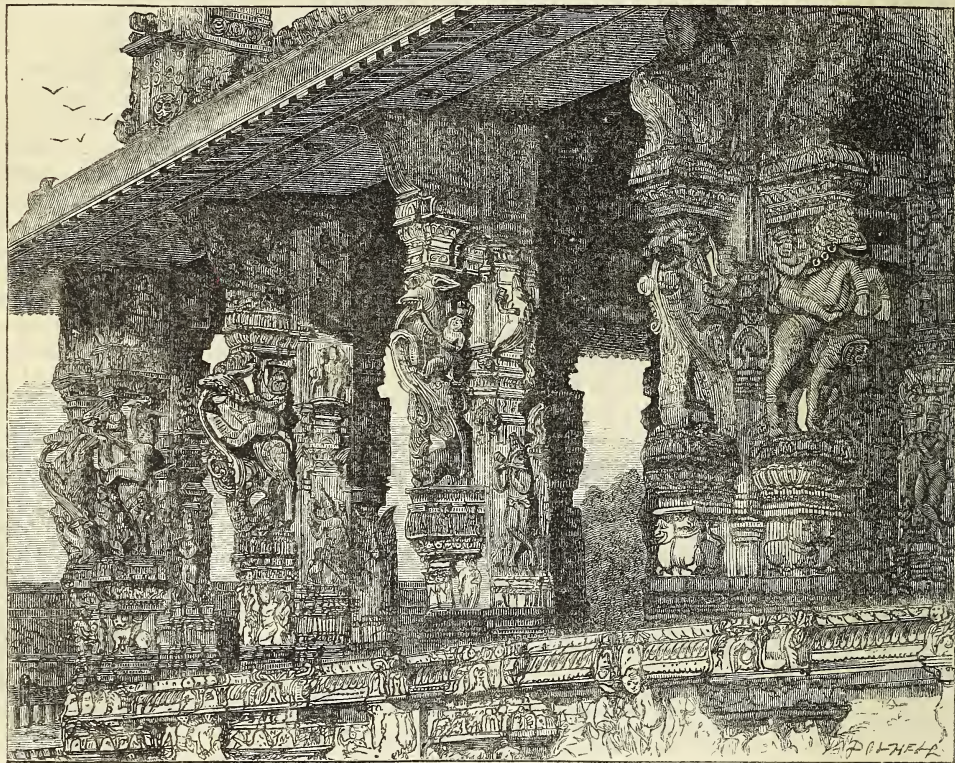
* "Christian Year." Second Sunday after Trinity.

† The constant argument against foreign missions, that "we have enough to do at home," is not satisfactory. (1.) It is evident that if we do nothing abroad until there is nothing more to do at home, the wilfully ignorant and wicked at home will indefinitely postpone all missions abroad. (2.) This was

as well as preaching the Gospel to the ignorant and irreligious—who are practically heathen—at home, be heartily acknowledged by every professing Christian? Missions may have been a failure, or they may have been conducted on wrong principles. It may be, too, that the time has not yet come when the “Lord’s house should be built” in heathen lands. But it may be the case also that those who think thus are misinformed; nay, more, that this work would interest them greatly, if they only thought

of it, and took some pains to know about it. They might even come to see at last that it was the greatest work on earth, so great, indeed, that not only has India, as is held by many, been given to us for the end that it should be Christianised, but also that for this same end alone is the world preserved and governed.

The *duty* of “teaching all nations,” and of “preaching the Gospel to every creature,” needs no vindication to professing Christians. Nor is it necessary to fill pages with the



Sculptured Pillars at Conjeeveram.

oft-repeated arguments that the church of Christ ought to recognise this as one of her

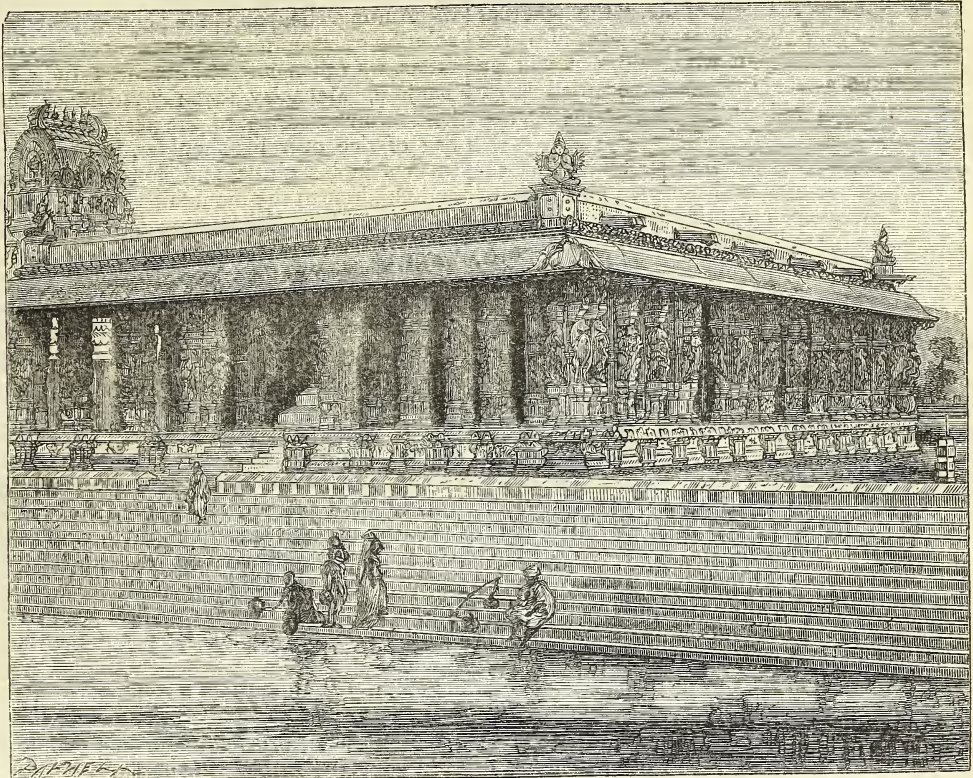
not the principle upon which the Apostles acted, or there would have been no “Christendom.” (3.) India is so far “home,” that it is a portion of our empire, for whose good we are responsible. (4.) May not the increase of our spiritual possessions at home, and the success of our labours at home, be increased as well as evidenced by giving rather than by withholding? (5.) Do we not less require efficient missionaries, or ministers at home than a truer and deeper spirit among those we have? less of sectarian selfishness in seeking our own things rather than the things of Christ? and more of the unpaid but wisely directed agency of Christian men and women especially among the educated classes? (6.) But let it be known, at least, what is actually done at home. And, in order to do this, I will quote from an admirable little work by Dr. Mullens, the well-known Indian missionary, now Secretary to the London Missionary Society. There is spent *in London alone*, annually, not for religious purposes strictly so called, but for upwards of five hundred *charities*, about *one million sterling*! But all the missions, from all the Protestant churches to the whole heathen world, do not cost more than

the half of this sum! Again, there are in Great Britain about thirty-six thousand ordained clergy of all denominations, with tens of thousands of Christian schools, more than a third of a million of Sunday-school teachers, with thousands of lay missionaries, and Christian agencies so varied and so many as to baffle every attempt to arrange them statistically, far less to measure their influence in humanising the country, and preparing it for the reception of Christianity. But in all India, with its myriads of people, there are only six hundred ordained missionaries; and should *all* our clergy, and all our Christian agencies, be transferred to Bengal *alone*, and these have handed over to them for Christian instruction a population equal to that of Great Britain, there would still remain *in Bengal* about fourteen millions of people without a single missionary, and in India more than one hundred and fifty millions in the same condition. Does such a comparison as this so deepen our belief that the portion of our empire called India, gets more than a fair share of the spiritual blessings bestowed on Britain, as to warrant us sending them no more but keeping all to ourselves?

most important functions. To know God as our Father, and His Son as our brother and Saviour, involves the duty and privilege of communicating this unspeakably precious possession to all mankind. Missions are thus, apart from all other considerations, the necessary expression of all true religion. Their object is not to destroy, but to build up; not to condemn, but to save; not to proselytize from one form of "religion" to another, but to draw men from ignorance and misery into the knowledge of the living

God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, and "whom to know is life eternal." Our missions to the heathen, whether at home or abroad, are the outpouring of sympathy with God, who has created all men for good and joy, and who desires us to be fellow-workers with Himself, that we should fulfil the end of our creation and redemption by becoming his sons and daughters through faith in Himself, as revealed in his Son.

To make known God in Christ being thus



Temple and Tank at Conjeeveram.

our highest duty, to withhold this knowledge when it can be given is our greatest crime. Still one hears it sometimes said, "Settle at home what Christianity is, before sending it to India." Does this mean that we are to delay revealing what we ourselves see as light, and giving what we ourselves know to be life, until every one in this country opens his eyes to this light and receives this life? Are the demands of unbelief, or the claims of faith, to determine our duty? Is the Christian Church to be hindered from going forth on its high mission, until every caviller is satisfied, and the Positivists consent to

honour us with a passport? The apostles did not delay their enterprise until they had made every cavilling Sadducee, every bigoted Pharisee, or every contemptuous Roman, accept the cross. Nor will the living church now be kept from following their example. It cannot wait until men cease to speculate, and doubt, and criticize, and raise objections. Let those who will not join us by all means remain behind, until their "honest doubts" are satisfied, their objections answered, or their crotchets disposed of; but those who know their own faith to be real, and more reasonable than doubt, must preach the

gospel to every creature, and, with assured hope, "bide their time."

On the other hand, I must enter my protest against any missionary carrying to India his small one-sided ideas, and putting them in the place of essential Christian doctrine. Long, minute, and intricate theological confessions, thirty-nine articles, High Church or Low Church systems, ought not to be thrust before Hindoos, or made the rallying-points of Christian fellowship. If sectarian opinions must be admitted, let them be so, but let the glorious sun of heaven be so revealed as the light of life, "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," that no man who enjoys it will be able to discover the small sectarian stars, but with the aid of his largest theological telescope.

The south was the first spot in India selected for missions, and nowhere else in Hindostan have such continuous labours been carried on for the propagation of Christianity. The first Protestant missionaries, Ziegenbalg and Plutsch, were sent out by Frederick IV., of Denmark (1706). The former of these, on his return for a short visit to England, had an interview with George I., who addressed to him a letter, encouraging him in his translation of the Bible into Tamil. These pioneers were followed by Schultze, Jænicke, Gericke, and, above all, Schwartz.* Schwartz laboured without interruption for nearly half a century (from 1750 till 1798), and died at the age of seventy-two. His success was very remarkable in respect to conversions, but not more so than in respect to the impression which his noble character made upon the natives. Take one example: the fort of Tanjore was about to be besieged, and a famine was imminent—the people in its neighbourhood refusing to supply it with grain from the fear, grounded on experience, that they never would be paid for their supplies. Schwartz pledged his word for the payment, and abundant supplies were forthwith sent. It is also well-known how Hyder Ali would not negotiate a treaty with any one but the humble missionary. "Send me Schwartz," he said; "I will treat with him, for him only can I trust." It is worth remembering, too, that after his death, and until the mission was vigorously taken in hand by England, all its missionaries were supported solely from the interest of £10,000 which he

bequeathed to it. Yet the name of this man, and of others like him, may be searched for in vain among the hosts of those of small men in our popular encyclopædias!

Alas! how little is known, and how little is remembered, of those noble men who, alone and solitary, amidst lawless and fanatical heathen, held up the banner of the Cross, and were, in God's sight, the salt of the earth and the lights of the world! Never was there a more fearful time in South India than that in which these Protestant missionaries laboured after the death of Aurungzebe, and the consequent dissolution of his empire. Speaking of the Mah-rattas, who then infested Southern India and Tanjore, Macaulay says: "Wherever their kettledrums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice over his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighbourhood of the hyæna or tiger." Yet, in Tanjore the missionaries were then translating the Bible, and in these terrible years of cruelty and anarchy, received upwards of seven thousand souls into the Christian Church. From the time when Clive landed in India (1748) up till the impeachment of Warren Hastings (1791), a noble missionary, John Philip Fabricius, laboured and suffered, now flying from the enemy, now escaping in disguise, suffering heavily from nakedness, famine, and sword, but ever, as God gave him an opportunity, preaching in German, Dutch, Portuguese, and Tamil, teaching schools, composing hymns, many of which are yet sung, and revising from the original languages the translation of the Bible, which has almost been the sole version in use for a century.* Surely, these heroes are as well worth being remembered and honoured by a Christian people as Lord Clive or Warren Hastings.

We arranged for a *pan-missionary* meeting assembled in Madras, at which the secretaries of the several missionary bodies labouring in South India should report as to the state of their respective missions. Our chief object was to demand contradiction *upon the spot*, if such could be given, to the truth of the reports annually sent home to Europe. The meeting was held in "the Memorial Hall"—so called from the circumstances under which it was erected after the Mutiny—Madras having been exempted from those great sufferings. The excellent bishop presided; the Governor, Lord Napier, and

* The interest which Denmark took in missions during the whole period of her connection with India is greatly to her honour, and affords a striking contrast with the timid policy of England. As far back as 1714, the King of Denmark established a college for missions in Copenhagen.

* See *Church Missionary Record* for February, 1868.

most of the presidency officials attended, with the representatives of the native and European press, and large numbers of all classes of society in Madras. Reports were made by the representatives of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary, the London Missionary, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and others. I will not trouble my reader with minute details, such as were published in the local papers; but I may state one or two general results of mission labour in South India, so far as these can be expressed by mere statistics. For example, three of the societies—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary, and the London Missionary—have in Southern India alone 80 European missionaries, 72 (ordained) native clergy, 759 native preachers and catechists, 17,400 communicants, 95,168 baptized adherents, 6,757 boys, and 7,012 girls at school; while the native Christians have contributed, in one year, upwards of £2,600 towards the support of the ministry. These results have been gained chiefly by means of preaching to the adults, combined with the preparatory work of school teaching. But it must be borne in mind that the people who have thus been gathered together do not, as a rule, belong to any of the Hindoo castes, but are no-castes; so that the great success which has unquestionably attended the missions does not at all affect the question as to the best method of dealing with the real Hindoos—the Brahmins, or indeed, with any of the other castes which compose the vast majority of the population of Hindostan. Hindooism proper is the citadel of the land—all other tribes and races lying outside of it. What indirect effect the conversion of the aboriginal races may ultimately have—especially if they receive such an education as will enable them to compete with the Hindoo in the race for wealth and social position—I shall not now pause to inquire; but, as far as one can see at present, it is quite possible that, even were they all to become Christians, the great fortress of Hindooism might still remain in their midst as proud and impregnable as ever. My conviction remains strong, that it is education alone which has effected the breach in its walls that has been made, and prepared the way for the evangelist; and this it has done most effectually.

And it is delightful to think that so far from there being any signs of retrogression, the reverse is the case. Since we left Madras, I have learned certain facts with great satis-

faction. The increase during 1867-8, of the Church Missionary Society alone, has been 870 baptized, 1,500 under instruction, 500 communicants, and 500 pupils. Another most interesting fact is this—that the Bishop of Madras, after due examination, ordained in connection with the same Society, on January 31, 1869, no fewer than *twelve* persons, ten of them natives, to priests' orders, and *twenty-two* persons, *all of them natives*, to deacons' orders in South India. I have never heard of another such addition being made in one year to the native ministry in connection with missions to the heathen.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know something of the character of those native Christians. We may rely upon what has been published on this point by one who has laboured for years among them, whose judgment is trusted by all, whose candour is wholly above suspicion, and whose learning is known to every scholar in India. Dr. Caldwell, of Tinnevely, in seeking to form a just estimate of the character of the converts in South India, insists that the native Christian community should be compared, not with a *select congregation* at home, but with an *equal portion* of the community at home—80,000 in the India district, with 80,000 in any district in England; that the same *classes* should be compared in both cases; that the real and not the ideal in both should be kept in view, and the characteristic vices of the one balanced against the characteristic vices of the other—such as drunkenness against lying. He thinks that the result would be favourable to the professing Christians in India. He defends the testimony of missionaries, as they alone know the real state of society—its good as well as its evil. He thus remarks:—

“Indian Christianity neither rises so high nor sinks so low as English. England is a country of bright lights, and of deep shadows. In India, or rather in the Indian Christian community, bright lights and deep shadows are almost unknown, and we see generally instead the equable grey light of a dull day. If there are fewer specimens of great excellence in the native community than in the English, there are also fewer specimens of great depravity. The great gifts which God has bestowed upon the English race are oftentimes turned by the devil into great crimes. The Indian race, less highly gifted, possessing less to answer for, has a smaller reward to expect and a lighter punishment to fear.

“I can bear testimony from my own personal knowledge—and my testimony is that of a person who has long had excellent opportunities for ascertaining the truth of what he says—I can bear testimony from my own personal knowledge to the existence amongst the Christians of this country of a class of persons, small in number, but ‘precious in the sight of the Lord,’ who have a right to be regarded as real Christians. They are a small, but an

increasing class; and I hold, that taking fairly into consideration the educational disadvantages and the comparatively low social status of most of their number, they will bear a comparison with any Christians belonging to a similar station in life in England or anywhere else. Remembering that we never can know the private life of any class of people in England so well as we know the private life—if that can be called private which is perfectly public—of native Christians in this country, I maintain that the real earnest Christians of our Indian Missions have no need to shrink from comparison with the real earnest Christians in a similar station in life and similarly circumstanced in England, or in any other part of the world. The style of character they exhibit is one which those who are well acquainted with them cannot but like. I think I do not exaggerate when I affirm that they appear to me in general more teachable and tractable, more considerate of the feelings of others, and more respectful to superiors, more uniformly temperate, more patient and gentle, more trustful in Providence, better church-goers, yet freer from religious bigotry, and in proportion to their means more liberal, than Christians in England holding a similar position in the social scale. I do not for a moment pretend that they are free from imperfections; on the contrary, living amongst them as I do from day to day, I see their imperfections daily, and daily do I ‘reprove, rebuke, exhort,’ as I see need; but I am bound to say that when I have gone away anywhere, and look back upon the Christians of this country from a distance, or compare them with what I have seen and known of Christians in other countries, I have found that their good qualities have left a deeper impression in my mind than their imperfections. I do not know a perfect native Christian, and I may add that I do not know a perfect English Christian; but this I see and know, that in both classes of Christians may be traced distinct marks and proofs of the power of the Gospel—new sympathies and virtues, and a new and heavenward aim.

“I will add a fact which must necessarily appear a very convincing one to myself. There lived a native Christian a few years ago—rather I should say there lives, for he still lives with God—with respect to whom I am able to say, and I say it without any disparagement of Christian brethren of my own nation, that I derived more benefit from my daily intercourse in daily labour with that ever earnest, ever humble, ever spiritually minded man, than I did from any other person whatever during the whole period of my labours in these parts. I boldly say therefore that I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, or of the efforts that are being made for its propagation in India. I see that here, as elsewhere, ‘it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,’ and my only anxiety is to see the number of persons that really believe increased.”

We think this a fair account of the young Christian Church in every part of India.

Let us glance now at the Roman Catholic missions in Southern India, which were the first undertaken by the Latin Church after the Reformation. The Portuguese on the conquest of Goa (1510) established an ecclesiastical hierarchy, and a mission under its auspices was immediately begun by the Franciscans and Dominicans, yet the first missionary of any name was the famous Xavier (1542), and after Xavier the most famous was

Robert de Nobili, nephew to the Pope Marcellus II. But my space forbids my going into historical details.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Madras, Dr. Fennelly, is an Irishman, but void of Fenianism. He gave me the impression of being a kind-hearted devout man—out and out *Roman*; I should think, as a priest, but catholic as a man. We did not learn much from him. This, however, from no fault of his, but rather from the delicate position in which we were placed, and our unwillingness, as strangers, to put minute questions regarding the state and prospects of Roman Catholic missions. We thought it possible that information might have been offered on the subject; but as this was not done, we had to fall back on what is published in the “Catholic Directory.” From it we learn that there are in the Presidency of Madras 7 bishops, 565 priests, 683,218 of a Catholic population; while in addition to these there are 72 priests, and upwards of 90,000 people under the Archbishop of Goa.

How many heathen children baptized when dying, we should rightly reckon “converts” it is difficult to determine. Xavier was much encouraged by the number of infants he baptized *in articulo mortis*. He informs us that in one year he baptized 1,000 infants when dying. To obtain spiritual blessings, he writes, “We may reckon as our intercessors the prayers of the infants and children whom I have baptized with my own hand.” I learn also from the “Catholic Directory” (p. 221), that in one year within the Vicariate of Coimbatore, in South India, “1,456 children of heathens” were baptized “in danger of death,” and I presume that numbers as large received the same salvation in other districts. I see also from an account of the *Propaganda*, written by a Roman Catholic, that there is a society among the young in France, called the “Society of the Holy Childhood, for securing the baptism of dying heathen children,” which collects yearly upwards of £18,000. From twenty to thirty thousand are so baptized every year in China. “We pray,” writes a Vicar Apostolic, “some Christians, men and women, who are acquainted with the complaints of infants, to go and seek out and baptize those whom they will find to be in danger.”

How far the same “Apostolic” practice is followed in South India I know not. Nor can I say what amount of knowledge is required, what test of character is applied, to determine who should be received into the

Church from among the heathen. Neither can I learn to what extent the Roman Catholic Church is increased from the heathen as distinct from the additions made to it from the half-caste Portuguese and Catholics by birth. I had no opportunities of acquiring such information on these points as would warrant me in giving any opinion.

Few men have known India as the Abbé Dubois did. Flying from the French Revolution, he laboured with indefatigable self-denying zeal as a missionary in South India, for a quarter of a century. A friend of mine knew him well, and describes him as an urbane gentleman, in whose truthfulness all had confidence. His work, "The Character, Manners, and Customs of the People of India,"* was written in 1806, and because of its excellence was printed at the request of the Governor and Council of Madras. Lord William Bentinck expressed his admiration of it. Its translation was commenced under the sanction of Charles Grant, then Chairman of the Court of Directors. His "Letters on the State of Christianity in India," were written at different times. The translation from which I quote was published in London in 1823. These letters are cited by Cardinal Wiseman as an authority. Some portions of them, not those of course which are unfavourable to Rome, are also quoted in "The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," as by "une autorité recommandable." On the Abbé's return to France he was appointed director of the Seminary of Missions in Paris.

This is his account of the labours of Xavier :—

"Xavier soon discovered in the manners and prejudices of the natives an insurmountable bar to the progress of Christianity among them, as appears from the printed letters still extant which he wrote to St. Ignatius de Loyola, his superior, and the founder of the order of the Jesuits. At last Francis Xavier, entirely disheartened by the invincible obstacles he everywhere met in his apostolic career, and by the apparent impossibility of making real converts, left the country in disgust, after a stay in it of only two or three years."

Xavier was succeeded by the priests :—

"By degrees," he says, "those missionaries introduced themselves into the inland country. They saw that, in order to fix the attention of these people, gain their confidence, and get a hearing, it was indispensably necessary to respect their prejudices, and even to conform to their dress, their manner of living, and forms of society; in short, scrupulously to adopt the costumes and practices of the country."

"With this persuasion they, at their first outset, announced themselves as European Brahmins, come

from a distance of five thousand leagues from the western parts of the Djamboody, for the double purpose of imparting and receiving knowledge from their brother Brahmins in India. Almost all these first missionaries were more or less acquainted with astronomy or medicine; the two sciences best calculated to ingratiate them with the natives of every description.

"After announcing themselves as Brahmins, they made it their study to imitate that tribe; they put on a Hindoo dress of cavy, or yellow colour, the same as that used by the Indian religious teachers and penitents; they made frequent ablutions; whenever they showed themselves in public they applied to their forehead paste made of sandal-wood, as used by the Brahmins. They scrupulously abstained from every kind of animal food, as well as from intoxicating liquors, entirely faring, like Brahmins, on vegetables and milk."

The success of these compromises was great, but not permanent :—

"It appears from authentic lists, made up about seventy years ago, which I have seen, that the number of native Christians in these countries was as follows, viz., in the Marawa, about 30,000; in the Madura, above 100,000; in the Carnatic, 80,000; in Mysore, 35,000. At the present time *hardly a third of this number* is to be found in these districts respectively."

The priests of Pondicherry—

"accused the Jesuits of the most culpable indulgence, in tolerating and winking at all kinds of idolatrous superstitions among their proselytes, and with having themselves rather become converts to the idolatrous worship of the Hindoo, by conforming to many of their practices and superstitions, than making Indians converts to the Christian religion."

Then began quarrels with the see of Rome :—

"This disgusting contest, which was carried on in several instances with much acrimony, lasted more than forty years before it came to an end."

The result of these labours is thus described :—

"The Christian religion, which was formerly an object of indifference, or at most of contempt, is at present become, I will venture to say, almost an object of horror. It is certain that during the last sixty years no proselytes, or but a very few, have been made. Those Christians, who are still to be met with in several parts of the country, and whose number (as I have just mentioned) diminishes every day, are the offspring of the converts made by the Jesuits before that period. The very small number of proselytes who are still gained over from time to time, are found among the lowest tribes; so are individuals who, driven out from their castes on account of their vices or scandalous transgressions of their usages, are shunned afterwards by everybody as outlawed men, and have no other resource left than that of turning Christians, in order to form new connexions in society; and you will easily fancy that such an assemblage of the offals and dregs of society only tends to increase the contempt and aversion entertained by the Hindoos against Christianity."

The conclusion to which the Abbé came was that neither Roman Catholic nor any other persuasion would ever make any converts,

* Second edition, large 8vo., with notes, corrections, and additions, by the Rev. G. U. Pope. Madras: Higginbotham, 1862.

for he asserts that up till then *all* had failed. The difficulties of conversion he regarded as insuperable. In fact, according to the Abbé, India is doomed, and is under the curse of God for its sins; for if any Church could affect them it would be the Roman Catholic, as being alone commissioned to preach to all nations, and having ceremonies so well adapted to the wants of the Hindoo. He thus describes the likeness between Romanism and Hindooism:—

“If any of the several modes of Christian worship were calculated to make an impression and gain ground in the country, it is no doubt the Catholic form, which you Protestants call an idolatry in disguise; it has a *Pooga*, or sacrifice (the mass is termed by the Hindoos *Pooga*, literally, sacrifice); it has processions, images, statues, *tirtan*, or holy water, fasts, *tittys*, or feasts, and prayers for the dead, invocation of saints, &c., all which practices bear more or less resemblance to those in use among the Hindoos. Now, if even such a mode of worship is become so objectionable to the natives, can it be reasonably expected that any one of the simple Protestant sects will ever prosper among them?”

And what has been the result of this adaptation of ceremonial?

“This Hindoo pageantry is chiefly seen in the festivals celebrated by the native Christians. Their processions in the streets, always performed in the night time, have indeed been to me at all times a subject of shame. Accompanied with hundreds of *tom-toms* (small drums), trumpets, and all the discordant noisy music of the country; with numberless torches and fireworks, *the statue of the saint, placed on a car which is charged with garlands of flowers and other gaudy ornaments*, according to the taste of the country, *the car slowly dragged by a multitude shouting all along the march*, the congregation surrounding the car all in confusion, several among them dancing, or playing with small sticks, or with naked swords; some wrestling, some playing the fool; all shouting, or conversing with each other, *without any one exhibiting the least sign of respect or devotion*. Such is the mode in which the *Hindoo Christians* in the inland country celebrate their festivals.”

For aught I know, earnest priests may have changed the state of things here described. But these extracts prove how little had been effected by the Romish missions during upwards of *two centuries*, when they had the country all to themselves. They may also help to meet the attempts often made by the ignorant to sneer at Evangelical missions and their successes as compared with those of Rome. They will also give a vivid impression of the utter hopelessness felt by the Romanists as to missions ever influencing the genuine Hindoo, especially the Brahmin, and that too immediately before the time when Protestantism entered the field with vigour, and more especially when Christian Mission Schools, whose apostle was Dr. Duff, began a different system of attack upon the citadel of caste.

On Christmas eve I attended worship at one of the Roman Catholic chapels. What the eye saw was a church crowded by natives, with the usual spectacle and ceremonies seen at such times in Europe. There were gaudy altars, pictures of the Virgin, a blaze of light, prayers in Latin, bowings, crossings, incense offerings, &c. One could not gather from the stolid look of the congregation how far their minds had advanced beyond the *pooga* and similar ceremonies which were taking place in the heathen temple opposite.

It is quite possible that some of my readers may feel that I have said too much on missions. But is not the way in which we estimate the relative importance of things curiously interesting? The nose of one horse gets some inches before the nose of another horse on Epsom Downs, and forthwith the fact is telegraphed over England, and even over the civilised world. Excitement reigns in the Punjab and in Canada, not to speak of the ferment among all ranks in this country, as to the great result! But the progress of missions! I repeat it is curiously interesting the way in which we estimate the relative importance of events!

Let us leave Madras now, for a day, and visit Conjeveram, which is about sixty miles off. This is one of the “holy” cities of India, yet one of the vilest, in point of morals.

The railway enabled us to go and return the same evening. We were accompanied by our friend, the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, of the Free Church Mission, Madras, who acted as interpreter. The scenery is uninteresting, the country being a dead flat. When we reached Conjeveram, we found preparations had been made for our reception. Two small wooden conveyances awaited us, but they were not built to such measurement as I could have wished to secure room. But what was of some interest was a highly respectable-looking elephant, who had been sent by the temple authorities to bid us welcome. On our approach he obediently took a gentle hint given him by his rider to kneel to us, and to honour us by a valiant snort from his trumpet proboscis. Then turning round, he led the way to the temple with pompous steps, as if sinking in sand. Poor old fellow! It was some relief to be conducted thither by one so innocent of all evil. This civility relieved one also from the thought of any opposition from the fanaticism of the Brahmins.

We entered the temple by the door shewn in the illustration. There are houses on each

side, occupied chiefly by the priests. Hitherto we had not visited any of the great heathen pagodas. No country in the world has ever had so many temples as India. There is one in every village, in every hamlet. Thousands, hundreds of thousands, are spread over the land. And as for holy places of prayer—in the form of a stone daubed with red paint, or a holy tree, consecrated as the abode of Deity—they are innumerable. Still great temples are comparatively rare, and, to a remarkable extent, are confined to South India.

All buildings in India are constructed according to principles laid down in the religious books of the Hindoos, which profess to assign to each man "his work." The most illustrious and the most servile are equally revealed, because "religion" includes everything. The mason as well as the priest works by the "rule" prescribed by God.

It is easier for a writer to describe temples or anything else as he himself has seen or remembers them, than for a reader to understand such descriptions. Fortunately I am not dependent on word-pictures, thanks to the photographic illustrations which accompany my narrative.

There are certain great features which, without going into detail, irresistibly attract both the attention and admiration of the visitor. There are the great gateways, or *gopurams*, piled up storey above storey, with quaint imagery of grotesque-looking gods and goddesses breaking up every inch of the surface with carving, in a way unknown in the old temples of heathenism beyond India, unless, perhaps, in Mexico. The holy apes who creep and leap and jabber among these carved mountains, only add to their wild grotesqueness. As we enter by the great gateway, we find ourselves in paved courts within courts, with quaint-looking buildings around a tank like a small lake, with steps descending to it. There is an island temple in the midst; a grand hall formed of a forest of carved pillars, with full access to the air from every side. Stone bulls squat all alone, waiting for devotees to honour them, and here and there are pillars or obelisks, sacred as spots for worship. Acres on acres are covered with such buildings, hoary with time. The first impressions made upon one on entering these courts are those of religious retirement, learned leisure, holy abstraction. The imagination would willingly believe that all this has to do with a religion pure, real, and possibly reaching deeper down than its symbolism; and ideas are suggested the very opposite of those which knowledge brings and experience con-

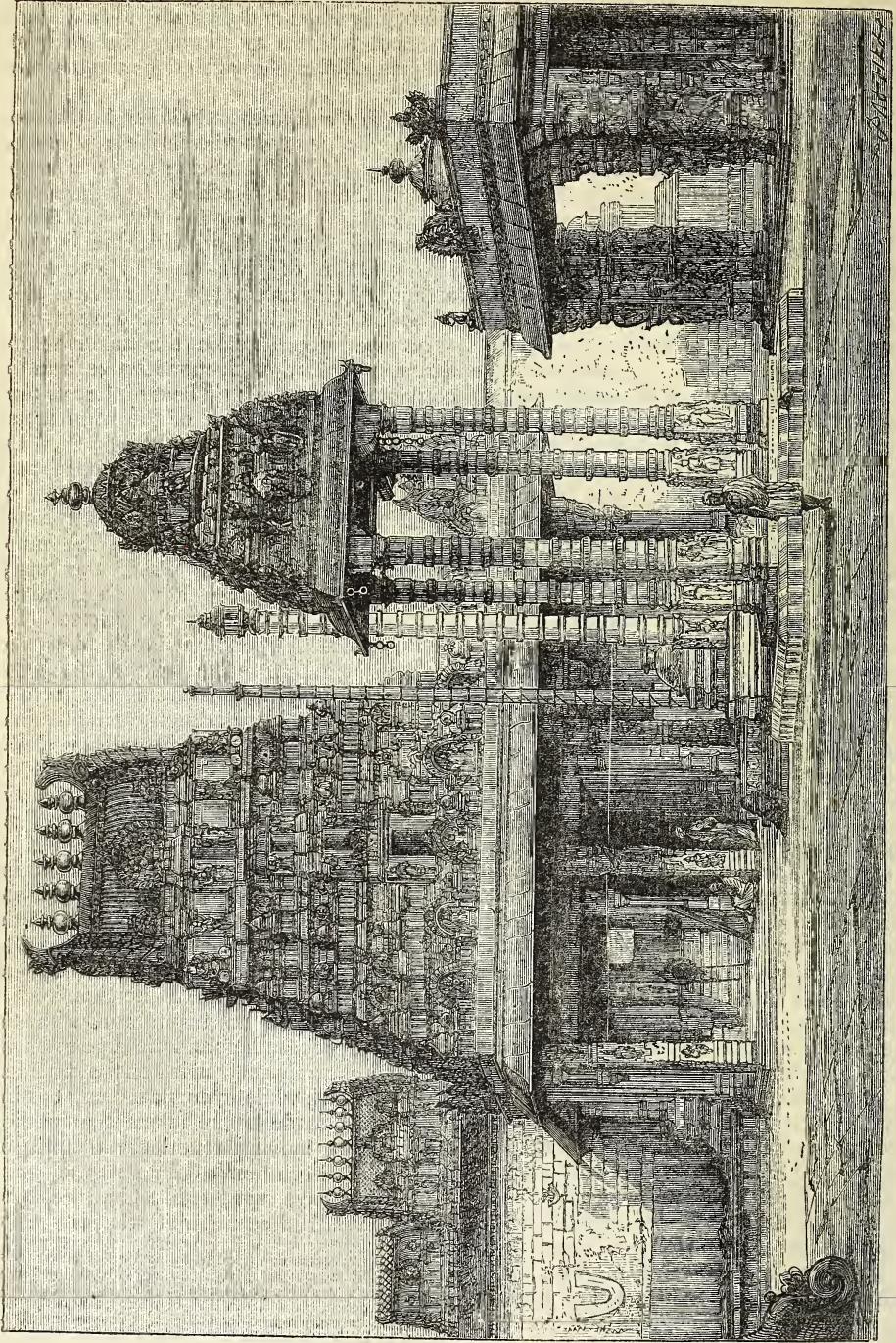
firms. For it is sad to learn how so much architectural grandeur and beauty are connected with what is ignorant, vile, and thoroughly filthy and disgusting. In no place do stern realities so thoroughly destroy the delicate pictures of imagination as in a Hindoo temple.

The last and furthest building in the court within the court, is the shrine of the god. There he sits, in darkness; for no windows exist, and the light is admitted by the narrow door only. There he sits—Vishnu or Siva—besmeared, black, filthy, with the outpourings on him of ghee or oil; every new anointing being an additional garment of piety. There he sits—a hideous-looking monster!

As we stood before the inner temple shrine, we heard wild, monotonous, and discordant music—the hard beat of the *tom-toms*, and the shrill squeaking of the wind instruments. The performers were unseen. But by-and-by, from one side of the stage, as it were, and in the gloom of the temple, we could see a white-robed procession slowly advancing with lighted torches, the music coming nearer. In a little, the image of the god was seen advancing, carried along on the shoulders of the priests. The whole scene formed an ideal picture of heathen worship. The wild music heard from within; the light from the torches streaming out of the darkness, and illuminating the white-robed figures as they slowly came into view; the contrast between the intense glare of the sun without and the gloom within the house of the god—the god himself, the unattractive centre of all these piles of building, and the object of devotion to his attendants; the vacant, vulgar, degraded look of the priests, together with the known character of the women, who, like priestesses, took part in the ceremony—all combined to heighten the impression.*

Seeing the god on his throne, with the fans of peacock feathers and the large umbrella over him, as he is being carried on the shoulders of the priests, while hymns are sung to him, prostrations made before him, the procession all the time moving round the temple (by which its consecration is daily renewed)—one cannot but have suggested to him by this, as by other heathen ceremonies, what is seen in

* These women are supposed to be married as pure virgins to the gods—the gods being represented by the priests! But they are the vile slaves of all castes. From their birth, they are often consecrated by their bigoted parents to the service of the temple and its votaries. They alone of all women in India are permitted to read, dance, and sing. To all virtuous women these accomplishments are thus made a disgrace. But these "priestesses" take part twice each day in the religious duties of the temple, and are supported by its funds in addition to what they derive from other sources.



A TEMPLE AT CONJEVERAM.

many a hoary cathedral in Roman Catholic countries.

The priests showed us the jewels of the temple, the value of which has been estimated at £50,000. They never omit to point out with pride a rich present made to their god by Clive, and another by Mr. Glass, whoever that brittle Christian was. These were the days of what was considered wise and Christian toleration. Not that they have passed away either; as I am persuaded that but for public opinion there are many in India who would patronise this religion, while despising that of their own country. These jewels are all used as ornaments for dressing up the gods on great festal occasions. Some of my readers will remember similar treasures exhibited in one of the rooms in St. Peter's, with which, on certain feast days of the church, the statue of St. Peter and others are adorned.

On our way to visit another great temple of the same kind a mile or so distant, we passed a procession in the street. A crowd was carrying a great image of one of their gods, accompanied by music. As we passed, they halted, and, like children proud of a big toy, placed it so that we might get a good look at it. There was no appearance of reverence, or of excitement in the mob. They seemed to be performing an amusing yet meritorious duty.

In the absence of every sign of European influence, we seemed at Conjeveram to breathe for the first time the whole atmosphere of heathenism without foreign or alien mixture of any kind.

We also noticed here, for the first time, specimens of those Fakirs, or Sunyassees, whose devoteism consists in carrying the water of the Ganges to wash or sprinkle the images in celebrated temples. They

travel hundreds of miles on foot, and live by begging. They appear to be a set of idle, unprincipled fellows, more knaves than fools.

The architecture of this second temple we visited was even more impressive than that of the one we had left. Some of the carvings were magnificent; and when it was in its glory, and crowded with worshippers, the effect of the whole upon the senses and imagination of the masses must have been such as no humble Protestant place of worship could hope to produce. In this respect indeed heathenism has surpassed Christian worship so called. The temples of Thebes and Luxor in the day of their full splendour and on their high and holy festivals, must have surpassed anything the world has yet seen as mere spectacle; and what of the Parthenon on a day of victory, with all its surroundings of art and nature? *We* cannot compete with "this mountain or that" in sensuous worship, but we can surpass them all in the worship of the Father in spirit and in truth.

But this great temple in Conjeveram is deserted. Its walls are going to decay. Thousands of bats occupy the recesses of its grand pagoda. It is fast passing into the land of dreams.

The Free Church has an excellent school here, taught by a converted native, and superintended by the mission at Madras. This school was a sight to cheer the heart—a bright ray of a brighter future for poor degraded Conjeveram.

Little can ever be printed to give even the smallest impression of what that degradation is. But as the Abbé Dubois remarks—and he has said all that can be said in defence of the Hindoos—"a religion more shameful or indecent has never existed among a civilised people."



Fakirs.



STARS AND LIGHTS;

Or, The Structure of the Sideral Heavens.

III.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE GEORGIUM
SIDUS.

IN our last chapter we left William Herschel applying the powers of his newly-constructed telescopes to the measurements of lunar volcanic hills. The method of so doing is in principle the same as that by means of which the height of any terrestrial object may be determined, viz., by measuring the length of its shadow, and the angular altitude of the sun at the time. Owing to the absence of, at all events, any appreciable atmosphere in the moon, there is no diffused or scattered light, such as that which forms by far the greater part of our own common and available daylight, to interfere with the shadows of lunar objects. Accordingly, these shadows appear with an intense blackness and sharpness, of which ordinarily we have little conception. In a far lesser degree, we may sometimes have witnessed somewhat similar effects in the presence of burning magnesium, or the electric light. The length of these lunar shadows are consequently measurable by proper instruments, to a high degree of precision. The altitude of the sun also, at any moment, on any particular lunar horizon, is a calculable quantity by astronomical processes of no great intricacy; and hence modern observers speak with considerable and well-grounded confidence of the heights of lunar objects, even when they do not exceed some fifty or sixty feet. The predecessors of William Herschel had, from a variety of causes,—inaccuracies, for instance, both of methods and of instruments,—greatly exaggerated these heights. He quotes a passage from the most popular astronomical treatise in his own time (Ferguson's *Astronomy*), in which it is roundly and fearlessly stated that "some of her (the lunar) mountains, by comparing their height with her diameter, are found to be three times higher than the highest hills on our earth." Herschel, from his own observations at Bath, computes the height of a few of them, and, as the general result, he says, "I believe it is evident that the height of the lunar mountains is, in general, over-rated; and that, when we have excepted a few, the generality do not exceed half-a-mile in their general elevation."* In

his estimate our great astronomer appears to have been somewhat mistaken; for although such altitudes as those mentioned by Ferguson and by Keill are unknown on the lunar surface, modern investigations clearly indicate a much more considerable average elevation than Herschel supposed. Beer and Mädler have measured thirty-nine, whose heights exceed that of Mont Blanc; and the walls of one of the volcanic craters (Newton) rise nearly 24,000 feet above the bottom of its floor; the ramparts also of one of the most remarkable of these craters (Copernicus) are elevated a full half-mile above the general level of the surrounding districts, while the gulf of the terrific crater itself descends a full mile and a half below it! We shall return to this subject on the occasion of another memoir presented to the Royal Society regarding the Lunar Surface.

Early in the following year, 1781, William Herschel made his third communication to the Royal Society, and, as on the two former occasions, in the form of a letter addressed to his friend Dr. Watson, a distinguished physician resident in Bath and a fellow of the fore-mentioned learned body. The object of it was to lay the foundation for a method of ascertaining whether the length of our terrestrial day had been and continued to be equable. The mode by which he set about this important inquiry was characteristic of the peculiarly comprehensive and philosophical mind of the man. It had long been known that the planets rotate upon their axes: he proposed to ascertain whether these motions were equable, and he proposed to effect that by making each one of them a standard for the others. In order to do this it was necessary to ascertain with great exactness the times of their present rotations, and then leave it for future astronomers, at some distant period, to repeat the observations, and thus discover whether the rotations had been perfectly equable or not during the interval. This equability, or the contrary, would naturally lead to a reasonable conjecture respecting the permanence of the time of the rotation of our own planet, and would thus lead to the adoption, if necessary,

will be found in an unpretending but extremely valuable little volume, by the Rev. T. W. Webb, "*Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*" (Longmans). There is also an admirable and very graphic little work by Mr. Lockyer, "*Elementary Lessons in Astronomy*" (Macmillan).

* Transactions of the Royal Society, May 11, 1780. The best account in English of the marvels of the Lunar Surface

of other methods of investigation. The instruments used by his predecessors were necessarily greatly inferior to those which he now brought to bear upon the work, for he employed not only his favourite seven-foot reflector, but others of ten and twenty feet focal length, constructed, as we have seen, by his own hands; thus armed with more powerful appliances, he hoped to remove that uncertainty and vagueness with which the planetary rotations had hitherto been expressed. Keill, for instance, who collected for his lectures the results of all previous inquiries, says, "Venus rotates in *about* twenty-three hours; Mars in twenty-four hours, forty minutes; Cassini found the time in which Jupiter completes his rotation *about* nine hours and fifty-six minutes."

The method which Herschel pursued was the same as that adopted by his predecessors; indeed it is the only method practicable for the object in view, namely, the observation of the times which intervene between the appearance and return of definite spots, either dark or bright, on the apparent body of the planet, to the same relative position. It would be out of place here to enter upon the particulars of the observations: they are peculiarly difficult on account of the want of permanence and stability of the spots themselves. They shift about on the planetary discs in a provoking manner, as if borne onwards by currents of wind or vapour; and although Herschel's results are more accurate and trustworthy than any heretofore obtained, it cannot be said that they are to be regarded as final; or that, however interesting, they are at all suited for that very delicate inquiry for the purpose of which they were originally instituted.

The particular planet to which Herschel now directed his attention, for the purpose of ascertaining the period of its diurnal rotation, was the planet Mars. Although Venus is larger, and periodically approaches nearer to us than Mars, nevertheless she is surrounded by an atmosphere of peculiar density, which for the most part veils from us such landmarks as are necessary for the determination of its axial motion. With Mars the case is more favourable; and it is possible, with the aid of a powerful telescope, and the experience of a patient eye, to discern with considerable accuracy the form of the distribution of land and water on its surface. Much has recently been effected in this direction by the successful labours of MM. De la Rue, Lassell, Lockyer, Phillips, and others in our own country, and by Father Secchi at Rome;

and as some of their delineations have been made at very short intervals, it has become both possible and interesting to watch the hourly changes in the telescopic pictures, caused partly by the rotation of the planet and the laws of perspective, and partly by variations in the atmosphere which surrounds it. By watching these changes, and by observing the time which elapsed between the apparitions and the returns of certain features to the same position relative to the observer, Herschel determined the time of the diurnal rotation of Mars to be 24h. 39m. 21⁷sec. This element, by the combination of ancient with recent observations, has latterly been obtained with somewhat greater accuracy; but we shall return to the subject when we bring before the reader's notice another memoir, which was presented to the Royal Society three years later than the one which we have now discussed.

We cannot avoid being struck by the circumstance that the genius of this remarkable man led him at once to attack the most difficult problems of astronomy: he is not content with being a gazer at the stars, to which the magnificence of his instruments formed a strong temptation, nor is he satisfied even at the first with simply repeating the observations of his predecessors, but proceeds steadily with a settled purpose, and enters with the confidence of a master into the very penetralia of the science: even his failures are instructive, and though his inquiries sometimes miss the object at which they aim, they invariably bring with them important accessions to our knowledge, and are full of suggestion.

It here becomes necessary to inform the reader that very considerable light has been thrown upon the important question of the equability and permanence of the length of our day, by investigations which have been set on foot since the time that Herschel attempted his own. While he was devoting the powers of his mind to the instrumental scrutiny of the mechanism of the sidereal heavens, Laplace, another philosopher, endued with a genius probably as great, but so diverse from his as happily to make comparison impossible, was endeavouring to reduce the whole planetary system to the dominion of a new and unrivalled analysis. This accomplished mathematician, on comparing the dates of certain ancient eclipses with calculations founded on the presumed motions of the sun and moon, ascertained that consistently with the time elapsed, it was impossible that there had been any appreciable change in the period of the earth's diurnal rotation during the long time that

had intervened since those ancient dates. This mathematical investigation by Laplace appeared to settle the question of the equability of the day, which Herschel had unsuccessfully attempted to solve by instrumental means. Strange to say, a very few years ago, another theoretical astronomer, every way worthy to be a successor of Laplace, discovered a flaw in the analysis of the great French philosopher. The recent investigations of Professor Adams, confirmed also by other mathematicians of the highest eminence, indicate a motion of the moon which is consistent neither with the calculations of Laplace nor with the recorded and actual times of the eclipses themselves. In this dilemma we are in a manner compelled to draw the conclusion that the length of the day itself has been *very* slowly but certainly *increasing*; and M. Delaunay, another mathematician of the very highest order, has pointed out a cause which he considers adequate to produce this effect. That cause is found, not where William Herschel presumed it might be, namely, "in some resistance of a very subtle medium in which the heavenly bodies perhaps move,"* but in the grind or friction of the tides on the bed of the ocean as they follow the lunar and solar motions. The adequacy of this cause has been shown to be at least extremely probable by the investigations of the Astronomer Royal and Mr. Adams. If this be true, then, after the lapse of ages, the length of the *day* may be expected ultimately to become a *year*! but not in our time. The precise amount of this increase of the length of the day, from this cause, is not yet precisely known, but at the outside it cannot (we believe) exceed six seconds in the course of a million years, an alteration which, it is needless to say, would, for all ordinary circumstances, be utterly inappreciable; but IF, on the other hand (we beg our readers to observe this *if*), our planet has existed *as it now exists, furnished with an ocean and its tides*, not merely for a few *hundreds* of millions of years, but for *millions* of millions of years, and if it shall continue so, in a 'secure future,' for *millions* of millions of years to come, and which some philosophers and philosophies seem to demand, then, the effects of the accumulation of even so insensible a quantity indicate, equally with respect to the earth's past and future existence, simple destruction.† But we must arrest this flight of speculation.

* Philosophical Transactions, Jan. 11, 1781.

† The argument is this:—The earth's diurnal rotation is, and has ever been, in process of retardation by the action of the tides, so long as the earth has been surrounded by an ocean; but if so, and *if* that ocean has existed already for *millions* of millions of years, then, seeing that the time of

We have already explained that it was the intention of William Herschel to examine for himself and compare the brightness of every star in the heavens visible to the naked eye. His objects were definite and twofold: first, to ascertain the relative distance of the stars, and then to discover the laws of their distribution. In this way his mind became disciplined and his eye tutored to discern slight stellar differences. While prosecuting this most laborious self-imposed labour of love, he thus writes:—

"On Tuesday, the 13th of March (1781), between ten and eleven in the evening, while I was examining the small stars in the neighbourhood of η Geminorum, I perceived one that appeared visibly larger than the rest. Being struck with its uncommon magnitude, I compared it to η Geminorum and the small stars in the quartile between Auriga and Gemini, and, finding it so much larger than either of them, suspected it to be a comet.

"I was then engaged in a series of observations on the parallax of the fixed stars (which I hope soon to have the honour of laying before the Royal Society), and those observations requiring very high powers, I had ready at hand the several magnifiers of 227, 460, 932, 1,536, 2,010, &c., all of which I have successfully used on that occasion. The power I had on when I first saw the comet was 227. From experience,* I knew that the diameters of the fixed stars are not proportionally magnified with higher powers, as the planets are; therefore I now put on the powers of 460 and 932, and found the diameter of the comet increased in proportion to the power, as it ought to be, on a supposition of its not being a fixed star, while the diameter of the stars to which I compared it were not increased in the same ratio. Moreover, the comet being magnified much beyond what its light would admit of, appeared hazy and ill-defined with these great powers, while the stars presented that lustre and distinctness which, from many thousand observations, I knew they would retain. The sequel has shown that my surmises were well-founded."†

Upon further examination, this supposed comet proved to be a *new primary planet*; and the above is the language in which the discovery of the GEORGIUM SIDUS was originally announced.

rotation now is only twenty-four hours, at some remotely ancient period the rotation must have been so rapid as to imply universal destruction by the agency of the centrifugal force. This consideration seems to set a limit to the *extreme* antiquity of the ocean, as measured not by millions of years, but by millions of millions: it also sets a similar limit to an extremely protracted duration for the future. The reader who is curious to ascertain, from original sources, what has been written on this part of physical astronomy, will find it in an admirable address delivered by Mr. De la Rue to the Astronomical Society, on presenting their Gold Medal to Mr. Adams in 1865, and in the *Monthly Notices* of the same year.

* This is remarkable, for the philosopher's *experience* here anticipates an important result of the undulatory theory of light, unsuspected in his day. The spurious discs of stars are light, unmagnified, or but little magnified. With Herschel's *experience*, Neptune was just as discoverable the first fine night it was looked for as was Georgium Sidus, without the aid of any Berlin star-charts.

† Philosophical Transactions, April 26, 1718.

IV.—RECOGNITION AND EMANCIPATION.

THE mode in which William Herschel was led to the discovery of this new celestial body has probably disappointed many of our readers; they may have regarded it as unexpectedly prosaic, and feel disposed to attribute it, if not to a mistake, at all events to an accident. Without entering here upon the question whether any true discoveries of importance have ever been, or can ever be, in all their accessories, purely accidental,—a question which we should have slight hesitation in answering by a negative,—we shall content ourselves by stating that Herschel was by no means the first person who had seen this denizen of the heavens. It had been observed at least nineteen times before it came under the ken of the intelligent patience of the amateur astronomer of Bath. Flamsteed, Bradley, Mayer, and Lemonnier had recorded its existence as a star of the sixth magnitude, and consequently visible to the naked eye. The first of these able astronomers had five times observed it at Greenwich; the last had observed it no fewer than twelve times, and of these observations several had been taken in the course of one and the same month. M. Arago very naturally comments on this want of system displayed by Lemonnier in 1769; had he but reduced and arranged his observations in a properly constructed register, his name instead of Herschel's would have been attached for all times to one of the starry host; but Lemonnier was not a man of order, his astronomical papers are said to have been a very picture of chaos, and M. Bouvard, to whom we have long been indebted for the best tables of the new planet, narrates that he had seen one of Lemonnier's observations of this very star, written on a paper bag which had contained hair powder! But the habits of the English astronomer were widely different, his eye was better tutored, and the instruments, which he had with mighty perseverance constructed, were incomparably more accurate and powerful than any that had heretofore been directed to the heavens. Moreover, he was all the time on the actual look-out for slight differences in the appearances of the stars; his object being to find pairs of close stars (double stars we now call them), one of which in each pair should be much smaller than the other, and this with the view of ascertaining, as he hoped, the distance of the larger ones from the earth. But Herschel did more than gaze upon the suspicious appearance of this tiny disc of light, he examined

it with patience, and after a few hours of skilful watching, he detected a slight alteration in its position relative to certain small telescopic stars which were in its neighbourhood. The methods, and even the instrument by which he measured the movement of this presumed comet were his own; and, indeed, in the very same paper in which he announces the discovery, he describes the new form of micrometer which he had devised. We may form some conception of the difficulty which attended these delicate measurements from a letter which was written from Paris to our countryman by Messier, who was celebrated beyond all other observers of the day for his success in discovering telescopic comets. Delambre tells us that La Harpe gave to Messier the name of the *Comet Ferret*. In a note to the memoir addressed to the Royal Society in 1781, Herschel says:—

“A gentleman well known for his remarkable success in detecting comets, seems to be well aware of the difficulty of discovering a motion in a heavenly body by the common methods when it is very small; for, in a letter he favoured me with, speaking of the comet, he says, ‘Nothing was more difficult than to catch it, and I cannot conceive how you could have hit this star or comet several times, for it was absolutely necessary for me to observe it for several days in succession before I could perceive that it was in motion.’”

Having thus far ascertained the apparent angular magnitude, the position, and the amount and direction of the motion of this newly-discovered body, Herschel very properly consigned it to the care of those professional astronomers who possessed fixed instruments of precision in properly constituted observatories; to Dr. Maskelyne, for instance, who was then the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, and to Lalande, who presided over the observatory in Paris.

The problem which Herschel had proposed to the professional astronomers proved in the event very difficult to solve. Nothing was further from their thoughts than the suspicion that the new body was in fact a member of the planetary system. From the measures assigned to its apparent magnitude the conclusion was fairly drawn that the comet on April 18 was at only about *half the distance* from the earth that it had been on March 17, the day of its discovery. This circumstance was inconsistent with anything like ordinary planetary motion, but not so striking or unusual in the case of a comet. It is true that this new body had neither the ornament of a hairy appendage (*chevelure*) nor of a tail, but there had been many precedents for telescopic comets making

their first appearance in this shorn condition. Suffice it to say, that the most celebrated astronomers of Europe made assiduous attempts to compute its orbit, among them Laplace, Mechain, Boscovich, and Lexell, and, not the least, President Saron, whose skill in computing orbits was unsurpassed. No parabolic* orbit would satisfy all the observations made at Bath; nor, indeed, were the observations of the professional astronomers less at fault than those of the great English amateur; on the contrary, those of the English Astronomer Royal, and of Lexell and Mayer, were more discordant still. We are here speaking of the apparent alterations of the diameter of the supposed comet, and not of its positions. At length President Saron cut the knot by setting aside all the measures of diameter, and by showing that no parabolic orbit could satisfy the observed motions of the comet, unless its nearest approach to the sun exceeded *fourteen* times that of the earth. But so remote an approach at once removed the new body from the category of comets, and at once raised the suspicion that the newly-discovered body might after all be a *planet*. This broke the ice, and in due time Laplace, Lexell, and Lalande showed that a *circular* orbit of which the radius is about nineteen times that of the earth's orbit, satisfied with sufficient exactness the various observations made up to that date. But if this were true, then it was at once conclusive that the new body was a primary planet exterior to Saturn. Saron's orbit, and the consequences which followed upon its improvement, were made known to the scientific world about two months after Herschel's discovery of the planet, and the excitement produced by the announcement resembled that which prevailed on the discovery by Galileo of Jupiter's satellites. Every one who possessed a telescope or a pair of good eyes turned them towards that mysterious little spot of light, which to the intelligent was so suggestive of grand associations.

We shall have conveyed an entirely erroneous impression to the mind of the general reader, if from what we have stated he is led to suppose that the calculations of astronomers in any degree resemble guesswork. We have designedly taken him behind the scenes, and have exhibited to him the trou-

bles and perplexities which more or less surround the verification of a new discovery at its birth, and we have introduced him to the first conceptions of great minds. He will therein recognise an instance of that slowness of progress which seems to be an essential element in the attainment of all exact knowledge: it commences with here and there a glimmering streak, first discerned by the patient intellectual vision of him who is on the look-out, then gradually passing through the dawn, and growing clearer and brighter, it culminates at last in the fulness of meridian light.

Now the determination of the orbit of this new planet was, from the very circumstances of the case, necessarily troublesome at first. Its presumed distance from the sun was beyond any precedent in the solar system, which was then supposed to be limited (and some thought necessarily limited) by the orbit of Saturn; consequently, the motion of the new body was extremely slow; only twelve days before its discovery it was actually stationary; and thus the approximate calculation of an orbit from a month's observations, when the whole circuit requires eighty-four years for its completion, is a signal proof of the genius and skill of the men who were engaged in the task. It was something like attempting to grasp and control a long ladder, when only a single round or two at the extremity are within reach of the hand.

The new planet having thus been accorded its place in the solar system, it became necessary to assign to it a name; and various suggestions were freely offered. M. Arago, in his valuable and entertaining "*Scientific Notices in the Annuaire for 1842*," has recorded several of these propositions. Lalande, he says, proposed, and for several years adopted, the name of the discoverer himself, calling it the planet *Herschel*—herein following the precedent afforded by anatomists and botanists, who call their discoveries after their own names. Prosperin proposed *Neptune*; for Saturn, he said, would thus be placed between his two sons, Jupiter and Neptune. A late learned and facetious admiral remarked that this name would certainly have carried the votes of the nautical *savans*. Lichtenberg urged the propriety of *Astræa*; for the goddess of Justice having in vain attempted to establish her reign upon the earth, might naturally take refuge in that globe which was most distant from our own. Poinsinet considered the claims of *Cybele* to be irresistible. The fathers of the gods, Jupiter and Saturn, had from time immemorial occupied

* By a parabolic orbit is meant one which does not re-enter into itself, as a circle or an oval does; on the contrary, a parabolic orbit comes from an unknown remote distance, then turns rather closely round the sun, and passes rapidly away again into unknown space amidst the stars, never to return to our sun. Such, for the most part, are the orbits of comets.

a seat in the heavens; it was impossible, therefore, to refuse a seat to their mother, now that there was a vacant chair. Bode finally proposed the name of *Uranus*, and that with the utmost confidence. He urged that some sort of reparation was due to the most ancient of the deities; and those regions which were the most deeply plunged in the extreme recesses of our system were admirably well suited for the abode of the respectable old gentleman. And Bode prevailed.

Meanwhile there was one person who, beyond all others, had a right to be heard in this matter, and that was the discoverer himself. But in order to understand one of the motives which led him to the selection of a name for the new planet, it is necessary to refer to the important change which had occurred in the position and employments of this eminent man soon after the publication of his discovery. George III. was distinguished for his encouragement of men of eminence in every branch of learning, in particular he had himself imbibed a taste for astronomy, and had established a private observatory at Kew furnished with admirable instruments by the ablest artists of the day. The fame, the ability, and the success of his Hanoverian subject soon reached his ears, and he proposed that he should come and establish himself in the neighbourhood of Windsor, as his Majesty's private astronomer, assigning such a stipend to the office as would enable him henceforth to pursue his researches without the anxiety and distraction of other professional labours. Never was encouragement more wisely or deservedly bestowed. Accordingly Herschel removed from Bath and settled at Slough, within easy reach of the royal palace. The banner of the grand old castle waved not the less proudly as it cast the shadow of its protection over the philosopher who abode beneath.

It is this circumstance which explains an expression contained in the letter which he addressed to Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, announcing the name which he desired to attach to the new planet. We subjoin the letter itself, not only on account of the interest which naturally associates itself with every circumstance

connected with so remarkable a discovery, but because it is pleasant to throw our thoughts backwards a century, and review with calmness the progress of those events which have so materially contributed to much that is best and most elevating in our own times. The letter to Sir Joseph Banks is as follows:—

"SIR,—By the observations of the most eminent Astronomers in Europe, it appears that the new star, which I had the honour of pointing out to them in March, 1781, is a Primary Planet of our Solar System. A body so nearly related to us by its similar condition and situation in the unbounded expanse of the stary heavens must often be the subject of the conversation, not only of astronomers, but of every lover of science in general. This consideration, then, makes it necessary to give it a name, whereby it may be distinguished from the rest of the planets and fixed stars.

"In the fabulous ages of ancient times, the appellations of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn were given to the Planets as being their principal heroes and divinities. In the present more philosophical æra, it would hardly be allowable to have recourse to the same method, and call on Juno, Pallas, Apollo, or Minerva for a name to our new planet. The first consideration in any particular event or remarkable incident seems to be its chronology; if in any future age it should be asked *when* this last-found Planet was discovered? it would be very satisfactory to say 'In the reign of George III.' As a philosopher, then, the name of GEORGIUM SIDUS presents itself to me as an appellation which will conveniently convey the information of the time and country where and when it was brought to view. But as a subject of the best of Kings, who is the liberal protector of every art and science—as a native of a country from whence this Illustrious Family was called to the British throne—as a member of that Society which flourishes by that distinguished liberality of its Royal Patron—and, last of all, as a person now more immediately under the protection of this excellent Monarch, and owing everything to his unlimited bounty,—I cannot but wish to take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude by giving the name of Georgium Sidus—

'Georgium Sidus
—jam nunc assuesce vocari,'

to a star which, with respect to us, first began to shine under his auspicious reign.

"By addressing this letter to you, Sir, as President of the Royal Society, I take the most effectual method of communicating that name to the Literati of Europe, which I hope they will receive with pleasure.

"I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect,
SIR,

"Your most humble and most obedient servant,
"W. HERSCHEL."

CHARLES PRITCHARD.

(To be continued.)





CHOICE.

A Dramatic Sketch.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY GRACE."

PERSONS.

CYRIL.
MRS. VERE, his Mother.
HIS COLLEGE FRIENDS.

LADY EMMA
LORD STANERLY } His Mother's Friends.

SCENE I.—Cyril's Rooms at College. SCENE II.—His Mother's Drawing Room in London.

SCENE I.—CYRIL'S rooms. *After supper.*

CYRIL and his Friends.

First Friend. So, having crowned you for the second time,

We say good night.

Cyril. How for the second time?

First Friend. You were crowned first when these astonished airs

Took such a crowd of "Cyrils" from our lips. Echo was crushed among them; when we heard

Your name in its own place, the top of honour;

Working its little miracle at once, For Grey was pleased, and Essingdon surprised—

Two sights our Cambridge never saw before!

Second Friend. Surprised? You wrong my judgment and his fame.

First Friend. Well, you reared up your eyelashes, and said

"Cyril? Indeed!" When made you such
a speech
Foodless, till now? I knew you had not
lunched!

Second Friend. Tut! tut! I had some tea.

Cyril. O! that explains it.
I thought the tea-light glistened in your eyes,
Warming you with unwonted eloquence!
But not the less I thank you. My success
Reveals a world of hidden love. Good night.
[*They take leave.*]

Third Friend. No satire after supper, by
your leave!
'Twill spoil your dreams.

Cyril. I have no need to dream.

Third Friend. Ay, Cyril, a proud word!
He needs not dream
Who has achieved. I'm sorry for the world,
Because achievement ever means farewell,
And one may weep in parting from a dream.

Cyril. "Farewell" is as a shield whose
other face
Bears the strong word "Advance."

Third Friend. I lose my breath!
Where will this going spirit take you? First
A heap of unconsidered scholarships,
Last year the Craven,—senior wrangler now—
Both sides of knowledge scaled! Vouchsafe
to rest

On the clear summit—pass not while we gaze
From Alp to Andes.

Cyril. Fie! you do but mock
My dumb ambitions with such hyperbole!

Third Friend. In your vocabulary, hyper-
bole
Is construed into fact.

Cyril. No, no. Good night.
[*Exit THIRD FRIEND.*]

Fourth Friend. That which you worked for,
Cyril, you have won.

But I must spur you with reproachful praise
To labours half completed. You were once
The fairest promise in my crew—you ceased
Just when by two short weeks of guided toil
You might have gained that *hold upon the
water!*

(I flatter not) you ceased before you gained it.
'Tis not too late—you will have leisure now—
If once you get that grip upon the water,
I'll say you are the foremost man alive!

Cyril. Well, captain, you shall write my
epitaph,

And say "he might have been."

Fourth Friend. I should be loth
To give you such a "finis." Think of it!

[*Exit FOURTH FRIEND, after shaking hands.*]

A group advances to take leave.

One. Good-bye, old fellow.

Another. When you're chancellor,

Make me your secretary.

Another. Not his line—
He speaks too well to wait.

Another. Ay, when St. Stephen's
Resounds with him, and in the streets men ask,
"Have you read Cyril's speech?" "When
do you think

He was most great—now, or in that assault
Which hurled the cabinet to earth last year?"
We shall behold each other, and recall
The first young roarings of his thunder-talk
In our debates.

Another. And some of us will smile
To think how well we thought we answered
him.

Our monarch in disguise, only not crowned,
Because he had not stretched his hand out!

Another. Cyril,
You shall hear clarions in your sleep to-
night!

[*Excunt all but one FRIEND and CYRIL.*]

Friend. You are sad, Cyril.

Cyril. Only tired.

Friend. But I,
Who see your heart, can see how ill they
read it.

Deciphering out the titles of your fame,
Blind to its import.

Cyril. Speak, interpreter;
Reveal the thought they missed.

Friend. The thought is Home;
For when a wind sweeps over life, the chord
That answers first is still the chord of love.
Till you have seen your glory by the light
Of those soft faces in Northamptonshire
You are afraid of it. I know you, Cyril;
The mother's joy, the sister's sunny boast,
The boy's roused hope and brother rivalry,
These are your chorus. Our acclaiming
voices,

Till these have sounded, are impertinent,
Like stray orchestral tunings that affront
His ears who waits for Joachim.

(*CYRIL covers his face with his hands.*)

Forgive
The rashness of my sympathy. You shrink
Because I turn the handle of your heart?
Nay, I'll not enter. Ere I made a step
There was an open window in your eyes
That showed me all.

Cyril. Ay, did it show you all?
That were a window worth the looking
through!

Friend. You know more than I.

Friend. 'Tis possible;
Ships have I seen that rode the tempest out,
Yet stranded in the calm. I'll counsel you,
Being your friend, be wary of the calm!
That shallow stillness drifts you to a shoal

And tells you, all the while, you have not moved.

Let the dear home embrace and let you go,
But not entangle you. There lies your peril.

Cyril. You think so?

Friend. Nay, I know it. Never think I scorn that ease which I would sting you from. The lovely danger and the tender sleep Spread between you and greatness. For the heights

Your soul was born, therefore I bid you mount;

Let not the tranquil virtue of your love Become temptation.

Cyril. O, you speak blind words! Blind as a poniard which perceives no wound Though its point touch the heart. Yet will I thank you;

For words, ay, and the winds that carry them, Are full of seeds; we breathe them as we walk, Nor see what swiftness of unconscious growth We take into our souls. I'll talk to you Another time. Good night.

Friend. What, have I vexed you With frank good-will? Are you so soon a king

Who must be answered but not questioned?

Cyril,

Beware of pride!

Cyril. Good night.

Friend. Why, then, good night, Since you dismiss me. I am sorry for it.

Cyril (taking him by the shoulders good-humouredly, but resolutely). Take your intolerable kindness hence;

I'll beg your pardon when we meet again,
Now I want peace.

Friend. I knew you did. Good night.

[*Exit.*]

Cyril (after standing silent with clasped hands for a time). A little helpless, soft, three-summered child*

Working for bread! A man of fourscore years Dying before he hears the name of Christ! Of Christ who died two thousand years ago With prints of children's kisses on His hands Beside the nails—and died for only this,— That men should love each other and know Him.

O! in the darkness of our Christendom To wander eighty years without a star, And die bewildered, as you hear of life For the first time! It might have been myself,

And I, who know it, am alive, awake, Strong, full of victory—what can I do?

What is there left for me to do, but go And pour the sweetness of my Master's name

Into these bitter depths, which groan for Him?

This dreadful Christian land, which sets her babes

To toil, and thrusts away her wearied hearts Without a hope of rest, and flaunts her cross Before the nations, like a self-crowned saint, And buys, and sells, and prospers, and is cruel!

If I should say I heard Him in the night Cry, "Follow me!" men would believe me mad,

Ay, shake their heads, and make allowance for me

Because I hear when they are deaf. I think It was not only by Gennesareth

That He cried, "Follow me!" O! in that land,

That milk-and-honey land, compassionate Of all her children by necessity, Because God made her flowing for their need, How spake He of the poor! Why, all His words,

His tender wisdom, sorrowful rebuke, Trumpet of hope, or thunder of command, Or mighty whisper from the Vast of Truth, Which no man sees and lives, were incomplete

Without that cadence, "Care ye for the poor!"

What would He say in England, where skies freeze

And cities starve the nakedness of want!

What of our souls that perish at church doors, Our harvests rotting while the reapers feast? Receive me, few that labour! Not by choice, By force I join you, having seen these things,

Henceforth unable to avert mine eyes, But grateful for this mist and help of tears Whereby the vision grows endurable!

[*A pause.*]

I do suppose this is the sacrifice Required of me, that I should slay their hopes,

Gathered around my feet confidingly, Too joyful for a doubt. I grieve for it More than I should; it is so small a thing To give; a cost not worth the counting—yet All that I have. I quote the widow's mite, And wonder if she left a son at home Who grudged it. That would make the giving hard.

[*A pause.*]

A man is happy, having two dear homes, Though he leave both. And this the first, consoled

For my departure, yet not cold to me, Wise, beautiful, benignant, and beloved; Left, but not lost—a root from which I grow,

* This is a fact, taken from the Bethnal-green reports.

Not a mere ground to leap from—Ah, farewell ;

I feel not how the presence of this time
The shadow of these fanes, this friendship-world,

Gladness of toil, and glee of holy day,
Hope, difficulty, failure, fault, and glory
Can pass into remembrance ! But from these

I move and linger to the deeper home
Lying within my life, there still to lie
Though the life change. Now, while my triumph shines

On these soft faces in Northamptonshire,
I think about the cloud which I must bring.
If I had grieved them sooner, I could bear
Better to grieve them now ; but I, who made
Their Paradise, must drive them out of it,
Although they have not sinned. It must be done.

I would my heart were broken into words
That they might read it piece by piece, and feel
What I must do, and put away their dreams,
Too fragile for the fire of this resolve !

SCENE II. *The Drawing-room of MRS. VERE*
(CYRIL'S mother).

MRS. VERE, LADY EMMA, LORD STANERLY.

Lady Emma. You shine beneath your
lustre of good news
Like a ring stirred in sunlight. If I talk
Till you drop down with listening, half my joy

Is still untold. I knew him from a child—
A month between my soldier's age and his—
Ah, when they went so grievously to school,
Who thought the little pale-face had such brains ?

Mrs. Vere. He was before his elders. I can see
How the class towered beside him. I was vexed,

Until I found the youngest of his mates
Had two years more of growth.

Lady Emma. My Alfred's height
Served but to make conspicuous idleness—
Well, it becomes him now.

Mrs. Vere. He looks so well
In regimentals.

Lady Emma. Make no fair pretence
To grace him with a thought ! Me he contents.

(Poor boy, I wish he were beside us now !)
Your themes are greater. When your victor comes,

Tell him how glad I am.

Mrs. Vere. He has a heart
Quick to discern a friend.

Lady Emma. Blanche told us first ;
Rosy and breathless with her news, she broke
Upon my toilette—I forgave it her—
All the dear glories of her playfellow
She counts her own ; you should have seen
the child !

Mrs. Vere (to Lord Stanerly). You have
said nothing yet.

Lord Stanerly. I think the more.
I waited for this day. Now he fulfils
Uttermost hope ; 'tis no mere student-crown,
Marking a life for leisure ; this is power ;
I tested, and am sure of it—this hand
Will do whate'er it finds, triumphantly ;
You'll trust him to me ?

Mrs. Vere. Do you ask for him ?

Lord Stanerly. Hark, in your ear—the
chief has heard of him ;
Give me one year to pave his working-path,
And it shall lead him to the cabinet !

Mrs. Vere. What—a career ? You promise
it !

Lord Stanerly. I swear it ;
You need not thank me ; we are proud of
him ;

I speak with knowledge.

Mrs. Vere. All my dreams at once !
I tremble with this weight of joy.

Lord Stanerly. We leave you
To grow familiar with it.

Lady Emma. When he comes,
Give him my love. Will he remember Blanche,
Sprung into womanhood, but losing not
The careless magic of those childish hours
When he heaped meadow gold about her feet
And called her "little wife" !

Mrs. Vere. You are too kind
With such remembrances !

[*They shake hands. Exeunt LADY EMMA
and LORD STANERLY.*]

Mrs. Vere (alone). His "little wife" !
Not big enough for such great honour now ;
I'll not remind him. Strange, that she should
like

To mention her inglorious Alfred here ;
There's no accounting for these mother-
hearts !

I should be lenient, being set myself
Above all need or reach of charity.
O ! I am happy ; in my splendid sky
There's no a threatening finger-breadth of
cloud ;

I fear to fall asleep lest I should die
Full-handed, in the leisure of my glory,
Ere I have time to taste. He should be
here ; [Looks at her watch.

Ah—the dear step !

Enter CYRIL. She hurries to meet him.

My king ! My pride ! My darling !

Cyril. Dear mother! [*They embrace.*]

Mrs. Vere. You are pale—you have done

ALL,

And have our full permission to be tired!

You must rest now, my Cyril—for a month

You shall lie down in fern, and watch the clouds,

And sigh among the singing of the birds,

And see the sweet flower-problems solve themselves

Without your help, and never think at all,

But keep a novel ready by your hand,

Turning no page; so shall you come refreshed

Where that impatient Future pants for you

To mount, and rein, and ride it!

Cyril. I am glad

That you are pleased.

Mrs. Vere. You are so like a man!

Ashamed to show that you are satisfied.

Are you too proud for this? Come, let me coax you!

Confess your triumph like a fault, and make

Decent excuse: say that you could not help it,

Being born wise; or that you worked so hard

Because the work was easy; that success

Comes more by chance than merit—talk your

fill

Of nonsense, smooth your conscience into smiles,—

I'll question nothing if I see the smiles.

I'm pining for them.

Cyril. Mother, be content!

This day is yours—it shall be all for joy;

A rose upon the threshold, which we lift

To our hearts before we enter.

Mrs. Vere. Ah, you reach

After new crowns. I know what lies for you

Beyond that threshold! You shall enter,

Cyril!

So would I have a man, afire for work!

Women should arm their knights, but times are vile

When the soft hand of service and caress

Is forced to sting the loiterers; you shall find

I have made ready for you.

Cyril. Tell me, how.

Mrs. Vere. Lord Stanerly was here, your father's friend,

Whose eye has watched you with expectancy

Slow kindling into welcome. You are his,

Or rather he is yours, among your honours

He too was mastered. He has pledged his word,

He makes you — Cyril, do not laugh at me,

You shall have office while the year is young,

But I pass through this present brilliancy

Into more light—you shall be Premier, Cyril;

I say it, I your mother, ere I am old

All men shall glance and whisper where I pass,
"That is his mother!"

Cyril. Would he had been dumb!

I'll ask you—have I done my best?

Mrs. Vere. You have done

Best of the world!

Cyril. Then have I wrung from life
This guerdon, say this justice, that my choice
Is uncontrolled.

Mrs. Vere. Why, Fortune lackeys you,
Assiduous, anxious, she forestalls your choice
With more than it dared dream of.

Cyril. So she does;

But not as you would have her. Dearest mother,

Give me the right to mould my life!

Mrs. Vere. What mean you

By this strange harping upon "choice," and
"right?"

Cyril. O! not my right, dear mother, but
my need!

I speak, because we are alone. I pause
On the first height to draw my breath and
gaze—

I see but two things—misery, and God.

Mrs. Vere. I hear you not aright.

Cyril. Beside our path

There lies a lovely world; blue distances

Whose softness penetrates the nearer ways,

Making the merest grass-blade at our feet

A promise and a mystery. How full

Seems growing Earth of Heaven! There's
not a tint

But tells us how the sunshine tempered it;

How all the stems reach upward, uttering

Their protest against Darkness! Everywhere

We tread on revelations and appeals,

And for the soul that sees and construes them,

Nothing is lacking—this would be to walk

Through beauty into holiness. But O!

Hosts of blind souls are dying everywhere

Out of the limits of our natural day—

Prostrate in depths, knowing of this sweet
earth

Nothing but stains and thorns. They are
half the world

For which Christ died; we, the bright other
half—

We, on the heights—we, in the happy airs,

What can we do but stretch our hands to them?

Mrs. Vere. I would not check your generous pity, son.

Give what you will.

Cyril. But I will give myself!

Little enough: yet it may save a child,

Or comfort a worn woman.

Mrs. Vere. You are wild!

Was it for this you toiled, and won your
wreath?

What would you do?

Cyril. Mother, there is a place
Where little helpless infants work for bread,
And old men die without the name of Christ.
You would not wish to keep me from that
place

Which cries aloud for me?

Mrs. Vere. This is a fever;
You must be soothed, and saved from reck-
less acts

Till you are calmer. Such a heat as this,
In the first blundering ages of the world,
Made monks and foolish hermits.

Cyril. Nay, not so;
For those recluses were the cowards of God;
They loved, but could not trust Him; they
beheld

The tumult of that sea whereon He walks
And fled; but I will cross the waves to Him,
Making my very faithlessness a prayer,
Sure of Him, though I sink.

Mrs. Vere. Alas, alas!
How shall I reason with you? You have
heard

Some strange fanatic. Only grant me this:
Wait for the teaching processes of Time;
You shall convince yourself; your wiser
thoughts

Will temper these conclusions. Test them
thus:

If all men dreamed like you, God's goodly
world

Would be a desert.

Cyril. O, a Paradise,
Where those who take His bounty with one
hand

Would give it with the other, and grow poor
By making many rich.

Mrs. Vere. I would I knew
What man it is who has bewitched you thus!

Cyril. Why should it seem incredible that
God,

Who made me, speaks to me? You think
He made me?

Mrs. Vere (weeping). I know what havoc of
familiar duty

This mad religion makes! You are too good
For plain commands, like honouring your
mother!

Cyril. O, gentle mother! never wroth till
now,

Now in love only, pardon, as you used
To pardon all our wrongs and waywardness,—
The gay ingratitude of childish hearts
Counting no cost because they feel no pangs!
No preacher but yourself converted me;
You led me up to God.

Mrs. Vere.

I, Cyril!

Cyril.

You!

I knew it not till lately, when I found
This, in that silent treasury of gifts
Poured from your ceaseless hand. How long
ago

I cannot tell—I see myself a child
To whom infinity, and life, and death,
Were like a great lawn in a parable
Beside a pleasant river. As I walked
On our own lawn, half-conscious of such
thoughts,

Stirring like sap that shall force out the flower
When the time comes, you caught me from
the grass,

And showed where I had nearly set my foot
On some slight miracle of tiny life;

"God made it," so you said, "destroy it
not!"

I, loving that kind lesson, answered you
In wonder, "Are all children in the world
Taught to be tender, or do these things die
Under a thousand careless feet?" Perchance,
I thought, if so, what use in saving one?
But you, with deeper logic, "What I say
Is for yourself. *You* see, and *you* are taught,
And *you* must save!" O! mother, pluck
the fruit

Of your own seed—whate'er I am is yours!
As in the street, by venerable walls
Some passer strays, and hears the softened
choir,

And takes a sweet psalm-fragment on his lips,
Singing it as he walks, but knowing not
Where it was learnt, till suddenly he wakes,
And in the city's heart remembers it,
And fits the tune with holy words, amazed
To find himself at worship—so am I.
Out of the music of your life you gave
One note, which I have murmured till it
swells

To a litany of angels.

Mrs. Vere (falling upon his neck). Ah, my
son,

Die not from me because you are so good,
Live only, and I cross you not!

Cyril. Your word
Abides, and I who see and know, must save
All that I can. But you who taught me
first

Will help me now. If I be any worth
(I dare not think so), mother, if my toil
Have won what you and I suppose a crown:
Nay, not a crown, a sword—we cast it low
At those dear Feet, and take it from those
Hands,

And use it in that service with great joy.

PAMPHLETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

IV.—RIGHT VIEWS OF LIFE.

IT has occurred to me, in looking out over the world, that there are many things connected with religion and our duties, besides the observance of days, with regard to which I do not know how better to express the mind of people, than that it is *out of joint*; or if we might use a common phrase in a geological sense, "*at fault*." The stratum of opinion runs along at the top of the cliff, very clearly marked; pure in colour, a line of goodly stone or bright fine sand: when lo, on a sudden it breaks off: you look down, down, down; and you find it again with some difficulty in the gutter, fouled and obliterated: and that is the stratum of action.

Now the top of a cliff is a useful institution—breezy and open, and with an exhilarating view, good for pleasure walks, and promenades, and sea marks. But so is the gutter a useful institution as well: nay, perhaps it might prove, before a jury, the more useful of the two. And that the stratum should form the side of the sewer may be a better employment for it after all, than to flaunt its streaks up there to be looked at.

So that, here again, we must not at once pronounce opinion to be right, and action at fault. It is only the relation of the two that is somehow at fault, in the sense which we have been illustrating: out of joint: so that when we are in action, we have to crick our necks to look up at opinion: and when we are meditating, we are tempted to hold our noses, if we happen to look down upon action.

In the first place, some may perhaps be disposed to doubt whether it will really be doing good service to point out this difference between theory and practice: whether it be not always well that we should have something to look up to higher than that to which we can attain, and so be ever drawn onwards and upwards. But in this view of the matter there are two mistakes.

First, that of imagining the opinion which we profess as to any duty, and the loftier pattern of its fulfilment at which we aim, to be the same thing, whereas they are very different things. This may be plainly shewn by almost any example. Our ideal pattern must of necessity be unattainable; always far ahead of even the best among men. Be-

tween this and our practice will always be a gulf which cannot be bridged over. And there will be no danger, when we attempt to reconcile men's professed opinions with their notorious practices, that, with any good man, ideal perfection should thenceforth be lost sight of.

Next, that of assuming the majority of mankind to be striving onward and upward at all. Among the curious experiences of one who has migrated from the northern or midland to the southern counties of England, is this, that he finds the "working classes" in the latter districts altogether without ambition. The desire of bettering oneself in life is almost unknown from the Foreland to the Hamoaze. West of the Tamar, it begins again: for the Cornish smack more of the north, though furthest removed from it.

Now just as our southern population is deficient in social ambition, so are men in general deficient in moral ambition. The very fact that "striving after an example" is a common phrase in Christian ethics and from the pulpit, is of itself an illustration of the discrepancy between current words and current acts. For not one man in a thousand ever sets a pattern before him, or strives to do anything which does not come easy to him.

We jog along in life, with an eye to the main chance above all things, but also with an eye to our fellow-travellers, right and left. Not to provoke criticism; to observe the current maxims; to be found where we are expected to be; to give in charity what others of our station and census give; this is for the most part all we make a point of. Very few men ever "go out of their way" for any consideration. Happy is he who is reckoned "safe" in youth, "highly respectable" in manhood, "well to do" in life's decline; and if these things be present, the less there is beyond them the better.

Now the men who bear these characters are highly useful. They form the great inert mass of society, upon which, we take for granted, depends the stability of dynasties and institutions. Almost all of them have an ideal, and a supposed pattern of life; and a portion of their vocabulary is devoted to setting forth the same. The words found in that part of their dictionaries do duty at

family prayers, and on Sundays. No one ever heard their sound at a meal, or in an office, or during walks by the way. To use them at such times would be as absurd as to appear in a suit of rainbow colours: and might eventually conduct their utterer to Hanwell, or to Colney Hatch. The moment anything really serious is the matter, these words begin to be heard. If a death happens in the family, it is forthwith discovered, that the departed thought all his life on these words; the house sounds with little else for about ten days; and then all is as before, till some one else is going to die. It is a life led for the most part in the gutter, with ten days once in ten years on the top of the cliff.

Now this is an odd life for a reasonable man. If these rare words are true, why not use them to live upon? If they are false, why use them to die upon?

There is another strange thing. Let any one living after the inert fashion just described be suddenly "pulled up," and asked his or her opinion about the right way to live, that opinion will instantly and plainly condemn the life the respondent is leading. Yet that condemnation will simply consume breath, and vitiate atmospheric oxygen: it will not produce the slightest effect on its utterer; it will not even bring about one "compunctious visiting" in his thoughts.

Which does not seem to be good for a man. Moreover, in this peculiar form I suspect the inconsistency to be almost limited to Christians; and, of Christians, to be far most prevalent among us here in England.

Is its reason this, that, with our absolute freedom of thought, we are drifting ever further away from what was once known as orthodoxy in our heart of hearts, while for decency's sake, and for the sake of upholding our institutions, we still maintain said orthodoxy in profession? I think not, or at all events not wholly. And for this reason: that the inconsistency is found, and found most glaring, among people who never indulged in what is called free thought, and who as far as they go, are entirely orthodox. For this reason also: that the inconsistency, if that be the name for it, has certainly not increased, but on the contrary has very much diminished of late years, and coincidentally with great advances in freedom of thought. True as the above description of the majority of ordinary people may be, it would have to be very much exaggerated in its contrasts, if it took in the generation which is last past, —and more still, if it were to apply to the

generation before that again. Owing to some cause or other, there has been a visible approximation of faith to practice during our own lifetime; and that, in its turn, was only a continuation of a movement begun before we were born. Far as the unseen things of faith are from having won recognition in public or social life, there yet seem to have gone forth from the unrecognised and deeply lying convictions of men's hearts certain rays of light, so to speak, which have lit up, and by lighting up, purified certain dark and foul places in the nation's former practice. There are many more such dark spots, needing to be lighted and purified yet. And the problem for us in treating of "right views of life," is, how this may best be set about.

Will it be, to return to our old figure, by breaking up the gutter and building it on the top of the cliff?

Will it be by taking down the cliff to the level of the gutter?

Or will it be by teaching men that both are well as they are? by widening their range of sight so as to take in both the cliff-top and the gutter in one consistent view?

The former of these has been tried more than once in our history. Notably, by our old Puritan age. With what result? Doubtless, with a good many results: foremost among which we may place Whitehall under Charles II. Clearly the gutter at the top of the cliff was not the thing. Moreover it could not perform its function: the filth did not get away. Again, men tried this, but with somewhat sadder and wiser thoughts, at the end of the last century. And again, with many results: some, good and to be thanked God for. But among them was a remarkable one—quite to be expected, and often prophesied, yet in its marked character gone past expectation and ahead of the most adverse prophecy. I mean this—that these good men, the fathers of the Evangelical movement, as it is called, themselves living at the very top of the cliff, among the airs of heaven and touching the bright stars, proved utterly unable to bring up their families like themselves: that the following generation of many an honoured name of this sort have gone off all ways, and can hardly be mentioned but as warnings to mankind.

Moreover on the large scale too some such consequence has followed that our last great Puritan movement. It has carried very big words in among our commonplace thoughts and acts. That blessed word "Mesopotamia," of which the old woman said that her eyes were filling before that came, but

then she could hold her tears no longer,—I was going to say, would that all blessed words of as many syllables had been as innocent in their consequences! But I am afraid that some of them have gone with such a splash into our common life, that they have fouled with the splatterings of the gutter even the bright stratum at the top of the cliff. Some of these long words have become Shibboleths, and have served no other earthly use, if indeed that use be earthly: not one soul in ten that uses them having any notion of their meaning, or ever changing one thought or habit of life because of holding them and fighting for them. There are places, where their assertors are the gayest of the gay, the most reckless of the reckless. There are places, where all the real soul-work is done by the other party, and none at all, assignably, by these great doctrine medicine-men of the pulpit and the platform.

So then, please, we will not raise our gutter to the top of the cliff. We prefer it where it is, doing its own work. Let life be life, not fighting for long words. Well, shall we try over our second proposal? How will it be to knock down the cliff and let the gutter carry it away?

We did try this over in the first number of these papers. "Why should not men do without religion?" we asked. And we found the answer to be, just because they will not and cannot. They want religion, and they will have it. And we saw reason to believe that they were right. Besides, no human creature surely would consent to sacrifice all that is above our common life, just because it is out of its reach. It seems like wasting paper to write down such a proposal. And I should not write it down, were not many insisting on doing, and striving to do, the mischief which is indicated by it. This, or that, is not seen now: therefore it never was seen. There is no break in nature now: therefore nature never had a beginning, and never will have an end. A personal will is not now seen to interfere with human affairs: therefore there is no personal will as great First Cause. What is all this, but battering down the cliff and flinging it away down the gutter?

So we will not take this course either. No good has ever come of it. All really noble and beneficent acts in the history of man have been done by other sort of people than those who advocate it. The grand crisis of its trial took place from seventy to eighty years ago, only nine hours south of where I am writing. And the result was not encouraging.

Well, suppose then we try the third course mentioned. And to what will it amount?

I expressed it before, "teaching men that both are well as they are." This expression however must be taken as meaning in kind, rather than in degree. "As they are:" that is to say, it is good for us to have a life on the cliff-top, fresh and breezy, and with its wide look-out: and it is good for us also to have a life in the gutter, down among the common things and even among the defilements of this earth in which our lot is cast. It will not be good for us, if our lofty promenade on the cliff fill us full of airy vanities; nor will it be good for us, if our common life glue us to the common things of the world, so that our hearts cannot rise. In both there is temptation, and they want correcting the one by the other. But we must not be surprised if they never amalgamate, or even approach each other very near. If we are of sound hearty mind, and practical habits, we shall always live a life which, if judged by our religion, will daily invest the General Confession with meaning for us: and we shall always confess and maintain a faith which prescribes a life infinitely out of our reach.

Now in saying this, let me not be mistaken. The continual desire for amendment, the continual effort to amend, both these are of course presupposed: but my present endeavour is, to direct that desire and effort to real and practical results. And I am persuaded this will best be done by taking a larger and more tolerant view of actual life than many good men may seem disposed to do. The lofty life of Christian theory, the humble and disappointing life of Christian practice, these will be the lot of every man who on the one hand worthily apprehends Christ's teaching and example, and on the other, watches and examines himself. Doubtless, the co-existence of the two ought to give rise to seasons of repentance and considering our ways: it was for this very reason that the lofty teaching and example were given us. But their co-existence ought not to induce an unreal twofold kind of life, angelic in words and wishes, and contentedly selfish and torpid in action: nor on the other hand ought it to bring about a fretful discontented life, doubting God's mercy and our part in Christ because the very summit of our ideal is not reached.

Let us now give some examples of the wider and better view of things which we are recommending. And first as to *ourselves*.

Bad as it is for us to be using exaggerated

words about our own vileness which we cannot feel, it is yet one of the most wholesome lessons which a man can learn, to be inwardly and practically convinced that he cannot be what he would. To make the best of defeat is better generalship than to lose the head with success: and such will ever be the tactics of the practical Christian man. The enemy means, that failure shall strike dismay. Let us not carry out the enemy's desire. To "commit the keeping of the soul to our faithful Creator" sounds a very common-place matter: but it is, in fact one of life's most important lessons. On the one side lies torpor, indifference to failure, acquiescence in short-coming: on the other, lies fretfulness and uncertainty, and their constant accompaniments, indecision and unprofitableness.

And as belonging to this Scylla and Charybdis peril besetting the safe path, there are certain wholesome rules, not commonly proclaimed from pulpits, but very usually acted on by wise Christian men.

One is, never to introduce among the realities of our daily lives an impossible standard of duty: but to take well our own measure in all our practical maxims and endeavours. You must learn, to reserve the perfect Pattern for necessary and profitable meditation—for the walk on the cliff when time shall serve: and you must also learn to appreciate, and tolerate, the repellent things of the lower life which your own disposition and habits compel you to lead.

Another is, to bear in mind what every one of mature experience must have found, that the blessed influence of God's grace does not, as sometimes represented, eradicate natural tendencies, or revolutionize the individual character: but blesses, harmonizes, and ameliorates its already existing elements. Learn to distrust great and rapid changes. Learn to deprecate in yourself all sensational religion. There are of course exceptions: but I am striving to lay down a rule.

Then again, we should avoid morbid self-introspection. Not self-examination, which is a very different thing. The latter is conducted, like all sound examination, by the rules of evidence; the other, by no rule, but by the caprice of a disordered fancy, and self-tormenting conceit. What a blessing it would be to thousands of poor suffering creatures, if they could but for one day forget *themselves*! How can a plant prosper, if you are everlastingly pulling it up to see whether it is growing? How can a building go on, if, instead of working upwards, you are for

ever knocking out the foundation-stones to see whether the cement is setting?

And then as to right views of life with regard to *others*. Here I take it, we must, more than elsewhere, make the cliff-top and the gutter approximate. The speaking of evil and bitter and depreciatory words about other men, is the besetting sin of every form of religious society; and we certainly do let it beset us with a vengeance. It may be doubted whether the whole annals of the Church can produce anything so definitely and purely unchristian as the files of certain newspapers now current amongst us.

I remember passing some very high land in the south of England, respecting which a fellow-passenger remarked, that it was in the last degree damp and unwholesome. Upon my expressing astonishment, he informed me that beneath the surface of this upland country, there was a stratum of small pebbles, welded tight together, and absolutely impervious to wet. So that there was no natural drainage. And sure enough at the next cutting, we saw these little foes of human life and health, black as demons, tight cuddled up in their anti-sanitary resolve. And I was reminded of these same "religious journals:" breathing the highland air, enjoying the hill-side view, but hopelessly undrained and pestilential: with the lurid stratum of little grudges and petty spites between them and a clear conscience; and in consequence, spreading moral contagion and death wherever their circulation extends.

All this, a positive tangible evil, needs positive tangible reformation: needs what I rejoice to see is becoming not uncommon, a stern resolve among Christian people that these journals shall never appear upon their tables, nor enter their houses. Of all the cures of un-charity among us, this one would be the most decisive and effectual. For with thousands of outlying persons and families, the order of belief is: newspaper first, neighbours next, anything you like third, Gospel last of all.

"To his own Master he standeth or falleth." This wants remembering infinitely more than it is remembered. Let other folks alone: or rather, transfer your assiduous interest for them to a quarter where it may really be useful. Try to take for granted to begin with, that they are as good Christians as yourself. If they have one failing which you see, probably you have a corresponding one which they see. As the present balance of contempt (thanks to the religious journals) is equal, so let the future balance of charitable allowance be equal, and let the journals

go hang. Talk of thunders of the Vatican ! all are but popguns, compared to the fulminations which daily go up from Protestant England. Protestant truly, in a sense little hitherto deemed of: all vigorously protesting against one another. If we could translate subjective and mental into objective and corporeal, what a curious picture for men and angels this our England would present ! Each half of our worship-going population with fists clenched, heels uplifted, lips compressed for spitting, at the other half: and all for the honour and glory of God. Truly we have not far to look for right views of Christian life as regards others about us.

Then lastly, as regards the public and public matters. Now here it does strike me that fast as we are going on to the better, we ought to be going a little faster: that the balance wheel is somewhat too heavy for the spring.

It is a sad sign, that evermore, as the great progress towards good goes on, a number (may I not say, the greater number?) of really good men set up a weeping and wailing over every step of that progress, as it becomes imminent, and do all in their feeble power to withstand, and when accomplished, to mar it. Thank God, they are not able to do either of these. Look backwards up the memory of any one of us who is fifty years old, and the road is full of incidents of this kind:—proposal made of some salutary and necessary change: thereupon excellent men wringing their hands and howling: pulpits denouncing: and scores of pamphlets, sheets of newspaper articles, reviling, threatening, demonstrating all manner of horrible things. Then, in due time, the measure carried. Then a lull. Then the same excellent men, one third, the sensible ones, convinced and thankful: another third, the incurable conservatives, reviling the change past, as they reviled it future: the last third, claiming the change as a conservative measure, and asserting that they always knew it would be.

And all this process is repeated at each step of the nation's advance towards good. Even now it is going on, ten hundred parson power, throughout the land. Flocks look up, piteous in face to see, longing for some crumb of good food or counsel about the things which concern them most: and they have to sit and listen their half hour to dire forebodings of what is coming on us, if certain promised public measures are passed.

Why, my masters and doctors, what folly and child's play is this ! Awake (St. Paul's word is one inexpressible, except at the hazard of coarseness—wake out of your wine) to righteousness, we beseech you,—we, who feel that this great people is hindered on its march towards good, beseech you who ought to be forwarding it but are keeping it back,—cease your unmanly howling, and join us in the fight against evil.

As to public matters, the one great right view at present for us all is, to leave off utterly the fashionable hankering after the past, and to put away discouragement as to the future, and take intensely the practical line—what is first? What is, on a fair appreciation of wants and difficulties, the measure required? Any one of us may be wrong—but we shall, in our wrong, be at all events nearer right than the mere clamourer for keeping things as they are.

And so it will be with us, in reference to any great changes now contemplated. The greatest and most imminent of them all is an absolute requirement of the simplest justice. The question for any one of us in the court of our conscience before God is not, "Shall it be?" but, "How may it best be?"

And I hope that many who read these pamphlets will feel, with their writer, that when this is so, the effort on our parts ought to be to hold, not convenient views, not profitable views, not party views, of public duty: but to acquire RIGHT views,—and, having acquired them, to grasp them firmly and further them manfully—for they are our life.

SHORT ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

FIFTH INSTALMENT.

THERE are two or three marked peculiarities in the vice of calumny. In the first place, considering the mischief it does, there is very little punishment to the person practising it. Personal vices are dearly paid for, even in this world; and most of us learn, through

bitter experience, and by dire remorse, the sin and mischief of our wrong doings.

Then, there is the thorough ignorance, for the most part, on the part of the calumniator, of the mischief and the misery that he causes by calumny. A good easy man, or one who

believes himself to be such, may have been a steady propagator of injurious reports deeply affecting other people; and the poor man goes to his grave in the confident belief that he has been a most exemplary member of society. The most unfortunate fact about calumny is, that you seldom witness the sufferings you create by calumniating. Your other cruelties you know about, and often see the issue of them; but the agonies you cause by every form of calumny, detraction, disparagement, and erroneous statement, rarely come to your knowledge, or to the knowledge of any human being, except the person who is calumniated.

A certain humourist is wont to contend that the sum of misery in human life is always the same. He says the sum of forces in the material world is always the same, the quantity of motion is always the same, and so is the amount of human misery. It is in vain that you urge against him that everything has become milder in the world; that wars are conducted with less cruelty and less destruction of property; that religious persecution has, comparatively speaking, ceased to exist; that there is an immense advance in medical skill; and that, generally, humanity is in the ascendant. He is pleased to admit your statements; but contends that all these good things are counterbalanced by more sensitiveness on the part of the human race, and by their caring more and more for what is said and written about them; and also that there is so much more talking and so much more writing. In short, he maintains that the progress of calumny, and the severity with which it is felt, will always counteract any advantages that are gained for the human race.

A strange thing, too, he observes, is this—that the less truth there is in the calumny, the greater are the sufferings of the person calumniated. “You would think,” he says, “that when a man hears that something has been said or written of him that does not apply to him, any more than it would to the inhabitant of another planet, he would not take the calumny to heart. But no: this only makes him more furious and more vexed. If it did apply, he could then bear it, as he should deserve it; and so in this case the pointless arrow inflicts the severest wound.”

Moralists have exhausted their energies in denouncing the vices of detraction and backbiting. With the exception of St. Paul's grand words about charity—which embrace the whole subject—perhaps the most practical remarks that have been made upon it are those which have been made by the writer

who goes by the name of Thomas à Kempis. After denouncing the evil of uttering injurious statements known to be false, which, however, is comparatively rare, he goes on to say that you should not soon pour out to the ears of others those injurious reports even that you do believe. “*Nec audita, vel credita, mox ac aliorum aures effundere.*”

Over particularity, or even reasonable particularity, in trifles causes a great deal of social discomfort and restraint. The man who, to use a common phrase, wishes a thing to be “just so,” and not otherwise, is generally somewhat of a nuisance. People are for the most part very good-natured in these matters, and very anxious to please others; and they will make a great effort to satisfy the person who wishes to have things “just so.” But they do not, on that account, love him, or her, the more. For any person to be thoroughly popular and liveable with, there should be a little touch of untidiness and unpreciseness, and indifference to small things.

An unpunctual person is often very selfish, and causes much trouble and vexation; but still, *ceteris paribus*, he is generally more liked than a punctual person.

The rigid Pitt is not so much beloved as the careless, easy-going Fox. This is very wrong, of course, but it cannot be helped; for, as Artemus Ward has well said, “After all, there is a great deal of human nature in man.”

For people who are of that eager spirit that they must contend with something, or somebody, there are always the great men of former days to contend with, and, if possible, to be surpassed: and also, there is nature to be wrestled with, who will not yield her “open secrets” without much compulsion, and who is an antagonist always at hand, offering full scope for our utmost energy and mettle.

In a company of learned men there was talk about posthumous fame. Some said that it was a strong motive to exertion with many persons. Others maintained that its potency as a motive was very small indeed, except with a few half-crazy people, like Alexander the Great. All agreed that it was a foolish motive as applied to the mass of

men, because anything that was worthy of the name of "fame" was unattainable for them.

A man writes an elaborate work upon a learned subject. In a few years' time, another man also writes an elaborate work upon the same learned subject, and is kind enough to allude to the former author in a foot-note. Twenty or thirty years afterwards, this second man's work is also absorbed in a similar manner, and his labours are chronicled in a foot-note too. Now the first man's fame, if you come to look at it carefully, is but small. His labours are kindly alluded to in a foot-note of a work which is also kindly alluded to in a foot-note of a work published forty or fifty years hence.

Surely this *fame in a foot-note* is not much worth having.

Then take the fame of a soldier—of any but the few distinguished generals whose names may be numbered on your fingers. Take the officer who is mentioned in a despatch. It is no doubt a great thing for him in the present day to be so mentioned; but fifty years hence, nobody will know anything about the battle, much less about the despatch, except that it was a battle lost or won by a certain general. It is a great chance if the name of the principal general on each side is remembered by the same person.

Surely the fame to be gained by having one's name thus embalmed in a despatch is scarcely worth the loss of a limb, to say nothing about the risk of one's life.

One of the few things which give one a high opinion of the world, is its splendid favouritism. This man may leap over a ditch, when he ought to have kept on the hither side of it: he may run, instead of walk, when walking is the proper thing: he may even be caught munching apples in his neighbour's orchard—I speak metaphorically—and the world declines to see that he has done anything wrong. It puts up its telescope to its blind eye, because he is a favourite.

Then there is another man, who shall always have the right quantity of starch in his shirt-collar; shall obey all the nine rules of propriety; and shall be of, apparently, unimpeachable virtue: yet the world, though it would not say so openly for the world, thinks him an ass, a pedant, and, perhaps, even a thoroughly bad fellow. Just let him, in a weak moment, disobey only one of the nine rules of propriety, and see how soon the

world will be down upon him, for he is not a favourite.

Some of our Transatlantic cousins (that most thoughtful man, Emerson, for instance) would, doubtless, explain this phenomenon by talking of the "over-soul," or some such great affair; but, at any rate, the phenomenon indicates that there is something which looms larger in the minds of men than the outer aspect of a man or his doings, or even their own forms, and rules, and proprieties, which yet they pretend to set such store by. That "something" is probably a great, fertile, and sympathetic nature in the favourite, which is perceived by all men, and heartily, though often but secretly, appreciated by them.

The famous Duke of Buckingham always seems to me to afford the best type of a favourite, having been a person of such a winning nature that his influence was equally potent with two men of such different characters as James the First and Charles the First—the one, moreover, being the reigning monarch, and the other the heir-apparent, two personages that are seldom inclined to favour the same person.

Everybody, who is fond of investigating character, seeks for tests. Now, there are tests which, at first sight, seem to be good, but are really worth nothing. You may search for ever, and be for ever wrong, to find the crucial test of a man's character in his choice of a wife, of a house, of furniture, even of his friends, or of any of his surroundings, for that which surrounds a man is not necessarily sympathetic with him. Tests of this kind fail, because of the influence of circumstances, which influence you can seldom eliminate.

Take, for instance, his friends. Friendship is often the result of the merest accident. One cannot but have some liking for one's schoolfellows and college companions, whether they are especially suitable to one or not; and, indeed, throughout life, friendship depends much upon vicinity.

To find a certain test, you must have something that assuredly proceeds from the man himself—something that he says, or does, when freed from the influence of others, and when uncontrolled by circumstances. Authors are far better understood than other men, because they cannot help betraying their real thoughts and opinions, as, when they write, they often forget who they are, with whom they live, and even what is expected of them.

In minor matters, it is often easy to find a good test. For example, if you want to ascertain what is to be ascertained of the character of a man from his style, open his book anywhere, and you are nearly sure to discern at once the peculiarities of his style. He never can conceal them.

If a man means to do a thing, and does not do it, you have a sure test. To take writing, again, as an instance: you can see that in such a sentence a man meant to do something forcible and telling, and to produce a great effect; but, perhaps, it is merely fine writing or bombast. You have at once a measure of the man's powers in that direction.

What he blames, what he praises, are good tests of his character. What he plays at, what he laughs at, are still better tests. All serious work is, to a certain extent, compulsory; but gamesomeness and laughter are, for the most part, involuntary. The serious beaver is always building his house; but, in that constant work of his, shows no peculiarity of beaver character.

It is better, in some respects, to be admired by those with whom you live, than to be loved by them. And this, not on account of any gratification of vanity, but because admiration is so much more tolerant than love. If you are admired by those who surround you, you have little to explain, or to justify. They believe in you. And this makes the wheels of life go very smoothly with you. Of course love often infers admiration; but there are many instances in which the two things are utterly severed.

If superior beings regard the world, and are curious in the observation of character, how few instances they will be able to discern of any vice, or virtue, or quality being thoroughly carried out! There certainly have been some splendid specimens of consistent cruelty amongst mankind, such as Judge Jeffries. But, for the most part, the characters of men are of a mottled description. The envious man is not always envious; the jealous not always jealous; and, as for good qualities, I suppose we must own that they are seldom carried to a surpassing height. But there is one class of character, happily not very common, which is often raised to the highest perfection in this planet.

It is difficult to describe this character by any single epithet; but it is the character of one who, wherever placed, or into whatever

circumstances he may be thrown, succeeds in bringing around him an atmosphere of contradiction, contention, and vexation, which may be said to be complete.

This character has never been well drawn in fiction, for it is not a dramatic character. It does not create dramatic incidents: it causes no signal murders, nor robberies, nor disasters of any kind: it only makes a number of people miserable: it only brings into light whatever is seamy, sordid, and unpleasant in all those with whom it is brought into contact. Wherever it is, there are plenty of quarrels. It is generally in the wrong; but is, if possible, more hateful when it is in the right.

That fine line of Byron's—

"And where he gazed, a gloom pervaded space"

might be parodied thus:—

"And where he gazed, a seam pervaded space."

Everybody knows the astonishing effect that may be produced by a little canful of oil poured upon the waters, and how a film of wondrous thinness, and yet of marvellous potency in stilling a tempest, may thus be produced. From such a character as I am describing, there emanates a subtle fluid of an exactly opposite description. I almost think that such people might have an effect upon inanimate nature; and that if they were to talk to the Bay of Biscay, the Atlantic waves would bound in upon the shore with additional indignation, and retire from it, grating and rasping among the pebbles with an increased spitefulness and irritability.

It is a remarkable fact, that grandeur of religious ideas does not appear to have been developed by civilisation. The three most civilised nations of antiquity were, undoubtedly, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans. How poor were the religions of each of these three great nations!

The Egyptians worshipped, in the most abject manner, animals of such an inferior nature, that they have not even been chosen as emblems of chivalry; for what knight has ever chosen a cow, or a crocodile, as a support to his shield?

Again, to estimate the gods of Greece and Rome, take the scene in Olympus, described at the end of the first book of Homer. Strip it of the grand language of the poet, with his many-junctured adjectives, and what a mean idea it gives one of his gods! There is a vulgar conjugal squabble between

Jupiter and Juno, the like of which may be heard any day in Ratcliffe Highway. The king of the gods even threatens to lay a heavy hand upon his queen; whereupon her son Vulcan brings a goblet of wine to his mother, and suggests that peace may be made in this very common-place way of making-up quarrels. Then there is inextinguishable laughter at a comical circumstance which would hardly amuse the British House of Commons—namely, a lame person performing the part of cup-bearer. The affairs of Troy are forgotten; and the evening is wound up with feast and song and jollity.

Compare these gods and their worshippers with the deities in pristine America and their worshippers. Study the noble prayers of the Mexicans; the simple, yet splendid, worship of the Peruvians; the noble ideas of the Great Spirit which pervaded even the humbler tribes in North America; and, above all, note the high conception of the functions of a deity which had been formed by the greatest people in America—the Araucans. They maintained that prayer was needless, because their gods were so beneficent, that they were sure to confer upon man all things that it was good for him to have. At the same time the Araucans showed their gratitude for this goodness by humble offerings, never touching life.

Then, again, look at India. As far as one can understand Buddhism, it may be a religion of little hope; but there is no meanness in it. Viewing all forms of life as so much separation from the deity, the Buddhist is only anxious to get creditably through the various forms of life he has to encounter, and then, as a final reward, to be for ever united with and lost in that deity.

A very different religion this from that which worshipped tricky gods and discreditable nymphs and goddesses, endowed with larger powers than those of men or women, but having a full share of all their follies and their vices.

There are vast hopes for mankind in the future, especially if men could only get a little spare time to look about them and to think, and if more persons could have greater freedom for observation and for thought. It is thus that the statesman could do so much for us. It is not that he can invent, that he can observe profoundly, or think out with nicety great and difficult questions. But he can smooth the path of life for those who can do such work in the world. And what would he

not do for mankind if he could let loose some of the thought which is now employed in preparation for war, in the interpretation of confused heaps of undigested law, in meeting the vexatious incidence of taxation, and, generally, in contending with needless difficulties created by men in the acquisition of the means of living!

This ought to be his main idea,—how he can render life more facile to all the people he has to govern, and so give them more time for thought, for enjoyment, and for discovery.

There are very irrational views about royalty in the present generation. They have put aside the notion of kings and queens governing by Divine Right, and of their being very different from other men and women. At the same time they will not allow that kings and queens are very like other men and women. They demand from them that they should conduct their joys and sorrows in a very different manner from that of other people. The poor kings and queens are therefore in a very awkward position. They have neither the advantage of being considered to be different from other people, nor the advantage of being considered to be like other people. There is hardly any matter in which there is more necessity for tolerance and wisdom than in our appreciation of the rights, duties, and privileges of royal persons in modern times.

There is such a love of compromise in modern times, that the highest order of men, if they be shrewd men, can hardly be distinguished from the owners of badly managed shops in their tendency to demand terms much larger than those which they mean to accept. And thus the time of the world is squandered.

There has hardly ever been such an instance of important results following from the investigation of minute and apparently unimportant phenomena, as Fraunhofer's lines afford. Who would have thought that the fact of there being some dark lines across a ray of light, when dispersed by the prism, should be the means of discovering the constitution of the stellar bodies, and should have proved with almost certainty that

Sirius has a proper motion of its own to the extent of one hundred and forty millions of miles in the course of a year? Doubtless the material world is crowded with minute phenomena involving similar great results, which phenomena we pass by with unregarding eyes

every day of our lives. How Lord Bacon would have rejoiced to see such a grand result as that above alluded to, of which the basis was the observation and recording of this minute phenomenon by the German optician!

“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”

An English Story of To-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.”

CHAPTER XIX.—ON THE COURSE.



PHOEBE was at the course in good time on the first day; although she had a struggle to accomplish this. Mrs. Paston, who was curiously balancing herself in a series of breathless difficulties, would fain have detained her with questions and observations till it was too late.

Would it be the thing to wear her lace or her French cashmere shawl? Ought it to be a worked or a plain cambric handkerchief she should hold in her hand to wave when the horses came in at the winning post? Such were the problems with which Mrs. Paston teased Phoebe, who had announced that she wished to put on her white piqué gown with the green ruches like riband grass, and held to her original idea (“rash, headstrong girl as she was in every act of her life”), though her mother suggested the China silk, which, to be sure, had short sleeves, or the blue grenadine, that was so badly torn the last time she wore it. Mrs. Paston, of course, deemed it a matter of deep and engrossing interest, nay, something affecting the credit of Wellfield and the tone of the races, that she and Phoebe should appear in becoming garb.

Phoebe did not choose to avail herself of Lady Dorothea’s pass to breathe the air of the grand-stand. With her mother and the wives of the civic dignitaries of Wellfield, she

took her place on a lower stand, from which, in the dignity and ease of simplicity, she could command a fair sight of the course. The scene was charming to her. She had not arrived at the invidious superiority of the “forty Miss Medlars,” who, having caught and culled a young man from one of the sets located at some distance, proudly wore the honour on the occasion. This precocious specimen of a Folksbridge spermaceti merchant had run up to town so many times that he had lost count of the number, and freely reckoned that he had gone in a swell break every season to the Derby. He had come provided with a blue veil hanging down from the brim of his white hat, for which there was no call in the green meadows of Wellfield. This bit of dress it was which chiefly caused him to be pointed at by the Wellfield youngsters as a walking instance of man-millinery; whilst he was supposed, by older and more reflective people, to have borrowed one of the Miss Medlars’ veils, which surely argued a degree of intimacy pointing to a marriage among the Miss Medlars at last.

Of course the young man was disgusted. There were no favours, neither did the colours of popular riders appear in scarfs thrown across the shoulders of man or woman; and hardly anything of the horses was known by the innocents who boasted of having their races every year, and came out to gape at them like so many women and children. There was nothing in the way of betting, save what was of the safest and tamest, for a young mercantile gentleman, whom it was impossible to confound either with aristocrats or black-legs. No inducement would make him stay for another day, notwithstanding that Mr. and Mrs. Medlar and the Miss Medlars were very kind, and he highly appreciated their hospitalities.

Phoebe, not having the disadvantage of being experienced and fastidious, had seen no-

thing on the Grand Tour to disqualify her for admiring the Wellfield races.

The course was no longer two or three rural fields divested of their June wild-flowers. It was infinitely gayer than when striped and flecked with poppies and bugloss. It had living brilliance and perpetual motion of men, women, and children, aristocratic and rustic, in carriage and cart, on horseback

and foot. It was a scene cool and grey in its English soberness of costume and bearing, but by no means wanting in warm, juicy bits of colour, and of eager, vigorous action.

Yet it was a scene sufficiently animated to a novice. Phœbe, it is true, could not pretend to Bella Medlar's glib use of technical terms, and smart criticisms of Vixen's stride and Highflyer's withers. Neither could she



Page 443.

hope to equal the solemn monotone in which Milly Medlar accompanied Bella's tittering treble as she prated and prosed about the unlawfulness of race-courses, and questioned whether they were rendered more desperately dangerous by bettings of five to one. Milly had been led to believe that there were as many as twenty to one taken on Bluebottle. She recited the vices of the turf, as she sat there, a prominent spec-

tator. She drew gusty sighs, shook her head portentously, and never ceased to consult the out-of-sorts young man, and to take his opinion on the lawfulness of the diversion, till he asked himself, in a panic, whether the head of the forty thieves were not flying at him, in thus conspicuously electing him her conscience in the room of the High or Low Church parson.

The Brockcotes party came upon the

ground early, without any effort at *éclat*, but with the impressiveness inseparable from those who were the sovereigns—the first objects of the field after the horses and the jockeys. Phœbe had a little solace for her troublesome doubts as to whether Lady Dorothea, who could not err, was doing well for herself, in recognising and being able to point out Lord Fairchester in his place of honour in the Countess's phaeton. She even began to have a kind of pleasure in the sight of the couple, and to take herself to task as a fault-finding girl, whose private and selfish motives were at the bottom of her carping objections to the severance of the old tie between her and her friend. At the second or third glimpse, she decided that the heavy-featured, sandy-haired young man might have sense and worth, as well as *prestige* and great possessions.

The Countess, to avoid all fuss, took up her position at once in the central front seat of the grand-stand; and then Lady Dorothea drove Lord Fairchester round the course. Lady Exmoor might, in this case, have saved herself all precaution, for the occupants of the carriage were the real attraction. A withered, elderly woman, were she thrice a countess, could not for the time have competed with such a pair. But Lady Exmoor did not want to compete, proud woman though she was reputed. Clearly, her greatest pride this day was in yielding the palm to her daughter, whose progress she was intently following with her glass in a true mother's style. Lord Fairchester submitted to be driven, if not in triumph, yet certainly as a conquered conqueror. He sat with his arms crossed, and now and then stooped to listen with a half-smile to Lady Dorothea, who was very much herself, as she tickled the ears of the Countess's grey ponies, conducting the conversation in an eager monologue—what Lord Wriothesley called her favourite fashion—doing the honours of the field, and pointing out local celebrities.

When Lady Dorothea discovered Phœbe, the acknowledgment was made with something like a radiant flash of consciousness, in addition to the hearty greeting. Accompanying the nod and the smile, there was a little special separate speech to Lord Fairchester, who then looked at Phœbe, not at all as his cousin had done, but with a courteous and kindly interest. Now and again, when the phaeton got into the thronged parts of the course, or into the neighbourhood of animals more restive than the docile ponies, Lord Fairchester put down a hand to be

ready to touch the reins, without, however, exerting his mastery till it was needed.

Phœbe, in her loyal fondness for her friend, keenly appreciated Lady Dorothea's remembrance of her at such a moment; and was fain to persuade herself that Lord Fairchester and her Ladyship might prove reasonably suited to each other, and that their progress round the course might be typical of their progress through life.

Next to Lady Dorothea and Lord Fairchester, Phœbe and the world of Wellfield gazed with most curiosity on Miss Dugdale of Summerley. She sat in the Countess's party fully aware that she was one of the very select circle—spoken of by public-spirited Lady Dorothea herself, as being Countess in the bud—to whom Lord Wriothesley might justifiably, and with the consent of all in authority, fling his handkerchief.

Phœbe at once recognised the favoured young lady at the corner of the stand. She was surrounded by a group of gentlemen, and was amiably interesting herself in their betting, till, to initiate so charming an amateur in its mysteries, they became condescendingly graphic in the details. Lord Wriothesley was not prominent among these gentlemen, and nobody made way for him when he joined the group, so that there was no plain announcement of a second family alliance, with the prospect of its speedy fulfilment. Phœbe unhesitatingly hoped this match, with all that depended upon it, would fall to the ground. She looked at Miss Dugdale critically, and she did not like to think of her as the future Countess. Everybody around Phœbe was captivated with the young lady's beauty, or style, or suavity. The Medlars and the Staceys especially were in raptures. Even the Medlars' discontented friend went the length of owning that Miss Dugdale was a passable girl. Phœbe, ere she could get peace to think, had to answer at least a dozen questions as to whether she had seen "Miss Dugdale—the Countess's young cousin, and Lord Wriothesley's intended, you know. And no wonder! Such a duck, such a darling, such a jolly beautiful fine lady of a dear!" Phœbe heard this chorus on every side.

Miss Dugdale was the popular beauty. She was far before Lady Penelope and Lady Louisa Blount, who both had a share of Lord Fairchester's heavy irregularity of feature, and of Mr. Edmund Blount's empurpled swarthiness. It required all their blood and breeding, the freshness of their first and second seasons, and two pairs of great wide open black eyes, to carry off their disadvantages,

and prevent them from being unmistakably plain young women. Miss Dugdale was even higher in public opinion than the young matron Lady Lucy Ingram, whose frizzled crop of hair struck the ignorant Wellfield natives as untidy in the dressing, and uncommon closely allied to carrots in the hue. Indeed, the mass of the spectators disappointed and offended Phoebe very much by thinking little, *spirituelle*, black-and-white Lady Dorothea not fit to hold the candle, so far as mere beauty went, to languid, ivory-and-carmine tinted Miss Dugdale.

Straight were Miss Dugdale's black, silky brows, straight her delicate nose, straight the scarlet thread of her lips. But Phoebe, by one of those instincts which women possess to a larger extent than men, and which some women have in a higher degree than others, did not care for the set form and colour of the beauty, and disliked its set expression of mildness and softness. She watched Miss Dugdale, as in her sweet way she was evincing an immense appetite for general admiration and particular attention. Notwithstanding the regularity of the features, and the vividness of the colouring, Phoebe thought she saw, as if peeping out behind a lovely mask, a certain hard sensuousness, indicating a contracted, mean, and stubborn character. This subtle effect existed in spite of the contour, which was round with youth. The chin was even inclined to fulness, while the only palpable defects of the face were the nearness of the eyes, and a shade of something cynical in the shortness of the upper lip.

Phoebe was glad that Lord Wriothlesley was not playing the youthful Merlin to this Vivien, and that, when he did pass through the group to address her, his own face—a very different face, as Phoebe had described it, a face all eyes and forehead and shady hollows, as it had struck her that evening when she was so silly as to mistake Lord Exmoor's heir for a *litterateur* or an artist—by an irresistible impulse, made a half comical protest of drawn-down corners of the mouth and elevated eyebrows. It did not follow that the young Lord might not be false and faithless to himself in time to come; that he might not shut his eyes, yield to the baser part of his nature, and lend himself a tool to a family arrangement; but at least his eyes were open to begin with.

CHAP. XX.—LORD WRIOTHESLEY'S COLOURS.

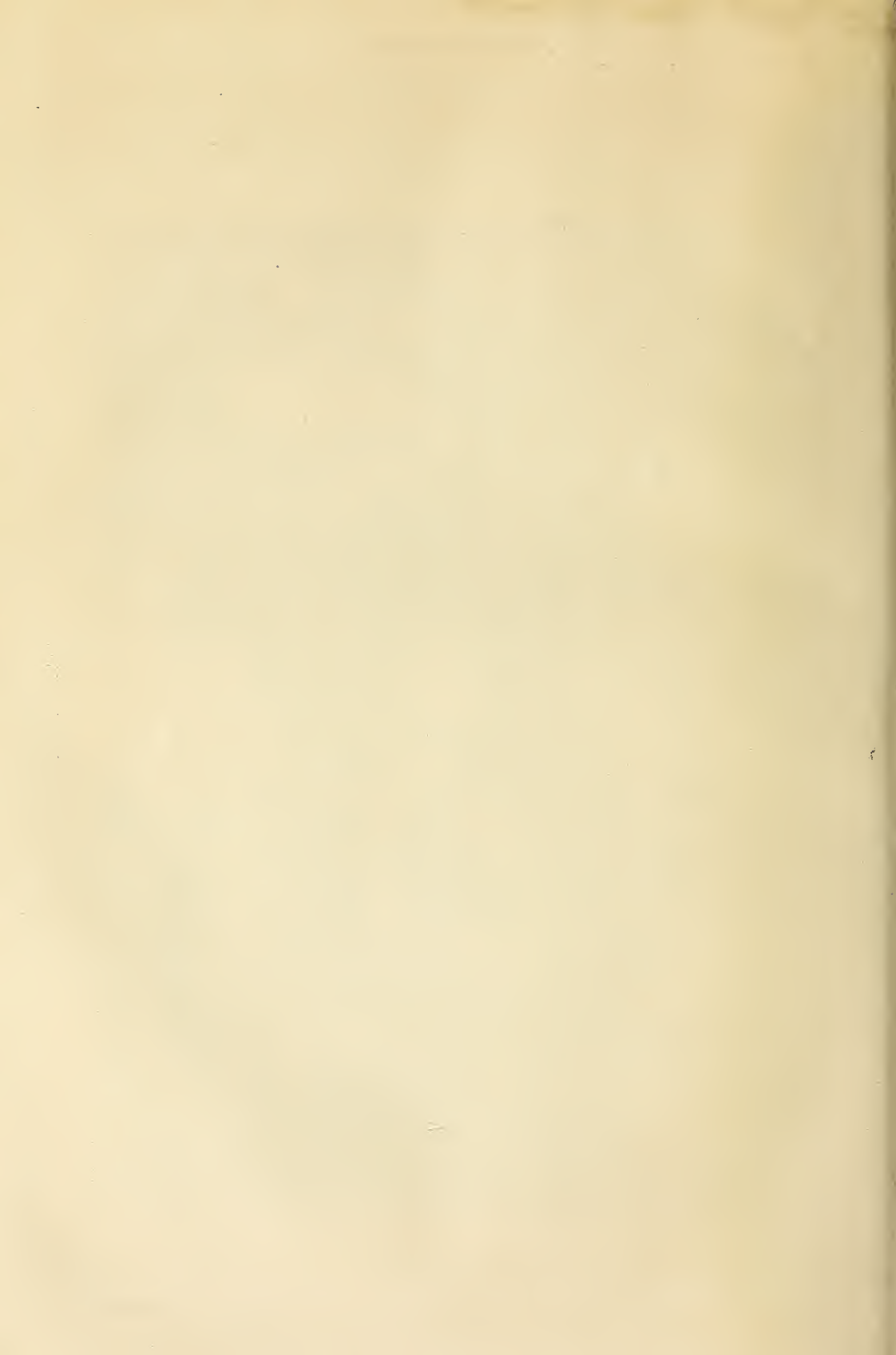
THE pleasures of the day were beginning to pall upon those spectators to whom neither

successful winnings and hedgings, nor yet chicken and tongue, or bread and cheese (as an excuse for champagne and sherry, or "heavy wet") were the principal ingredients. Phoebe was almost exhausted in attempting, for the hundredth time, to make her mother understand, so as to save her from appealing to any other person for an explanation, that the jockey and the horse who were first at the goal going, but who were last in returning, were not entitled to the Wellfield Cup or the Exmoor Sweepstakes; that the situation of the townspeople's stand before the one great shady sycamore in the meadows, and not behind it, was an inevitable sacrifice to a view of the course, and bore no reference to favour shown to the grand-stand, or contempt on the part of the workmen towards the respectable middle-classes. There was only one great difference between the stands, and it was of a nature which would have gently titillated and highly gratified Lady Dorothea. Both stands were exposed to the sun, which, for the season, blazed unusually, so that what in the morning was regarded as a golden boon, rising higher and higher in the sky, became after noon a brazen bane. But the occupants of the first stand could remain firm under fire, while those of the second could not. The peeresses and the right honourables, the squires' wives and daughters, stood or sat heroically enduring the heat, the glare, and the dust, with no further protection than that given by their white silk or lace parasols, and here and there by a real serviceable great black-and-red Spanish or Canadian fan. The wives of the bankers, the attorneys, and the rich tradesmen, on the other hand, perspired at every pore, struggling fatuously, with loosened bonnet-strings, open shawls and jackets, as they plied toy-fans, flowers, and handkerchiefs against their intangible foes.

The posting for the race of gentlemen-jockeys, for which many persons were waiting, restored relish to the discussers of the programme. The occupants of the carriages and the grand-stand were themselves in a flutter, and craned long necks, and uttered animated encouragement or advice to departing sons and brothers. The lower ten thousand also were excited, and enamoured of seeing their betters disport themselves, or possibly make fools of themselves, for the benefit of a grinning, gaping public. The race in itself was deserving of praise, though not altogether so enthusiastic as that which it received. It might have had the "not bad" which John Bull is proud of bestowing on the



“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”



fine arts, not as mere applause, but as a kind of sedative, with its composing phlegm and pinch of wholesome scorn. Mr. Paston, who had come out on purpose to see the race, and should have known the merit he attributed to it, called it exceedingly picturesque. And what with the flood of sunshine in which it was bathed, the beauty of the horses, the half-unconscious mixture of pluck and grace in the riders, the semi-fantastic, yet sufficiently English jockey-dress, here seen to the best advantage, with its boots and tops, buckskins and silk jackets—it must be confessed that there was much to justify Mr. Paston's opinion.

Certainly Lord Wriothlesley was there in white and coral-red, like Phœbe's jacket and studs. The ladies on the ground, who mounted white and red rosettes in honour of Lord Wriothlesley, were three to one against those who mounted blue in honour of Mr. Ingram. It is needless to say to which set Miss Dugdale belonged. Phœbe was flattered—how could she be otherwise?—by the simple suggestion of secret, innocent gallantry implied in Lord Wriothlesley's choice of colours. There was, and there ever will be, a lurking flattery in young princes' regard for maidens more or less humble, as, on the other side, there is a fascination for princes in the maidens who are not royal, and for that very reason have a last, best chance of uniqueness and novelty added to their other attractions. Small blame then to Phœbe and Lord Wriothlesley, however much trouble might gloom for them in the future.

Notwithstanding that Lord Wriothlesley, within sight of the original wearer, sported the colours he had fancied for her sake, he was neither first nor second in the race. Stout Mr. Ingram, riding stones heavier, was the winner. Other riders besides came in before the heir of Brockcotes. Though he rode well to look at him, riding was not his business, and his short sight was against him in winning races. He was his own chief-mourner, and went first to condole with the Countess on her son's being "nowhere." A little while afterwards he happened to pass below the town-stand. Phœbe was not so wise as not to feel a tumult of vanity, of honest pleasure, arch consciousness, and perplexed doubt—a genuine girlish mixture of sensations. When Lord Wriothlesley stopped to speak to Mrs. Paston and Phœbe, he saw at a glance Mrs. Paston's grievance, which Barty Woolfer, with all his hardy good-nature, would either have overlooked and undervalued, or regarded as a

matter of jest. The poor woman's weak eyes were shedding involuntary tears, and her thin pink skin was blistering in the unwonted exposure. She could not, like the grand dames, remain long under fire and make no sign: but perhaps she was more easily made the happiest of the happy, though she was not allowed to retain the cause of her happiness. Lord Wriothlesley hailed one of the considerable supply of John Thomases on the ground, and sent him, with gingerly step, to procure and unfurl a carriage-umbrella for Mrs. Paston's benefit.

But Mrs. Paston's companions on the stand naturally refused to tolerate the innovation, although, it must be said, most of them did not at first see the introducer. Anyhow there soon arose a chorus of cries: "I cannot see for you, ma'am," "Your spokes have torn my veil," "La! you are in my eye, Mrs. Paston."

Phœbe, thus besieged, got her mother to resign the umbrella, and could scarcely resist shaking her head and laughing at Lord Wriothlesley's inopportune service and his chagrined demand—"Is it no use, Miss Paston? Cannot peace be made?" While he closed with the whisper, "Tell them Lady Ogle has unfurled her brother-in-law's great Eastern shade which he carried to the very steps of the throne of the Nizam."

Mrs. Paston, at all events, had the consolation of dwelling on the young Lord's kind intentions, which must have impressed every one within ear-shot; and she enjoyed the diversion of teasing Phœbe, during the hour that remained of the day's races, upon the propriety of taking steps to return the umbrella—quite a new and handsome one—to its owner.

In the meantime Lord Wriothlesley lingered talking to Phœbe, and looking right up into her dimpling face, wonderfully set off, as only a brown face can be, by a little white bonnet, light as a feather, and without any adornment except a few sprigs of heather, which would not have looked out of place on the grand-stand, and which had arrived just the night before from the Folksbridge Paris-visiting milliner employed by the Halls.

"I am no worse, thank you, Miss Paston," said his Lordship, as he leant against the post, cynosure of a galaxy of admiring eyes. "But I do not need to set your mind at rest," his Lordship corrected himself, as he twirled between his fingers a bit of common briony which he had had in his jacket. "I have not the good luck to belong to you,

and had it, to my gain, been otherwise, I should rather have congratulated you on being here to pity me, which is the office true women like best. Dolly denies the soft impeachment. She desires all who belong to her to come back in the conqueror's car, with their conquered enemies kicking up the dust at their heels. But you are not so awfully matter-of-fact and thorough-going, and I don't belong to you—the more's the pity for me."

At this speech Phœbe could not help looking the least in the world confused, and his Lordship had the good sense to prevent an awkward pause by asking—

"Do you admire our hedge briony, Miss Paston? I think we have not so glorious a flower in all our conservatories."

His Lordship, however, did not offer it to her, but went away to discharge some of the many duties incumbent upon the heir of the Brockcotes family in the race-week, with the flower still in his hand.

"Now, I call that a specimen of very particular fine manners," said Mrs. Medlar, as good-humoured as her bouncing daughters, and forty times blowsier and stouter. She was very full blown, indeed, as she sat there in her peach moiré, and a pink crape bonnet, inevitably of some volume, when inside and outside its wearer displayed a preference for the "genteel geranium," the camelia and cactus blossoms, which his Lordship had slighted. Mrs. Medlar had been finding an excuse for taking a most minute inventory of the details of Lord Wriothlesley's person and dress. Thus she could inform the world, not only that the hand in which his Lordship had held the bunch of briony berries was furnished with "one of those supple, bent-back thumbs," but she could also add, without the pretence of a whisper, "Medlar, you may depend upon it he had no braces, my dear."

"I call it a specimen of very partial fine manners," answered Miss Rowe with a tartish cough, and a lynx eye for her scandal-bag. "My brother the Major used to say that what distinguished and redeemed the royal family—the late royal family, I mean—and proved their breed (he was a great man for horses, the Major, and horsey in his terms, as they say now) was the Royal Dukes never forgetting a face, and misbehaving themselves, with universal urbanity. Lord Wriothlesley's first tutor was the Major's second wife's nephew, and the heir of Brockcotes was wont to be in my brother's house every time he was in Wellfield. I remember he had to be

regularly taken to see the scimitar which the Major brought from Chillahwallah, and hear over again the story of its capture."

No one ever ventured to dispute Miss Rowe's right to dilate on the events of her own family history. So now her hearers looked helplessly from one to another when she paused; and she, taking this, as was her wont, for a sign of keen interest and zealous questioning, went on again:

"Yes, the little Lord Wriothlesley used to say that it was the only thing worth seeing and hearing about in Wellfield; for he did not care for queencakes, or plums, or pictures, having such loads at home; but he did not have the Major's scimitar—and certainly I may be allowed to call it an article of high value, though Miss Adelaide Coke has turned up her nose at it as a rusty, crooked barrel-hoop. I hope there is still enough of old English gentlemanly and military spirit in the land to prefer the Major's scimitar, which was bought with a brave man's blood, to Mr. Coke's ebony chairs and ivory elephants, obtained by selling wormy biscuits and horse-flesh for beef. But anyhow, Lord Wriothlesley don't have the Royal Dukes' memory for faces, or their discrimination of rank either."

It was seldom that Miss Rowe's spirit was so sore; and Phœbe, feeling that Miss Rowe was doing injustice both to herself and to Lord Wriothlesley, rashly thought to explain and smooth matters:

"Lord Wriothlesley does not forget the name or the history of any inhabitant of the town; but he does not know people unless he is quite near them."

"I am standing at your elbow, Miss Paston; and, may I ask, is he so sure of you that you feel bound to make apologies for him?"

Phœbe drew back, hurt, affronted, and uncomfortable.

Miss Rowe, though she accepted her situation, and, in her best moods, was frank and cordial, held herself and her family far above most of the Wellfield families, especially families of the single generation of a man of genius, like Paston. She was apt, when the temptation came upon her, to fly somewhat testily in the face of her neighbours. The two best things about such a habit were its candour and its universality, which robbed it of a special application.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN.

AT this moment, Phœbe caught a glimpse of Barty Wooler, and recalled Miss Rowe's sneer; and, coupling it with Barty's warning to her father, she brimmed over with tenfold

more resentment against him. The prolonged chances of an encounter with him were vexing and worrying her, and doing more to spoil her perfect enjoyment of the race-week at Wellfield than any other element in it. However innocent in intention, and however powerless she was to act otherwise than she had done, she could not rid herself of the conviction that she had wronged Barty Wooler, while she was so far just as to exonerate him from bearing unmanly malice. Why, it was he who handed her mother and her down from the stand at the close of the day's performance; and his mother having gone home early with some country friends, he walked part of the road to Woovers' Alley with the Pastons, as he had done that evening when Phoebe had drunk tea for the first and the last time in the house behind the laburnums. He praised the day, the company, the running, and the riding quite good-humouredly, helping out Phoebe's monosyllables and the elaborate little speeches which she was under the dire necessity of composing and repeating to him, in order to keep up a polite conversation. Mrs. Paston, on her part, put on a long face, and looked askance at him as at a man who did not know his own mind, since he submitted to be set at nought and dismissed without valid reason by a chit of a girl, and took the thing quietly, too, when once it was done.

Phoebe knew in her guilty conscience that he acted in this manner to put her at ease; and that he had resolved to put a generous restraint upon himself, in order to render her hard lines, which he had been the means of creating, so much the easier for her. She knew that she owed him gratitude for keeping up appearances by conducting himself as if nothing whatever had taken place between him. In her proud maidenly code, reticence in this matter was a duty as real and as binding on her and her family as *Noblesse oblige* was on Lady Dorothea. To her idea, it was even somewhat of a shame for a girl not to have been able to foresee and to prevent a man's exposing himself to mortification in her eyes. Shame to her, then, if she became the means of exposing Barty Wooler and his disappointment to the world.

Cut to the heart, Phoebe had burnt with anger at the behaviour of girls who boasted of their conquests, and who led on men to their undoing. She was indebted to the magnanimity, the mature sense and consideration of Barty Wooler, for doing his best to give the world the general impression that it

had made a mistake in its vague conclusion respecting the Woolers and the Pastons. But the debt was only an additional burden to her. Frightened, grieved, and worried, she asked herself, had she injured this man in any degree? had she wrought an evil beyond remedy to her father's friend? and was her tenderness of heart to be wrung by the fancy, whenever it occurred to her, all her life afterwards?

Rover though he had been, Barty had impressed her with the sincerity and steadfastness of his passion. The full-grown tree might break, but could not bend like the twig. When love took possession of a grey-headed Mark Antony, or a furrow-faced Othello, it was apt, if crossed, to become a fatal possession. Had she completed the worldly ruin of a life which had been sufficiently wasted already? Yet she was persuaded that she did not love Barty one bit as girls love—that she was more or less offended with him, and aggrieved at him, though he was now doing what he could to make up to her for his folly and rashness. Still he troubled her. She had a very distinct perception that, in spite of all his failures, there was still in him the making of a man; and that it was very likely she would never see his like again. In reality she would no more have compared a beaming, elegant, aristocratic lad in a gentleman-jockey's costume to robust, plain-spoken Barty Wooler in his work-a-day tweed, than she would have compared the Countess's slender, tricksome Italian grey-hound Rogero to Lady Dorothea's handsome but solidly-built spaniel Diver.

Barty Wooler was going his own way, getting over his short furlough of the race-week, chewing the bitter cud of his reflections and imaginations, totally unconscious of the degree in which he was troubling Phoebe, and the burden of care he was casting upon her.

Knowing little of the true quality, save from the old pages of George Selwyn and Horace Walpole (which, more than Burke or Debrett, should be the Englishman's text-book), Barty supposed the race had neither improved nor degenerated greatly since then, but had only accommodated itself to the march of time and the progress of the world. He was ready to allow that there must have been something exquisite and unapproachable in the good-nature and *sang-froid* of those exceedingly depraved young men, whose ingenuousness surpassed their viciousness, and whose character in its composition was rounded off to strange heights and

depths of good and evil. He had no doubt that Lord Wriothlesley was of such a set, white-washed and virtuous, as became a Latimer, but man enough to have his individual tastes, although peer enough to hanker after forbidden fruit. Lord Wriothlesley could not have Phœbe Paston any more than the Prince of Wales could have had her; but he could admire her, court her, and dangle after her in a dilettante, virtuous, Latimer fashion, only robbing her of her virgin fancy, her maiden meditations, the first bloom of her heart. But to Barty she was the bright particular star whom he might not hope to wed, yet could not help worshipping to the end, and beyond the end, of his half-spent mortal life. Such was the way of the world. Paston could not foresee the harm nor hinder it. The girl's mother was a fool; and such an affair, even though it closely affected her dear Wellfield god-daughter and friend, was very far below a Lady Dorothea's notice. Barty himself, instead of arresting it, as he would have gone through fire and water to do, had accelerated it and brought it to a climax. Lastly, he was assured, that if he told any man or woman, even his old mother, of his agonies of mortification, suspicion, and jealousy, he would very soon come to be regarded as stark, staring mad.

It was not all tranquillity and sunshine to those who shared in the gaieties of the race-week at Wellfield; but thanks to the elasticity of youth, with its worst crosses, it was nevertheless to Phœbe a season of enchantment.

CHAPTER XXII.—NOT TO BE BEATEN.

It had been the custom that both a ball and a concert should take place at Wellfield during the race-week. These were provided and patronised by the Brockcotes family for the entertainment of the troops of visitors. The ball was usually on Thursday, and the concert on Friday.

On Tuesday, the second day of the races, Lady Dorothea, while *en route* for the course, had herself set down in the High Street, and made her way to Wooers' Alley without troubling Lord Fairchester for his attendance. Her purpose was to beg Phœbe's assistance to lift the family off the horns of a dilemma.

"What do you think the singing people we ordered from town have done, Phœbe?" began her Ladyship, adding without giving Phœbe time to answer: "They have quarrelled among themselves, and broken their engagement as a company. Where would be the use of Titians alone? Only Charles Mat-

thews undertakes to be an entire chorus. I told Mr. Hall I never could bear professionals—they were so overbearing. But the opera would have behaved better than this music-hall. We think of having none of the offenders, but of leaving them to be sorry, and making faster friends together at their leisure."

"Then you will have to give up the plan you had fixed on?"

"No, no, we are not going to fail in our programme; you need not look as if we were. Some of us would rather die than disappoint our neighbours, and break our word like those singing people. We have got some good voices in our own party, and we will press our friends into the service. Lady Louisa Blount will sing alone, and Miss Dugdale with Mr. Vernon. The Miss Hammonds from Eastwich will execute one of their difficult pieces, and I think Miss Coke will do something also, if I ask her. I don't doubt but I shall muster a full private company after I have walked over the course to-day. We flatter ourselves that the Wellfield people, who know us so well, will be good-natured and friendly, take the will for the deed, and not prove too critical."

"O Lady Dorothea!" exclaimed Phœbe, with encouraging enthusiasm, "I am sure it will be a thousand times better than the professional concert in the Town Hall. I am certain all Wellfield will congratulate itself on the change. But will it not be a dreadful trouble to the family?"

"Not at all, Phœbe. I hope it may be our *forte*, as well as our calling, to minister to the public, in spite of what Messrs. Bradlaugh and Co. may say. The worst of it is, that besides being pinched for time—although Lady Louisa, Chetwynd Dugdale, and the rest, will have two nights and mornings to scream themselves hoarse at rehearsals—we ourselves can contribute nothing but the room. The truth is, there is no music to be got out of me, whatever may be in me. It would be a gross imposition on my neighbours to pretend to witch them in that way. But why don't young men of rank like Wriothlesley continue to practise the flageolet and the musical glasses, as they did in Sir Charles Grandison's day, without being laughed at for their pains? It is more necessary for them now than ever to take, not only silly women, but the world by storm. How can they do it, when comical ascents of Mont Blanc, in poor Albert Smith's style, and *feux d'artifice*, are no longer good for race-weeks? The more's the pity; because abstracts of the

lives of Watt and Stephenson, so curtailed as to fall flat, stale, and unprofitable on Mechanics' Institutes, are not appropriate here. Wriothesley says he could play *tableaux vivants*, and a bright idea has struck us, about which everybody at Brockcotes is wild. I suppose its audacity is its attraction. You remember the Beauty end of the picture-gallery, Phœbe, which contains the beauties of all the centuries, portraits of whom had been stolen by, or strayed to, the Latimers?"

"Yes; and I fancy I am not likely to forget it, Lady Dorothea," said Phœbe, in hasty anticipation.

"Well, we want to get up a series of living representations of the famous beauties in costume and character. We hope, in acknowledgment of our attainments in costume (we have lots of old clothes in the wardrobes, if Thorpe and Thorpie could only get at them), the spectators will not mind such trifles as deterioration in beauty and discrepancy of complexion."

"It will be perfectly charming; as good as a fancy-ball, or an old masquerade," declared Phœbe, clasping her hands, already seeing the novel spectacle with dazzled eyes.

"Well, I don't know about it's being as good, but I trust it won't be as bad;—and only consider that Wriothesley's supineness on this occasion might cost him his election at some future period, were our good little town to turn its coat and become a prey to ultra-liberals, or unwarrantable, unprincipled place-seekers in any guise. But all that I bargain for in the meantime is, that we may eke out our amateur concert so cleverly that nobody will miss anything. We adjourned to the Beauty corner of the gallery last night, after the tiresome singing people's telegram came, and Wriothesley hit on this device, and made a selection on the moment. I am to be the Rose of Raby—Cicely of York, you know—in a horned head-dress of Richard II.'s time, very curious and striking; and Fairchester is to be Richard III.'s father."

"Oh, but won't the last be a pity, Lady Dorothea?" urged Phœbe.

"Why?" demanded her Ladyship, coolly. "Lady Penelope Blount is to wear a yellow wig, and be her own ancestress, Lady Rich, to Lord Dacre's Mountjoy. Wriothesley would not hear of a desecration of Sir Philip. I fancy he thought nobody would be tender of the character but himself; and Lady Penelope had settled to be Lady Rich with Lord Dacre. Lady Louisa is to sing: besides it would be too heavy a tax on people's imagination to impose her also on them as a

beauty without any particular ancestress to carry off the liberty. Chetwynd Dugdale *is* a beauty, therefore it is a necessity she should both sing and act. We omitted Mary Queen of Scots for Chetwynd, as the personation is hackneyed and stagey, in addition to being in the same generation as Lady Rich. We must vary our epochs, for in such an affair if we have not variety we have nothing. We passed over Sarah of Marlborough, because this would have been outrageously a dove personating a hawk. We pitched upon Venetia Lady Digby, to an unknown Sir Kenelm. We half think we'll talk over Mr. Hall, as he doesn't mind a bit being stuffed out to get up the 'greasy' bulk of Sir Kenelm, if that were all."

"I should think not. Mr. Hall won't be very much out of character, Lady Dorothea, for I always tell him that, like the rest of his class, he is already mentally stuffed out."

Both girls laughed, and Lady Dorothea resumed:—

"But, Phœbe, Mr. Hall shows courage in this adventure. Every one else minds such a thing, and Wriothesley would expire of the weight of the stuffing which he would have to stand. Wars of the Roses, Elizabeth's and Charles' reigns," continued Lady Dorothea, checking off the periods on her fingers, "present a wide field for telling distinction; but we require something nearer the last centuries to complete our show. Now, Phœbe, Wriothesley is of opinion that you could do Molly Lepel, who would be preferable to the 'charming Nancy,' Countess of Exmoor of that date. Indeed, Wriothesley sees a likeness between you and Harding's picture of Molly Lepel. He would feel honoured to support you as Lord Fanny."

"Oh, dear! but I'm afraid I could not do such a thing," objected Phœbe, on the spur of the moment, colouring brilliantly, and drawing a long breath.

"It would not be like doing it among strangers, you know," insisted Lady Dorothea. "We are going to beg your father to come up and give us the benefit of his taste. Your cousin, Mr. Hall, is there, and I expect will form one of the company. Surely, with me and Wriothesley you are not a stranger either. I would not ask you to do anything which I thought would be unsuitable for you or disagreeable; and I must say I see no objection, and the Countess sees none; at least she does not disapprove of you joining us. You would only have to come up this evening and help us to arrange matters; and when you are there, you had better stay, for we

women are going to beg off from the races to-morrow as much as possible, to study the groups and the general plan. We shall have a cabinet luncheon and a dressing-gown tea, and that part of the play will be quite easy. Thursday, the day after to-morrow, is that of the hurdle-race and the ball, and we shall get no good of it, so we will let each other off from it. But I think you might come up on the Friday morning again, to be ready for the evening."

"I should be glad to go to Brockcotes, and help you to prepare the *tableaux*."

"As to that, Phœbe, I could easily get more help. You *must* take a part, for we cannot do without you. Of course there would be a dress prepared for you, and I should see to Thorpe's looking after the making of it. Molly Lepel's is a very quiet, nineteenth-century dress, even to the very doing of the hair—only a square-cut body, with pretty breast-knots and shoulder-knots, and an open skirt and petticoat, to render it out of the common; nothing like the Rose of Raby's, I can tell you, with her horned head-dress and sleeves trailing down to the ground. However, if you don't like to take an active share in our programme, do not hesitate to tell me, Phœbe, because I won't mind it at all; only remember, it is not like regular acting—there is not a part to be learnt, nor a word to say. But there is not a moment to be lost, my dear child; and if you don't mind, I should much prefer you to any one else, when it is for the credit of the race-week at Wellfield—perhaps the last race-week I shall cater for."

It was clear that Lady Dorothea had set her heart on *tableaux*, and if *tableaux*, why, of course, the best of the kind, so far as she could make them. Hence her anxiety to find it perfectly practicable that pretty, clever Phœbe Paston should be one of the performers.

Phœbe hated to disappoint Lady Dorothea, just because Lady Dorothea bore the disappointment so admirably, never uttering a word of vexation, or, indeed, saying another word on the subject. Again, it must be confessed, Phœbe secretly hankered after the fine doings and the fine people. She longed to be just for once in the centre of Lady Dorothea's circle, to try the effect of the high rarefied atmosphere. She thought that, after all, she could undertake what was required of her, if it were only to do as the others did—stand up with Lord Wriothesley, and make a picture for a few minutes. She did not allow herself to encourage any considerations which

could render it a difficulty, when Lady Dorothea ignored such scruples. She did not think that her father would object to her going up to Brockcotes, when he and Frank Hall were with her. There was nothing conspicuous in that, and the Countess had consented to it. If her own mother objected, Phœbe knew very well the objection would not hold for a day. She could easily reconcile her mother to the step. Besides, she had as much vanity as to like to think of appearing as one of the Brockcotes company before all the assembled world of Wellfield—the Medlars, the Staceys, Miss Rowe, and even Miss Adelaide Coke, who did not think Phœbe of rank sufficient to visit at the White House. This, Phœbe felt, would be a triumphant proof of the esteem of the Exmoor family towards her father. And she would show her independence of Barty Wooler—the man towards whom she bore a grudge, because he had compelled her to do him a wrong.

Phœbe said yes, conditionally on receiving her father's consent, and sent Lady Dorothea away to walk over the course, not only in good heart (since she never lost heart), but in high spirits, and confident assurance of attaining a great success.

Mr. Paston did not say no to the proposal. He had grown to have great faith in the discretion which characterized all the Brockcotes arrangements for Phœbe, the force of Barty Wooler's protests against them having faded away with his right to make such protests. Mr. Paston, during all his artist life, had been in the habit of treating invitations to Brockcotes like royal mandates, a result arising as much from the formality as from the grateful loyalty of the man.

Mrs. Paston the one moment asserted that Phœbe ought to go, and the next that she ought not. At the last she agreed to Phœbe's going, reserving to herself the right of complaining, in boastful lowness of spirits, to every ready ear which she could secure for a day or two of the expense, the exposure, and the risk inseparable from the boldness and the eccentricity of her husband and daughter.

Phœbe's promotion had one disadvantage. She was so full of the performance to which she was invited at Brockcotes, that on the second day she lost her appreciation of the races, and attended them as a matter of course, and a little as a task. She was full of impatience to have done with them, to get up to Brockcotes, and pass the rubicon, making her appearance among the players in the *tableaux*.

DEBENHAM'S VOW.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—"THE ATHENS OF PERICLES."



IT may be remembered that Temple De Benham, smoking his after-dinner pipe in the porch of a certain riverside hostelry, chanced, one memorable evening, to overhear some fragments of a sufficiently unimportant dialogue in the adjoining parlour. The speakers were Mr. and Miss Alleyne;

and almost the first expression of opinion to which De Benham heard the painter give utterance in the course of that brief conversation, was his dislike to the painting of commission pictures.

To hundreds—nay, to thousands—of struggling artists such expression of opinion would sound like affectation or insanity; but in Mr. Alleyne's case it was literally true. He loved to paint a picture for his own pleasure—to take his own time about it—to feel himself unfettered alike in the choice and treatment of his subject. Then, and then only, he used to say, it was possible for him to do full justice to the power that was in him. Then only, as his daughter would admit when appealed to for confirmation of the fact, he was wont to work with genuine industry.

Yet Mr. Alleyne seldom found leisure to produce more than one such picture in the year, and there were sometimes years when even that one was not forthcoming. His hands, in truth, were always more than sufficiently full of those commissions which he professed to hate. Hate them as he might, however, and grumble over them as he might, he was bound either to accept them or forfeit his connection. Now Mr. Alleyne was not a popular painter. He was not an R.A., nor even an A.R.A. He exhibited very little; for his works, being executed to order, went

home to their owners, for the most part, as soon as finished. His reputation, in short, high as it was, scarcely strayed beyond the limits of a certain small circle of aristocratic patrons; and Mr. Alleyne was not the man to give up that "audience, fit though few," for the wider arena but less certain issues of public favour. He knew the value of his connection, and fully appreciated the advantages accruing thereunto. It maintained him in comfort, and, had he cared to work harder and spend less, would have maintained him in affluence. It ministered to the gratification of his tastes; and it opened to him the sort of society he liked best to mix in. For about seven months out of every twelve, for instance, Mr. Alleyne would be staying at the country place of one or other of his patrons, painting park glades, ancestral oaks, Elizabethan halls, terraces, galleries, and all those wonderful landscape and architectural subjects in which our old English homes are rich beyond all parallel. Treated on these occasions with all the honours of a guest, he rode, and drove, and dined, and was invited out with his hosts, and fared like a prince. At other times, when not actually staying at the great house, he would lodge at the steward's; or some neighbouring farm; or establish himself, as at Cillingford, in the village inn, and have his daughter with him. In the winters he stayed at home, still painting commissions from sketches made upon the spot, dining out frequently, and spending most of his evenings at his club. Mr. Alleyne, in short, led a very pleasant, easy life, and amused himself by grumbling at the sources of his prosperity.

Still, as it has already been stated, the artist did occasionally make time to produce what he called a "holiday picture;" and this holiday picture, if not bought up before it left his studio, was sure to be sold the day of the private view. It had not happened to him, indeed, for many a long year—not, perhaps, since he had become a father and a widower—to have one of these pictures left upon his hands.

Now it so fell out that during the early spring of 1861, Mr. Alleyne solaced himself in the intervals of his other labours by taking up a certain neglected canvas that had been standing with its face to the wall for years; and, falling into a sudden enthusiasm for the

subject (as one is apt to do with a sketch or poem long laid aside and forgotten), he finished it at a white heat, and got it off in time for the Academy. Having been at work upon it with closed doors up to the last moment, he did not, this time, sell it off the easel; but it was sold, and the red star was on the frame, before the rooms in Trafalgar Square had been thrown open more than an hour to that favoured multitude whom the President invites to the private view. And the purchaser of the picture was Mr. Hardwicke.

It happened, of course, through the mere accident of taste. Mr. Hardwicke knew nothing of Mr. Alleyne, except by reputation; and Mr. Alleyne knew nothing of Mr. Hardwicke, except that he remembered to have heard the name, but could not tell in what connection.

"The picture is sold, Juliet," he said, when he went home that afternoon.

"Of course, it is sold, papa," replied his daughter, lovingly. "I never doubted that. Has Sir Edwin Fletcher bought it?"

"No—a stranger. A Mr. Hardwicke. I fancy I know the name. Do you remember anything about him?"

Miss Alleyne turned to the window, and began plucking the dead leaves from her geraniums.

"Where does he live?" she asked.

"He is down in the Red Book for a house in the Regent's Park, a place in Kent, and some warehouse in the City."

"Then I think I know. He is a cousin of Mr. Archibald Blyth."

"Ay?—a man of some position, too."

"I believe he is very rich," said Miss Alleyne.

And then there were some moments of silence.

"By the way," said Mr. Alleyne, presently, "is it not to this Mr. Hardwicke's employment that that other young fellow, Debenham, has betaken himself?"

Miss Alleyne bent over her flowers.

"I—yes, I think so," she replied.

"A strange turn for a young man of talent to take! I fancied he was devoted to his art."

Miss Alleyne made no reply.

"But it's a self-indulgent, money-making, degenerate age," said the painter, philosophically, "and the true spirit of art is well-nigh extinct. I think, my love, I will take a cup of strong coffee and a *chasse* of curaçoa before I go up to dress."

"To dress?" said Miss Alleyne. "I thought you dined at home to-night, papa."

"Ah, I forgot to tell you before—Captain Bathurst has asked me to join him at the Carlton. You are not disappointed, my love?"

Miss Alleyne smiled, and would not allow that she was in the least disappointed.

"You know of old," she said, "that I do not mind dining alone."

She did not add, however, that, accustomed as she was to his absence, she had of late so lost her old buoyancy of spirits, that she had come almost to dread the recurrence of these solitary evenings.

"He is a gentlemanly-looking man," said Mr. Alleyne presently, while sipping his coffee and curaçoa.

"Who, dear papa?"

"Mr. Hardwicke."

"Did you see him?"

"For a moment. I went up to learn who had bought the picture, and the secretary pointed him out to me as he was leaving the rooms."

"I hope he has the taste to appreciate it," said Miss Alleyne.

"Well, he has had the taste to buy it," said the painter.

"That proves nothing. It may have taken his fancy; or some one may have advised him; or he may have been to the place, and bought it for the association."

"*Qu'importe?* His cheque will be none the less valid."

"Nay, papa,—your best picture!"

Mr. Alleyne, rising to go, pinched his daughter's ear, and said smilingly:—

"Ah, pussy, you always think the last picture is the best!"

"You always think it is the worst."

"Just so. The artist desponds, missing his ideal—the loving woman by his side (wife or daughter, as the case may be) sees his work with the eyes of her heart, and finds no flaw. That is one of the few pleasant laws that hold this uncomfortable world together."

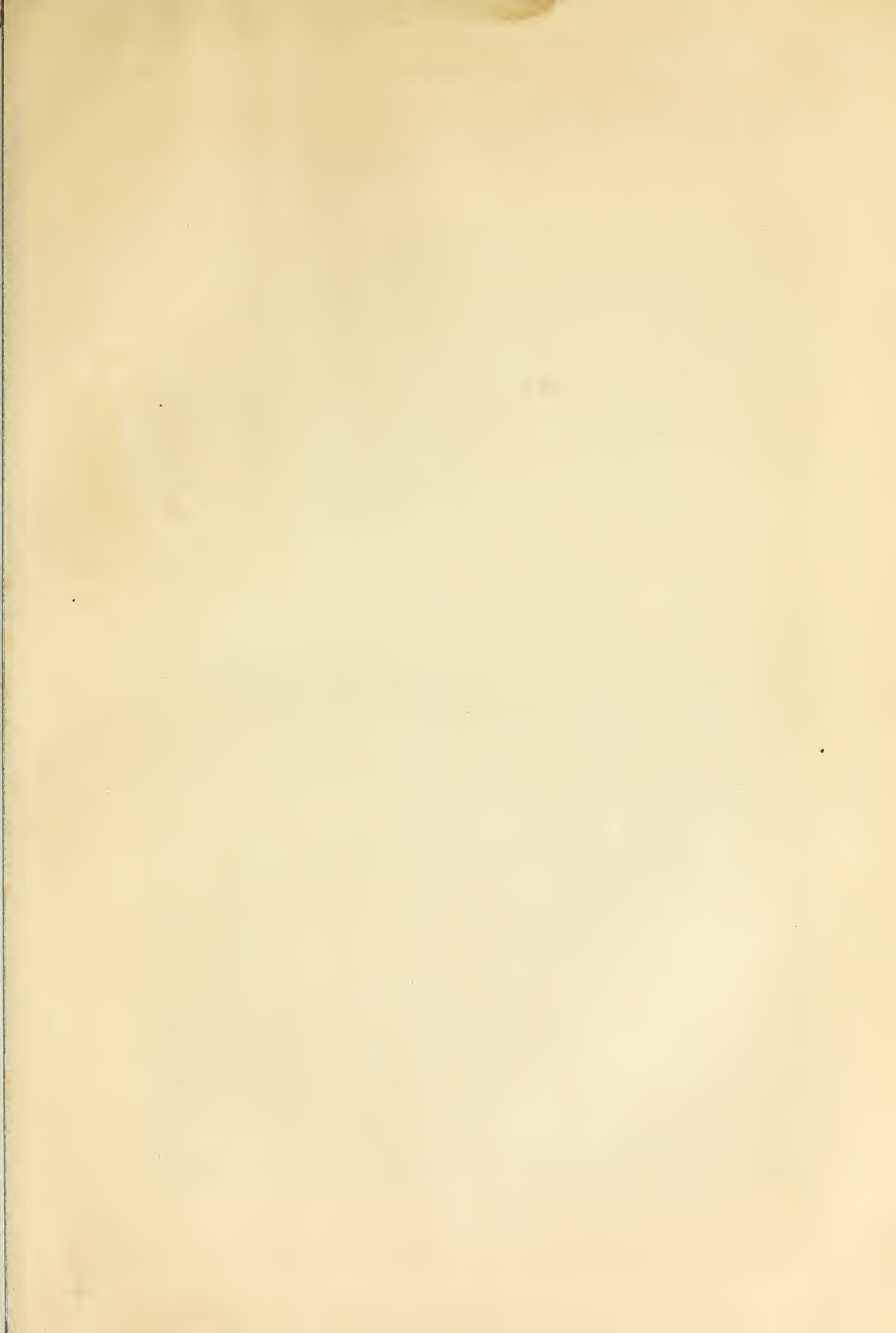
"Generalise as much as you like, papa," said Miss Alleyne, with something of her old, pretty, wilful manner, "I maintain that '*The Athens of Perides*' is the best picture you ever painted."

Mr. Alleyne stopped with his hand on the door.

"By the way," he said, "did you ever hear young Blyth speak of his cousin's sister, Miss Hardwicke?"

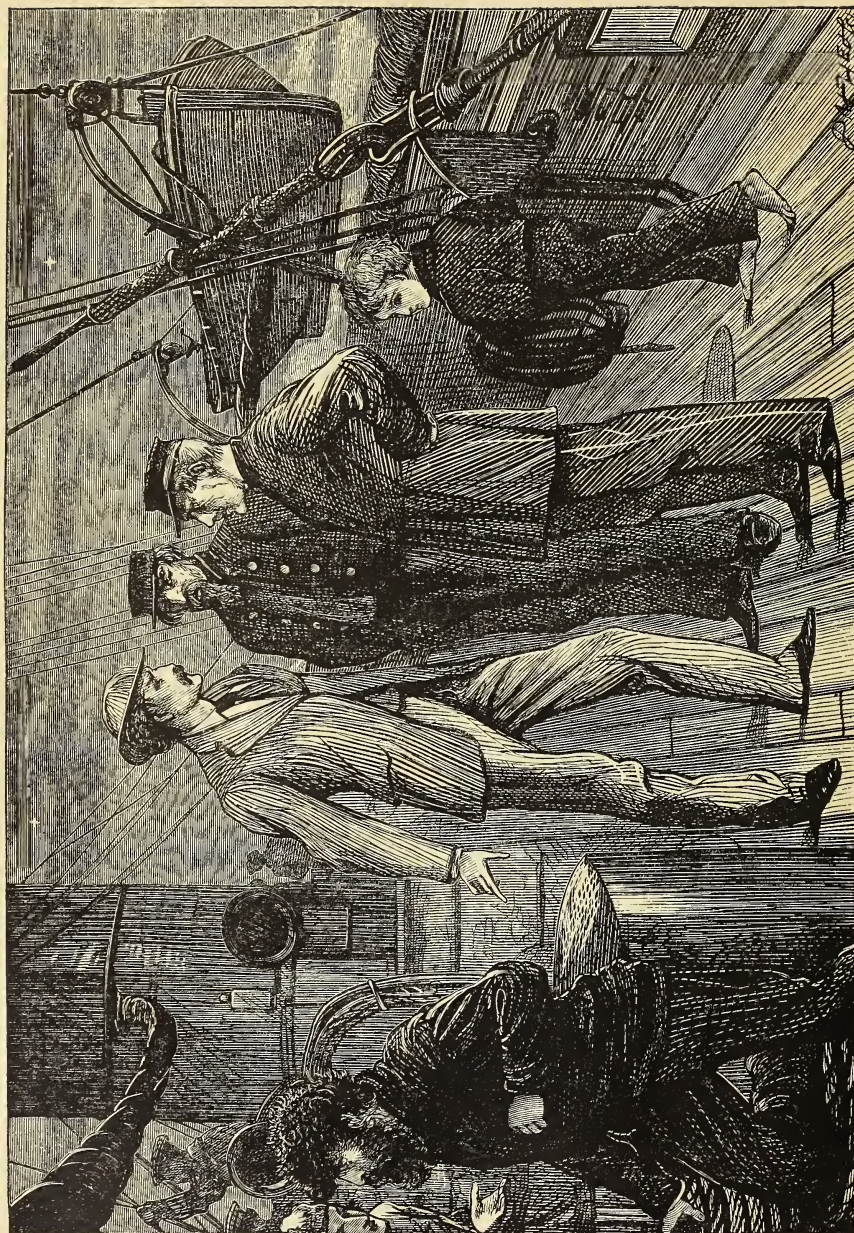
"I did not even know that there was a Miss Hardwicke. What of her?"

"What of her? Simply that she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life."



[July 1, 1869.]

Good Words.]



"DEBENHAM'S VOW."

Page 431.

And with this he closed the door, and was gone.

Miss Alleyne looked after him as if scarcely realising the full meaning of his words. The most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life! It was a sweeping assertion,—such an assertion as one accepts, for the most part, with a certain degree of silent qualification. Perhaps Miss Alleyne was so qualifying it in her own mind; at all events, she sat for a long time grave, and pale, and earnestly thinking. Then, having the dead geranium leaves in her lap, she began slowly shredding them to pieces—shredding them to pieces, and casting the fragments into the fireplace one by one.

The most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life! Ay, and probably one of the richest women, too. Beautiful—and rich—and Mr. Hardwicke's sister! Her mind kept travelling round those three facts with a persistency that was painful to herself. She went over them again, and again, and again. And so the dusk came on and found her still thinking.

CHAPTER XXXV.—RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

"GUESS it's the *Roanoke*," observed the pilot, calmly.

Even as he said the words, the American loomed out distincter, closer, within pistol-shot from deck to deck.

The captain of the *Stormy Petrel* answered the hostile summons.

"Ay, ay, sir," he shouted through his speaking-trumpet. "We are hove-to."

And then he called down the tube to those in the engine-room, "Ease her!"

"You won't stop the boat, Captain Hay?" exclaimed De Benham, breathlessly.

"I *have* stopped her, sir," snarled the captain.

Then thundered a second mandate from the threatening phantom alongside.

"Lay-to, for boats!"

To which the captain again responded:—"Ay, ay, sir!"

De Benham ground his teeth. "But—God of heaven! man," he said, scarcely conscious of his own vehemence, "do you give in thus—without an effort?"

The captain turned upon him with an oath.

"Who says I'm going to give in?" he answered savagely. "Wait till you see me do it, sir!"

And now the *Stormy Petrel*, her steam being suddenly turned off, had ceased to move. All on deck stood silent, motionless,

waiting with suspended breath. They could hear the captain of the cruiser issuing his rapid orders—trace, through the fog, the outline of the quarter-boats as they were lowered into the water—hear the splash of the oars, the boisterous gaiety of the men . . .

De Benham uttered a suppressed groan, and the perspiration stood in great beads upon his forehead. He was powerless; and the sense of his powerlessness was intolerable.

"Will you let them board us?" he said hoarsely, pointing to the boats, now half-way between the two vessels.

The captain grinned, put his lips again to the tube, shouted down to the engineer, "Full speed a head!" and with one quivering leap, the *Stormy Petrel* shot out again upon her course, like a greyhound laid loose.

"There, Mr. Supercargo," said the captain grimly; "that's my way of giving in. Our American friend will hardly desert his boats upon the open sea in such a night as this—even for the fun of capturing a blockade-runner."

At this moment, a red flash and a tremendous report declared the prompt indignation of the Federal commander. But almost before those rolling echoes had died away, the *Stormy Petrel* was half a mile a-head, and not an outline of the cruiser was visible through the fog.

"Wa'al, now," said Mr. Zachary Polter, "that's what I call sinful extravagance. I calc'late them chaps will come to want good powder and shot some day, afore they die."

De Benham went up to the captain with extended hand.

"Captain Hay," he said, frankly, "I spoke just now under excitement—I beg your pardon."

The captain grunted, and yielded his hand somewhat unwillingly.

"It is not the supercargo's place, Mr. Debenham, to question the discretion of the captain," he said with some asperity—and turned away.

De Benham accepted the rebuke in silence, knowing that he had deserved it.

The night passed over without further incident, and by five o'clock next morning, the *Stormy Petrel* was within eight hours of her destination. Both captain and pilot had calculated on making considerably less way in the time, and had allowed a much wider margin for detours and delays: so that now they were not a little perplexed at finding themselves so near the end of their journey. To go on was impossible; for they could only hope to slip through the cordon under cover

of the night. And yet to remain where they were was almost as bad. However, they had no alternative; so, after some little consultation, they agreed to lie-to for the present, keeping up their steam meanwhile, and holding themselves in readiness to repeat the manoeuvres of yesterday whenever any vessel hove in sight.

The fog had now cleared off. The day was brilliant; the sky one speckless dome of intensest blue; the sun, an intolerable Splendour fast climbing to the zenith. The blockade-runners, who would have given much for dark and cloudy weather, revenged themselves by saying uncivil things of the glorious luminary; till presently a long, black, horizontal cloud on the horizon warned them of a steamer in the offing, whereupon they edged away in the opposite direction as quickly as possible.

And now their troubles had begun again. Sometimes it was a frigate, sometimes a merchant ship, sometimes a steamer, sometimes a sloop of war—but it was always something; and the *Stormy Petrel* was perpetually sheering off to one or other point of the compass.

Towards sunset, Mr. Zachary Polter began to look grave.

"Guess we shan't know whar we air if this game goes on much longer," said he. "It aren't in natur not to get out of one's reck'n'ing arter dodgin' and de-vi-atin' all day long in this style."

Still there was no help for it. Dodge and deviate the *Stormy Petrel* must, if she was to be kept out of harm's way; and even so, with all her dodging and deviating, it seemed well-nigh miraculous that she should escape observation.

At length, as evening drew on and the sun neared the horizon, preparations were made for the final run. Both captain and pilot, by help of charts, soundings, and so forth, had pretty well satisfied themselves as to their position, and Mr. Zachary Polter, knowing at what hour it would be high tide on the bar, had calculated the exact time for going into the harbour.

"Twouldn't be amiss, cap'n," said this latter, "if you was to change that white weskit for suthin dark; nor if you, sir," turning to De Benham, "was to get quit o' that light suit altogether for the nex few hours."

The captain muttered something about "unnecessary nonsense;" but went to his cabin, all the same, to change the obnoxious garment. Whereupon Mr. Zachary Polter gave it as his opinion that if the captain and all on board were to black the whites of their

eyes and put their teeth in mourning, it would not be more than the occasion warranted.

After this, an unlucky cock which had travelled with them in the character of a deck-passenger all the way from Liverpool (but was addicted to crowing justly about midnight and the small hours of the morning) was hurried by the steward to an untimely end. And then, the brief twilight being already past, the engineers piled on the coal; the captain gave the word; and the *Stormy Petrel* steered straight for Charleston.

And now it is night; clear, but not over clear, although the stars are shining. Objects, however, are discernible at some distance, and ships are sighted continually. But as none of these lie directly in his path, and as he knows his own boat to be invisible by night beyond a certain radius, the captain holds on his course unhesitatingly. In the meanwhile, the hours seem to fly. The *Stormy Petrel*, now clearing the waters at full speed, stretches herself like a racer to her work, flinging the spray over her sharp bows and speeding onward gallantly. About midnight, the stars begin to cloud over and the night thickens; but there is still no mist upon the sea. Towards two in the morning, their patent lead tells that they are nearing shore. Then the pilot gives orders to "slow down the engines"—a breathless silence prevails—every eye is on the watch, every ear on the alert—and, momentarily expecting to catch their first glimpse of the blockading squadron, they steal slowly and cautiously on their way.

And now the sense of time becomes suddenly reversed. Up to this point the hours have gone by like minutes; but now the minutes go by like hours. Beacons there are none to guide them, for the harbour-lights have all been abolished since the arrival of the enemies' ships outside the bar; but those on board begin to ask themselves whether some outline of the coast ought not, ere this, to be visible. And then comes that other question—have they indeed so "dodged and deviated" that the pilot has lost his reckoning?

Still the *Stormy Petrel* creeps on—still each fresh sounding brings her into shallower water—still those eager watchers stare into the darkness, knowing that the tide will turn and the dawn be drawing on ere long, and that after sunrise neither speed nor skill can save them.

At length, when suspense is sharpened almost to pain, there comes into sight a faint, indefinite something which presently resolves itself into the outline of a large vessel lying

at anchor, with her head to the wind and a faint spark of light at her prow.

Mr. Zachary Polter slaps his thigh triumphantly.

"That ar's the senior officer's ship," he whispers. "She lies jest tew mile off the mouth o' Charleston harbour—an' she's bound, yer see, to show a light to her own cruisers. Darned, now, if we ain't fixed it uncommon tidy this time!"

And now, not one by one, but, as it were, simultaneously, the whole line of blockaders comes into sight, some to the right, some to the left of that which shows the light. Of these they count six besides the flag-ship, all under way and gliding slowly, almost imperceptibly, to and fro in the darkness.

Between some two of these the *Stormy Petrel* must make her final run; and upon this point there ensues a momentary altercation between captain and pilot—the former insisting that the widest passage lies between two cruisers a little way off to the right, and the latter preferring to go in between the flag-ship and the nearest blockader on the left.

"Tell yer, cap'n," says he emphatically, "yer downright wrong this fit. I guess we shall git threw as right as a fiddle; but if we air cotched sight of—wa'al, then, we *know* that one of the tew's at anker and can't run arter us. Besides, the flag-ship allers lies highest in with the channel."

So the captain gives in sulkily, as is his wont; steam is again got up to the highest pressure; and the *Stormy Petrel* rushes on at full speed. Then the two ships between which lies her perilous path grow momentarily clearer and nearer, and a dark ridge of coast becomes dimly visible beyond them.

And now the supreme moment is at hand. Straight and fast the good boat flies, her propellers throbbing furiously, like a pulse at high fever, and the water hissing past her bows. Now every man on board holds his breath. Now flag-ship and cruiser (the one about half a mile to the right, the other about half a mile to the left) lie out a few hundred yards ahead—now, for the briefest second, the *Stormy Petrel* is in a line with both—now she has left them as many hundred yards astern—and now, all at once, she is in the midst of the current, and rushing straight at that long white ridge of boiling surf which marks the position of the bar!

"By Jove!" says the captain, drawing a long breath, "we've done it."

"Don't yew make tew sartin, cap'n, till we're over the bar," replies Mr. Zachary

Polter. "We ain't out o' gunshot range yet awhile."

Over the bar they are, however, ere long, safe and successful.

And now the steam-whistle is blown twice, shrill and fearlessly, and two white lights are hung out over the bows of the vessel; for their pilot has been in before, and knows the signals necessary to be observed inside the cordon. Were these signals neglected, the *Stormy Petrel* would be fired upon by the Confederate forts.

And now, too, lights are lit, and tongues are loosened, and even Captain Frank Hay unbends for once, promising the men a double allowance of grog, and inviting De Benham and Heneage to a bottle of champagne in his own cabin. A long irregular line of coast has meanwhile emerged, as it were, into the grey of dawn; and just as the first flush of crimson streams up the eastern sky, the *Stormy Petrel* casts anchor under the sand-bag batteries of Morris Island.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE FIRST NUGGET.

MORRIS ISLAND, seen by broad daylight, proved to be an unattractive place enough, low and flat, diversified by rolling mounds of sand, patches of starved grass, and bitter salt-water marshes. There were tents pitched here and there among the sand-hills; and just against the beach, long banks of sand-bag batteries, surmounted by a line of black parapet, port-holed like a ship's side, with the muzzles of the guns grinning through.

Sullivan's Island—a long tongue of land running out some way lower down on the opposite shore—partook apparently of the same low, sandy, marshy characteristics, relieved, however, by the noble water-front of Fort Moultrie; while midway between both shores, the stars and bars flaunting gaily overhead, rose, as it seemed, sheer out of the broad waters of the estuary, the battered, eyeless walls of Fort Sumter.

Yellow and turbid as the Tiber at the foot of St. Angelo flowed river and tide, now fast ebbing out to sea. White and dazzling stretched the sandy shores on either side. A hot wind blew, oppressive as the Italian scirocco, and thick with sand as the winds of the Egyptian desert. Half-choked, half-blinded, with smarting eyes, parched lips, and burning throats, the crew of the *Stormy Petrel* agreed together that the bold defenders of these harbour forts must have a disagreeable time of it.

No sooner was the camp awake and stirring on Morris Island than the beach was

crowded with Confederate officers and soldiers, all dressed pretty much alike, in coarse grey cloth, with worsted braid, and yellow facings, and palmetto-tree buttons. Their eagerness, their enthusiasm, their excitement knew no bounds. About a dozen officers put off in a boat and came on board at once, shaking hands with everyone, pressing them to land, and breakfast, and make the tour of the batteries; asking a thousand questions, and volunteering all kinds of hospitalities.

"By Jove! gentlemen, you are the first who have ventured to run the blockade with a steamer of this size," said one.

"An almighty plucky thing to do, captain," exclaimed another.

"I reckon now, you've brought a cargo of Enfields, to help us whip the Yankees!" cried a third.

A fourth went round addressing himself in the same words to the captain, supercargo, and passenger.

"You'll dine with me to-morrow, sir, at the Mills' House. Seven sharp. My card—Colonel Drummond, at your service."

"Every brave Britisher who runs the blockade of this harbour is the guest and brother of every man, woman, and child in Charleston city!"

"Darn my eye-teeth, gentlemen, if I let you go on to Charleston without first coming over to my tent for a bottle of Madeira!"

Resisting all this, however, and much more to the same effect, the captain of the *Stormy Petrel* succeeded at last in getting rid of his military visitors; and so, running up the Union Jack, prepared to be gone. Then the battery saluted him with a single gun at parting; Fort Moultrie followed up the compliment with another; and, acknowledging each civility with a dip of her flag, the blockade-runner, thus greeted, steamed on for Charleston.

Fort Sumter was now passed—pitted, and seamed, and blackened from the shelling it had gone through. Then came Fort Johnson, on another sandy promontory to the left—then, lying well off the land just at that point where the Ashley and Cooper rivers meet and mingle, Shute's Folly Island with Castle Pinckney (a huge round fort, like a gigantic martello tower) showing a bold front towards the sea—then, on a sandy delta between the mouths of the two rivers, sparkling, many-coloured, many-steepled, presenting a stately show of wharves and quays, white domes, green trees, and public and private buildings of every description—Charleston.

News of her arrival having in the mean-

while been telegraphed from Morris Island, the *Stormy Petrel*, as she steamed in, was met by an excited, huzzaing, welcoming multitude, which greeted the blockade-runner as enthusiastically as if she were fresh from the scene of some great naval victory. On they came, running along the quays as the boat drew on, and gathering about the landing-place as soon as she was made fast alongside—soldiers, townspeople, women, children, and niggers, waving caps and handkerchiefs, clanking spurs and sabres, shouting, laughing, elbowing, surging to and fro, and wild with that sort of excitement which, in revolutionary times, pervades the air like an inflammable gas, and is ready to flame out upon the smallest provocation.

The gangway once adjusted, it became no easy matter to keep the crowd at arm's length. Having issued orders, however, that no one should be allowed to come on board except the municipal authorities, or persons having business with the supercargo, the captain stationed two men at the top of the gangway and one at the foot, and so kept off all intruders.

Mr. Heneage, or, as he should more properly be called, Senator Shirley, had in the meanwhile seized the first opportunity of landing; and, being instantly recognised, was seen by those on board struggling to shake a hundred hands at once, now carried this way, now that, and finally swept away by a compact body of fellow townsmen, all boisterously cheering.

And now, captain and pilot, mates, engineers, and half the crew, having done so much of their work, were free to go ashore and make merry; but the supercargo's work was only just beginning. An anxious day was it for Temple De Benham. In none of those business transactions upon which he had been employed by Mr. Hardwicke had he as yet been called upon either to buy or sell; and now, for the first time in his life, he found himself responsible for the sale of property to the value of many thousands. He fully appreciated the weight of this responsibility. He knew that for the due fulfilment of his task, he should need all his coolness of head and all the presence of mind he could command. He knew that he must be prompt, but not precipitate; bold, and yet cautious. Above all, he knew that he must betray no sign of the commercial novice. To assume experience though he had it not, was almost the first necessity of his position.

Having thought it out, and resolved

with himself beforehand that his best plan would be to remain on board for the transaction of all business relating to the present cargo, he had cleared his little cabin and turned it into a temporary office. A table and a couple of chairs, a ledger and order-book, a despatch-box, a pile of blank invoices, a large inkstand, blotting pad, and so forth, gave the tiny place quite a business-like air. Then the young man tried to transform himself in like manner, that he might look as business-like as his cabin. It was well that he had made all ready beforehand, for his customers were pressing to come on board long enough before the captain was willing to admit them.

The *Stormy Petrel* left Morris Island while the day was yet young, and so reached her moorings by eleven A.M. Before two P.M. De Benham, had he so pleased, could have sold every item of his cargo; but he hung back, testing his market and holding out for the highest prices. By five P.M. he *had* sold every item—at a profit of from nine to twelve hundred per cent.!

Several thousand pairs of men's flannel shirts, for instance, bought wholesale at a great Manchester warehouse for something like fifty-four shillings the dozen, were taken by a single purchaser at the rate of ten dollars each shirt. A like number of clump-soled boots for men, costing five shillings the pair, were sold *en masse* at two pounds eighteen shillings. Ten cases of revolvers by Boissy of Liège, for which Mr. Hardwicke paid about six hundred francs (or twenty-four pounds English) per dozen, were sold by De Benham at the rate of twenty pounds for each weapon. The rest of the cargo, consisting of hats, hosiery, cotton goods and the like, went at prices bearing the same proportion to their original cost; and as for the blankets and Enfield rifles, they realised the heaviest profit of all, being at once bought up on account of the Confederate Government by the Superintendent of the Military Store Department.

When the last "trade" was done and the last buyer had left the ship, De Benham shut himself up in his cabin and set to work to draw out a rough balance-sheet of the day's transactions. Allowing a broad margin for expenses, this balance-sheet, at the end of two hours' hard calculation, proved a clear profit of about eighty-seven thousand pounds English.

The supercargo did not wait to consider what his own per centage on this sum would come to. The result once mastered, he

locked up his ledgers and papers, seized his portmanteau, landed, called the first hack that came in his way, drove to the great hotel in Meeting Street known as the Mills' House, and went straight to bed with the worst headache he had ever had in his life.

Being waked, however, somewhere about midnight by a braying of trumpets and trombones, a trampling of many feet in the street below, and a tumultuous chorus shouting the *refrain* to "Dixie's Land," he sat up in bed rubbing his eyes, wondering where he was, and for the moment forgetting what had happened since he was a poor art-student at Zollenstrasse am-Main. Then it suddenly flashed upon him that he was poor no longer—that he was on the high road to wealth—that he was entitled to fifteen per cent. on the profits already realised. And then, bad as his headache was, he could not help calculating his gains.

They amounted to no less a sum than thirteen thousand and fifty pounds. He could not believe it. He went over it again and again in his head, and still with the same result. At last he was convinced. Fifteen per cent. came to one hundred and fifty pounds in every thousand; and eighty-seven times one hundred and fifty amounted, beyond all question, to thirteen thousand and fifty.

After that, his chances of sleep went suddenly down to zero, and he never closed his eyes again till it was broad daylight.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—NOT A BAD BARGAIN.

THE next day or two in Charleston was given up to unlading the *Stormy Petrel*, delivering the goods to their several purchasers, and receiving payment for the same. De Benham was careful, by the way, to stipulate for the latter in the shape of bills upon English houses. He could not bring himself, somehow, to put much faith in bran new Confederate bank-notes, which, like the fairy gold in the Irish legend, might, he thought, in a single night turn suddenly to a mere heap of withered leaves. Then came the main business of all—the buying of the cotton.

The supply then actually in the town was, they told him, scanty; for, in consequence of the stagnation of the trade, it was yet lying at the plantations up the country. But there was plenty of it for De Benham's purpose in the long, low lines of open sheds along the quays—plenty and to spare for the freightage of a whole fleet of *Stormy Petrels*. Some of these sheds were still stacked with cotton bales, each bale in its "bagging" of Indian

canvas. On the wharves were piles of cotton bales, ready for removal. But the removals were now few and far between, and the trade was already at a dead lock for want of buyers and a market. There was something singularly melancholy in the sight of all this precious produce upon which so much human labour had already been expended, and for want of which so many millions of workers must be thrown out of employment. De Benham could not help saying so once or twice; but those to whom he spoke—hot-blooded Charleston merchants turned soldiers, with jingling brass spurs, and clanking sabres, and the palmetto tree embroidered on their caps—only smiled, boasting of how soon they meant to “whip” the Yankees, drive off the blockaders, and astonish all creation.

“Besides, sir,” said one, a tall, lanky man in uniform, with a pen behind his ear, “it’s all very well for you Britishers to preach about non-intervention, but you can’t stick to that long, sir. You have between four and five millions depending on us for their daily bread; and you’ll pretty soon find out that it must be cotton or a revolution. Sir, I reckon you won’t risk a revolution. We shall have your ships of war in Charleston harbour before Christmas day comes round, and then I rather think the Yankees will find themselves nowhere!”

Said another:—“No, sir—your Government will have acknowledged us, and every bale of that cotton will be in Liverpool, before the fall. You will have come over to us as allies, sir, by that time—if we haven’t already polished off the Yankees without your help!”

To such replies De Benham could oppose only a grave protest or a civil silence. But all protestation was in vain. That the policy of Great Britain was a fixed policy, not to be reversed by any pressure of discontent or distress at home, was what they could not and would not believe. As for their gay, reckless, hectoring self-confidence, it only struck him, stranger as he was, as the very saddest phase of all this fatal struggle. He saw from the first that it was a doomed cause, and that all these hot hopes and valorous impulses must end in defeat and death, and humiliation more bitter than either.

It was not to the warehouse of the merchant, however, but to the office of the broker that De Benham went for his homeward cargo; for cotton is bought and sold like stock “down south” as it is at Liverpool, and in its mere transfer supports an intermediary class.

Dingy; remote; odorous of the almighty

dollar; odorous also of tobacco; lurking in gloomy ground-floors or dingy first-floor flats in Eastbay Street, were then, as now, to be found the counting-houses of the Charleston cotton brokers. How silent they seemed, these haunts seething with business but a little while ago! how deserted those staircases and passages, but lately echoing to the daily tramp of hundreds of eager footsteps!

Mr. Hardwicke had recommended his supercargo to employ an eminent cotton-broking firm with which his house had long had dealings—the firm of Harper, Prideaux, and Barbuckle—and to the offices of Messrs. Harper, Prideaux, and Barbuckle, De Benham repaired accordingly. These he found, after some little difficulty, on the first floor of an immense gloomy building, which harboured dozens of firms on every flat. A strange sort of office, too, when found, and curiously unlike those tiny dens sacred to the stockbroking world of Threadneedle Street and Austin Friars—an office consisting of one large barren room, like a second-class waiting-room at a railway station, with a little space railed off at one end for the clerks, and another little space railed off at the other end for the principals; carpetless, of course, and painfully suggestive of the utility of spittoons; with hard, uncomfortable chairs standing about; and a huge black stove in the middle of the floor; and grimy windows; and framed advertisements of Emigration Agencies, Fast-sailing Lines of Packet-boats, Celebrated A 1 Clipper Ships, patent Steam-ploughs, Steam-thrashing Machines, and other agricultural implements, hanging on the walls.

There was but one clerk in this cheerful apartment—a sallow, sandy, youth of about eighteen—whom De Benham surprised in the act of practising the broad-sword exercise by himself with great energy. He desisted in some confusion at sight of a stranger, and apologized for his occupation by saying that he had lately joined that famous corps known as the “South Carolinian Invincibles.”

De Benham then explained that his own business with the firm of Harper, Prideaux, and Barbuckle was not military, but commercial; whereupon the “Invincible” hung his weapon on a peg behind the door, snatched up his cap, and “reckoning he should find the major on parade,” vanished precipitately.

The major came in due time—a puffy, watery-eyed, stolid-visaged man buckled in much too tight at the waist, and considerably embarrassed by his sword. He proved to be the Prideaux of the firm; and commenced proceedings by unbuttoning and unbuckling

as much as possible, and vociferating furiously for "Boker's Bitters"—a marvellous compound much beloved by Charlestonians, which was promptly brought by a white-headed old negro whom De Benham had seen sitting on a stool in the entrance hall.

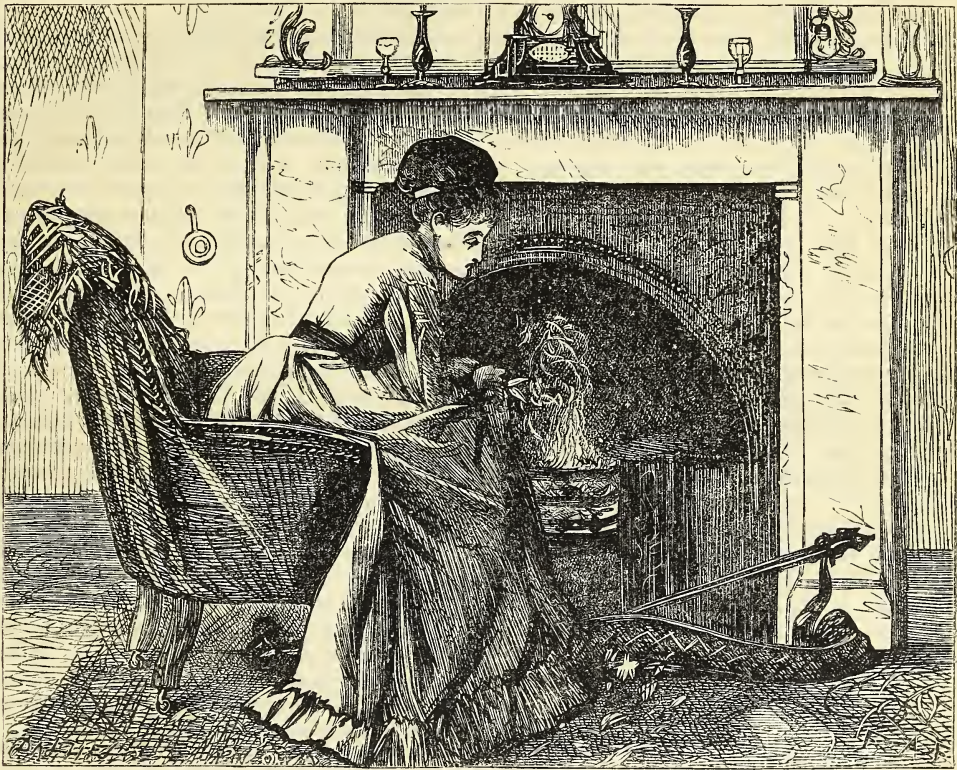
De Benham tried to excuse himself from partaking of this beverage at so early an hour in the day—the American clock on the chimney-piece was then pointing to twenty minutes past nine A.M.—but the major would not hear of it.

"Sir," said that commercial warrior, "there

are two things which can-not be cultivated in this climate without the aid of cool drinks; and those two things are Trade and War. If you and I are to do a trade together, sir, we must sure-ly drink together—and cotton, let me tell you, is a powerful absorbent."

"There seems to be no business doing of any kind," said De Benham.

"No, sir. How should there be business doing, with our ports shut up, and our young men all gone over to the ranks of the army, and these cursed Yankees still upon our hands? But, sir, we don't take



Page 451.

much account of business at a time like this. We are a commercial people, it is true; but we are also a military and a pa-triotic people. We are burning just now, sir, with military ardour. Our souls are in arms, and our swords thirst for the blood of the invader. What quality of cotton, now, do you think of buying?"

And plunging thus abruptly from the heroic to the commonplace, the gallant major suddenly scrambled upon a very high, spindle-shanked office-stool, and produced from a drawer in his bureau a number of little wooden bowls containing specimens of

raw cotton. Upon these, their quality of fibre, length of staple, and so forth, he then proceeded to discourse with great earnestness, recommending his "Bowed Georgia" for one excellence, his "Middling Uplands" for another, and getting quite enthusiastic on the subject of "Sea Island."

Burning with military ardour as he was, however, and thirsting for the blood of the invader, the major proved to be an uncommonly keen man of business, quoting the highest prices, and something over and above the highest prices, in the market—if, indeed, it could be said that there was now any

market at all. But De Benham had not been three days in Charleston without getting himself acquainted with all these particulars. He knew quite as well as Major Prideaux to how low an ebb the price of cotton had come, and of how much importance such an order as he had to give must be, at this time, to any house in that city.

"I may as well tell you once for all, Major Prideaux," he said at length, "that I am here to buy the best article I can find in Charleston at the lowest price for which it can be bought—and I mean to buy on no other conditions."

"And, sir, I offer to transact it for you at seven and a half cents—the lowest price quoted on Charleston 'change this summer."

"That was a month ago, major," said De Benham.

"Sir," replied the major, with dignity, "I am not telling you that prices have risen since then; but I do tell you that not a cent lower has been quoted."

"I imagine that is because no more business has been done," said De Benham. "Prices can hardly be said to have fallen when there is no buying or selling going on: but the staple becomes more and more of a drug for all that."

"Sir," said the major, "the firm of Harper, Prideaux, and Barbuckle"

"I beg your pardon," interposed De Benham, rising as if to go; "but what I mean to give is five cents per pound for the best Middling Uplands, of which I will take two thousand bales. If you think you can do it for me at that rate, I shall be happy to leave the matter in your hands—if not, I have the honour to wish you good-morning."

The major dipped his pen in the ink as promptly as if there had been no chaffering about the matter, and, filling in an oblong memorandum-paper, said:—

"Same as sample number four, I take it, sir?"

"The same as sample number four," replied De Benham.

Then followed some last words as to delivery and packing, and the affair was concluded.

"Well, sir, I don't think you'll get your wisdom-teeth twisted out in a hurry," said the major, with an admiring twinkle in his eye, as they shook hands at parting. "You have done this trade at the lowest figure that has been reached yet—but I reckon you wouldn't get along quite so slick if there was ere another buyer in the market!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—LORD STOCKBRIDGE.

WITH the dinner party given at Strathellan House in honour of Lord Stockbridge, we have here no immediate concern. The Hardwicks were already famous for their sumptuous entertainments; and of this entertainment it need only be said that it was as sumptuous as the most lavish display of gold and silver plate, hair-powder, and gorgeous liveries could make it. There was, beside, a fair sprinkling of minor titles, and the inevitable Bishop—that clerical course, without which no state banquet of the period is complete.

This dinner-party, however, was important in its results, in so far as it converted Lord Stockbridge into an assiduous *habitué* of the big house in the Regent's Park. Now, Lord Stockbridge was all that Miss Hardwicke had described him to be—and more. He had lived by his wits from his youth upward; and for the last fifteen years had eked out that precarious capital by trading upon his probable succession to the estates and titles of a childless second cousin. He was in debt; and his debts were not all of the most creditable kind. Homburg, Baden Baden, Spa, Wiesbaden, Ems, Monaco, knew him for their own. Upon the turf, wherever there was a turf, far and wide, at home and abroad, he had—a reputation. His contemporaries (especially his continental contemporaries) laid more vices to his charge than could, perhaps, be fairly proved against him; yet there were one or two dark stories current in the hells of Paris and Vienna, one or two disagreeable whispers afloat at Chantilly and Newmarket, which Lord Stockbridge would have done well to silence, if, haply, it had been in his power to do so. That he did not silence them, was taken by his detractors as proof positive of their truth.

Of these things, however, Miss Hardwicke knew nothing. She had heard no more than that he was extravagant, that he had spent most of his time abroad, and that his affairs were supposed to be embarrassed. The truth was that Lord Stockbridge's affairs were a very slough of embarrassment. He was steeped to the lips in mortgages, and from a rent-roll of seven thousand a year touched less than as many hundreds for his personal maintenance.

The spendthrift's common resource, however, was open to him; and he was minded to rehabilitate himself, if practicable, by means of a wealthy marriage.

Thus it happened that Lord Stockbridge

was, as he elegantly expressed it when in familiar converse with his club cronies, "for sale, a bargain." Thus, also, it happened that the splendour of his reception at Strathellan House was not without its effect. Being "for sale," he conceived that here, if anywhere, he might fetch his price. Not to be mistaken on this point, however, he took occasion one morning to direct his steps eastward, and dropping in for an hour or two at Doctors' Commons, amused himself by turning over the wills of Hardwicke *père*, and Hardwicke, Alderman and sometime Lord Mayor of London; and very pretty reading he found them. When, besides the wealth conveyed to Miss Hardwicke under these two interesting documents, he also learned that she inherited a third fortune from her mother, this worthy nobleman invoked the aid of the gods, and resolved that the great prize should be his if skill and perseverance, a persuasive tongue, the remains of a fine person, and a coronet, might avail to win it.

For he had been a particularly handsome man in his time, and was handsome still, though preserving only the wreck of his former beauty. His age at this time was exactly forty-nine; and though he looked worn and dissipated, yet society was disposed, on the whole, to credit him with fewer than his actual years. A slightly bloated look about the lips and jaw; a figure inclining to become heavy, but belted into bounds; an eye apt to be bloodshot, and a hand somewhat given to tremulousness early in the day, were traits and tokens significant enough to such as knew how to read them. But then society never saw him till after two p.m. Now Lord Stockbridge yawning over his breakfast at mid-day in dressing-gown and slippers, alone, jaded, brooding, off his guard, with the remains of last night's headache upon him, was a very different person from Lord Stockbridge dressed to perfection and mounted on a neat park hack at five or six, retailing piquant scandals between the courses at nine, or gliding from room to room with a camellia in his button-hole at eleven.

The Hardwicks, of course, saw him only at his best. Always urbane, always amusing, he came and went; called on the brother at his office in the City; rode beside the sister's carriage in the less crowded drives of the park; fell in with Mr. Hardwicke's pompous manner; accommodated himself to Miss Hardwicke's coldness; and slid, somehow, into the position of a frequent and favoured guest.

Such was the state of affairs at Strathellan House when Temple De Benham started on

his first expedition to the Southern States. Lord Stockbridge had just begun to pay open homage to the great City heiress; Miss Hardwicke, haughty and impassible as ever, neither encouraged nor discouraged his attentions; and Mr. Hardwicke, charmed to have a lord constantly at his table, was still more charmed by the evident possibility of having that lord for a brother-in-law.

"Lord Stockbridge is a very pleasant person," said Mr. Hardwicke to his sister, as they came strolling slowly homeward from the "Zoo" one glowing Sunday afternoon—that very day, by the way, that the *Stormy Petrel* was doubling to and fro in those perilous waters that lie between the Bahamas and the coast of South Carolina. "Lord Stockbridge is a very pleasant person, and improves upon acquaintance."

"Do you think so?" said Miss Hardwicke. "I fancied he would have been at the Gardens this afternoon," continued the merchant.

"Perhaps he was there," said Miss Hardwicke.

"No, I am sure he was not. I looked for him in every direction; and when you were sitting down, I asked the man at the gate."

"I should not have thought the fact was worth so much trouble to ascertain."

"He admires you very much, Claudia," said Mr. Hardwicke.

Miss Hardwicke looked supreme indifference, and answered nothing.

"It is, indeed, something more than mere admiration," he went on. "If I am not greatly mistaken—and I do not think I am often mistaken in my estimate of motive—Lord Stockbridge is actuated by a far deeper feeling."

"Very probably," said Miss Hardwicke, with a scornful smile. "I am rich."

"In personal attractions, my dear Claudia; and in mental acquirements—not only in money. I am prepared to admit that Lord Stockbridge is probably obliged to consider the question of money—would be unable, perhaps, to marry without money; but it does not follow, because your fortune might possibly weigh with him, *inter alia*, that his sentiments . . ."

"The topic is not worth discussion," interrupted Miss Hardwicke.

"You would not reject a man of birth and position, simply because you were rich and he was poor?"

"I cannot tell."

"But . . ."

"But Lord Stockbridge has given me no

opportunity of either accepting or rejecting him, and is likely to give me none. I should be sorry to have the alternative forced upon me."

"You surprise me, Claudia. A man like Lord Stockbridge—elegant, accomplished . . ."

"Am I to understand that he has retained you for his special pleader?" asked Miss Hardwicke.

"He has never opened his lips to me upon the subject."

"Then oblige me by following his example. This sort of conversation is distasteful to me."

They had now come to a wicket leading into their own grounds. This gate Mr. Hardwicke unlocked, and held open for his sister to pass through.

"It is not wonderful that I should wish to see you a peeress, Claudia," he said, presently; "even though I should have to part from you."

Miss Hardwicke smiled at him, almost tenderly.

"You are the best brother in the world, Josiah," she said; "but that pleasure might be bought at too high a price."

Coming round to the front by a path through the shrubbery, they found one of their own grooms leading a well-known bright chestnut up and down the drive.

"He is here," said Mr. Hardwicke.

And as they entered the hall, one of the twin giants stepped forward to say that Lord Stockbridge was in the drawing-room.

They found him looking out of the window, and whistling softly to himself. His quick ear, however, caught the faint rustle of the lady's dress.

"The servants told me you were at the Gardens," he said, as they shook hands; "but I feared to miss you by the way. Was the 'Zoo' very gay this afternoon?"

"Crowded," replied Mr. Hardwicke. "We looked for you."

"I had intended to be there; but dropping in at Lady Chetwynd's *en passant*, I lost so much time that I thought it best to come here direct. Miss Hardwicke, I bring you a card for Lady Chetwynd's fancy dress ball. I hope you care for the sort-of thing, for I have broken all the ten commandments, and well-nigh committed suicide, to get it for you."

Miss Hardwicke, superbly dressed in some kind of delicate silk covered with costly lace, and lying back in a low long chair, with her back to the light, looked up and smiled languidly.

"Many thanks," she said; "but I do not know Lady Chetwynd."

"That is nothing. There will be at least a hundred others in the same position. Givers of crowded parties in these times don't expect to know half their guests; and in such a case as this, people beg cards for themselves and friends in every direction."

"Such persons must be lost to all sense of self-respect," said Miss Hardwicke. "I mean, of course, those who beg for themselves."

Lord Stockbridge shrugged his shoulders.

"Everybody does it," he replied. "I know a certain lady—a peeress in her own right—who would go on her knees to Lady Chetwynd's groom of the chambers for that card in your hand."

"What a fortunate person I am, then, and how grateful I ought to be!" said Miss Hardwicke, somewhat disdainfully.

"Yes, if you were a mere woman of fashion, with no other object in life than to be seen everywhere, and be paraded daily in the columns of the *Morning Post*."

"It will be a very brilliant party, I suppose?"

"The event of the season. Lady Chetwynd does these things very well, and means this time to surpass herself. Besides, the Prince is going."

Miss Hardwicke looked down, and put control upon her features; but she could not keep back a faint flush of rising colour. She had sat once or twice at a great civic banquet graced by the presence of a royal duke; but it had never yet befallen her to meet royalty thus, in the ordinary way of society. Too proud to give expression to her pleasure; too proud even to let it be seen that she was pleased, Miss Hardwicke could not keep down that flush of gratified ambition. Lord Stockbridge, on the watch for some such token, saw it, and scored a point, mentally, in his own favour.

"I could not go alone," said Miss Hardwicke.

"A chaperone is easily found. There is my aunt, for instance—Mrs. Cadogan. She would be charmed."

"What dress will you wear, Claudia?" asked Mr. Hardwicke.

"The very question I would have asked, if I dared," said Lord Stockbridge.

"I ought to wear sackcloth and ashes, if such a catalogue of sins has been committed for my sake," replied Miss Hardwicke. "But is a fancy costume indispensable?"

"Not absolutely, of course; but it pleases one's hosts. When people give a character

ball, they like all the court cards they can get."

"What do you say to Cleopatra?" asked Mr. Hardwicke.

"Highly effective, if the asp were real; but therefore inconvenient."

"Medea?" suggested Lord Stockbridge.

"Medea and Ristori are one in the eyes of the world; and I could not undertake to look like Ristori."

"Queen Guinevere—Medora—Dido?"

Miss Hardwicke shook her head.

"I should not think of assuming a character," she said. "The utmost I could do, would be to adopt and accurately carry out some old Italian dress, after one of the Venetian pictures."

"The lady in crimson by Bordone, for instance, in the National Gallery," said Mr. Hardwicke.

"No; I am thinking of a portrait at Genoa—a lady dressed in white and gold brocade, with pearls in her hair, and a fan of peacocks' feathers in her hand."

"It sounds charming," said Lord Stockbridge; "but can you trust your memory for the details?"

"No; I must have a sketch made of it, or a coloured photograph. There will be time enough; the ball, I see, is six weeks hence."

"Shall I go to Genoa, and get it done for you?"

Miss Hardwicke smiled incredulously.

"What would you do, if I were to say Yes?"

"Start to-night by the mail-train."

"What a paladin! No, my lord, I will not put your chivalry to so severe a test. I know of a certain copyist at Turin, who will go to Genoa gladly at my bidding; and I shall have the drawing in a fortnight."

Some question then arose as to the authorship of the original picture, Mr. Hardwicke maintaining that it was a Tintoretto, and Miss Hardwicke being of opinion that it was a Paul Veronese. At last she referred the matter to her note-book, and went to fetch it; Lord Stockbridge holding the door as she passed out.

He stood for a moment, and watched her out of sight; then drew a deep breath; came back into the room; and, laying his hand familiarly on Mr. Hardwicke's arm, said:—

"By Jove, Hardwicke, I cannot tell you how much I admire your sister. I never admired a woman so much in my life—never, upon my soul!"

"That is saying much, my lord," said Mr. Hardwicke, bowing.

"Not more than I mean—not half as much as I mean, my dear fellow."

"But, having no doubt seen most of the court beauties of Europe . . ."

"I never saw one fit to hold up Miss Hardwicke's train," interrupted Lord Stockbridge, emphatically. "Besides, it's not only her beauty, egad! it's her style—her style; her personal dignity; what our fathers used to call 'the grand air,' you know."

"Many persons think my sister's manner too haughty," said Mr. Hardwicke.

"Ah, that's just what I like—that *noli me tangere* manner. She's a woman who might be born to the purple, by George! But I've no business to say all this to you, Hardwicke."

"It is very gratifying to my feelings, my lord," replied the merchant, with another bow.

"It's confounded bad taste, anyhow—but a man can't help speaking, sometimes, when he's in earnest."

At this moment Miss Hardwicke came back.

"Well, is it Tintoretto or Veronese?" asked her brother.

"Neither," she replied. "It is a Palma Vecchio."

And then they talked about painters, and paintings, and foreign galleries, till Lord Stockbridge started up, protesting that he had no idea it was so late.

"Will you dine with us, my lord?" said the merchant.

"Thanks—I wish I could; but I am pledged to some fellows this evening at the club. Miss Hardwicke, pray remember that I'm the most devoted of your slaves,—and that I am quite ready to go to Genoa, or Timbuctoo, if you please, at an hour's notice. My dear Hardwicke, pray don't take the trouble to come down with me!"

But Mr. Hardwicke, of course, disregarded this entreaty, and accompanied his guest to the hall. Then, returning to the drawing-room, he closed the door behind him, and, with some appearance of mystery, said:—

"Claudia, believe me, I was not mistaken in what I said to you just now."

"But I am sure you are mistaken," Miss Hardwicke replied. "I have not only entered it in my note-book as Palma Vecchio, but I have underlined the passage in Murray. See, here it is—"*Number two hundred and twelve, portrait of a lady—Palma Vecchio.*"

"Pshaw! I am not speaking of the picture," said Mr. Hardwicke; "but of Lord Stockbridge."

"Of Lord Stockbridge? Surely we have

had enough of Lord Stockbridge for to-day."

"That coronet is at your feet, Claudia, if you will but stoop to pick it up."

Miss Hardwicke, deep in the pages of her note-book, made no reply.

"His admiration for you is boundless," continued the merchant. "He told me that he had never admired any lady so much in his life."

Miss Hardwicke looked at her watch.

"The dressing-bell ought to have been rung before now," she said, rising. "I am so glad we dine alone to-day. Are not you?"

"I should have been very happy if his lordship could have stayed to dine with us," replied the merchant.

Miss Hardwicke frowned.

"Pray oblige me, Josiah," she said, "by not calling the man 'his lordship.' You are not a footman, remember. And do me the favour not to mention Lord Stockbridge's name again to-night."

Saying which, she swept from the room, leaving Mr. Hardwicke snubbed and discomfited.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—SENATOR SHIRLEY SPEEDS THE PARTING GUEST.

DE BENHAM had reason to be satisfied with his bargain. He had bought two thousand bales of the best "Middling Upland" at the rate of five cents American, or two-pence-halfpenny English, per pound. Now, the ordinary American bale contains about four hundred and eighty pounds of cotton; so that his two thousand bales represented some nine hundred and sixty thousand pounds of the raw material, costing in round numbers twenty-four thousand American dollars, or nearly five thousand pounds in English money. This cotton, he knew, was already worth in Liverpool one-and-sixpence per pound,* and would rise in value daily. It would realise, if sold at once, a gross profit of sixty-seven thousand pounds; but then, he told himself, the temptation to sell must be resisted. Mr. Hardwicke would be sure to incline towards an immediate sale, and Timothy Knott would be equally sure to urge him upon that course; but De Benham thought he could rely upon his own influence so far as to induce Mr. Hardwicke

to adopt, for once, a bolder policy. His brief experience had already shown him that the war must, and would, go on for a long time; probably for years. He knew the power and resources of the North; he had the reckless enthusiasm of the South before his eyes. He saw that every spark of brotherly love was extinct between the belligerent factions, and that they already hated each other with a sound brotherly hatred. That the war should now come to any sudden ending was impossible. The time for reconciliation, or even for compromise, was too evidently gone by. They must fight it out. They were bent on fighting it out. And when a war is carried on, not by two opposing armies, but by two nations in arms, the campaigns are likely to be many, and the struggle is certain to be long.

And therefore De Benham resolved to exert his utmost influence in persuading Mr. Hardwicke to hold back the cotton. The war would go on; and so long as the war went on, the supply of cotton would be cut off. A time must come, he argued, when there would be absolutely no American cotton in the market; and if prices were so high now, when the stock in hand was not yet nearly exhausted, what would they be then? In the course of that memorable conversation during which he had proposed this present enterprise for Mr. Hardwicke's consideration, he had predicted that cotton would go up eventually to two-and-sixpence per pound; but he believed now that it might go higher still—perhaps to twice two-and-sixpence. Who could tell?

But this was mere wild speculation, not to be acted upon—not even to be spoken in words. Let the cotton once touch two-and-sixpence, or even two-and-threepence per pound, and he would not himself desire to see it held back for a single hour. And then he calculated that, sold at the rate of two-and-threepence per pound, these two thousand bales would fetch £108,000; of which sum, when the five thousand was deducted for cost here in Charleston, £103,000 would remain for expenses and profits.

And besides all this, he meant to run the blockade again, and again, and perhaps again—supposing always that he had luck, and that Mr. Hardwicke was willing to go on. Why should not the two thousand bales become four, or six, or ten thousand? Why should not the profits be multiplied over and over again? Already, upon the single cargo that he had brought in, they amounted to £87,000. Take, say, £80,000 as the pro-

* The author has been unable to ascertain at what rate "Middling Uplands" was selling in this country during the first summer of the American Civil War. The actual market price of "Middling Orleans" (which is the staple most in demand for manufacturing purposes) was *not*, however, at this time quite so high as 15. 6d. per lb.; though it soon after reached that standard. In October, 1862, it rose to 25. 3d. per lb. in Liverpool; and in 1864, though not generally quoted above 25. 7½d., did occasionally fetch as much as 25. 8d.

bable average profit upon each cargo, import and export alike, why should he not make five round trips and bring that profit up to a total of £800,000?

These were bold dreams; but there was a dream still bolder lurking all this time in a dark corner of his busy brain—a dream which he had not as yet permitted himself to define or dwell upon; but which, if he had chosen to put it into words, would probably have resolved itself into some such proposition as this:—

His own claim on Mr. Hardwicke amounted already to something over £13,000, and it was reasonable to conclude that when he next ran into Charleston with a similar cargo, it would be with a similar result. Granted, therefore, that both the cotton cargoes remained for the present unsold, he would still be entitled, at the end of the second journey, to some £26,000. And then why should he not, with that £26,000, buy a little steamer of his own, hire his own captain and crew, lay in his own cargo, and go on running the blockade for his own exclusive benefit? Supposing that he ran it five times on Mr. Hardwicke's account, with Mr. Hardwicke's money, bringing up the profits to £800,000, his own share at fifteen per cent. would come only to £120,000; whereas with his own boat and his own cargoes he might make three or four hundred thousand for himself alone!

But then there was always the chance of capture; and capture meant confiscation for cargo and steamer, and some weeks of a New York prison for all on board. It was an evil chance that might befall the *Stormy Petrel* this very first trip, on her way back to Nassau, and then. . . . Ah, then, indeed, it would be all over with him, and he would have to begin again at the first rung of the ladder! Whenever his thoughts reverted to this side of the picture, De Benham would smile a bitter smile, and tell himself that he was like the barber's fifth brother in the dear old story of the Arabian Nights—building a palace and marrying a beautiful princess upon the possible profits of a trayful of glass, which is presently kicked down and shivered to atoms!

In the meanwhile, it was important for two reasons that the new cargo should be shipped as speedily as possible—the first reason being that it was now high tide after dark for going over the bar; and the second, that more blockading vessels were rumoured to be upon the eve of leaving New York. So De Benham hastened all his preparations, urged on the

immediate delivery of the cotton; hired a gang of expert stevedores to pack it, and so got ready for sea in less time than would have been possible in any country where people were not accustomed to live and work at perpetual high pressure.

It was marvellous to see the skill and speed with which these stevedores disposed of the great cotton bales, each bale already reduced by hydraulic pressure to a compact mass, apparently as solid as marble. First, of course, they stowed the hold; stowing the bales the way of the ship's length; laying each bale as regularly and exactly as if it were a block of granite in the hands of the builders; and so covering the whole floor one tier deep, all except an opening under each hatchway. Into this opening they presently inserted wooden "toms" or blocks, to which they applied the patent worm-screw—an agent of tremendous force, by means of which the cotton-bales were driven back into about two-thirds of the space they at first occupied. The room thus gained was then filled in, and the same process repeated till the whole was packed so close and firm that even a mouse must have been crushed between them, had any sea-going mouse been luckless enough to find its way there. Then, upon the floor thus laid, they built a fresh tier, filling up the hatches last of all, and applying the screw as before, till the hold was quite full and the hatches were battened down. After this, every spare inch between decks was temporarily crowded with cotton; and lastly the spar deck itself was packed, a tier of bales being laid fore and aft, leaving only a narrow lane or two leading to the cabins, the engine-room, and the men's fore-castle; and on the top of this tier, another somewhat narrower; and then, still tapering pyramidally as the structure rose, another. When all this was done, and the bales on deck had been firmly lashed to their places, the *Stormy Petrel* looked like a ship roofed in for an arctic winter.

De Benham spent all his days on board while the work of stowage was going forward, but slept at the Mills' House, and was so overwhelmed with invitations that he might have dined three or four times over every day, between the hours of five and nine P.M. A hospitable, hot-headed people, these Charleston citizens, welcoming the strangers with open arms, and passionately desirous of being favourably reported of "on the other side."

"Tell your countrymen, sir," said a beautiful girl, Diana Ashby by name, one of three

charming sisters, the daughters of a certain Colonel Ashby at whose house De Benham was dining one evening; "tell your countrymen that you saw the Stars and Bars waving over Fort Sumter; and whether they help us, or whether they abandon us, there is not a man in the Southern States, nor a woman either, who for the honour of that flag is not ready to die twice over."

"I have five sons in the army," said another lady, on another occasion. "They are all with the Army of the Shenandoah, under General Johnston; and I have a sixth son, who is only sixteen. But, should the war last another year, and should his brothers have all fallen in the course of it, he will then, please heaven, be old enough to join, and avenge them!"

Such, universally, was the enthusiasm of the women; such, in rougher fashion, was the reckless valour of the men. In the home, in the streets, in the camps, it was everywhere the same—at night, bands of young men traversing the city, shouting to the tune of "Dixie's Land," or the "Marseillaise;" by day, waving of flags, and marching of volunteers, and eager crowds gathered round street orators, of whom there were scores ready to jump upon an empty sugar cask, and declaim by the hour together on the smallest provocation. To sober Englishmen full of their own risks and profits, and bent on utterly practical ends, as were the captain and supercargo of the *Stormy Petrel*, it seemed as if they were suddenly landed in the midst of a people one half of whom were mad and all intoxicated.

At length, all being ready, the time came for starting. The *Stormy Petrel* having taken in her coal, had gone down to a point a little below Fort Pinckney, to be searched and smoked—a process to which every vessel leaving a Confederate port was at this time subjected by the military authorities. De Benham, not caring to be smoked with his cargo, had been dining with Mr. Shirley, who lived at a place called Hampstead, a little way out of Charleston, in an exquisite little green-shuttered, verandahed, luxurious, bachelor's cottage—a *bijou* of a place, buried in trees; stocked with the choicest books, pictures, and *bric-à-brac* that a refined taste could bring together; and surrounded by well-kept grounds, washed on one side by the waters of the Cooper river, fragrant with magnolia blossoms, and the haunt of humming birds by day and mocking birds by night.

It had been a pleasant party, consisting of

some ten gentlemen, most of whom were planters and merchants, one the editor of a Charleston newspaper, and all volunteers. They had been lounging in the verandah after dinner, smoking and taking coffee, and talking, as usual, war, politics, and cotton; and now the far-away chimes of St. Michael's Church were heard, and the city clocks struck eight, and De Benham, who had ordered the gig to be round at the steps at the bottom of Mr. Shirley's grounds at that hour, rose to take his leave. His host went down with him to the water-side, where they found the boat in readiness, and the men resting on their oars.

"I shall not soon forget this scene," said De Benham, looking back at the house, with its background of dark trees and its foreground of undulating sward studded with beds of scarlet, white, orange, and violet flowers, about which the fireflies were already flitting in myriads.

"But for you, Mr. Debenham, I think I should never have set foot in the little place again," said the planter. "I am a sickly man, and I was dying by inches when you met me in London. Another month or six weeks in Europe would have killed me."

And as he said this, he tried to press a small pocket-book into the young man's hand.

"What is this?" said De Benham, drawing back.

"It contains five thousand dollars—my passage-money from London."

De Benham shook his head.

"I have no right," he said, "as far as my owner is concerned, to refuse your passage-money altogether, but I cannot, even on his account, accept such a sum as five thousand dollars. The information you gave me in London was so valuable that, if the ship was my own, I would accept nothing, and yet think myself well paid. As it is, you shall pay whatever is a fair price for a very comfortable passage, and not a cent more."

Mr. Shirley urged and persuaded; but in vain.

"You will accept at least a thousand dollars for your owner, and a thousand for yourself," he said, after offering eight, and six, and five thousand successively.

"I will take two hundred and fifty dollars on account of Mr. Hardwicke," replied De Benham; "and that is far too much. For myself, Mr. Shirley, I can only thank you for your hospitality, and wish you farewell."

The planter coloured painfully.

"If you do not accept some little token of

my friendship, sir," he said, taking a ring from his own finger, "I shall fear I have offended you. You won't refuse to wear this for my sake?"

De Benham took the ring without looking at it, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket.

"Not when it is offered in friendship, Mr. Shirley," he said, smiling; "and now it must be good-bye; for the clocks have just gone another quarter, and we must be over the bar before midnight."

"Good-bye, then, and good luck go with you!"

So they shook hands heartily, and parted. In another moment De Benham had taken his seat; the rowers had bent to their oars; and the gig had shot out upon her way like a sea-bird on the wing.

When he remembered this incident of the ring—which was not till nearly a week after—and took it for the first time out of his waistcoat pocket, he found that it was a magnificent brilliant, large as a large pea, limpid as a dewdrop, and radiant as a little lump of live sunlight.

By half-past nine, the *Stormy Petrel* was steaming out at a rapid pace in the direction of Morris Island.

The moon, which was but a crescent when they ran into Charleston some ten days before, was now waning, and would go down about eleven. The pilot had, therefore, so timed it that they should slip out a little before midnight with the ebbing tide, and make use of the next four hours of darkness to get as far upon their way as their engines at full speed could carry them. Every moment was, therefore, of importance.

And now, with a clear sky over head, and the moon growing brighter as the night deepens, and myriads of stars, like diamond tesserae, inlaying the vault of heaven, they speed on towards the coast. Castle Pinckney is soon left far astern, and Fort Johnson is passed upon the right. Then comes the long white front of Fort Moultrie, gleaming ghostly in the moonlight—then Fort Sumter, dark and isolated in the midst of the broad stream, like a monster ship at anchor.

The tide is now running out with a smooth, swift current; the moon is going rapidly down; and a tender, silvery sheen lies upon the water, seeming to permeate the very air, so that the night is scarcely night at all, but rather a denser twilight. And now the moon has sunk quite out of sight; and now it is midnight, and they are fast nearing the mouth

of the harbour. Now Morris Island and the sand-bag batteries, where they cast anchor coming in, are gained and left behind. And now the mouth of the harbour lies before them, widening out to the open sea; while yonder, cruising solemnly to and fro about half a mile beyond the bar, loom some six or eight dark hulls, each an armed sentinel.

And now the same breathless suspense, the same silence, the same intense watchfulness as before reigns on board the blockade-runner. Slowly and stealthily, the muffled thump of her propeller beating like an anxious heart, the *Stormy Petrel* crawls on towards the bar, making for the same point between the flag-ship and the blockader next in shore. The pilot's whispered orders come hissing through the still night air. The captain stands by silent, with folded arms, his eyes riveted upon the Federal ships a-head. A faint creak is audible now and then from the engine-room. A single spark flutters now and then from the funnel. And now, the tide beginning to run low, the *Stormy Petrel* plunges into the surf, scraping and grinding as she strikes the bar—and now she is fairly out; and the whispered order comes, "Full speed a-head;" and away she flies into the very teeth of the danger, trusting even less to the chance of escaping unseen than to her own speed and daring.

Scarcely, however, has she dashed in between the two outer ships and cleared the line of the cordon, than a rocket shoots up into the darkness from some point about half-way to the shore, is answered by another from one of the more distant vessels, and instantly followed by the prolonged roar of a heavy gun.

"Give her way!" shouts the pilot, all caution being at an end; and now there is a tumultuous rush to the engine-room—the utmost pressure is put on—the propeller revolves at the rate of seventy to the minute—and the *Stormy Petrel* plunges on headlong, making desperate way, tearing up the foam at her bows, and leaving a boiling furrow in her wake.

Nor is her speed put on one moment too soon. Out from the midst of the blockading squadron shoots a small, black, dangerous-looking craft, pouring a torrent of red sparks from her chimney—out from among the sand islands lying off the coast to the right, whence the first rocket rose, rushes another—and now the chase begins in earnest!

"Gun boats, by God!" exclaims the captain; and the words are scarcely out of his lips before two more shots are fired, one of

which passes clean over the ship's bows and splashes heavily to leeward.

"Shift some of this cotton aft," says the pilot, with a stamp of his foot.

And instantly, all of the crew who are not at work below fall upon the cotton-bales, De Benham and the captain lending each a hand, and bear about a score of them away to the only vacant space abaft the funnel. The screws being now more deeply immersed, this increase of weight is followed by an immediate increase of speed; and, laden as she is, the *Stormy Petrel* with her two powerful

engines answering gallantly to the strain, and her boilers all but priming over from the tremendous pressure, soon shows that she is more than a match for her pursuers. On they come; but the blockade-runner distances them at every turn of her screws—they fire; but their shots each time fall shorter and shorter of the mark. And now those two black outlines seem to stand still. They diminish, they grow dim—they are swallowed up and lost in the darkness—and the *Stormy Petrel*, once more out of danger, is alone upon the open sea, and running straight for Nassau.

A BLIND INVENTOR.

BLINDNESS, with all the privations it entails, and the happy necessities to which it gives rise, is a trial little understood but by those who have to endure it, or who have carefully watched its sudden incidence and the fruit it bears in actual life. A man does not become blind by merely shutting his eyes. The thoughts and associations that were his as he looked on the world about are still his when his eyes are closed. He still sees the glowing picture or the loving face, the printed page or the bright and sunny landscape, on which his eyes just now rested. He may, indeed, even close his eyes to enjoy over again, with keener vision, that which has just gratified his outer sight. But to the blind man mental pictures of this kind are in a great measure unknown, if not utterly beyond his reach. The cloud of physical darkness which hems him round in his daily path may be but a tithe of the darkness which besets him. His mental eyesight, his spiritual discernment, may be as dull as his bodily vision, and his calamity be doubled by the mere fact that he is unconscious of its intensity. He writes, speaks, thinks of many things of which he has but an imperfect and scanty knowledge, he is apt to draw pictures the outline of which is inaccurate, and to form conceptions which, however real to himself, are after all vague and unreal when compared with the truth; and of this unreality he is unconscious, and therefore is slow to believe it. A blind man, in this unhappy condition, is often looked upon almost as an inferior being, helpless, and little worthy of cultivation in mind or body. His case is compared with the brightness and fresh intelligence of Huber or the cheerful activity of Gough, the mathematician and naturalist; and wonder is expressed that men similarly afflicted should be so different in appearance, manner, know-

ledge, and wit. Whereas the men differ simply as the wild crab-apple differs from the ribstone pippin; one has grown neglected in the hedge, and the other has been well cared for in the garden. And in most cases the line which divides the blind man from his fellow-men with eyes is not a whit more substantial. The blind man's faculties and endowments are pretty much on a par with those of others in the class of life to which he belongs. He may be ignorant or vicious, shallow, conceited, self-willed, and ungrateful, just as his neighbour who has eyes; or he may be the very reverse. Blindness alone neither makes nor mars him. It is true that loss of sight may fall on him as a heavy blow, and shatter his whole being into a state of weakness and inferiority, temporary or permanent; but this must mainly depend on the care or neglect with which he has been treated, the light or darkness suffered to grow up within as well as about him. In his case, as in that of other men, the field of the heart gets choked with weeds or crowned with golden harvest, just according to the work and will of those who have most power over the soil.

This in a great measure accounts for the wide gulf between Huber, the famous naturalist, and Blind Johnny, who exhibits a tame rat in the Tottenham Court Road; between the blind fiddler who tortures the ears of Leather Lane, and Stanley the organist, to whom Handel used to listen with delight as he played the people out of St. Andrew's Church; between John Gough, the blind tutor of senior wranglers, and the half-starved youth who offers to solve questions in the rule of three on Waterloo Bridge: though it is far easier to see how the one has sunk, than to see how the other has risen, to be what he is. What we really want is to know

how, when the dark cloud begins to settle down on a blind man, he manages to escape; to what shifts and devices he is put; how he meets the difficulties in his path, and how he conquers them; how the sense of touch is gradually educated to such a degree of exquisite and finished keenness as to take the place of sight. It is this keenness which, in average cases, enables the blind boy to read a chapter in St. John as fairly and correctly as if he saw it; which, in cases of higher genius, enables one like Saunderson to detect genuine coin from false, or Gough to distinguish the different species of a rare plant by applying them to the tip of the tongue.

We are led into this train of thought by the recent *Life of a blind man*,* who possesses some of the most marked characteristics of his class, and a few of the less common ones. He tells us little or nothing of that special information which we need; and, perhaps, less for the one reason that for some years he enjoyed the advantages of sight. He is clearly of an eager and impetuous turn of mind; thirsty in the pursuit of knowledge, which he gathers in a desultory fashion; and apt to talk of many things with that easy fluency which sometimes marks shallow knowledge, and verges on dogmatism; and much that his biographer has to say is interesting. But we should like to have heard in the blind man's own words the exact way in which blindness befel him; the gradual settling down of the cloud on his path; how the light waned; how difficulties, wants, and fears were overcome, remedied, or scattered; how long the impression of seen things remained with him; how far his old knowledge, acquired in the light, served to help him in the darkness; how he set to work at things new and strange; and how matters apparently easy proved to be curiously hard. Of these things only a blind man could have fully told us; and of these the biography says little or nothing.

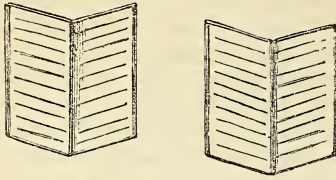
Yet Dr. Gale is a self-made man. He has won his way to his present position by his own perseverance, and, as the inventor of the "non-explosive gunpowder," holds a place among the foremost blind men of the century. On these grounds it is worth while to glance briefly at his life. He was born in the year 1833, at a little village near Plymouth, his father being the "manager of an extensive coal-shed," but not able to do very much for his son's education. While a child he went to live at Tavistock, on the borders of Dartmoor, famous for the beauty of its hills, woods,

and valleys, of which he retained a glowing recollection through many a future year of darkness. He grew up with a natural and boyish love for all sports and games; but he was neither coarse nor cruel. He loved birds'-nesting, but yet walked a mile or two through heavy rain to restore a young bird to its nest; though he knew this would insure his getting a good thrashing from his father for loitering on the road. He had some of that gentleness which is allied to true courage. He twice saved the life of a drowning companion; being once rewarded with the magnificent sum of a penny, and in the other case with a smart blow from a stick, with a stern caution that "if he had not been there, there would have been no bathing."

He was as full of mischief and fun, however, as of courage; and nothing pleased him better than tying old women's knockers together, or playing ghost or bogie to frighten a companion. But he began to pick up a few waifs and strays of knowledge, and when he went to purchase a penny bun was never content until the mistress of the shop "had turned over a new leaf" for him in some of the little books on the counter. At the British School, though in a select class "for the higher branches," he was counted a slow coach. But if slow, he was sure. His memory was keen; and books within reach being few in number, he made the utmost use of all he could get; and in after years—when print was blotted out of his sight—he would amuse his friends by repeating whole pages of the old Tavistock spelling-book. This brought him great credit for wonderful memorial powers as a blind man,—as if the direct fruit of blindness,—whereas he simply cultivated his memory in youth, and thus it bore good fruit in manhood. While yet a youth, too, he began to show a taste for scientific matters; dabbling with chemical experiments in true schoolboy fashion; gases in pickle-bottles, and explosive mixtures that terrified his family out of their wits. A little later, and he is all agog for romance of the fiercest kind, which with food of a more ponderous kind, in "Dick's Material Universe," he devoured wholesale; soon becoming famous as a story-teller on wet days and winter evenings. Such was the state of things when the dark cloud began to overshadow his bright sky, so gradually, however, that none suspected its approach. He had met with a heavy fall while swinging with his head downwards on the churchyard railings; but no ill effect was anticipated until the boy began to tell of a shadowy vagueness that blurred the outline

* *Memoir of Dr. James Gale, M.A.*, by J. Plummer, 1868.

of the summer clouds, or of the glowing coals in which he loved to gaze for imaginary pictures. Objects appeared as if seen through a misty glass; now and then with double outline, one just below the other, thus:—



When playing at leap-frog, he miscalculated distances, often missed his aim, and so got some heavy tumbles, which amused his companions and annoyed the sufferer. But still, unwilling to be beaten when at play, he would place a white handkerchief on the back of the boy over whom he had to leap; and when indoors, would jokingly borrow a pair of spectacles to help his failing sight, and, if possible, to hide from his friends the calamity he began to dread. At school, he was slower than ever, but still too proud and high-spirited to confess the reason. He would even learn by rote the whole of his reading-lesson over-night, so that he might at school pretend to read with ease what seemed to him a mere confused mass of words.

But disguise like this could not last. The family doctor was called in, and, to work a cure, something was dropped into his eyes, which merely served to hasten the calamity. Reading, however, was not given up; and Gale being mad or silly enough (like Huber) to try reading by moonlight, all books were soon strictly forbidden. On the last page which he ever looked at, the final word was Courtenay. That word was treasured up in his memory for many a year, until he vowed that if he ever married and had children, his first-born son should bear that name. And the vow was kept.

Step by step the darkness stole on him, until, in his seventeenth year, he became hopelessly blind. Like Saunderson the mathematician, Gale was at first disposed to rebel against his sad trial: "Why should I be blind?" And it was in vain that his kindly doctor did all he could to cheer his patient.

"Who knows," said the old man, "but that I may be blind also! My sight is failing, as yours is."

"You have seen the world," was the youth's reply; "I have yet the world to see. You can feast your mind on what you have seen; I have no such treasures to fall back on."

Such a spirit of fierce discontent was natural enough: but after a time, better thoughts prevailed. Repining and lamentation were useless; and, the loss once felt to be irreparable, he resolved to bear it with a good courage, in the spirit of Milton's grand words—

"Yet, I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope."

He would "conquer fate," and prove that he was cast in the true mould. "If God wills it, He knows best; and will lead me by a path I know not." To this brave and wise resolve Gale adhered. Blind he might be; helpless he would *not* be. His natural vivacity and flow of spirits were here of good service; and, with the help of a ready reader and scribe, he managed to carry on his studies much as before. Gradually learning to rely on himself, he grew more independent as his own powers from exercise came out into sharper life. His hearing grew keener; and he soon learned to tell, as many a blind man does, by a tap of his stick, whether a room was full or empty, and, after a few minutes' talk with a stranger, to make a good shot as to his height, age, and station. Coming home one dark night in the carrier's van, across the moor, he told the driver that the horses had missed their way. Jehu was incredulous, the other passengers were derisive, but the blind man held to his assertion. He offered, "if they would wait for him, to get down in the dark and find the right road." To this they agreed; and in a few minutes the blind man had tested his position by a loud shout, the echo of which from a well-known neighbouring rock told him where he was. A cautious step or two showed where the smooth down joined the stony road, and, tracing this back to the sign-post, he soon proved that he was in the right.

From this time Gale's self-reliance never deserted him. He helped in the management of his father's business; he wooed, won, and married a wife, though he never saw the woman of his choice. He mingled freely in all the concerns of daily life, and seemed to know all that was going on. "And why not?" as he justly asks. "The shutters may be up, but that is no reason why the side-door should be closed also. Through these side-doors of mine I communicate with the outer world. Thus obtained, my information is conveyed to the brain and stored up in the workshop of the mind, as busily as if the windows had never been darkened." Armed with such a spring of hope as this, many a blind man has fought bravely against the cloud overhanging

his path. Thus, Metcalfe, the blind guide, engineer, and road-maker, when nine years old found his way about the village ; at thirteen, rode fox-hunting ; and could swim and dive for lost property. At twenty he rode a race on his own horse, and came off the winner. In 1745 he enlisted in Thornton's troop, and took part in the battle of Culloden. Possessed of the same unwearied spirit, Holman, the blind lieutenant, retained all the pluck and trimness of the boldest sailor. He would "spring into the chains" with other middies, and throw the lead as truly as any of them ; and once in every voyage he went aloft, to "keep his hand in." He climbed Adam's Peak, some 7,000 feet above the sea ; and, on the topmost ridge, says, "I felt all its beauties rush into my heart of hearts."

No wonder, therefore, that a man like Gale was able to undertake the practical management of his father's business, though it involved an extensive use of chemicals. He often made journeys with his father's travellers, and thus "saw," as he says, most of the cities in England, extending his travels more than once to the shores of France. But trade was not his only pursuit. He laboured diligently in the cause of teetotalism ; served as an active Guardian of the Poor, fighting against the workhouse girls being hired out by publicans ; and lending a good hand towards founding the Plymouth Blind School. Nor were his favourite scientific studies neglected. He worked hard on the subject of medical electricity, and at last determined to give up his business at Plymouth and embrace that of a medical electrician. A man who professes to have a royal road to healing is sure not to lack patients ; and, for a time, Gale found plenty who wished to be freed from their pains. How many were really cured, we have no means of judging ; but these studies and facts connected with his great invention before long led him to London, where a blind medico-electrician is not likely to attract much notice among "the healers of men." But he was not the man to be idle ; and so work went on in other directions. In 1866 he becomes Fellow of the Chemical Society at Burlington House, as well as of the Royal Geographical, and even aspires to the degree of M.A. from the illustrious University of Rostock, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Candidates for the degree have to produce an essay on "abstruse questions in natural philosophy ;" and Gale's first attempt was a failure. But, nothing daunted, he set to work again, passed even a more stringent ordeal, and was successful. But better things than Rostock

were in store for him. As a boy he had been a great maker of fireworks ; and it was in the manufacture of these fiery delights that he sowed the seeds of a great discovery. He had made a squib of coarse-grained powder, and, wishing to lessen its rapid combustion, had mixed with the ingredients some fine dust from the workshop. The result was, that the squib absolutely refused to go off. His purse was empty ; the gunpowder spoilt. What was to be done ?

The question was soon answered. As he had mixed sand and gunpowder, he might surely unmix them. Slow and difficult work, no doubt ; but still it might be done. To work he went with an old pair of bellows, a weight, and a fire-shovel. Through a ring attached to the weight, which rested on the shovel full of powder and dust, he passed the nose of the bellows, and then began softly puffing. The dust, being lighter than the powder, rose up in little clouds ; but the progress was wearisome and slow. This soon drove him to fasten a string to the handle of the bellows ; and by working this like a lathe, with a loop round his foot, the winnowing process was complete, and the work was soon done. Years passed away, and the dusty mixture was all but forgotten, when the Russian war broke out and set many men thinking of gunpowder who had never smelt it. Dr. Gale was not proof against the general epidemic ; and presently we find him making experiments to test how far earthworks could resist shot. One of these was a heap of impalpably fine dust, having inside it a heap of gunpowder to represent the magazine. While trying to send a shot through this barrier, the gunpowder and dust got mixed, and refused to explode. Then flashed on his mind the recollection of that old, stubborn Tavistock squib, and the idea, "Can this be made useful in saving life ?"

While sifting the explosive from the non-explosive parts of the compound, he began to speculate as to what material could be best mixed with the gunpowder, so as not to injure it. After some scores of experiments, he decided on powdered-glass as the best, as well as being most easily separated from the inflammable material. This mixture, in certain exact proportions, is proof against all chance of explosion. Barrels full of it have been placed on open fires ; have been stirred up with red-hot pokers ; and the loose mixture has been thrown by shovels full into the fire, —but no explosion has ever followed. The invention has been subjected to the severest tests which science or military incredulity

can suggest, and has always succeeded. The impenetrable deafness of the Horse Guards has been partly overcome by the non-explosive gunpowder; while royalty and secretaries of state, *savans* and generals on both sides of the Channel, have witnessed a trial of its wondrous properties. Pure gunpowder placed in the midst of the mixture has been lighted, when the powder at once exploded, but left the mixture unchanged. The principle of the invention is like that of Davy's safety lamp. The gauze wire, in the midst of explosive air, divides one portion of inflammable gas from the other; and, so far, acts the part of the glass flour among the grains of powder. If the foul air inside the lamp ignites, the flame will not spread to the gas outside it. Just so each grain of powder ignites singly; and a bowl of the mixture either refuses to ignite at all, or burns slowly out—the isolation and difficulty of combustion depending on the fineness and coarseness of the protecting dust. The advantages of the invention are, that gunpowder, in any quantity, can be sent by rail, or stored up in arsenals, without the possibility of explosion. The sifting process is easy, cheap, and expeditious, and the powder remains uninjured.

Dr. Gale next turned his attention still further in the same warlike direction, and the result was the invention of the Ammunition Slide and Rudder-ball Cartridge, by means of which a gun will discharge 140 shots per minute. Armed with weapons of, say, half this power, a regiment 800 strong could discharge 50,000 bullets against the advancing foe within one minute; and few men would relish facing weapons which gave to each man seventy shots per minute as his own chance of death. But, besides all these deadly contrivances, we have perilous saltpetre in a shape more villainous and deadly than ever—as *fog-shells*, to robe a whole ship in dense and suffocating vapour; *balloon-*

shells, to blow the enemy into infinite space; to say nothing of *electric alarm clocks*, to wake the sleeper at any hour; with *fire and thief detectors*, to keep him in safety, whether awake or asleep.

The busy, restless, inquiring mind of the boy has thus ripened into the eager, inventive faculty of the man. The "happy necessities of blindness," as we termed them, have driven him to think and contrive for himself, and he has been no less happy in contriving for others. Whether his great invention—for great it is—will win the battle against red tape in our day remains to be seen; if not in ours, the day cannot be far off. To save men's pockets, as well as human life, is too great a power to die. But, however this may be, the inventor has won for himself a place among the discoverers of the age. Here and there in his biography may be detected a little desire to blow the trumpet of his own fame; but their own trumpet is an instrument on which most men like to sound a few choice notes, and there is no reason why a blind man should not be allowed equal freedom with one who has eyes. After all, the strain is short and harmless. His biographer's chatter about Aristotle and Scribonius Largo, Greek fire, Appollonius, Thy-næus (*sic*), Eustathius, and a dozen more such themes, is altogether out of place.

To trace the rise of a man like Gale from the little British School on Dartmoor up to his present position would have been more than enough for such a pen. Imperfect as it is, the present record is one more proof that patient toil ever wins its due and happy reward; that the darkest cloud has a silver lining; that every man has power to do the work set for him by the Master; that despair and discontent are foolish and cowardly; and that work is a blessing—tenfold to the man who thinks of others as well as himself.

B. G. JOHNS.

THE YOUNGEST COLONEL IN THE SERVICE:

A MEMORIAL OF ALEXANDER ROBERTS DUNN, V.C.

CANADA is entitled to the first place among our colonies for the warlike, patriotic spirit it has displayed. Of all the dependencies of the Crown, it alone has contributed a regiment for the defence of the mother-country, and the rooth, or Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian Regiment, will always be associated with the name of the gallant young soldier whose brilliant career and untimely

end form the subject of the following memoir.

Alexander Roberts Dunn was descended, on his father's side, from an old and well-known Northumbrian family of that name, and, on his mother's, from the Robertses of Glastonbury. He was born at Toronto, in 1833, and was the second son of the Honourable John Henry Dunn, who for

more than twenty years held the high and responsible office of Receiver-General of Canada. After the Union he resigned that appointment, and became a member of the Legislative Assembly, where he took an active interest in all that concerned the welfare of his adopted country. As a public man he was highly esteemed for his political consistency, while his private worth and many virtues endeared him to all who knew him.

His second son, Alexander, was intended for the army. It was his desire almost from childhood to enter the service, and he was educated in England, chiefly at Harrow, with a view to his future profession. In 1852, before he had completed his nineteenth year, he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars, a regiment which can boast of a hundred and fifty years' service, and of "Egypt," "the Peninsula," "Waterloo," and "Bhurutpore," inscribed on its colours.

Our young soldier, while at Harrow, without neglecting his studies, delighted in all those manly sports and exercises which are practised there, and on joining his regiment he devoted himself, with equal ardour, to mastering the details of his new profession. He was a splendid swordsman, a skilful rider, and an unrivalled marksman. A friend, who witnessed it, has given us a singular proof of his almost unerring aim. He placed a small cap-case on the head of a favourite servant, and fired at it with his pistol at the distance of sixteen yards. Out of forty shots, he hit the cap-case thirty-six times, and the servant stood as steady as a post. This eccentric feat, recalling the days of William Tell, might appear incredible, but it was actually witnessed by our informant. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Dunn was at this time a very young officer, and, we may venture to add, that this proof of his skill is more to be admired than imitated. The servant must certainly have had great confidence in his master before he would submit to such an ordeal.

The honour of his regiment is dear to the young soldier, and Cornet Dunn was resolved, on joining the 11th Hussars, to prove, if the occasion ever presented itself, that he was worthy of the rank he held. He had not long to wait for that occasion. In less than two years after he was gazetted, he landed with his regiment in the Crimea, and took part in the first skirmish we had with the enemy. Our cavalry division was under the command of the Earl of Lucan; it was divided into two parts—the Light Dragoons under the command of the Earl of Cardigan,

and the Heavy Dragoons under the command of Brigadier-General Scarlett. The 11th Hussars belonged to the Light Cavalry Brigade.

On the 19th of September, 1854, Lieutenant Dunn (he had now attained that rank) was under fire for the first time. On the afternoon of that day, while our army was on the march, and before it had reached the Bulganak, curling wreaths of smoke were seen on the south and east, marking the spots where the Cossacks had set fire to the houses of the poor Tartars. Then, on the distant hills, appeared dark bodies of cavalry, drawn up as if to check the advance of the Allies by attacking them on the left flank. Lieutenant Dunn was one of the party of light cavalry that dashed forward, under the command of Lord Cardigan, to drive the Cossacks from their position. The latter remained in possession of the brow of the hill; they were thrice the number of the English, and could only have been attacked at great disadvantage. Lord Cardigan was about to charge up the hill, when Lord Raglan, deeming the odds, both in numbers and position, to be too great, gave orders to recall the skirmishers, and retire slowly. On this the Cossack squadrons separated, and some guns, hitherto concealed, began to play upon our cavalry as they retired; a few hussars and dragoons were wounded, but no lives were lost. There was a feeling of disappointment, not confined to Lieutenant Dunn, that our hussars had not had an opportunity of measuring swords with the enemy, but there can be no doubt that an uphill attack against such superior numbers must have been attended with serious loss.

From the skirmish at Bulganak we hasten on to the battle of Balaklava, where the 11th Hussars gained for themselves an imperishable name, and Lieutenant Dunn proved himself the bravest of the brave. It would be foreign to our purpose to try to describe the battle, but we must trace the course of the 11th Hussars till we reach the point where Lieutenant Dunn, forgetful of his own safety, displayed a chivalrous courage and noble humanity, in saving the lives of his comrades when they were at the mercy of the enemy. The Turks had been driven from the redoubts by the enemy. The 93rd Highlanders, under the command of their gallant old chief, standing in double rank only, had repelled the attack of the Russian cavalry. The Scots Greys and the Inniskillings had made their gallant and successful charge, described by a French general as "truly magnificent—the most glorious thing I ever saw."

Then came the most brilliant episode in the whole campaign, the fatal charge of the Light Brigade. It was a blunder, but *that* detracts nothing from our admiration of those who took part in it. The first duty of soldiers is obedience; beyond that they have no responsibility. Lord Cardigan was not the man to reason, to cavil, or to doubt. "I received an order, and I obeyed it." Before

advancing down the valley, the front of the Light Brigade was narrowed, and the 11th Hussars removed from the first line and stationed so as to act in support. The officers of the regiment present on this occasion were Colonel Douglas, Captain Edwin Cook, Lieutenants Trevelyan, Alexander R. Dunn, Roger Palmer, and George Powell Haughton. At first it formed the left of



the first line, but when the order was given, "Forward the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!" it advanced in support of the 17th Lancers. When Lieutenant Dunn heard that order, he grasped his sword more firmly and rode steadily on. He heard Nolan's death-cry: he saw his horse rush riderless away. The havoc in front was fearful; it could not be called fighting; our soldiers were powerless till they reached the

battery. As the saddles in front became empty, there rose the steady cry, "Close in,—close in to the centre—close in!" and every gap was at once filled up. The front became narrower as they neared the battery, but there was no vacant place. Horses with empty saddles, guided by the habit of discipline, retained their places, or fell back and joined other troops. The Russian artillerymen stood to their guns, and fought with obstinate

courage; only a few lay hid beneath the tumbrels to escape the sabres of our troopers. The right troop of the 11th Hussars was confronted by the battery; little resistance was offered, as most of the gunners were already cut down. The other troops outflanked the line of the battery, and rejoined the right troop, which had now reached a clear space beyond the limbers and tumbrels. At this point a Russian colonel, imagining that all was lost, gave up his sword to an officer of the 11th Hussars, but there was no time to make prisoners. As the smoke cleared away, several squadrons of Russian lancers were seen drawn up a little in advance; they lowered their lances as if about to charge, but when the 11th Hussars rushed forward to attack them, they retreated and were followed into the gorge between the aqueduct and the eastern base of the Fedoukine hills. On approaching the bank of the aqueduct, the Hussars found themselves confronted by large bodies of Russian cavalry. A mere handful of men, they could do nothing against such overpowering numbers; their only chance of safety was to fall back. At some distance they met the 4th Light Dragoons, who also fell back, aligning with the 11th Hussars. The collision, so to speak, of the two regiments necessarily caused some degree of confusion, and if the enemy had attacked them at that moment, the loss might have been very serious. They failed to do so, and order was soon restored. When the two regiments (numbering only seventy troopers in all) wheeled round and presented a bold front to the enemy, the Russian cavalry, panic-struck by their audacity, halted, and began to fall back. At this moment a large body of cavalry appeared on our left rear, and a joyful cry rose from the little band: "Hurrah! it is the 17th." A closer inspection soon proved that it was not the 17th Lancers, but a large body of Russian cavalry, consisting of five or six squadrons, drawn up to cut off their retreat. They were then placed between two bodies of the enemy, so that to advance or to retreat became equally difficult and dangerous. If the Russian cavalry had known their advantage, and how to profit by it, they might have closed up and crushed our handful of troopers by the mere weight of numbers; but they seem never to have recovered from their first surprise on seeing the audacity of our attack. At this moment our troopers were fronting the enemy in the rear, when the order was given to go about; it thus happened that when this movement was effected the rear rank were in front and the officers behind.

This inversion of the usual order of things gave them one advantage; they could see all that happened to their own men. The danger was greatest for the first few yards, but fortunately the Russian cavalry failed to attack them in the rear. As they advanced two in front and three in depth, the Russian guns opened fire on them. But this was rather an advantage, as it served to distract the attention of the cavalry. If the Russian lancers had only kept their ground, they would have broken our small band as a rock breaks the wave that dashes against it, for they were ten times their number; but at the moment when collision seemed imminent, the Russian commander wheeled his squadron half back so as to flank our line of retreat. This movement was effected in such a way that the enemy's right flank was thrown forward, and our right flank moving at right angles was brought into direct collision with the enemy's front. Then came the tug of war: the Russian cavalry used their lances; our troopers charged them with their swords. What followed may be best described by one of the actors in that glorious scene:—

"It was a genuine blood-hot, all-mad charge from the moment we dashed at the enemy. I know nothing but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible and imperceptible influence to crush every obstacle which stumbled before my good sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows speak of it as being 'demoniac.' I know that it was such that it made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave me such an amount of glorious indifference to life, as I thought it impossible to be master of. Forward—dash—bang—clank—and there we were in the midst of such smoke, cheer, and clatter as never before stunned a mortal ear. It was glorious. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, frenzy, strike, and down, down they went."

We have traced the course of the 11th Hussars up to this point, so as to make the part which Lieutenant Dunn acted in the midst of this *mêlée* intelligible. All discipline was now at an end; every man fought for his own hand; his safety depended on his own individual prowess and skill. In such a struggle the young Canadian soldier possessed physical qualities which gave him an immense advantage over most of his fellows. His great height (he was six feet three inches) and powerful arm, joined to his skill in the use of his weapon, made him one of the most formidable swordsmen in the British army. And then there is no exaggeration in affirming that he was, and to the hour of his death continued to be, an absolute stranger to fear. He was one of those few men so peculiarly constituted as never to have experienced that unpleasant

sensation. It might be said of him as of Bayard, he was *sans peur et sans reproche*. He was as cool and collected in the hour of danger as that model of French chivalry himself. In such a moment the bravest soldier might have been justified in consulting only his own safety, but Lieutenant Dunn was too generous to refuse his aid to a comrade in distress. Wherever he saw a hussar attacked by superior numbers, he flew to his assistance, and soon caused his presence to be felt. No wonder that the men he rescued spoke with enthusiasm of his unselfish and devoted courage, when the hour of danger was past: without the aid his strong arm brought them, some never would have lived to say, "We also took part in that gallant charge." The old troopers of the 11th Hussars still tell with kindling eyes how the young lieutenant, seeing Sergeant Bentley of his own regiment attacked from behind by two or three Russian lancers, rushed upon them single-handed and cut them down; how he saved the life of Sergeant Bond; how Private Levett owed his safety to the same friendly arm, when assailed by a Russian hussar. Kinglake relates in his usual dramatic style, how a young cavalry officer, a mere youth almost fresh from school, was seized with a sort of *sæva indignatio*—a fierce rage against human life—an almost rabid desire to destroy it; how he inveighed against it in words, and accompanied his words with such deeds that more fell beneath his sword than that of any other who took part in this fierce contest. He adds, also, that when his warlike fury was over, and he saw the havoc he had made, the reaction set in, and he wept like a child. There is nothing improbable or incredible in the story itself. Certain men, certain races even, are known to be subject to such outbursts of fury in the hour of danger, and tears have often been shed after and during a battle; it is all a question of temperament. If the story has any foundation in fact, it could apply only to Lieutenant Dunn, who, it is certain, killed more Russians than any other man in the field, but it could apply to him only in that respect. He was not at all an excitable man, given to sudden outbursts of fury in war or in peace; to shed human blood for the mere pleasure of shedding it was foreign alike to his character and principles; when he struck down the Russians it was the humane desire to save the life of a comrade which lent force to his arm. Nor was he at all addicted to the melting mood; he was as little demonstrative in the expression of emotion as we should expect any other young Englishman to be.

He was naturally shy and reserved, especially with strangers, and averse from saying much about what he did on that day. When it was alluded to in society he changed the subject at once. Even in the bosom of his own family, and among his most intimate friends, he showed a certain uneasiness when it was spoken of. "It was nothing; I only did my duty," was his usual remark; oftener he made no remark at all. If speech be silvery and silence golden, there was infinitely more gold than silver in his composition.

The charge of the six hundred was a mistake, but there was a certain moral grandeur and sublimity about it. The national pulse beat faster when the intelligence reached England: the age of chivalry seemed to be restored. The words of our Queen expressed the general sentiment of admiration, when she said, "The brilliancy of the charge, and the gallantry and discipline evinced by all, have never been surpassed by British soldiers under similar circumstances." The services of the 11th Hussars were not forgotten: "Balaklava" is inscribed on their colours in memory of what they did and suffered on that day. A Victoria Cross—the Queen's own Cross of Valour—was also placed at the disposal of the regiment, to be given to the soldier they deemed most worthy to wear it. There was no doubt or hesitancy: it was unanimously voted to Lieutenant Dunn, who thus obtained the distinction of being the only cavalry officer who obtained this decoration. It was expected that there would be a still more substantial recognition of his merits when the first opportunity presented itself; but he was doomed to bitter disappointment, such as none but a young soldier can understand. The slaughter at Balaklava, and subsequent losses by disease, rendered it necessary to augment each of the Light Cavalry regiments in the Crimea by two troops. The 11th Hussars was so augmented, and one troop in it was given to the first Lieutenant, but Lieutenant Dunn, who was second, was passed over. He was too proud to stoop to ask a favour, or to use influence to obtain what he might justly claim as his right. If any man deserved promotion, assuredly he was that man. He had never been absent from duty a single day in the Crimea, and was left on several occasions in command of the regiment; yet he was superseded. Hence the general outcry in the regiment and elsewhere against the injustice with which he was treated. The troop which belonged to him of right was given to an officer on the Staff, who had no previous connection with the

regiment. That officer may have deserved even higher promotion, but he had no claim to the command of that particular troop, which belonged of right to Lieutenant Dunn. The injustice was all the more glaring, because in other regiments—the 13th Light Dragoons for example—the vacant, or augmentation troops, were given to the senior Lieutenants, though, in one case at least, the officer thus promoted had remained at home, and taken no part in the campaign. Our young soldier had carved his way to fame with his sword—he had done enough for glory; and he had too much self-respect to remain in the service after being treated with such neglect. He could leave it without any imputation on his courage, and his ample fortune made him independent of his profession. The career so brilliantly begun seemed already to have reached its close.

Soon after the battle of Balaklava, Lieutenant Dunn sold out, and returned to England. He could not remain in the regiment with another man unjustly, as he thought, placed over his head. It was not without a struggle that he gave up his profession and all the ambitious hopes he had fondly cherished in his youth. He had loved his mother-country, he had fought bravely in her defence, and she had treated him with all the harshness and injustice of a step-mother. He returned home brooding over his disappointment, resolved to renounce for ever a service in which influence was everything and merit counted for nothing. Such was the view he then took of the matter; but we cannot avoid thinking he was wrong to leave the service. We never yet met an officer, young or old, who had not a grievance, real or imaginary. The older hands learn to grin and bear it: the young and inexperienced alone think of giving everything up in disgust. We have met scores of officers who had left the service early in life because it had not answered their expectations. There was not one of them who did not bitterly regret the step he had taken, and who would not willingly have made any sacrifice to be replaced in his former position. And the sequel will show that Lieutenant Dunn's quarrel with his profession was only a lover's quarrel, soon to be repented of, soon to be made up.

A life of enforced idleness soon became intolerable, and Lieutenant Dunn left for the Rocky Mountains on a hunting expedition, in company with an officer of his former regiment. The wild life of the prairie, the society of the half-caste trappers, the occa-

sional encounters with hostile Indians, the buffalo-hunt, the midnight bivouac, the rough fare of the backwoods,—were not without their attractions to a man of his temperament, but still he was restless and dissatisfied. He was born a soldier, and his heart was still in his profession. Wherever he went he carried with him the longing desire to resume the career he had so brilliantly begun and so rashly abandoned. He carried this feeling with him to Canada, when he revisited his native province towards the close of 1857; and it gathered strength from the reception he everywhere received. The courage he evinced in the charge of the six hundred was not forgotten: he had shed lustre on his native province. The Indian mutiny was still going on, and troops were being hurried from England and elsewhere to aid in its suppression. Why should not Canada raise a regiment to assist the mother-country in the struggle? The enterprise was not without its difficulties in a colony where men are scarce and the price of labour high. Lieutenant Dunn was, perhaps, the only man who could have undertaken it with success. His name, the influence of his family, his military fame, the cross of valour which the Queen had placed on his breast with her own hand, and his ample means, entitled him to expect success where others might have failed. General Eyre approved of the proposal, and Lieutenant Dunn entered on his task with enthusiasm. It was mainly owing to his efforts that another regiment—the rooth, or Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian Regiment—was added to the British army. Several of our Highland regiments were raised by private gentlemen; but they were raised at a period and in a land where men were abundant and labour cheap. They cost little; but it was different with the Canadian regiment. Lieutenant Dunn alone expended many thousands; and when his task was completed, he was gazetted as junior major of the regiment. The appointment met with universal favour. Soon after this he was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy, in consequence of the retirement of Baron de Rottenburg, who originally held that appointment. Lieutenant-Colonel Dunn thus, by a happy conjunction of circumstances, found himself in command of a regiment when he had barely completed his twenty-seventh year.

His youth and inexperience had been adduced as an excuse for not giving him his troop. The firmness and judgment with which he discharged the duties of a com-

manding officer proved that he was qualified for the still higher office which he now held. He was a strict disciplinarian, and yet contrived to gain the affections even of those whom he was compelled to punish. The story is told of an Irishman, whom he had sentenced to a week's extra drill for some military offence, exclaiming, on hearing his sentence, "Shure, Colonel, I had rather have a month's drill from you than a week from any one else." He was kind and familiar in his bearing to his officers; but none of them would ever have ventured to take any liberty with him. The distinction he had gained at Balaklava disarmed the envy which might otherwise have been excited by the promotion of one so young; his regiment was proud of him, and he was equally proud of his regiment. His great ambition was to raise it to the highest state of discipline, and to make it one of the crack regiments of the service.

Soon after his appointment to the majority of the 100th Regiment, he was presented with the sword of General Wolfe. This interesting relic, so closely associated with one of the most glorious episodes of Canadian history, could not have been placed in more deserving hands than those of the young Canadian soldier, whose career was destined to be as brief and almost as brilliant as that of its original possessor. It was exhibited in the Canadian department of the Great Exhibition of 1862, and was examined by thousands with that tender respect which everything connected with the young hero who fell on the plains of Abraham ought ever to excite. It was highly valued by Colonel Dunn, and is now in the possession of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thurlow Dowling.

Colonel Dunn accompanied his regiment to England. Their first station was Aldershot, but after some time they were removed to Gibraltar. There much of his leisure time was spent in yachting, of which he was passionately fond, and on more than one occasion he had a narrow escape from drowning. One or two illustrations may be given of his generous courage, his dauntless disposition, and great powers of endurance. On one occasion several of his brother officers had accompanied him on board his yacht; a favourable breeze sprang up, all sail was set, and they skimmed joyfully along before the wind. The yacht leaned over considerably, so that the sea almost touched the deck. One of the officers, Captain Coulson, happened to bend forward, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, he lost his balance and

fell overboard. "Put her about," he cried, "or I am lost!" On seeing his friend in the water, Colonel Dunn rushed forward, and was about to leap overboard to try to rescue him, when the other officers, knowing that he could only lose his own life without aiding the drowning man, seized him and held him down by force. An oar was thrown to and seized by the officer in the water; the yacht was put about, but when they reached the spot he had disappeared. This incident shows how generous were his impulses, how little store he set by his own life, and how ready he ever was to rush to the assistance of others without weighing the consequences to himself.

On another occasion he was caught in one of those sudden gales so common in the Mediterranean. There were none on board the yacht but himself and two or three attendants. The gale increased to a hurricane; every effort was made to save the yacht, but she at length became unmanageable, and all hope of safety was given up. Colonel Dunn told his men that nothing more could be done, and descended to the cabin. The crew remained on deck expecting that every moment would be their last. At length, to their great joy, a Spanish vessel hove in sight, they hoisted a signal of distress, and the ship kept them in sight till the hurricane had sufficiently abated to admit of a boat being lowered. On descending to the cabin they found Colonel Dunn sleeping as soundly as if there had been no danger, and loudly expressed their surprise that he could go to sleep under such circumstances. "Why not?" was his answer; "we had done all that could be done." It seemed to him perfectly natural to go to sleep when nothing else remained to be done.

Tired at times of the monotonous life on the glowing rock at Gibraltar, he visited the opposite coast of Africa, and made his way into the interior in search of sport. Such adventures were not without their danger, as the Moors are extremely jealous of strangers, and ready to attack them if they think they can do so with impunity.

The next station was Malta. Here Colonel Dunn had the misfortune to lose his half-brother, an officer in the regiment, who died of fever. He nursed him most tenderly during his illness. And his letters at this period prove that with all his reserve and seeming coldness, he had a warm and affectionate heart. He caused his brother to be buried in full uniform. It was an idea of his that a soldier, like a monk, should wear in

the grave the garb he wore in life. While stationed at Malta, he had another almost miraculous escape. He had been dining at Government House, and was driving home in his carriage with his servant, and his coachman seated on the box. Part of the road lay along the precipitous shore from which it was separated by a species of embankment. The night was dark, and part of the embankment had been broken down. The coachman mistook the way, and the carriage and horses were precipitated over the cliff; Colonel Dunn, with some difficulty, contrived to reach the shore, but the horses were drowned and the carriage destroyed. On this occasion he lost his Victoria Cross and all his Crimean medals, and had much difficulty in having them replaced. From all that has been said it might be inferred that Colonel Dunn bore a charmed life—the sequel, alas! will show that the charm extended only up to a certain point.

On the 20th of December, 1864, Lieutenant-Colonel Dunn was gazetted as full colonel—the youngest colonel in the British service. His active mind and adventurous spirit soon led him to long for a larger field of action than Malta, and he exchanged into the 33rd Regiment, which was then stationed at Poona, in the Bombay Presidency. India has always been the nursery of military reputations, the field where our bravest soldiers have carved their way with their swords to rank and fame. The 33rd is known in the service as the Duke of Wellington's Own Regiment, and the name may have been suggestive of a similar career in India. On joining the regiment he was only second colonel, but Colonel Collings having been made Brigadier-General, Colonel Dunn was left in sole command of the regiment.

After some time, finding that he was about to be superseded by the return of his senior officer, he began to think seriously of returning to England; but after he had made every preparation for going home, and had secured his passage, and all but embarked, his leave of absence was revoked, and he remained in India. An inadvertency on his part, the omission of a simple act of courtesy, is said to have been the cause of the withdrawal of his leave of absence—on such trifles does the future of a man's whole life often hinge. It would be idle to speculate what Colonel Dunn's destiny might have been if he had returned to England; it is sufficient to remark that he remained in India, still retaining the command of the regiment. About this time he made the acquaintance

of the present Lord Napier of Magdala, who knew how to appreciate his noble, chivalrous character, and strove to meet his wishes in every way.

The 33rd Regiment was stationed at Kurachee when they received instructions that they were to form part of the Abyssinian expedition. None but a soldier stationed in India can conceive the boundless joy with which these instructions were received. To escape from the dreary monotony of a tropical life our men are ever ready to go anywhere and do anything. While Colonel Dunn shared in the general exultation, certain facts, which we are not at liberty to divulge, prove that he had a presentiment that he would never return alive from that expedition. Some may regard it as a proof of weakness to attach any importance to such a feeling; but it is an undoubted fact that some soldiers are favoured with a presentiment of their impending fate, and act upon it with as much assurance as if their doom were irrevocable. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that this foreknowledge interferes in any way with the faithful discharge of duty; a truly brave man will meet death none the less cheerfully because he knows death to be inevitable. This feeling was not confined to India—Colonel Dunn carried it with him to Abyssinia. A few days before his death, on meeting an intimate friend, a colonel in the Indian service, he told him the presentiment was still present to his mind that he would never leave Abyssinia. This feeling was all the more singular, inasmuch as it was already known that the expedition was not likely to be attended with much loss of life.

On the 2nd of February, 1868, the following passage appeared in the *Times'* Own Correspondent's letter from Abyssinia:—

"*Senafé, Jan. 28.*—I found Senafé on my arrival yesterday full of a terrible tragedy, which has cast a gloom over all the camp. One of the most popular and promising officers attached to the Abyssinian force, Colonel Dunn, of the 33rd Regiment, had two days before accidentally shot himself. He had gone out with his rifle after game, and from the account of his native servant, who was the only person with him when the accident happened, it seems that as he was stooping forward over a ditch to get some water both barrels suddenly went off and lodged their contents in his left side. His death must have been instantaneous. He was just able to say, 'Run for a doctor,' and then dropped dead."

More minute details of his melancholy death are given in the following extract from a letter written by the officer who accompanied him:—

"*Senafé, Abyssinia, 31st Jan., 1868.*—It is with feelings of deepest regret I write to announce to you the death of our beloved commanding officer, Colonel Dunn, V.C., 33rd Regiment, which melancholy event occurred last Saturday, the 25th instant, by the accidental explosion of his rifle when out shooting deer.

"I accompanied him in the morning to shoot, but in the course of the day we got separated from each other, and I never saw him alive again. The bearer, or gun-carrier who accompanied him, states he wandered far after some deer, got tired, and sat down on a stone. He asked the bearer to give him his brandy flask, which he did, but just while in the act of opening it his rifle slipped and exploded. The contents of both barrels (it is believed) passed through the same opening in the chest. He jumped up suddenly, when the bearer caught him in his arms and laid him down. Colonel Dunn told the bearer to take off his coat and lay him on it, which he did; he then told him to take off his shirt and put it over his face to keep off the sun. When he had done this, Colonel Dunn told him to run into the camp and tell the officers, and bring out a doctor. The bearer did so, and on returning the colonel was found, with the cloth over his face, just as he was left, and quite dead—apparently about an hour. The immediate cause of death was internal hemorrhage. He was buried on Tuesday, the 27th of Jan., under a high rock at Senafé, and his funeral was attended by all the camp, sorrowing, for he was universally loved, and had not an enemy.

"In this sad manner has the regiment lost the best commanding officer it ever had, or ever could have; he was beloved by men and officers, and considered the pride of the regiment by all."

We give an extract also from a letter written by another officer to Colonel Dunn's sister:—

"In no regiment was ever a commanding officer so missed as the one we have just so unhappily lost, such a courteous, thorough gentleman in word and deed, so thoughtful for others, so perfect a soldier, so confidence-inspiring a leader. Every soldier in the regiment misses Colonel Dunn; he was a friend, and felt to be such, to every one of them. The regiment will never have so universally-esteemed a commander again. We all feel that. For myself, I feel that I have lost a brother who can never be replaced. I can scarcely yet realise that the dear fellow is really dead; and as I pass his tent every morning I involuntarily turn my head, expecting to hear his usual kind salutation, and to see the dear handsome face that has never looked at me but with kindness. I breakfasted with him on the morning of the 25th, and he looked so well as he started off with our surgeon for a day's shooting. Little did I think that I had looked on his dear old face for the last time in life. . . . I cannot describe to you what a shock the sad news was to every one, both in my regiment, and indeed to every one in the camp. Our dear colonel was so well known, and so universally liked and respected.

"Next day, Sunday, the 26th of January, he was buried about four o'clock P.M. I went to look at the dear old fellow before his coffin was closed, and his poor face, though looking so cold, was yet so handsome, and the expression of it so peaceful and happy. I cut off some of his hair, which lately he wore very short, a lock of which I now send you, keeping one for myself as the most valuable souvenir I could have of one I loved very dearly. And I knelt down to give his cold forehead a long farewell kiss.

"He was buried in uniform, as he had often ex-

pressed a wish to me to that effect. Every officer in the camp attended his funeral, and, of course, the whole of his own regiment, in which there was not a single dry eye as all stood round the grave of their lost commander. He has been buried on a piece of ground near where our camp now stands, at the foot of a small hill covered with shrubbery and many wild flowers. We have had railings put round the grave, and a stone is to be placed there with the inscription:—

"IN MEMORY OF
A. R. DUNN, V.C., COL. 33RD REGIMENT,
WHO DIED AT SENAFÉ
ON THE 25TH JAN., 1868,
AGED 34 YEARS AND 7 MONTHS."

Wolfe's lines on the burial of Sir John Moore will apply almost word for word to the lonely grave beneath the wild peak of Senafé:—

"No useless coffin enclosed his head,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

Two soldiers of his own regiment were buried near the same spot.

On the following day his "kit" was sold by auction, as is usually done when an officer or a soldier dies in the field. If he has been popular, his comrades are always anxious to secure something at the sale as a souvenir. Everything belonging to Colonel Dunn was sold at an extravagant price; an old pair of hunting spurs fetched three pounds; a copper wash-hand basin the same amount.

No one lamented the death of Colonel Dunn more sincerely than Sir Robert Napier, who saw in him one of the most promising officers in the British army. He arrived at Senafé two days after the accident, and in reviewing the troops he complimented the 33rd on their efficiency, and expressed his regret that they would not be led by the gallant officer whose loss he and they deplore.

We give a copy of an extract from his next dispatch:—

"*Senafé, 30th January, 1868.*—By the death of Colonel Dunn, the 33rd Regiment have lost an excellent commanding officer, and the service a very valuable and promising soldier.

(Signed) "R. NAPIER."

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, on learning the sad intelligence, hastened to express his sympathy with Colonel Dunn's family, in the loss they had sustained. The following letter was written by the Military Secretary, General Forster, to Thurlow Dowling, Esq., by command of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge:—

"HORSE GUARDS, 22nd Feb., 1868.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am desired by the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief to express to you, and to request you will communicate to his relations, His Royal Highness's deep regret at the melancholy death of Colonel Dunn, V.C., 33rd Regiment.

"His Royal Highness would offer, through you to

his family, his sincere condolent sympathy in the loss of an officer who had distinguished himself in the service, and whose antecedents in the army led to the anticipation that, had his life been spared, he would have become still more distinguished in his profession.

"Although I could not boast of intimacy with Colonel Dunn, still my knowledge of and friendship for him will, I trust, warrant my requesting you will accept my participation in His Royal Highness's feelings upon this sad occasion.

"I enclose an extract from the report of His Excellency Lieut.-General Sir Robert Napier announcing his death.—Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

W. F. FORSTER.

"Thurlow Dowling, Esq."

Colonel Dunn's regiment, the gallant 33rd, highly distinguished themselves at the capture of Magdala. It seemed as if they were still animated by the presence of him they had loved so well. When the head of the column of attack was checked by the obstacles at the gate, a small stream of officers and men of the 33rd Regiment and an officer of Engineers, breaking away from the main approach to Magdala, and climbing up a cliff, reached the defences and forced their way over the wall and through the strong and thorny fence, thus turning the defenders of the gateway. The first two men to enter, and the first in Magdala, were Drummer Maynard and Private Bergin of the 33rd Regiment. For their conspicuous gallantry on this occasion, both were decorated with the Victoria Cross. But amid all the exultation of final success, in the very moment of victory, there was but one feeling pervading the whole regiment—a feeling of regret that their beloved young chief was not there to lead them on, and share in the laurels they gained. "How proud poor Dunn would have been leading his regiment!" was the universal remark among the officers; while still more kindly and affectionate terms were heard from the ranks. It was certainly a remarkable circumstance connected with this highly successful expedition, that while not a single British soldier was killed in battle, a simple accident cost us the life of one of the most distinguished and generally popular officers in the whole expeditionary force.

It was for this reason, doubtless, that the national grief, which might have been diverted into a thousand different channels, as it was during the Crimean war, was concentrated on Colonel Dunn alone. No young officer has ever been so much lamented since the death of General Wolfe, whose sword he possessed. Not only the military journals, but journals of all kinds and shades of politics united in giving expression to the universal grief which the nation felt at the loss of one in whose

person seemed to be revived the spirit of the chivalrous ages. This feeling of universal regret even found its way into the House of Commons, usually so cold and dispassionate. When the thanks of the House of Commons were given to General Sir Robert Napier and the army which had taken part in the Abyssinian Expedition, on the 2nd of July, 1868, Mr. Gladstone expressed this feeling with his usual eloquence:—

"Perhaps it may not be going too far from the subject to utter in this august assembly one word of regret for a gallant officer—Colonel Dunn—I believe the only field officer whose life has been lost, although not by the direct result of military operations during the expedition; who had proved in the deadly charge at Balaklava the courage with which he was inspired; who had received at the hand of his Sovereign the honour of the Victoria Cross; who had sought active service as the commander of the gallant regiment that made the assault upon Magdala—the 33rd—and who has now found a grave in that distant country, with a place of honour in the recollection of his fellow-citizens."

The unanimous applause with which these eloquent words were greeted, proved how deeply the House sympathised with the feeling they expressed.

It was one of the wise maxims of antiquity that no man should esteem himself happy till the hour of his death. Of all the gallant officers who landed in Abyssinia and took part in that expedition, Colonel Dunn might justly have been pronounced the most fortunate. At an age when most young men are still at school or college, he gained in the deadly charge at Balaklava a name that was known wherever the English language is spoken or deeds of bravery admired. At the age of thirty, he attained the rank of Colonel, and assumed the command of one of the finest regiments in the service. In that regiment he was universally popular with all, from the senior officer down to the youngest recruit. Nor was his popularity confined to his own regiment. There was a charm, a fascination, in his manner, which disarmed jealousy and converted envy into friendship. A less lovable man might have been disliked because he was so fortunate, but no one complained of his rapid promotion. A colonel at thirty,—the youngest colonel in the British service,—he would have obtained the rank of Brigadier-General before he had completed his thirty-fifth year, for his name was next upon the list. Known as a dashing officer, distinguished for his personal bravery, a Colonel at an age when other men are captains or sub-alterns, possessed of every gift of fortune, there was no rank or position in the army which he might not have been predicted to attain; and yet, by a simple accident, this

brilliant soldier, beloved and admired by all, was arrested in the full career of success, and laid in a lonely tomb among the rocks at Senafé. In his case as in many others,

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

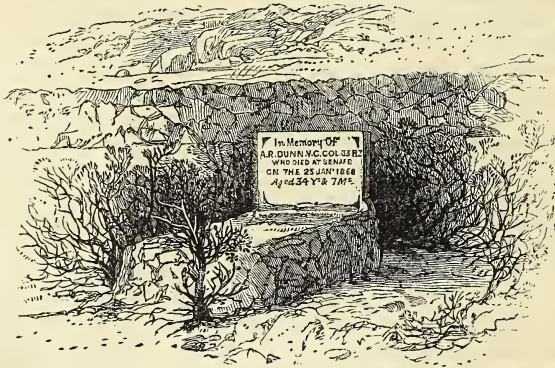
It was a belief among the ancients that an early death is a proof of divine favour; and there is nothing in revelation to contradict that belief. He had lived long enough for his own glory, if not for his country's good. The highest honours of his profession could not have invested his name with a brighter halo than it already possessed at the hour of his death. Such men never die altogether: they live in the hearts of those who have known and loved them.

Such was Colonel Dunn, the very model and *beau-ideal* of a British soldier—tall, handsome, chivalrous, generous, almost to a fault. Modest and unassuming, he loved more to hear of the brave deeds of others than to recount his own. Shy and reserved with strangers, in the bosom of his own family, or in the society of his own officers, he showed all the fresh light-hearted gaiety of a boy, ready to please and to be pleased with everything. And yet, in those hours of social freedom, no

one would have ventured to forget that he was a man born to command; possessed of the mysterious gift of attracting and influencing others without an effort. The tears shed over his grave at Senafé, the aching hearts which still lament his loss, prove how largely he possessed this power. It may be said that he was proud because he was never seen at the *levées* of princes or in the antechambers of the great; but his was that noble pride which respects itself; which stoops to nothing base or mean; which abhors the language of flattery, and refuses to bow before the idols of the hour.

Now that our task is ended, we bow with tender respect before the memory of this gallant young soldier, to whom the beautiful language of Bacon may be aptly applied:—"The death of such persons is wont to be followed by infinite commiseration; for of all mortal accidents, there is none so lamentable, none so powerful to move pity, as this cropping of the flower of virtue before its time; the rather because their life has been too short to give occasion of satiety or of envy which might otherwise mitigate sorrow at their death, or temper compassion."

P. BEATON.



THE SAILOR BOY.

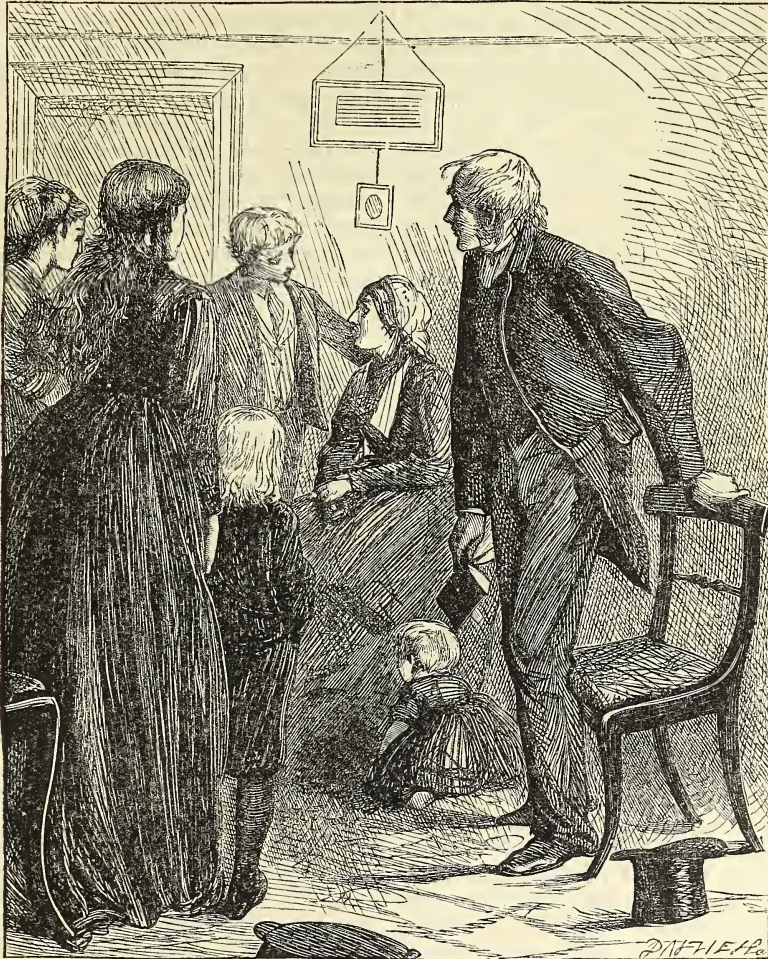
BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "CHILD-WORLD."

O SAILOR BOY! this is the day;
We count each hour and each minute;
Our hearts are as light and as gay
As the ship that brings you in it.
The house is merry with flow'rs;
The hearth is blazing with light;
We live through the glorified hours,
And laugh to think of to-night.

The minutes and hours slip on;
Alas! they have passed into days;
The beautiful rapture is gone,
And only a weary hope stays.
A hope that weeps in our eyes,
As silently, by-and-by,
Each blossom we gather'd dies,
And with each a hope must die.

O sailor boy ! when will you come
 To turn all our grief to fêting !
 O sailor boy ! sail to your home,
 Our hearts are so tired with waiting ;
 Your mother's step is so sad,
 Her heart is heavy with pain ;
 Oh, darling ! she would be glad
 To see your sweet face again !

And when we were eager with joy,
 Adorning the room in our bliss,
 And saying fond things of our boy,
 Disputing who'd get the first kiss,
 List'ning for steps on the path,
 Smiling with tremulous lips,
 The wicked storm in its wrath
 Was slaying our ship of ships !



Our darling was dragg'd on the wave,
 (Oh, had we dreamt of it only !)
 The sea is a wonderful grave,
 So wide, and deep, and lonely.
 With a wild and dreadful shock,—
 The wicked storm was so proud,—
 It drove the ship on a rock,
 And changed her sail to a shroud !

And when he could never come back,
 And our hearts were ready to break,
 And even the baby wore black
 For his dear sailor brother's sake ;
 There came a hope and a cry,
 A joy that was almost pain,
 And our darling—who did not die !—
 Was clasped in our arms again !

LAUGHTER.

A Contribution to the Morals of the Subject.

"Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with joy."—PSALM cxxvi. 2.

NOTWITHSTANDING the troublous character of the times (and what times are not troublous in this great battle-field of mighty evil and mightier good—this world?), and the many critical questions of vital importance which are occupying the minds of men, I scarcely think it needful to apologize for selecting for somewhat careful treatment the above subject, to the consideration of which circumstances have led me. It may perhaps be thought that to treat in such times of such a topic is too much to imitate him who was not ashamed to "fiddle while Rome was burning." But I trust that readers who favour me by reading to the end of this article will absolve me from this charge. In such matters everything depends upon the manner of treatment of the subject,—the point of view from which it is contemplated,—the object aimed at by the writer.

That laughter has great effects upon the tone of men's minds, and upon the formation of character, will probably be denied by no one. In the principal nations of the earth there are periodical publications of extensive circulation and great moral influence, devoted very much to the excitement of the peculiar state of mind and feeling that expresses itself in this manner. In England our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. *Punch*, has many humbler followers,—*Judy*, *Fun*, and others; in France there is the *Charivari*; in Germany the *Kladderadatsch*; besides which, there exist jest-books of various kinds and degrees of importance. And I do not hesitate to call it a considerable national blessing that under the present editorship of our English periodicals of this kind, their moral tone and their standard of good taste is, on the whole, so pure; in this respect so very favourably contrasted with the deplorably impure character of many of their foreign "analogues." With this preliminary and well-deserved bow to Mr. *Punch*, I proceed to my subject.

It has from ancient times been always felt that laughter is a great power in the world. "*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*" ("What hinders serious truth from being conveyed under ludicrous forms?"), said a moralist of old times. "*Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius plerumque secat res*" ("The ludicrous generally"—rather say, often—"cuts into the heart of things more forcibly and with better effect

than the grave and serious"),* said the same eminent writer. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that times of laughter, like all other parts of human life in which we dare even for a moment to throw the reins upon the neck of our impulses, and to "give them their head" freely, are times of special danger, against which, therefore, it is most important to guard. It is not all men who can be trusted with much freedom of jesting; it is only good men, and all of us only so far as we are good, with whom "joy is its own security,"† and the free "abundance of the heart" is sure not to sin against good taste and good feeling, or even against some of the most sacred laws of God. "Now let us be grave," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "*I see a fool coming.*" You must know your company before trusting yourself to unrestrained laughter.

I propose to consider, first, what laughter is,—as a mental and physical phenomenon; secondly, one or two of the principal passages of Scripture with regard to it, and its lawfulness in general; and, lastly, some cautions with regard to it.

1. Laughter, as a mental and physical fact, is a singular phenomenon.

Tears and laughter are part of the universal language of human kind—the language of *looks*. Since Babel, men, dispersed over the face of the world, do not understand one another's speech. But this one inarticulate language remains intelligible to all mankind; it requires no interpreter, it is legible to those to whom even "the three R's" are still a mystery; infants newly-born seem to bring some understanding of it with them into the world; it may be read by a black man in the face of a white; it would have been apprehended in Robinson Crusoe, by his man Friday on the desert island; it is even in some degree legible by a marvellous instinct by the lower animals in the face of man. For a strong man can flash a spirit-quelling command out of the bodily windows of his soul, his eyes, into the half-waking "spirit of a beast." A Borrow can thereby assert his authority "by right divine" over an enraged dog.‡

* Milton seems to have had these words in his mind when he wrote, in his inimitably forcible English, in the *Animadversions on the Remonstrant*—"This vein of laughing hath oftentimes a strong and sinewy force in teaching and confuting."

† Wordsworth's "Hymn to Duty."

‡ See *The Bible in Spain*.

It is a touching proof of that deep underlying unity, which, amidst all their infinite differences, binds together in the deeper regions of their being all the far-separated races and families of Adam's children, that all men do, in this way, understand one another's looks. If I land on an unknown island, whose inhabitants speak a language,—in the ordinary sense of that word,—quite unintelligible to me, and yet see there a human face, whatever be its colour or shape, lighted with a smile, or trembling into tears, my heart, if it is not dead within me, will answer to what I call its *expression*, though I cannot in the least tell how I gather any such knowledge from that sight. We may plead, therefore, for the deep interest of these two phenomena, tears and laughter, on this ground among others, that they are part of the universal and distinctive characteristics of our brother men, of every race and clime.

Laughter is visible principally in that mystic border-land between matter and spirit, "the human face divine."

How it does so, who shall say? For what is a face? It is a region but a few square inches in extent; and yet this is all the instrument, or much the principal one, with which, in the mystic processes of Nature, all the varieties of thought, feeling, emotion, of which we become aware in looking at another human being, are in some way or other effectively conveyed to us. Its component parts have, it is true, a marvellous power of ceaseless, most subtle *movement*—a most important attribute. "That," says Lord Bacon (Essay on Beauty), "is the best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life, decent" (*i.e.*, becoming) "and gracious motion." Still, it is through this apparently simple instrument, a face, that, in some way or other, thought, feeling, emotion, are expressed, to a degree really marvellous. And who knows not the actual light (is it physical? or is it spiritual in its essence?—we cannot say) that may flash into our souls from the lines of flowing beauty round the mouth, the dancing gleams in the lengthening eyes, the innumerable twinklings and beamings of the countenance, when it is really *laughing*?

Still, it is not only in the face, or even in the domain of sight, that the spiritual condition which causes laughter is perceptible in others. The blind, who never looked upon a face, yet know of laughter in others through that other bodily doorway into the presence-chamber of the soul, the ear; and

the feelings called up in the soul of the blind by peals of laughter (*peals*, as of some gladsome and brilliant bells in the spirit-world), must be much the same as those stirred in those deprived of hearing, by the sight of a laughing face, and of the shaking sides,—the arms, it may be, flung into the air, the head thrown back, or the hands enthusiastically rubbed together,—of one who is undergoing that strange seizure rightly called a fit—for a true fit, or physical seizure it is—of laughter. Whatever it may be in its inmost nature and central spring in the soul, its effects are general over the whole body. Probably there is not the remotest corner, or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels (life-vessels) of the body, that does not feel some wavelet from that great convulsion shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come, when physicians, attending more closely than at present unfortunately they are apt to do, to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription, a pill or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.*

Having considered laughter as a physical phenomenon, we might naturally next inquire into its causes and its effects—intellectual, moral, spiritual. But before doing so, it may be well to clear out of our way an objection which if valid is fatal. Some passages in the Bible may seem totally to condemn, not, indeed, laughter in itself, but at any rate much laughter.

Now, I am far indeed from denying that there is such a thing as "excessive laughter," or that it may be, and often is, a source of serious mischief. But many of the passages in the Bible that relate to this subject are often much misinterpreted and twisted from their true meaning.

2. With regard, then, to the question,

* On the *Physiology of Laughter* there is an able and original essay by Mr. Herbert Spencer (2nd series).

whether or no Scriptural morality allows much freedom to laughter in a perfect human character in mortal man, it must first be said that it is *a priori* exceedingly improbable that it should not do so.

For it is a very principal characteristic of Christian religion, that it leaves room for the free and strong play of all primitive impulses of human nature. It never puts its veto upon the use, nor even upon the hearty and free use (let it be remembered that "freedom" is a word of very different signification from "licence") of any faculty or original impulse of our nature, but only claims for it right guidance. According to St. Paul's great anti-Manichean principle, Christian conscience "*knows and is persuaded of the Lord that there is nothing unclean of itself*," but only in its abuse. Let us hold it fast as a main point in the Magna Charta of our liberty, as redeemed children of God, that with regard to all primitive instincts of human nature, our Divine Lord "came not to destroy, but to fulfil"—not to suppress life, but "that we might have it more abundantly," only guided and inspired aright; that sin is a discord of notes good in themselves—"sweet bells" now, it may be, "jangled out of tune," but which were originally, and may be made again, wholly sweet. Our Lord came to proclaim a "law of liberty" under which the primeval beauty and perfection of human nature as a whole, and of this world altogether, should be manifested, to the glory of the great Maker, by the full use of every one of the faculties and forces of our nature, and of every one of the objects, forces, and primitive arrangements of external nature. Not heaven only, but "heaven and earth" are to be "*full of the glory of God*."

It is as a principal instance of this large and joyful *freedom* of Christian morality that I think it well worth while to vindicate the full lawfulness of laughter. It is no true interpretation of the Divine religion which would make it nip off with relentless scissors every free-budding growth of spontaneous nature, and which, because the Divine Law-giver has said that "for every idle word" which is the free "abundance of the heart," men "shall give account," therefore concludes that for every such word they shall be condemned. On the contrary, the result of such "account" may sometimes be, not condemnation, but praise.

Agreeable with this is the honour put by our Lord and his Apostles upon children and the child-like mind. "*Bubbling fountains of iniquity!*" exclaimed the great Calvinist

Toplady, unworthily of himself, as he passed a group of children at play;—"And of such is the kingdom of heaven!" might some one have answered him! The two together would have made up a strange picture of heaven! "The great mistake we have made in education," said a very different person, Lord Palmerston, "is that we have forgotten the truth, that *all men are born good*." Lord Palmerston, it should be remembered, had no children in his house. Otherwise, he would have seen outbursts of naked selfishness,—perhaps also of ferocity of temper, and revenge, and of various other serious faults, which his genial though, in some respects, deplorably lax conscience would have found it hard indeed to reconcile with his theory.

But if we strike the balance between Toplady and Palmerston, we may get some great truths. Surely, that which belongs to all children, as children, and appears to us so to be a part of the child-nature, that we are obliged to believe that it is independent of the Fall, must be good. There is a great saying of Schiller, somewhere quoted by the author of *Friends in Council*, "Death cannot be evil, since it is universal" (that may be twisted into a perilous falsehood, but let it be taken in good part). It was beautifully, as well as characteristically, asked by that great preacher of a true and Christianised natural religion, by "him who uttered nothing base," the great William Wordsworth:—

"Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnet's song?
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong?"

And he was no rebel against the restraints of divine morality, but only a rightly trustful child of the Most Holy, when he wrote the conclusion of another beautiful poem—"The Kitten and Falling Leaves;" and when in one of the noblest and most inspired poems in the English, or in any other language, he says, speaking of birds and beasts rejoicing in the spring,—

"Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh, evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

I do not therefore fear to affirm that laughter, even the free and boundlessly joyous laughter of children and child-like

souls, *cannot* be forbidden by Holy Scripture rightly understood;—single texts must be misinterpreted which are thought to forbid it.*

Let us, then, examine one of these texts.

It may be asked, "Does not our Lord say, '*Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall weep?*'" Yes; but, as has been well replied,† He also says, "Blessed are they that weep now: for they *shall laugh*." The act, the habit, which in one place is condemned, is in the other made characteristic of the state of the victorious happiness of the children of God. All depends on context, proportion, and the place in the order of human life, which it is made to occupy. Placed first or uppermost, it is mischievous; and akin, at least, to many kinds of sin. They whose life may be described as fundamentally one of laughing, are on the road to misery,—the end of that mirth is heaviness. But he whose life is in its great object, tendency, and effect, a faithful service of God and of men, shall be free to laugh; and his laughter, like all other acts of his—so far as he is such as has been described—shall be blest. The solid earth, full of mines of gold, and iron, and ten thousand useful and precious products, may yet afford to bring forth also on its surface innumerable wild flowers, for beauty and for joy. And so I humbly trust I am not wrong in believing that the true meaning and intended resultant of the two sentences above quoted of our Divine Lord is not ill expressed by the following lines of one whom no one will accuse of unchristian wantonness—the poet Cowper:—

"Let no man charge me that I mean
To clothe in sable every social scene,
And give good company a face severe,
As if they met around a father's bier,
(But) tell some men that *pleasure all their bent,*
And laughter all their work, is life misspent."[‡]

These great sayings of our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount were as a powerful yeast cast into the thoughts of men, teaching great truths, but to be interpreted by the free Spirit of God within us, in harmony with divine laws revealed elsewhere. It is by the

balance, the resultant of the whole, that our practical course and our belief must be guided.*

3. On the above principles I will venture even one somewhat hazardous step further, and humbly, yet confidently, affirm that no part of the Divine warning against those that "laugh now" *need* apply (though doubtless it often does) even to those whose work and business in life is the right *guidance* of laughter,—as for instance the editors of publications having that for their object. I say it *need* not do so. For the application, as I humbly venture to think, of that Divine warning is intended to be to such as make laughter, levity, selfish or heartless mirth, the main stuff and substance of the great "now;" to whom life on earth is food for a cynical or a frivolous mirth. But what if some men, being gifted thereto, feel it their impulse and inward calling to deal with this great human manifestation, this broad fact in the existing order of things, laughter, with all its concomitant effects, which exists whether we will or no, and "seeing this move coming" take it in hand to "head it,"—to guide its activity and manifold forceful life into fruitful or beneficial instead of poisonous or barren fields? What if some one, like young Richard II., seeing a motley crew of somewhat wanton creatures running riot, and likely to work mischief, does not frown wrath upon them, but generously and in good temper fronts them with an offer, not unrespectfully made,—"I will be your king?"—or, like David and his Adullamites, fears not to go to live among these wild sons of nature, not to give way for an instant to their wills in so far as they are evil or wanton, but rather with the wish and hope to win them by divine arts of government, and with the light hand of sympathy and firmness combined, to more civilised ways?—then, I say, although a churlish and blind-hearted Nabal may see no merit in such a man, every nobler Abigail will feel and proclaim that he deserves well of mankind in doing a work which greatly needs to be done. And we humbly believe that he will receive, not only absolution, but even a deserved praise at the hands of the unerring justice and love of Him who came to bless our human life as a whole, and who has opened a wide place in His kingdom for every harmless form of human life, activity, and happiness. Of course—and of this it is all important

* "If it be harmful to be angry," says Milton, "and withal to cast a lowering smile, when the properest object calls for both, it will be long enough ere any be able to say why those two most rational faculties of human intellect, anger and laughter, were first seated in the breast of man."—*Animadversions on the Remonstrant*.

† "They who weep are declared to be blessed, not because they weep, but *because they shall laugh*; and the woe threatened to the laughers is in like manner, that *they shall mourn and weep*. Therefore, they who have this spirit in them will endeavour to forward the blessing, and avoid the woe."—*Guesses at Truth*, first series, p. 340, in an admirable little essay on my subject, to which I am indebted for many quotations.

‡ *Cowper's Poems*:—*Conversation*.

* The author of this paper has endeavoured to set this forth at length in No. 12 of the "Tracts for Priests and People" (Macmillan), on the "Testimony of Scripture to the Authority of Conscience and of Reason."

that we should take earnest heed—if this good result is to follow from such men's efforts, and this blessing to attend them, the said editors *must* guide—and guide aright. King Richard must not become himself a Wat Tyler, nor princely David a scape-grace, like those with whom for the time he associates; his *object* must be to raise, ennoble, purify,—or, at any rate, to avoid every baser misdirection of the natural joy of human kind.

It is, then, I venture to affirm, a poor, a thin, a meagre, and an unchristian morality which does not acknowledge that some kinds of the heartiest and freest mirth is not only harmless, but directly and even deeply beneficial to the whole life of the spirit of men, tending to the kindling of love in the place of selfishness, of warmth in the place of coldness, of life and play of every joyful faculty of human nature rather than the stiffness and rigidity which is akin with, and is in the way to produce death.

One topic more I must touch before proceeding to speak of the sins and dangers of laughter. It is worth while to affirm here that hearty laughter *need* not be in the least against *good manners*. Of course there are kinds of laughter which are so; and there are many occasions when much laughter is so. But the whole notion that hearty laughter is *in itself* something coarse, that “refined” persons, or those of gentle blood and gentle manners, would not indulge in anything more than “a smile,” and even think it necessary to apologize for that—as when men say they could “scarce refrain from a smile”—is a strange delusion, and a piece of mischievous worldliness. It is part of the tyranny with which the “customs and traditions of the world” cramp and stifle the free and strong life of the heart and spirit; and cover over God's living work in nature with a miserable *Rachel-enamel* of so-called “polite” manners, under which no breath can any more be freely breathed by the spirit of a human being, than a physical breath can under the pressure of those murderous abominations, with which girls are allowed to kill themselves—tight stays. But this notion of the impropriety of any but the faintest laughter in “good society” prevails fatally, especially in “young ladies’ seminaries,” within the soul-withering dominion of those “prim” manners against which Dickens has in his whole writings waged so effective a war, especially where, with his peculiar and inimitable inspiration of wit, he makes a professor of “deportment” instruct a young lady, before entering a room, in order to bring her

mouth into the correct refined shape, to recite the words, “Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism.” These artificial and forced manners are the fruitful source of those intolerable pests of social life “primness” and “stiffness,” tending to turn free human beings into artificial dolls moved by rigid springs and wires. And by too violent a reaction it is also the parent of the contrary extreme, the coarseness, lawless, and ungente wantonness, and “tomboyishness” of the “Girl of the Period.” Had proper freedom and naturalness been allowed to childhood and youth, such abortions of good manners could not have invaded the land. The “prism” manners wither all originality and freshness of character at its root, rub off all corners, clip down all men and women to one uniform standard of artificial shape, and turn the fresh and noble forest-land of the world, which the Almighty Maker filled with an endless variety of strong-growing trees and shrubs, into the likeness of a cockney tea-garden, in which the beauteous products of nature, the shrubs and even trees, are cut into the form of peacocks and tea-pots.

The manners of most foreign countries are much freer, though at the same time much more truly “refined.” The French say of us English that we only laugh “du bout des lèvres” (with the tips of our lips), the true “prism” caricature of a laugh.*

4. I proceed now to another most essential and necessary branch of the subject, the sins and dangers of laughter.

The principal reason why laughter is a region of danger for fallen beings is that, as Milton has said, Mirth is a twin-sister of “the

* It is related of a great man, taken from us some years back, that, being admitted, late in life, to court, he felt himself at first in difficulties from scruples about laughter. He believed that hearty laughter was hardly proper in those celestial “circles;” and yet, having a strong sense of the ludicrous, he was often tempted, during the free and pleasant conversations he held there, to that unseemly manifestation of amusement, as he believed it was considered. When, therefore, the temptation came upon him, he suppressed the natural expression of his feelings by physical force—applying his knuckle with energy to his upper lip!—of which the result was a sound something akin to that which might be produced by a semi-stifled penny trumpet—much to the loss of the great man's dignity. When he had lived longer in those empyrean regions, he no doubt must have learnt a greater and more genial freedom. Indeed, it may be said generally, that there is less of affectation of any kind in those highest regions of English society than anywhere else amongst us (unless it be among hearty and noble sons of the soil), which great blessing, like so many others relating to the tone of our domestic and family life, has been conferred upon us mainly by the example of the highest lady of the land. No one has a greater dislike to affectation or insincerity of any kind than our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria, whom may God preserve. Let not anything here said be twisted into any justification of the coarse and ill-mannered laugh, which wantonly forces its rude presence into unsuitable times and places. Nor let it be understood to defend the roughness and reckless defiance of good taste sometimes to be deplored in even otherwise gentle women. Certainly when a woman loses gentleness and becomes *boyish* and rude, she loses her fairest ornament, and much of the grace which is a woman's true “decoration.”

mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;" and Liberty in fallen man is continually perverted into *Licence*—a totally different thing.

What exactly the difference between these two, Liberty and Licence, is, it may not be easy in exact words to define. But perhaps it may be said that Liberty is the freedom of a child of God, governed and restrained, not by iron rules from without, but by its godlike instincts, whereas Licence has no such instincts. Liberty, as a true child of the Most High, may be trusted to play in its Father's house; but Licence is as a little fiend, or soulless imp, or brute-creature, let in there by mistake, and sure to be guilty, if not of gross, yet of continual slight, offences against good feeling and good taste; and so the authorities have to expel him with shame, or to keep him under iron rules of discipline till, perchance, he may become a law to himself, and attain to the "glorious liberty of the children of God," guided securely by its divine instincts of purity, of love, and of gentleness.

I must now endeavour to instance definitely some of the kinds of licentious laughter, and denounce them.

"Jesting," says Fuller, in his admirable little essay in *The Holy and Profane State*, "is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in *quantity, quality, or season.*"

(a.) In quantity. This I do not understand of *intensity* of laughter, but only of the *extent* it covers of time and of subject. For the intensest laugh, even to tears, may be harmless. Nay, it is, doubtless, *in its place and time*, not only lawful, but excellent; but then it must be limited to its proper place and time. Such laughter entirely unrestrained, say in a royal presence, if pardonable, yet certainly would need pardon; probably for this reason, that it is immodest, and therefore wrong, in an august presence to draw general attention to oneself. But yet the thing in itself is good; and we have seen laughter, even to floods of tears, restrained within narrow bounds as to *noise*, that would have been harmless, not to say praiseworthy, in the most celestial of earthly "circles" at proper times.

Excess of laughter is to be found, as I have said, not in the intensity, but in the extent of subject or of time that it is allowed to cover. Laughter pulls out a stop in the organ of conversation and social intercourse,—what may be called the *Levity* stop. Hence, no doubt, its great use at times, as in turning an incipient quarrel into a joke, or in lightening the pressure of subjects taken more seriously than they deserve, leading men to find—

"E'en in things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,"

—opening safety-valves whereby superfluous steam may escape harmlessly. But hence also its danger. What more provoking than men who will persist in pulling out that stop in the midst of serious and profitable discussion, whether at public or private meetings, and so let off, not superfluous, but most useful steam, which otherwise might have done invaluable work? And generally, when it absorbs *much* time, it is surely mischievous and a snare. It is not good, as says Fuller, "where it is a master-quality, but only where it attendeth on other perfections." Excuse may be made for some who err in this way, because their laugh is involuntary, the result of a morbid state of nerves, and a letting off in an at least comparatively harmless way, and by a kind of defiance, of some inward and oppressive pain, and so to the patient the lesser of two evils; still to others it is an evil, even in some cases a serious one. "Make not jests," said Fuller, "*till thou becomest one.*" Limit laughter strictly in time and place, lest it displace nobler things.

(b.) Of all dangers in laughter, of course, none is greater than that of its trespassing upon sacred ground. *Why* laughter is wrong in sacred places and sacred times, it may not be easy to say; but that it is so an imperious instinct in the soul of every man of sound heart absolutely declares. "Jest not," says Fuller, "with the two-edged sword of God's Word. *Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice?* Dangerous is it to wit-wanton it with the majestie of God; *wherefore if, without intention, and against thy will, by chance medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.*"

"But," it may be objected, "do you mean to affirm that all jests which turn upon any words of holy Scripture,—even such as merely touch what may be called its external covering, the mere earthen vessels wherein the heavenly treasure is contained, and in no way even graze the blessed and holy Name, or any of the great verities of Divine religion,—do you mean that all such jests as take their material only from the mere *outside* of Scripture, and make '*Pulpit Table-Talk*,' such as truly reverend names have at times, and within strict prescribed limits, sanctioned—are to be branded as profane?"*

* "It is to be observed," says Archbishop Whately, in his Annotations on Bacon's Essays (Essay xvi., *Atheism*), "that we are not to be offended as if sacred matters were laughed at, when some folly that has been forced into connexion with them is exposed. When things really ridiculous are mixed up with religion, who is to be blamed? Not he who shows that they are ridiculous, but those who disfigure truth by blending

It would be great arrogance for any one in the face of the authorities that may be pleaded for the practice, to do so. That *cannot* be in its nature profane in which such men's consciences have allowed themselves. Of course whenever any one transgresses such limits as I have assigned for such jests, as when the matter of them is taken from the heavenly treasure itself, not from its earthen vessel, it is then inexcusable; but otherwise, perhaps it is harmless. The golden sceptre may be, and I believe is, often held out to such transgressors. But, at any rate, it is a dangerous practice; and while we cannot condemn those who allow themselves in it, if only the Spirit of holiness and of love is allowed to assign strict limits to such liberty, yet we can scarcely doubt that those of us who have hitherto allowed themselves some—it may be pardonable—licence in this matter, and in so doing have not done ill, would yet do better were they henceforth to “take the pledge” of a voluntary, but yet “total abstinence.”

As to wantonly laughing in sacred places,—as in the midst of a congregation gathered for Divine worship,—it is the sin of poor, of shallow, of unworthy, or of over youthful souls. The sight of a wanton boy, or a silly wench, or of men and women who have not outgrown their childishness, wilfully laughing in church, suggests the thought of a monkey who, in illicit ways, should have climbed the walls of Heaven, and intruded his ignoble chatter and soulless sport among the august Presences THERE. And it should receive the treatment which that would merit,—the expulsion of the offender with sharp decisiveness, and a deserved ignominy. If in jesting you are led into *dancing* over the lines of the Divine morality, and of Divine reverence, and so fall down some precipices of the Divine vengeance, or lead others to that result, it will be poor comfort to reflect that you *were* dancing when you did so.

(c.) Impure jests, by which I mean all such as tend to loosen morals (I am not speaking of such as offend against canons of *taste*, which may without offence vary in different countries and in different individual men), are a gross offence in laughter.

“Wanton jests,” says Fuller, “make fools laugh and wise men frown. *Seeing we are civilised Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk.*” There are some men whom if you hear laughing loud, you feel an almost certain conviction that the jest is

something that had better not have been said; its spice, such as it is, is wanton, and tends to the practice of some heartless or degrading wickedness; nothing but immorality really amuses such persons—the joke was of the nature that “makes fools laugh in the ale-house.” Of *forerunners*, and preparers of the soil, for sin, none is more effective than loose talking; the “*foolish talking and jesting which is not convenient*,” denounced by St. Paul. Vile, disgraceful in any gentleman even, but a dark crime in any professing Christian, is such talk, crying to heaven for vengeance upon its perpetrators. Execrable also is the taste which offends us often at “Penny Readings,” and in conversation and popular songs, which takes in hand the relations between the sexes as matter for a merely heartless and foolish levity. The wretched vulgarities anent “the ladies,” to which one is at times exposed to listen, are serious evils, against which it behoves all Christian men and women to set their faces sternly. Do women like, or ought they to like, to be considered mere playthings? What folly and vulgarity is worse, or more odious and contemptible, than this miserable flippancy?*

I must beg permission here to put in a protest also against making drunkenness a subject for laughter, at least in mixed companies. It only tends to make that a subject of amusement which to every Christian—indeed, I might say, considering the immeasurable miseries of which drunkenness is the prolific parent, to every man of the slightest benevolence—should be an object of disgust and loathing.

(d.) There are many sins committed, in laughter, against love.

Such is any, even the slightest real *mockery* of other men's sufferings, deformities, calamities. How beautiful is Fuller's warning—“Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. *O 'tis crueltie to beat a cripple with his own crutches.* Neither flout any for his profession if honest, though poore and painfull. *Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.*” “Some,” he says, elsewhere, “think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite.”

* The love of men for women, and of women for men, is the most beautiful of human affections; but *corruptio optima pessima*. Let innumerable wounded, embittered, even broken hearts, and those sometimes the gentlest of hearts, be allowed to utter their terrible warning against heartless flirtations, which are felt to receive a kind of spurious absolution from society, by the levity of a silly and vulgar flippancy of treatment of such subjects. Let it be remembered that the style of jesting in which men allow themselves on the relations of men to women, is a most important element in the education of the general mind on subjects of which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance with reference to human happiness and human morality.

falsehood with it. . . . A tree is not injured by being cleared of moss and lichens; nor truth by having folly and sophistry torn away from around it.”

Against love, that kind of wit consisting of playful *personalities* called *chaff* is apt in some hands to sin—it is an edge-tool that can only be trusted in the hands of love and mutual respect. Where “hearts are of each other sure,” such playfulness is one of the pleasantest exercises of the heart’s affections. It is no true friendship that cannot stand or does not delight in it. But there are cats that seem unable to play in this style without letting the claws through the velvet; and on the claws there will be a little—what the French so happily call a *souffçon*—of poison. The domestic cat has, in such cases, a little of the wild cat—some even of its blood-thirst—still living in it.

So are there some people who cannot use this “play” with safety; and many other grave and serious persons who do not understand it. But in others it is graciousness itself. All depends upon spirit. The Pentecostal spirit of love and purity, rather than any laws written on stone,* must decide where it is safe and where dangerous, or ungentle. With such cautions and limitations, laughter may be made not only harmless, but profitable. The following graceful lines on *Nonsense* admirably express some of the lighter uses of sportiveness:—

Nonsense! thou delicious thing,
Thought and feeling’s effervescence
Like the bubbles from a spring,
In their sparkling evanescence;
Thou, the child of sport and play,
When the brain keeps holiday.
When old gravity and reason
Are dismissed as out of season,
And imagination seizes
The dominion while she pleases—

Though to praise thee can’t be right,
Yet, Nonsense! thou art exquisite!

When for long and weary hours
We have sate with patient faces,
Tasking our exhausted powers,
To utter wise old commonplaces;
Hearing and repeating too
Things unquestionably true,
Maxims which there’s no denying,
Facts to which there’s no replying;
Then how often have we said,
With tired brain and aching head,
“Sense may be all true and right—
But, Nonsense! thou art exquisite!”

When we close the fireside round,
When young hearts with joy are brimming,
While gay laughing voices sound,
And eyes with dewy mirth are swimming
In the free and fearless sense
Of friendship’s fullest confidence,
Pleasant then, without a check,
To lay the reins on fancy’s neck.
And let her wild caprices vary
Through many a frolicsome vagary,
Exclaiming still, in gay delight,
“Oh, Nonsense! thou art exquisite!”*

And so I beg to conclude, hoping that it will not have been altogether useless to have attempted in this brief essay, principally written during festive days of Christmas-time, to reconcile, on this subject, the instincts of good men and child-like souls, with the Divine precepts of the Book of books; and to vindicate our Christian liberty, at Christmas, as at other joyous times, to rejoice with a free mind; with a well-founded consciousness that mirth and laughter need not jar in the least degree (though, alas! from the lack of true guidance they so often do) against the most sensitive purity, the most wakeful love, or against any of the sacred instincts of “the princely heart of innocence.”

W. H. LYTELTON.

TOILING AND MOILING.

Some Account of our Working People, and How they Live.

By “GOOD WORDS” COMMISSIONER.

IV.—THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LABOURER.

THE English hind is best off in some of the northern, worst off in some of the south-coast counties. The Buckinghamshire labourer, however, may be taken with tolerable fairness as a type of the English peasant. Bucks is a good deal nearer to Dorsetshire than it is to Northumberland, and the average of agricultural wages in Bucks is nearer the Dorsetshire than the Northumbrian average;

but, for that very reason, the Buckinghamshire labourer may all the more fairly be selected as a type of the class who receive corduroy breeches as rewards of virtue. The average wages of an agricultural labourer in Buckinghamshire are about 10s. a week, with, in some parts, a shilling extra on Sundays for milking. In exceptional cases, men get as much as 15s. a week, and such men eat meat twice a day. The average *physique* of the Buckinghamshire labourers, however, is not suggestive of high living. A market-day

* The Day of Pentecost among the Israelites was, according to tradition, the day of the giving of the Law from Mount Sinai. When the Spirit of God descended upon the Church on that day, it was thereby very clearly signified that a free, though a perfectly Holy, Spirit was, under the perfect dispensation, to take that place in the government of the children of God, which had before been occupied by a set of inflexible rules or laws written on stone.

* By the late Mrs. H. Venn Elliott, published in the Life of her husband.

affords a good opportunity of comparing them with their masters. The rinderpest has temporarily injured Aylesbury market, but smock-frocks still muster there on Saturday in force—smocks the colour of a cabbage-leaf, intricately embroidered on the shoulders, back, and breast, and sometimes decorated at the corners of the broad turn-over collars with blue glass buttons; smocks once green, bleached by the weather almost white; now and then a blue smock; and black smocks, for even the coal-carters in Buckinghamshire are smock-frocked. Along the roads and over the meadows the smock-wearers slouch into town—some of the old men looking rather droll in spectacles and tall black hats—to moon amongst the green-marked sheep, the black pigs, and the horses with straw-plaited tails in the Market Square, and to twist calves' tails and to stand at the head of beasts in the Cattle Market. As a class, the patient-eyed clodhoppers seem a grass-hoppery, feeble, shrivelled race, beside the square-shouldered succulent-fleshed farmers. One poor old gaffer whom I saw, dangling his long thin legs from the footboard of a carrier's cart, was a "perfect anatomy."

There is not much piece-work in Buckinghamshire now, mowing machines, &c., being pretty generally employed. The subsidiary industries of straw-plaiting and lace-making are not what they once were either, and the early age at which children have been put to them tells injuriously upon their prospects now that they have grown up mistresses of nothing but those crafts. In a Buckinghamshire parish with a population of 800 the majority of the women can neither read nor write (the men are not much more accomplished), and the schoolmistress has only 35 pupils—the eldest not more than twelve years of age. "Plaiting," said the schoolmistress, "is not so profitable as it used to be, and big girls would be glad to get places, but they cannot take them, because they do not know how to do even plain sewing. The plaiting school is the only school they have been at. Little things not much more than twelve months old go to the plaiting schools. When they can hardly toddle, you see them with bits of straw in their hands, trying to twist them in and out."

As to these plaiting schools, however, accounts differed. I was told, on one hand, that the parents received their children's earnings; on the other, that they constituted half of the income of the mistress. By an informant who held the latter view I was told that he lived close by a plaiting school, "and the

little uns love it—they're always at the door before time. They'd far rather go there than to a National or a British school, where half the time is spent in idleness. Bless you, they are taught reading at the plaiting schools, and writing, too, sometimes, I think." According to this authority, no child was admitted to a plaiting school under eight.

When asked whether there was much distress in her neighbourhood—a fairly typical one—the slighted schoolmistress answered with rather eager emphasis, "The people live *well*. The man pays for rent and bread, and so on, and then his wife and daughters' plaiting pays the rest. Girls who plait pay 2s. 6d. a-week to their parents for their keep. They dress quite fashionably."

I found, however, in more places than one that Buckinghamshire people, who spoke proudly of there "being no distress to speak of about there," when more closely questioned, were ready to admit (as if it did not at all affect their previous statement) that "some had hard times in the winter," and that some were still in receipt of out-door relief; "widows, and poor men out of work, and so on, getting a shilling or two a-week, and a loaf of bread or so, according to families." The only persons whom I saw in Buckinghamshire that plainly, or probably, belonged to the tribe of professional "cadgers," I may add, were a red-faced female tramp openly begging, a peripatetic pamphlet-seller at Buckingham Market, a lemon-coloured gipsy woman professedly hawking tin-ware, and a bronze-faced gipsy woman offering cord for sale in the same style.

A good many of the thatched Buckinghamshire cottages look very picturesque, and, running right into the towns as they do, they link town and country together in a quaintly piquant fashion; but if a man has a family, there is small provision for comfort or decency in those brick-floored, scantily-furnished, often only two-roomed, and generally gardenless hovels, although they do look "bits"—barring the lack of garden—for Birket Foster. A little way off the noble, green-swarded double avenue of trees, with far-stretching roots, showing taut as cables above ground, which sweeps down to ornamented lodges almost inside the town that gives the owner of Stowe his title, there is a cluster of cottages. If an artist had his choice, he would, I think, rather paint the cottages than the prim palatial façade to be seen through the arch at the top of the avenue—in spite of the intervening lawns dotted with fallow-deer. But, so far as the comfort of their tenants is concerned,

what a strange contrast there is between the two masses of building so near each other!

Perhaps, however, I shall best enable my readers to "get at" the Buckinghamshire labourer by writing out a few notes of his surroundings and of conversations with him and his.

I started to talk with him in his home, and on both sides of the hedges, in the golden spring weather, which prematurely bloomed out between rain and snow in February. On the main line the long train, bound from black, busy London to the black, busy north, puffed and rattled away on the sun-gilt metals, and silence once more brooded over the station. In the leisurely style which characterizes even railway management in agricultural districts, the branch train got under way, and rumbled most decorously out of the Hundred of Dacorum into equally rural Bucks. On both sides the flat, greenly fat country spread in sunny peace. Half-a-dozen men, employed in building what looked like a village "cage," knocked off work to watch the train go past. Little lambs galloped away from the line fences on long black legs. A sweep's pony, standing at a level-crossing gate, took fright, turned tail, and scampered down a lonely lane with its soot-sack laden cart, and two black familiars after it. In the train the talk was of old-fashioned seasons come again, promising old-fashioned haymaking in May. The town at which the train stops—in spite of the good-looking new buildings and plate-glass shop-fronts in which it has broken out, in spite of more than one railway-station and a canal wharf, in spite of street-lamps (economically not lighted when the almanack says that it ought to be moon-light), and its multitude of signs, hung out like banners, seems almost as sleepy as the country round. It is not market-day, and a bashful stranger might feel inclined to blush at having to walk alone across the bright, broad, bare market-square, watched as he goes with sleepy curiosity by tradesmen basking at their shop-doors. A quiet, sunny, old-fashioned red street leads up to the green, many-graved churchyard, begirt, in cathedral-close fashion, with quaintly-picturesque old houses, ripe-red and yellowish-white. In the middle of the churchyard rises the fine cruciform church, a landmark in the fertile Vale of Aylesbury, part of it as fresh-looking as when just finished, and the other part under the tools of workmen who are chipping off the rough plaster which still disfigures its stone, in the leisurely style which seems to be the characteristic (save in

sport, volunteering, and duck-hatching) of the latitude. But, if the town is quiet, the country outside it seems—to one who was in London an hour or two before—almost sound asleep; that is, so far as human life is concerned. Larks are singing by the hundred, in their "privacy of glorious light;" visible, plump, brown thrushes are also singing all around; glossy rooks caw, circle, drop, strut, and then rise in pettish alarm, to drop again, and strut again, with clerical stateliness, on both hands; now and then a cow lows, a bullock sulkily soliloquises, a sheep baas like a hoarse *basso*, a lamb bleats plaintively, a sheep-bell rattles its muffled tinkle, or a far-off dog barks and bays; but a man's shout across the brown and green fields is so rare, that it sounds startling. The eye wanders over lonely field after lonely field without lighting on a roof. Beyond the fat, low land rise the still lonelier-looking Chiltern Hills, with single trees upon their sky-line, pall-like dark woods sweeping down their sides; and chalky, unwooded, furze-dotted pastures beneath the woods, that make one think of the shorn, tufted lower limbs of poodles. On the highway, the silent road-mender gazes for five minutes after the pedestrian who passes him, or the hip-booted horseman who gallops past, or the taxed cart, to which the fat old lady gives a "list to port," or the half-tilted miller's waggon, slowly drawn by a pair of plump dappled greys, whilst the white-powdered miller's man beguiles the tedium of his journey by pitching fragments of his lunch to the white-and-liver spaniel that is leaping and whining at the cart's-tail. When the waggon has ground out of hearing, there is nothing to remind the road-mender that there is any man besides himself astir in the world, except the sullen thud of the flail, that comes from the long, low, black barn a field off.

Lanes branch from the highway at right-angles, with white finger-posts indicating the distance of the villages to which the lanes lead in miles and furlongs. These lanes are even more lonely than the road. In one of them stands a smock-frocked little boy, holding the halter of a rough-coated horse that lies upon its side, twitching its lips, and now and then giving a convulsive little kick. He watches it stolidly, like a statue of puzzled patience. "What's the matter with your horse?" he is asked. "Pretty near dead." "And what are you going to do?" "Doan't know, sir, unless summun comes along." And then he resumes his silent sentry, staring straight at nothing like a

mounted Horse Guards sentinel. Presently, another little boy is fallen in with. He is coming from a farm in whose dank straw-yard, trodden into deep mud near the horse-pond, half-a-dozen white and brown bullocks and a chestnut colt, with a long silver tail and mane, are feeding out of grey and yellow structures like unpainted four-post bedsteads without tops, whilst a white-legged tortoiseshell cat is daintily picking her way through the drier rick-yard. He is a very thin, "weedy" little boy, with pale brown face and languid brown eyes. He wears a peakless cap, an old, red comforter, and a faded, tattered smock. He pants as he propels his two-wheeled barrow, and shovels horse-dung into it with a rusty spade. He looks as if he must be very badly off, but he does not turn out to be so, according to the general notion of the state of things in the South Midlands. This is the account he gives of himself—each item pulled out, like a cork, by a separate question. "I'm gooin' thirteen, sir. Yes, I goo to school. To the chapel school. It begins at nine a-Sundays. No, I don't goo to no school a-weekdays. I have meat about twice a week. Meat such as I eat (said very proudly) costs ninepence a pound—tenpence sometimes. Beef and mutton both. I'm pickin' up dung for Mr. —. I get him a cartload a week. Two barrers-full a day. Each on 'em takes me about a hour. Miles, I s'pose, I walks. He gives me 5s. 6d. a-week. Little boys (said very superciliously) as goos crow-keepin' an' such, gets 3s. a-week, sometimes 3s. 6d.—that's what *they* gets. Rest o' my time I'm plaitin'. I get three-halfpence a score* for that. Can't say a score o' what. We call it a *score*. Don't know what you mean, sir. I can do any kind o' work (said with unlimited confidence in the universality of his genius). Yes, sir, I should be glad to get summut else to do."

On again through the lonely lanes. The brown hedges are sprinkled with bursting buds, yellow catkins dangle from them, and "palm" branches are buttoned with silver-grey floss-silk. Little wrens run in and out of the hedges like mice, homely brown sparrows chirp inside, and in the fields beyond, larks, singing as they go, are making painful efforts to rise, like young poets. The furze is in blossom, the hedge-side grass is starred with dandelions, and just above the ditches the cuckoo-pint raises its glossy spear-heads. Some of the fences are of dead thorn-branches—sometimes sliced from the live stems which show their transversely truncated torsos close

by—arranged in zigzags. Beside others lie faggots of brushwood, a tumbril-load of which a tiny Hodge, in Jim Crow, smock, and buskins, is driving off as seriously as if he was a grandfather. Little brooks, spanned by little plank bridges, cross the road. The gates have a park-like look, being almost all painted white. Under the clipped hedges, and on the brown furrows, smock-frocks squat, with their legs apart like the legs of compasses, munching their bread and cheese in sociable silence. One man eats his all alone in the middle of a meadow blotched with old mole-hills. Over a ploughed field, littered with lumps of chalk, toils another smock-frock, lifting up his legs as if his goal lay, in Yankee phrase, "somewhere on the other side of eternity." After the rush of city life, there is something very refreshing in the leisureliness of country life. Clodhopper seems a very inappropriately jerky name to give to ploughmen. As the cochineal insect takes its colour from the opuntia, so country-people seem to take their tone from the crops in the midst of which they live. The grass and the corn do not hurry—and why should *they*? In a wide meadow, ruled with wheeled sheep-troughs, two other men are plodding, in equally leisurely style, from the far-off yellow litter and cut plum-cake-like stack, with pitch-forked loads of straw and hay upon their backs. Here a plough rests, as if asleep, between the furrows; there a plough, drawn by a tandem of four black horses, or three brown horses with black manes and tails, turns the sparsely-green soil into bristly-brown clods. The plough is steered by a man in neutral-hued monkey-jacket and corduroy breeches, and a little fellow in a grey-green smock cracks his big whip as he walks backwards alongside his team. Yonder a dim-blue, single-horsed, two-manned plough goes backwards and forwards. In the next field two or three men are stooping over the dark soil, dibbling holes with one hand whilst they dip the other into their leather seed-pouches. In another field a brown and a white horse are drawing harrows, driven with cord reins by a man in a red shirt, which blazes like a poppy on the brown clods: an old fellow, in a rusty velveteen shooting-jacket and dingy white hat, trudging at the same time, with his gun under his arm, over the barren-looking square.

But now there are signs of a village. Plump, snowy-white ducks are paddling in the ditches; and a man is forking manure into a tumbril from the "farmer's short-cake" that raises its straw-bristled tableland above

* Of yards.

the roadside turf. The village is a cluster of cottages ; some two-storied, with red brick walls and slated roofs ; some of yellow-washed timber-panelled brick, with high low-hanging roofs of mossy thatch ; and others of white-washed brick and flint, both showing through the wash, with cracked grey shutters that hang down like table-leaves, and tiny quasi-dormer windows in the low thatched roofs. At some of the cottage doors women stand plaiting straw. In the churchyard the sexton is turfing a grave, but jealous for his village's reputation in a sanitary point of view, he anxiously explains that it is an *old* grave. He invites the wayfarer to enter the vestry to see the church's "lions"—the carved closet in which the surplices are kept, and a painting of Moses and Aaron. Hard by the church is a sleepy, cosy old mansion, with an avenue of trees in a green paddock begoldened with Lent lilies ; and hard by that, the red rectory with an ivy-clad, beehived lodge. In the outskirts of the village stands a square, low, old-fashioned farmhouse, with fruit-trees trained upon its walls. There are old grassy orchards here and there, in one of which hangs a public-house sign. Altogether the village seems an "idyllic" kind of place to live in ; but let us hear how its inhabitants do live in it. At another public-house, labourers are taking their mid-day rest and beer. One of them is picked out by his fellows to give the information required, as being most familiar with all kinds of agricultural labour. He has scanty, iron-grey hair, moistly wisped down on his weather-beaten forehead, and white stubble on his chin. He wears corduroy trousers and a bone-buttoned fustian jacket, and his brick-dust-coloured throat is bare. This is what he says, spontaneously and in reply to questions :—"Yes, sir, I can do any kind o' hagricult'ral labour. Ast anybody that knows me—I don't care who ye ast. I've worked for Mr. — and Mr. — close by ; an' you can goo to them when you've done talkin' to me. I'll goo from the plough even to the buildin' an' thetchin', an' that takes it all through. I've been a prizeman at the buildin' an' thetchin'. Law bless ye, sir, it ain't confined to *this* parish ! Men comes from thirty and forty miles round—t'other side a long way o' the Chilterns : 15s. is the first prize, and 12s. 6d. the second. I can't say what the third is. I never got so low as that. I get 5s. the square, naked work, a-thetchin', an' 3s. 6d. the other. P'r'aps I'm better off than some—moor so than many be. The work's in my hands, an' I know how to do

it, an' so they can't take it out. A ploughman hereabouts may get 14s. a week, an' a shepherd the same, but, take it all round, wages is 10s. or 11s. Some of the farmers let out their work at haytime and harvest, an' then you may get moor. But then you're days and days out o' work in the year. I reckon I don't get moor than eight months out o' the twelve ; an' my boys don't get that. Yes, you may call me an 'odd man,' if you like—I'll turn my hand to anything. An' so'll my boys. One on 'em's sixteen, an' the other's quite growed up. An' I've had to keep them two great boys all winter—an' will if I can. Yes, all the winter I have—'cept when there come a machine, an' they got 2s. or 1s. 6d. a day, for takin' away the straw and chaff. They'll goo crow-keepin'—sixpence they'll push in for ; and what's moor, they'll bring it home. That'll buy a loaf o' bread. Half a loaf, we say, is better than none—much moor a whole 'un. If they could but earn a shillin' a week each certain, that 'ud be summut. Sometimes my youngest son gets a job pig-drivin' to Aylesbury, but the soldiers is al'ays at him, an' that makes him rusty, an' he swears. He don't want to be forced to goo for a soldier. He's a great tall chap, an' so's his brother. You see, sir, he ain't eighteen yet, an' so his time wouldn't count, would it, sir ? I want him to try for the police, but he says, 'No, father, I'll never be a bobby—not if I starve.' I'm six in family, sir—four gals, youngest is eight. All on 'em plaits, but that's like throwin' one 'a'-penny arter another. You buy sixpenn'orth o' straw, an' you gets 9d. for it when it's done, an' it takes you four or five hours to do it. Some, p'r'aps, can do the thirty yards in three and a half—that's accordin' to quickness. 2d. a week is what's paid at the plaiting schools. If I'd to pay that for my gals now, it would pull me all to pieces. There'd be 8d. a week goin' out—see how that would muddle me. A penny a week, I think, is what they pay at the parish school. I've no wish to speak ill o' hanybody, but my opinion o' parsons mostly is, that what they've got they'll keep. There's no lace-makin' just here. There may be about Buckingham—I never was so far. No, you won't see women workin' in the fields here, 'cept, p'r'aps, a wife reapin' with her husband at harvest. No, sir, I've no wish to hemigrate—not as I knows of. Of course, if I could get such wages as them you tells me on in—where was it?—an' house an' food too—I'd take 'em, if I could get to 'em. There's people

here that get out-door relief, but I can't tell ye much about that. I don't suppose I could get so much as a parish-doctor to come to me. Yes, we've a club—it's held here—sixteenpence a month. Whit Monday's our club-day. *Live*, sir? We live as we can, an' not as we would. I've had turnip-tops, an' nothing else, an' them begged. Bless you, we've no garden-ground—not so much as we could put a plant in. Pigs! There ain't many pigs about here. If we could keep 'em, we ain't able to get 'em. There was a deal o' distress here last winter. For four days I'd nothing—next to nothing to eat, though I was in work—I was clearin' off a score. If we'd had sickness, God A'mighty only knows where we should ha' been. Arter all, the Lord al'ays provides somehow. If He hadn't put that there gift o' mine to do anything into my hands, how would my poor children ha' got on? I don't know who ye are, sir, or what ye are; but I've told ye more about myself than I ever told any man afore. If I was to tell ye all, it would fill that there black book ye're writin' in."

And next for a talk with a shepherd. He is a ruddy, robust young fellow, standing in the midst of his ewes and lambs in a hurdled oblong of turnips; and when he sees a stranger suddenly turn aside from the road, climb the hedge bank, stride over the low thorn fence, and straddle across the hurdles, the stalwart young shepherd takes his hands from his pockets, and looks very much inclined to knock the stranger down, under the impression that such eccentrically audacious proceedings can only spring from rabid ovine-kleptomania.

But the shepherd's pipe is empty, and the stranger professes to want a pipe-light. The production of a tobacco-pouch on one side, and the striking of a lucifer held, when alight, between hollowed hands, on the other, are the preliminaries of peace; and when a little lamb, which the shepherd has been obliged to take from its mother, runs up bleating first to him, and then takes its stand between the stranger's legs, rubbing its white ears and black face against his muddy boots, the shepherd relaxes into conversation. Close by us a pied wagtail runs in and out under the sheep's bellies without the least alarm. Its remarkable tameness is remarked upon; but it does not interest the shepherd: he professes even not to know the wagtail under that or any other name. His sheep are half-breds, he says; but he cannot tell between what. "That's a Down," he adds, pointing to a plump, broad-backed, black-

headed ewe; but he cannot say *what* "Down." He gets 14s. a week, thinks others get as much. Carters and ploughmen get 13s. anyhow. He has lived in the neighbourhood six years, and was never three months out of work. *He* never heard of any distress "to speak on" thereabouts. "What we eat or what we buy, sir, do you mean?" he cross-questions, when asked how often he gets meat. "I get meat twice a day," he goes on, "an' I expect most o' the people hereabouts gets it once or twice a day. Meat here's 8d. and 9d. Couldn't get pork last winter under 8½d. The price o' bread makes a diff'rence. When bread's down, the masters lower the wages. Yes, I've a pretty sight o' lambs, an' I haint lost a yow this 'ear—that's pretty good, we reckon. Yes, them Australian wages ain't bad; but I suppose they don't do much else than shepherd in them parts. But I must be gettin' on—it's pretty nigh milkin' time."

A little brown-faced fellow in a blue-and-white neckerchief, buskins, and a very ragged jacket, is asked what he has got in the basket on his shoulder. "My *old* coat," he answers, looking his interrogator sturdily in the face, as if determined to defend that treasure at all hazards against felonious appropriation.

"How old are you, my boy?"

"Just gone ten."

"And what are you doing?"

"Stone-pickin' in the fields."

"When did you begin?"

"I've been at it a 'ear."

"What do you get?"

"2s. 6d. a week."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, I doan't goo to school—*no*," answers the small boy, with scornful emphasis, as if he thought such a mode of spending time would be very puerile for a person of his manly, wage-earning importance.

Another white finger-post points the way to another whity-brown village church, with an embattled tower. Green-powdered beech-boles (the Sylva of Buckinghamshire—the shire of the *ham* in the midst of *boe*—still justifies its name) rise in the green graveyard flush with the top of the roadside wall. Green, white-and-yellow speckled tombstones, lean back in the hushed sleeping place—a very different *κοιμητήριον* from the Tower Hamlets' Cemetery, with its ever rushing and rumbling trains on the straddling viaducts hard by. A little farther on is another quiet, quaintly-named, and quaintly-built jumble of Buckinghamshire cottages—lichened gables, mossy

thatch, red brick, yellow brick, dusky plaster, timber parallelograms, white, grey, green, and black weatherboard. The roar of the blacksmith's bellows, the rhythmical cadence of the hammers on the anvil, in the low black forge, are almost the only sounds of human life throughout the place. A cottage-door stands open. Two or three children are squatted before the hearth-fire, on the pitted, lanky-bricked floor of the only lower room. A young woman is ironing on a low, unpainted table, the chief piece of furniture, placed beneath the back window. An attempt to obtain "social statistics" is made by the stranger who has stepped in, but the young woman takes alarm. "If you please, sir, I'd rather not do it," she says; and fidgets about like a hen, when a hawk is hovering over a farmyard, until the intruder beats an apologetic retreat. A neighbour is less cautious, and more communicative. He is a very feeble old man, with a grey-bristled chin, and limbs that seem to be rather hoisted up and down by halcyards, with half-jammed blocks, than moved by spontaneous volition. "I'm seventy-six," he pipes. "Yes, I s'pose I'm past work. I've put my shoulder out; but I was just gooin' to try to walk into Buckin'am. The duke may be a very good landlord, for aught I know, but I don't live under him. My cottage belongs to Mr. —. We've only the lower room, and one above. Yes, there's a good many like that. Some, by chance, may have two rooms over. Yes, men with ever so many children lives the same. Me an' my old woman gets three shillins a week from the parish, an' three loaves; and a shillin' has to goo out o' that for rent. There's been hard times here last winter. Lace? Lace makin' ain't what it was. Little uns may get 2d. a day, and big gals, mayhap, 6d. Yes, a good many on 'em make it hereabouts—yes, both in Buckin'am an' the villages; but it's a poor livin'."

There is nothing "sensational" in the English peasant's life—except when he turns poacher, and shoots the keeper through the head, or gets knocked down and taken up himself. He is not a piquant subject for a character-sketch. He bears his "prosperity" at 14s. a week, and his semi-starvation on 1s. and a loaf and a-half a week, with apparently equal stolidity. It must be admitted, too, that a good many of our town poor—to say nothing of country air—are worse lodged than the peasant, are as badly off, in a pecuniary point of view, as he is at his worst, and would think his receipts at his best a

little fortune. But, still, there is something specially pathetic in the way in which the hard-up farmer's man speaks of his lot. He grumbles, of course, but he does not grumble like the hard-up in towns—as if he had an undoubted right to a great deal better fate; he accepts his destiny in a quiet, half-stunned fashion, as if he felt that *he* could not have been born to anything better, however disagreeable it may be. It is *normal* for him to live from hand to mouth, with no hopes of better things beyond. He does not turn a Jacobin, like the town-proletary. Slower wits, no doubt, have something to do with the peasant's sullen resignation. If he were not so apathetic, he could find better markets for his labour. Still, there is something respectable in the unenvious way in which the peasant speaks of his "betters." He has to acknowledge "social superiority" far more constantly than the town poor are compelled to—it is, indeed, painful to see a hard-working Hodge touching his hat, under a sense of duty, as if he were still a serf, to any one who passes him "dressed like a gentleman," although clothes may be the sole point of superiority which the touched-to can claim over the toucher; and in all manly virtues, and *real* gentlemanlike feeling, the one who has obeisance done him may be far inferior to the one who does it. But still Hodge goes on touching his hat; and his way of thinking of those "above him" is sweeter-blooded, so to speak, than that of the town struggler. Hodge would naturally like to be better off, but he does not want to rob others, in order to become so. He still reverences the squire, and all kinds of spiritual and secular pastors and masters; that is, unless he has had his somewhat slavish deference sapped by a sojourn in towns. He sometimes learns ultra-democracy there: *ecce signum*—I overheard a Buckinghamshire bumpkin describing his experiences in some hospital from which he had recently been discharged—not the County Infirmary: Buckinghamshire people boast of *that* as a model institution which "Londoners might take copy from."

"The doctor come to me," said the discharged patient, "and 'Young man,' says he, 'you're a deal better.' 'Excuse me, sir,' says I, 'but you're a fool!' Yes, I did, though he was a doctor."

"But that was cheeky," said the patient's companion.

"An' wouldn't *you* ha' been cheeky?" was the rejoinder. "Don't a man know his own in'ards better than another man?"

THE WAY.

I.

I SAID, "O Guide, go forth :
I will follow Thee any whither."
And behold, as we went out over the earth,

It was all June together ;
The sun steeped half the world in bliss,
And the shadows steeped the rest in quiet-
ness.



"The sun steeped half the world in bliss."

And I said, "I have heard of Thy way, O
Lord,
How that it goeth dark through the dark,—
Fire and water, tumult and blood,

Woes to be suffered and foes withstood.
I have heard that the only way to the
ark
Is over the flood !

"And now, O Lord, is this the way?
For, behold, I tread smooth paths to-day.
What if I loiter and fail to win?"

But He said, "This is the way ;
Walk ye herein."

II.

I spoke again, and said, "I have heard
That our joy-times here are quickly past,
That the smooth paths are not long to tread,
With smile of the sun and with song of the
bird ;

But, Lord, how long shall this last?"

"Not long," He said ;

"And see thou follow me afterward."

Even at that moment I slipped and sank,
Slipped and stumbled down the bank,—
Down the bank to a path beneath,
Chill and dank as the shadow of death.
"Lord," I cried, "I have stumbled astray ;
Lead me back, Lord, into Thy way !
Out of the pitfall, out of the gin,
Far from terror and safe from sin,
Hold Thou up my goings therein !"

But He said, "This is the way ;
Walk ye herein."

III.

I went along in that shadow of death,
Going and weeping, under my breath,



"And the shadows steeped the rest in quietness."

And whispering said, "It was better with me—
Oh, better !—out on the sunny lea."

But He answered, "This is thy best,
That thou follow me here, and into my rest."

I said, "O Master, how shall I know
When my best is gladness or woe ?
How shall I learn what Thy ways be?"

And He said, "Leave that to me.

Follow me only whither I go,
Through chilling shadow and scorching glow,
Through the desert dust and the battle din,
Till the goal be reached, and finished the
test,

Till the sorrow is past, and the joy is best,—

Till I say, 'This is my rest ;
Enter herein.'

B. B. B.

THE TWO BREATHS.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT WINCHESTER, MAY 31, 1869.

LADIES,—I have been honoured by a second invitation to address you here, from the lady to whose public spirit the establishment of these lectures is due. I dare not refuse it: because it gives me an opportunity of speaking on a matter, knowledge and ignorance about which may seriously affect your health and happiness, and that of the children with whom you may have to do. I must apologize if I say many things which are well known to many persons in this room: they ought to be well known to all; and it is generally best to assume total ignorance in one's hearers, and to begin from the beginning.

I shall try to be as simple as possible; to trouble you as little as possible with scientific terms; to be practical; and at the same time, if possible, interesting.

I should wish to call this lecture "The Two Breaths"—not merely "The Breath," and for this reason: Every time you breathe, you breathe two different breaths; you take in one, you give out another. The composition of those two breaths is different. Their effects are different. The breath which has been breathed out must not be breathed in again. To tell you why it must not would lead me into anatomical details, not quite in place here as yet: though the day will come, I trust, when every woman entrusted with the care of children, will be expected to know something about them. But this I may say—Those who habitually take in fresh breath, will probably grow up large, strong, ruddy, cheerful, active, clear-headed, fit for their work. Those who habitually take in the breath which has been breathed out by themselves, or any other living creature, will certainly grow up, if they grow up at all, small, weak, pale, nervous, depressed, unfit for work, and tempted continually to resort to stimulants, and become drunkards. If you want to see how different the breath breathed out is from the breath taken in, you have only to try a somewhat cruel experiment, but one which people too often try upon themselves, their children, and their work-people.

If you take any small animal with lungs like your own—a mouse, for instance—and force it to breathe no air but what you have breathed already; if you put it in a close box, and while you take in breath from the outer air, send out your breath, through a tube, into that box, the animal will soon faint; if you go on long with this process, it will die.

Take a second instance, which I beg to press most seriously on the notice of mothers, governesses, and nurses: If you allow a child to get into the habit of sleeping with its head under the bed-clothes, and thereby breathing its own breath over and over again, that child will assuredly grow pale, weak, and ill. Medical men have cases on record of scrofula appearing in children previously healthy, which could only be accounted for from this habit, and which ceased when the habit stopped. Let me again entreat your attention to this undoubted fact.

Take another instance, which is only too common: If you are in a crowded room, with plenty of fire and lights and company, doors and windows all shut tight, how often you feel faint—so faint, that you may require smelling-salts or some other stimulant. The cause of your faintness is just the same as that of the mouse's fainting in the box: you and your friends, and, as I shall show you presently, the fire and the candles likewise, having been all breathing each other's breaths, over and over again, till the air has become unfit to support life. You are doing your best to enact over again the Highland tragedy, of which Sir James Simpson tells in his lectures to the working-classes of Edinburgh, when at a Christmas meeting, thirty-six persons danced all night in a small room with a low ceiling, keeping the doors and windows shut. The atmosphere of the room was noxious beyond description; and the effect was, that seven of the party were soon after seized with typhus fever, of which two died. You are inflicting on yourselves the torments of the poor dog, who is kept at the Grotto del Cane, near Naples—to be stupified, for the amusement of visitors, by the carbonic acid gas of the Grotto, and brought to life again by being dragged into the fresh air; nay, you are inflicting upon yourselves the torments of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta; and, if there was no chimney in the room, by which some fresh air could enter, the candles would soon burn blue (as they do, you know, when ghosts appear), your brains become disturbed, and you yourselves run the risk of becoming ghosts, and the candles of actually going out.

Of this last fact there is no doubt; for if, instead of putting a mouse into the box, you will put a lighted candle, and breathe into

the tube, as before, however gently, you will in a short time put the candle out.

Now, how is this? First, what is the difference between the breath you take in, and the breath you give out? And, next, Why has it a similar effect on animal life and a lighted candle?

The difference is this. The breath which you take in is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid.

The breath which you give out is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid.

That this is the fact you can prove for yourselves by a simple experiment. Get a little lime-water at the chemist's, and breathe into it through a glass tube, your breath will at once make the lime-water milky. The carbonic acid of your breath has laid hold of the lime, and made it visible as white carbonate of lime—in plain English, as common chalk.

Now, I do not wish, as I said, to load your memories with scientific terms: but I beseech you to remember at least these two—oxygen gas and carbonic acid gas; and to remember that, as surely as oxygen feeds the fire of life, so surely does carbonic acid put it out.

I say, "the fire of life." In that expression lies the answer to our second question: Why does our breath produce a similar effect upon the mouse and the lighted candle? Every one of us is, as it were, a living fire. Were we not, how could we be always warmer than the air outside us? There is a process going on perpetually in each of us, similar to that by which coals are burnt in the fire, oil in a lamp, wax in a candle, and the earth itself in a volcano. To keep each of those fires alight, oxygen is needed; and the products of combustion, as they are called, are more or less the same in each case—carbonic acid and steam.

These facts justify the expression I just made use of (and which may have seemed to some of you fantastical), that the fire and the candles in the crowded room were breathing the same breath as you were. It is but too true. An average fire in the grate requires, I believe, to keep it burning as much oxygen as three human beings do; each candle or lamp must have its share of oxygen likewise, and that a very considerable one; and an average gas-burner—pray attend to this, you who live in rooms lighted with gas—consumes as much oxygen as six candles or eleven men. All alike are making carbonic acid. The carbonic acid of the fire happily escapes up the chimney

in the smoke: but the carbonic acid from the human beings and the candles remains to poison the room, unless it be ventilated.

Now, I think you may understand one of the simplest, and yet most terrible, cases of want of ventilation—death by the fumes of charcoal. A human being shut up in a room, of which every crack is closed, with a pan of burning charcoal, falls asleep, never to wake again. His inward fire is competing with the fire of the charcoal for the oxygen of the room; both are making carbonic acid out of it; but the charcoal, being the stronger of the two, gets all the oxygen to itself, and leaves the human being nothing to inhale but the carbonic acid which it has made. The human being, being the weaker, dies first; but the charcoal dies also. When it has exhausted all the oxygen of the room, it cools, goes out, and is found in the morning half-consumed beside its victim. If you put a giant or an elephant, I should conceive, into that room, instead of a human being, the case would be reversed for a time; the elephant would put out the burning charcoal by the carbonic acid from its mighty lungs; and then, when it had exhausted all the air in the room, die likewise of its own carbonic acid.

Now, too, I think we may see what ventilation means, and why it is needed.

Ventilation means simply letting out the foul air, and letting in the fresh air: letting out the air which has been breathed by men or by candles, letting in the air which has not. And, to understand how to do that, we must remember a most simple chemical law, that a gas as it is warmed expands, and therefore becomes lighter; as it cools, it contracts, and becomes heavier.

Now the carbonic acid in the breath which comes out of our mouths is warm, lighter than the air, and rises to the ceiling; and therefore in any unventilated room full of people, there is a layer of foul air along the ceiling. You might soon test that for yourselves, if you could mount a ladder and put your heads there aloft. You do test it for yourselves when you sit in the galleries of churches and theatres, where the air is provably more foul, and therefore more injurious, than down below.

Where, again, work-people are employed in a crowded house of many storeys, the health of those who work on the upper floors always suffers most.

In the old monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens, when the cages were on the old plan, tier upon tier, the poor little

fellows in the uppermost tier (so I have been told), always died first of the monkey's constitutional complaint, consumption, simply from breathing the warm breath of their friends below. But since the cages have been altered, and made to range side by side from top to bottom, consumption (I understand) has vastly diminished among them.

The first question in ventilation, therefore, is to get this carbonic acid safe out of the room, while it is warm and light, and close to the ceiling; for if you do not, this happens. The carbonic acid gas cools and becomes heavier—for carbonic acid, at the same temperature as common air, is so much heavier than common air, that you may actually (if you are handy enough) turn it from one vessel to another, and pour out for your enemy a glass of invisible poison. So down to the floor this heavy carbonic acid comes, and lies along it, just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells, or old brewers' vats, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it. Hence, as foolish a practice as I know is that of sleeping on the floor; for, towards the small hours, when the room gets cold, the sleeper on the floor is breathing carbonic acid.

And here one word to those ladies who interest themselves with the poor. The poor are too apt in times of distress to pawn their bedsteads and keep their beds. Never, if you have influence, let that happen. Keep the bedstead, whatever else may go, to save the sleeper from the carbonic acid on the floor.

How, then, shall we get rid of the foul air on the top of the room? After all that has been written and tried on ventilation, I know no simpler method than putting into the chimney one of Arnott's ventilators, which may be bought and fixed for a few shillings, always remembering that it must be fixed into the chimney as near the ceiling as possible. I can speak of these ventilators from twenty-five years' experience. Living in a house with low ceilings, liable to become overcharged with carbonic acid, which produces sleepiness in the evening, I have found that these ventilators keep the air fresh and pure; and I consider the presence of one of these ventilators in a room more valuable than three or four feet additional height of ceiling. I have found, too, that their working proves how necessary they are, from this simple fact—You would suppose that as the ventilator opens freely into the chimney, the smoke would be blown down through it in high winds, and blacken the ceiling: but this is just what does not happen. If the venti-

lator be at all properly poised, so as to shut with a violent gust of wind, it will at all other moments keep itself permanently open, proving thereby that there is an up-draught of heated air continually escaping from the ceiling up the chimney. Another very simple method of ventilation is employed in those excellent cottages which her Majesty has built for her labourers round Windsor. Over each door a sheet of perforated zinc, some eighteen inches square, is fixed, allowing the foul air to escape into the passage, and in the ceiling of the passage a similar sheet of zinc, allowing it to escape into the roof. Fresh air, meanwhile, should be obtained from outside, by piercing the windows, or otherwise. And here let me give one hint to all builders of houses—if possible, let bedroom windows open at the top as well as at the bottom.

Let me impress the necessity of using some such contrivances, not only on parents and educators, but on those who employ work-people, and above all on those who employ young women in shops or in work-rooms. What their condition may be in this city, I know not: but most painful it has been to me in other places, when passing through warehouses or work-rooms, to see the pale, sodden, and as the French would say, "etiolated" countenances of the girls who were passing the greater part of the day in them; and painful, also, to breathe an atmosphere of which habit had, alas, made them unconscious, but which to one coming out of the open air was altogether noxious, and shocking also; for it was fostering the seeds of death, not only in the present but in future generations.

Why should this be? Every one will agree that good ventilation is necessary in a hospital, because people cannot get well without fresh air. Do they not see that by the same reasoning good ventilation is necessary everywhere, because people cannot remain well without fresh air? Let me entreat those who employ women in work-rooms, if they have no time to read through such books as Dr. Andrew Combe's "Physiology applied to Health and Education," and Madame de Wahl's "Practical Hints on the Moral, Mental, and Physical Training of Girls," to procure certain tracts, published by Messrs. Jarrold, Paternoster Row, for the Ladies' Sanitary Association; especially one which bears on this subject, "The Black Hole in our own Bed-rooms;" Dr. Lankester's "School Manual of Health;" or a manual on ventilation, published by the Metropolitan Working Classes Association for the Improvement of Public Health.

I look forward—I say it openly—to some period of higher civilisation, when the acts of parliament for the ventilation of factories and workshops shall be largely extended, and made far more stringent; when officers of public health shall be empowered to enforce the ventilation of every room in which persons are employed for hire; and empowered also to demand a proper system of ventilation for every new house, whether in country or in town. To that, I believe, we must come: but I had sooner far see these improvements carried out, as befits the citizens of a free country, in the spirit of the Gospel rather than in that of the law—carried out, not compulsorily and from fear of fines, but voluntarily, from a sense of duty, honour, and humanity. I appeal, therefore, to the good feeling of all whom it may concern, whether the health of those whom they employ, and therefore the supply of fresh air which they absolutely need, are not matters for which they are not more or less responsible to their country and their God.

And if any excellent person of the old school should answer me, “Why make all this fuss about ventilation? Our forefathers got on very well without it”—I must answer that, begging their pardons, our ancestors did nothing of the kind. Our ancestors got on usually very ill in these matters: and when they got on well, it was because they had good ventilation in spite of themselves.

First, They got on very ill. To quote a few remarkable instances of longevity, or to tell me that men were larger and stronger on the average in old times, is to yield to the old fallacy of fancying that savages were peculiarly healthy, because those who were seen were active and strong. The simple answer is, that the strong alone survived, while the majority died from the severity of the training. Savages do not increase in number; and our ancestors increased but very slowly for many centuries. I am not going to disgust my audience with statistics of disease: but knowing something, as I happen to do, of the social state and of the health of the middle and Elizabethan ages, I have no hesitation in saying that the average of disease and death was far greater then than it is now. Epidemics of many kinds, typhus, ague, plague—all diseases which were caused more or less by bad air, devastated this land and Europe in those days with a horrible intensity, to which even the choleras of our times are mild. The back streets, the hospitals, the jails, the barracks, the camps—every place in which any large number of

persons congregated, were so many nests of pestilence, engendered by uncleanness, which defiled alike the water which was drank and the air which was breathed; and as a single fact, of which the tables of insurance companies assure us, the average of human life in England has increased twenty-five per cent. since the reign of George I., owing simply to our more rational and cleanly habits of life.

But secondly, I said that when our ancestors got on well, they did so because they got ventilation in spite of themselves. Luckily for them, their houses were ill-built, their doors and windows would not shut. They had lattice-windowed houses too, to live in one of which, as I can testify from long experience, is as thoroughly ventilating as living in a lantern with the glass broken out. It was because their houses were full of draughts, and still more, in the early middle age, because they had no glass, and stopped out the air only by a shutter at night, that they sought for shelter rather than for fresh air, of which they sometimes had too much; and to escape the wind, built their houses in holes, such as that in which the old city of Winchester stands. Shelter, I believe, as much as the desire to be near fish in Lent, and to occupy the rich alluvium of the valleys, made the monks of old England choose the river-banks for the sites of their abbeys. They made a mistake therein, which, like most mistakes, did not go unpunished. These low situations, especially while the forests were yet thick on the hills around, were the perennial haunts of fever and ague, produced by subtle vegetable poisons, carried in the carbonic acid given off by rotting vegetation. So there again they fell in with man's old enemy, bad air. Still, as long as the doors and windows did not shut, some free circulation of air remained. But now, our doors and windows shut only too tight. We have plate-glass instead of lattices; and we have replaced the draughty and smoky but really wholesome open chimney, with its wide corners and settles, by narrow registers, and even by stoves. We have done all we can, in fact, to seal ourselves up hermetically from the outer air, and to breathe our own breaths over and over again; and we pay the penalty of it in a thousand ways unknown to our ancestors, through whose rooms all the winds of heaven whistled, and who were glad enough to shelter themselves from draughts in the sitting-room by the high screen round the fire, and in the sleeping-room by the

thick curtains of the four-post bedstead, which is now rapidly disappearing before a higher civilisation. We therefore absolutely require to make for ourselves the very ventilation from which our ancestors tried to escape.

But, Ladies, there is an old and true proverb, that you may bring a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. And in likewise, it is too true, that you may bring people to the fresh air, but you cannot make them breathe it. Their own folly, or the folly of their parents and educators, prevents their lungs being duly filled and duly emptied. Therefore, the blood is not duly oxygenated, and the whole system goes wrong. Paleness, weakness, consumption, scrofula, and too many other ailments, are the consequences of ill-filled lungs. For without well-filled lungs, robust health is impossible.

And if any one shall answer, "We do not want robust health so much as intellectual attainment. The mortal body, being the lower organ, must take its chance, and be even sacrificed if need be, to the higher organ, the immortal mind:"—To such I reply, You cannot do it. The laws of nature, which are the express will of God, laugh such attempts to scorn. Every organ of the body is formed out of the blood; and if the blood be vitiated, every organ suffers in proportion to its delicacy; and the brain, being the most delicate and highly specialised of all organs, suffers most of all and soonest of all, as every one knows who has tried to work his brain when his digestion was the least out of order. Nay, the very morals will suffer. From ill-filled lungs, which signify ill-repaired blood, arise year by year an amount not merely of disease, but of folly, temper, laziness, intemperance, madness, and, let me tell you fairly, crime—the sum of which will never be known till that great day when men shall be called to account for all deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

I must refer you on this subject again to Andrew Combe's "Physiology," especially chapters iv. and vii.; and also to chapter x. of Madame de Wahl's excellent book. I will only say this shortly, that the three most common causes of ill-filled lungs, in children and in young ladies, are stillness, silence, and stays.

First, stillness; a sedentary life, and want of exercise. A girl is kept for hours sitting on a form writing or reading, to do which she must lean forward; and if her mistress cruelly attempts to make her sit upright, and

thereby keep the spine in an attitude for which Nature did not intend it, she is thereby doing her best to bring on that disease so fearfully common in girls' schools, lateral curvature of the spine. But practically the girl will stoop forward. And what happens? The lower ribs are pressed into the body, thereby displacing more or less something inside. The diaphragm in the meantime, which is the very bellows of the lungs, remains loose; the lungs are never properly filled or emptied; and an excess of carbonic acid accumulates at the bottom of them. What follows? Frequent sighing to get rid of it; heaviness of head; depression of the whole nervous system under the influence of the poison of the lungs; and when the poor child gets up from her weary work, what is the first thing she probably does? She lifts up her chest, stretches, yawns, and breathes deeply—Nature's voice, Nature's instinctive cure, which is probably regarded as ungraceful, as what is called "lolling" is. As if sitting upright was not an attitude in itself essentially ungraceful, and such as no artist would care to draw. As if "lolling," which means putting the body in the attitude of the most perfect ease compatible with a fully expanded chest, was not in itself essentially graceful, and to be seen in every reposing figure in Greek bas-reliefs and vases; graceful, and like all graceful actions, healthful at the same time. The only wholesome attitude of repose, which I see allowed in average school-rooms, is lying on the back on the floor, or on a sloping board, in which case the lungs must be fully expanded. I have seen that plan work much good, not only with girls, but with delicate boys, especially when combined with moderate reading aloud.

This last word brings me to the second mistake, enforced silence. I said moderate reading aloud, because where there is any tendency to irritability of throat or lungs, too much moderation cannot be used. You may as well try to cure a diseased lung by working it, as to cure a lame horse by galloping him. But where the breathing organs are of average health, let it be said once and for all, that children and young people cannot make too much noise. The parents who cannot bear the noise of their children have no right to have brought them into the world. The schoolmistress who enforces silence on her pupils is committing—unintentionally no doubt, but still committing—an offence against reason, worthy only of a convent. Every shout, every burst of laughter, every song; nay, in the case of infants, as physiologists

well know, every moderate fit of crying, conduces to health, by rapidly filling and emptying the lung, and changing the blood more rapidly from black to red, that is, from death to life. Andrew Combe tells a story of a large charity school, in which the young girls were, for the sake of their health, shut up in the hall and school-room during play hours, from November till March, and no romping or noise allowed. The natural consequences were, the great majority of them fell ill; and I am afraid that a great deal of illness has been from time to time contracted in certain school-rooms, simply through this one cause of enforced silence. Some cause or other there must be for the amount of ill-health and weakness which prevails especially among girls of the middle classes in towns, who have not, poor things, the opportunities which richer girls have, of keeping themselves in strong health by riding, skating, archery (that last quite an admirable exercise for the chest and lungs, and far preferable to croquet, which involves too much unwholesome stooping). Even playing at ball, which has been popular ever since the time of old Homer, who makes the Princess Nausicaa and her maidens play it on the sea-shore, after they have washed the garments of the royal household—even a game of ball, I say—if milliners and shop-girls had room to indulge in one after their sedentary work—might bring fresh spirits to many a heart, and fresh colour to many a cheek.

I spoke just now of the Greeks. I suppose you will all allow that the Greeks were, as far as we know, the most beautiful race which the world ever saw. Every educated man knows that they were also the cleverest of all races; and, next to his Bible, thanks God for Greek literature.

Now these people had made physical as well as intellectual education a science as well as a study. Their women practised graceful (in some cases even athletic) exercises. They developed, by a free and healthy life, those figures which remain everlasting and unapproachable models of human beauty: but (to come to my third point) they wore no stays. The first mention of stays that I have ever found is in the letters of dear old Synesius, Bishop of Cyrene, on the Greek coast of Africa, about four hundred years after the Christian era. He tells us how, when he was shipwrecked on a remote part of the coast, and he and the rest of the passengers were starving on cockles and limpets, there was among them a slave girl out of the far East, who had a pinched wasp-waist, such as you may see on the old Hindoo

sculptures, and such as you may see in any street in a British town. And when the Greek ladies of the neighbourhood found her out, they sent for her from house to house, to behold, with astonishment and laughter, this new and prodigious waist, with which it seemed to them it was impossible for a human being to breathe or live; and they petted the poor girl and fed her, as they might a dwarf or a giantess, till she got quite fat and comfortable, while her owners had not enough to eat. So strange and ridiculous seemed our present fashion to the descendants of those who, centuries before, had imagined, because they had seen living and moving, those glorious statues which we pretend to admire, but refuse to imitate.

It seems to me that a few centuries hence, when mankind has learnt to fear God more, and therefore to obey more strictly those laws of nature and of science which are the will of God—it seems to me, I say, that in those days the present fashion of tight lacing will be looked back upon as a contemptible and barbarous superstition, denoting a very low level of civilisation in the peoples which have practised it. That for generations past women should have been in the habit—not to please men, who do not care about the matter as a point of beauty—but simply to vie with each other in obedience to something called fashion—that they should, I say, have been in the habit of deliberately crushing that part of the body which should be specially left free, contracting and displacing their lungs, their heart, and all the most vital and important organs, and entailing thereby disease, not only on themselves but on their children after them—that for forty years past physicians should have been telling them of the folly of what they have been doing:—and that they should as yet, in the great majority of cases, not only turn a deaf ear to all warnings, but actually deny the offence, of which one glance of the physician or the sculptor, who know what shape the human body ought to be, brings them in guilty—this, I say, is an instance of—what shall I call it? which deserves at once the lash, not merely of the satirist, but of any theologian who really believes that God made the physical universe. Let me, I pray you, appeal to your common sense for a moment. When any one chooses a horse or a dog, whether for strength, for speed, or for any other useful purpose, the first thing almost to be looked at is the girth round the lower ribs, the room for heart and lungs. Exactly in proportion to that will be the animal's

general healthiness, power of endurance, and value in many other ways. If you will look at eminent lawyers and famous orators, who have attained a healthy old age, you will see that in every case they are men (like the late Lord Palmerston, and others whom I could mention) of remarkable size, not merely in the upper, but in the lower part of the chest; men who had, therefore, a peculiar power of using the diaphragm to fill and to clear the lungs, and therefore to oxygenate the blood of the whole body. Now it is just these lower ribs, across which the diaphragm is stretched like the head of a drum, which stays contract to a minimum. If you advised owners of horses and hounds to put their horses or their hounds into stays, and lace them up tight, in order to increase their beauty, you would receive, I doubt not, a very courteous, but certainly a very decided refusal to do that which would spoil not merely the animals themselves, but the whole stud or the whole kennel for years to come. And if you advised an orator to put himself into tight stays, he, no doubt, again would give a courteous answer; but he would reply (if he was a really educated man) that to comply with your request would involve his giving up public work, under the probable penalty of being dead within the twelvemonth.

And how much work of every kind, intellectual as well as physical, is spoiled or hindered—how many deaths occur from consumption and other complaints which are the result of this habit of tight lacing, is known partly to the medical men, who lift up their voices in vain, and known fully to Him who will not interfere with the least of his own physical laws to save human beings from the consequences of their own wilful folly.

And now—to end this lecture with more pleasing thoughts—What becomes of this breath which passes from your lips? Is it merely harmful—merely waste? God forbid! God has forbidden that anything should be merely harmful or merely waste in this so wise and well-made world. The carbonic acid which passes from your lips at every breath—ay, even that which oozes from the volcano crater when the eruption is past—is a precious boon to thousands of things of which you have daily need. Indeed there is a sort of hint at physical truth in the old fairy tale of the girl, from whose lips, as she spoke, fell pearls and diamonds; for the carbonic acid of your breath may help hereafter to make the pure carbonate of lime of a pearl, or the still purer carbon of a diamond. Nay, it may go (in such a

world of transformations do we live) to make atoms of coal strata, which shall lie buried for ages beneath deep seas, shall be upheaved in continents which are yet unborn, and there be burnt for the use of a future race of men, and resolved into their original elements. Coal, wise men tell us, is on the whole breath and sunlight—the breath of living creatures who have lived in the vast swamps and forests of some primæval world, and the sunlight which transmuted that breath into the leaves and stems of trees, magically locked up for ages in that black stone, to become, when it is burnt at last, light and carbonic acid, as it was at first. For though you must not breathe your breath again, you may at least eat your breath, if you will allow the sun to transmute it for you into vegetables; or you may enjoy its fragrance and its colour in the shape of a lily or a rose. When you walk in a sunlit garden, every word you speak, every breath you breathe, is feeding the plants and flowers around. The delicate surface of the green leaves absorbs the carbonic acid, and parts it into its elements, retaining the carbon to make woody fibre, and courteously returning you the oxygen to mingle with the fresh air, and be inhaled by your lungs once more. Thus do you feed the plants, just as the plants feed you, while the great life-giving sun feeds both; and the geranium standing in the sick child's window does not merely rejoice his eye and mind by its beauty and freshness, but repays honestly the trouble spent on it, absorbing the breath which the child needs not, and giving to him the breath which he needs.

So are the services of all things constituted according to a Divine and wonderful order, and knit together in mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness.—A fact to be remembered with hope and comfort: but also with awe and fear. For as in that which is above nature, so in nature itself; he that breaks one physical law is guilty of all. The whole universe, as it were, takes up arms against him; and all nature, with her numberless and unseen powers, is ready to avenge herself on him, and on his children after him, he knows not when nor where. He, on the other hand, who obeys the laws of nature with his whole heart and mind, will find all things working together to him for good. He is at peace with the physical universe. He is helped and befriended alike by the sun above his head and the dust beneath his feet: because he is obeying the will and mind of Him who made sun, and dust, and all things; and who has given them a law which cannot be broken.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

VII.—JOSEPH.

THE narrative of Joseph's life is the connecting link in the sacred volume between the story of a single life and the history of a people. In his day the covenant life spread itself into wider circles. In Abraham it was summed up in one man: when Isaac was born it flowed on into him. In Jacob it enlarged itself into the family: in the days of Joseph it swelled out into the dimensions of a tribe. Yet though he was mainly instrumental in this development, he was not the head of the tribe, nor was it through his line that the blessing to convey which to all nations Israel was constituted a separate people, came to the family of man. And so it is the history of the man, and not that of the tribal head, which rivets us in the life of Joseph.

He comes before us overshadowed by the great love of his father Jacob. He was the son of Jacob's old age: he was the child of the beloved Rachel. When his history begins Benjamin was too young (but one year old), to bear the great weight of that passionate affection. Still to the old man's feelings Joseph was the son of "Rachel my wife." This love for Rachel threw a golden light over the old patriarch's last years. Deep, enduring, absorbing, unselfish love, especially for those parted from us by the dark veil which separates us from the unseen world, exalts humanity. And this is always showing itself in Jacob. The bitter lamentation for Deborah, and the planting over her grave the terebinth of tears, because she had been Rachel's nurse, and was the last living link left of those maiden days of youth and beauty, is a lively mark of the old man's enduring love: so is the description of her as "My wife, who bare me two sons" (Gen. xlv. 27), as if she alone and her offspring rose up to the true dignity of the family life. So is the pouring out of his heart on that sick bed to which Joseph brought his two sons for their parting blessing. The old man looks upon their young strength, and the past years, fleet as their wont is before his failing eyes, until the one thought, which was never far distant, rises before him, and as though from that sad day his life of lives was spent, he sums up all in the plaintive utterance, "And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath: and I buried her there in the way

of Ephrath; the same is Bethlehem." It was as if again the old deceit looked in on his soul in those thoughts of sadness. For he had been sent to bring his wife from Padan to Canaan, and he came back with her to the border she was not to pass; came back to enter his father's tent alone, having left Rachel at Bethlehem; and to find Rebekah laid before her at Mamre.

Of all this great love Joseph was the natural inheritor, and in the wild Arab family which had grown up round Jacob he was the only one whose personal qualities in any way fitted him for so rich a possession. The discord, the license, the sensuality, and the cruelty which so disfigured the sons of Jacob, were but a reflection of what might have been seen in all the common life of the world around them in still darker colours. No doubt it was a great falling back towards heathendom when it is compared with the family life of Abraham and of Isaac. This was the inevitable consequence of that great curse of Jacob's life, the marriage with Leah palmed on him through Laban's treachery. The sons of that ill-matched union, of the rival sisters and their rival handmaids, had lost from before their eyes that true aspect of the life of the family which had shown so fair in Isaac's tent. To Joseph only was it shown in that strong transferred affection which almost made his dead mother stand as though still alive before him. To him that old man was ever in his tender love as well mother as father. This of itself tended not a little to elevate and purify the young heart of the motherless son. Beyond this, the father's love evidently succeeded in stamping upon the boy the impress of his own spiritual life. The distinguishing feature of Jacob's religious character was his enduring sense of God's perpetual presence with him. The lesson of the heavenly ladder dwelt ever in his heart. This stole early into Joseph's inmost spirit with the accesses of his father's love, and we shall find it reappearing at each crisis of his life as the father's grace repeated in the son.

When at seventeen years old he is suffered to leave that father's side, and begin his own life-work of tending the flocks on the low plains or wild uplands of Canaan, it is with the sons of Zilpah and of Bilhah that he is sent, as being the nearest to himself in age.

But his moral sense is already above theirs ; God's presence makes their youthful sins intolerable to him, and he brings unto his father the report of their evil doings. Such a course was of itself sufficient to stir up against him the angry passions of such brothers as were at this time the sons of Jacob. Their father's conduct increased the evil. His fondness for Joseph broke out into irritating manifestations of partiality. Whilst they were habited in the ordinary dress of Arab shepherds, for the favourite son was provided the long-sleeved tunic, which in that eastern land belonged to superior rank ; and all Jacob's conduct manifested the same peculiar and distinguishing affection.

All these angry feelings were exasperated by Joseph repeating to them two dreams which he had dreamed. In the first of these, as they bound sheaves together in the field their sheaves gathered round and did obeisance unto him ; in the second the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to him. The first of these seemed to foretell that he should be the chiefest of all the family, and that all his brethren should bow down to him. This moved their indignation greatly ; and their wrath knew no bounds when this dream was followed by the second, both because, according to the notions of those days, its repetition of the leading idea marked the fulfilment of the first as certain, and also because it added the new prediction that his father and his mother would unite with his brethren in doing homage to him. Even the loving heart of Jacob was stirred by this, and he reprov'd with some sharpness what seemed to him the ambitious imaginations of his favourite son. The father's words seem to imply that he felt it as some indignity to that memory of the dead mother which as a sacred lamp within a sepulchre burned evermore in his widowed heart ; and though he could not but "observe the saying," yet he rebuked the dreamer. The brethren saw in it the fulfilment of all the fears which their father's over-partiality, and especially the gift of the vest of honour, had aroused in them. They knew, doubtless, the story of the birthright stolen through Rebekah's craft from the first-born of the last generation : and that craft was still being punished in the hard thoughts which now rose in their minds against both their father and their brother. He who had consented to violate the rights of his own elder brother might easily, they thought, be led to break through the same rights again in another generation to gratify his partial fondness for

the son of his old age. So with a new and an embittered aversion "they hated Joseph yet the more for his dreams and for his words."

But what shall we say of the dreams themselves, and of Joseph's conduct with regard to them? Are we to take them as direct revelations, as one of those visions from God which have, we know, ere now fallen upon his servants, and ordered and guided their way? It is not said so in Holy Writ, and there is no such declaration as that God appeared unto Joseph in a dream. We are left, therefore, to gather from the context what their character was ; and we cannot settle this without having some idea concerning all dreams ; and not concerning dreams only, but concerning those waking visions which visit our own minds and the minds of others ; which seem bred of no suggestion from the immediate present, but arise in them spectre-like and unbidden,—the clear air fashioning itself into strange forms, and the heart's silence breaking into words which to the inner consciousness seem almost articulate.

Whence come these, and what are they? Are they the mere reachings forth of our own spirit ; prophecies of the future because they are the utterances of our own present capacities and deepest longings ; unborn acts, stirring in the womb of the imagination, and waiting their time of birth? Or are they often more than this? Are they purposes and desires of good or of evil which have been wakened up by the sweeping over the waters of our soul of the breath of the unseen enemy, or of the gusts bred of past passions ; or, on the other hand, by the sweet, healing, and enlightening presence of that blessed Spirit which bloweth where it listeth? Who can read the secret of these hidden influences? Who can separate the voice of his own inner being, as original creation framed it, and as past life has moulded it, from the stirring of its sleeping chords, by the sweep over them of these invisible airs?

Here, then, we may come to some clearer idea of the true character of the dreams of Joseph. All those mighty gifts of government which his after life developed, were even now lying seed-like and half fashioned within his soul. Over that soul swept the Spirit of his father's God, ripening for perfection, and half awakening these dormant faculties ; and as they were thus stirred, the busy, creative imagination caught their shapes and consequences, and cast them in their coming colours upon the receptive half-consciousness of the soul in sleep. To this half-natural fore-reaching of his spirit, the

higher Spirit, we may well believe, added for him, whose after life would so greatly need such supports, a clearness of perception not its own, and which, if it was not directly prophetic, savoured of prophecy.

Whilst, then, we must not class the dreams of Joseph with those visions of Daniel, in which the strong and direct breath of the Divine Spirit swept before his sleeping eyes the course of dynasties and empires and ages; nor separate them altogether from the inborn prophecies wherewith great minds forecast their own future; neither can we altogether deny to them the character of being inspirations from the Spirit of God. Only, in so accounting of them, let us duly realise the truth that such a view ought not, in our estimate, so much to divorce the supernatural from Joseph's life as to wed it to our own; that it ought to enable us better to comprehend the unity which exists between the patriarchal dispensation and the Christian; to see how that which afterwards for a stiff-necked generation was fixed and almost congealed into the Urim and the Thummim, floated for those earlier saints, and floats for us, an ever-present, impalpable, but most real Power, round about our bed and our path, acting according to its own spiritual laws upon our own inmost and essential spirits. Have we not ourselves known young hearts which seem so to have been visited? The youth of after greatness not rarely has upon it some mark of such a presence. The lad is incomprehensible to his fellows. The frivolous, the sensual, the hollow, the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah, feel his very presence to be the sending up of their evil report to the Great Father. They would that he were like themselves. "Mad" they call him in our schools and colleges; for he lives apart from full companionship with others. If every now and then he joins with a spasmodic earnestness in their games and recreations, for the most part he keeps aloof from them; is full of speculation; wanders objectless over the playground, wondering within himself at the life that is stirring in his breast,—wondering whether it so stirs in others; trying to track its laws; dreaming of its development, until the sun, the moon, and the eleven stars, seem to do obeisance to him in some unknown future which spreads out mist-like before him.

Such, then, we may apprehend the dreams of Joseph to have been. His ready divulgence of them agrees exactly with this view. His own soul was full of them; he craved for sympathy. They prefigured he knew not exactly what. He hardly realised in the vista

they opened to his eyes, that his elevation was, to a certain extent, the subjection of the rest; and so, with none of the pettiness of vanity, and very little of the chastening of prudence, he told them openly, and thus aggravated his brethren's hatred, and drew upon himself what was harder yet to bear—the blighting frost of his father's displeasure, nipping the tender buds of his yet half-formed anticipations.

Neither he nor his father could fathom the depths of his brothers' hatred. In no portion of his life had Jacob been tempted to it, and the loving spirit of his old age knew nothing of such darkness. And so, when the brethren had been some time away feeding their flocks upon the as yet unappropriated plains and uplands, the father fearlessly sends his darling to inquire after their welfare; and Joseph, unconscious of the deep grudge he had engendered, undertakes with ready dutifulness the distant mission. He goes first from Hebron to Shechem, seeking them. They were not there. He learns from a wayfarer, as he wanders about searching for them, the direction of their track, and follows them on, some twelve miles north of Samaria, nigh to Dothan. He comes upon them with all the freedom and affection of a brother's heart. But it is only to waken up, by his very aspect, from malicious lips, the evil greeting, "Behold, this dreamer cometh." Then when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, awoke the sinful consultation: "They conspired against him to slay him." There were, indeed, as is the wont of such companies, various degrees of wickedness amongst its members. There were there men in whose tents the "instruments of cruelty" were ready. There were also the sensual softness of Reuben and Judah's uncertainty of purpose, as well as the ruder violence of more hardened offenders, who would at once "slay him and cast him into some pit, and say some evil beast hath devoured him, and we shall see what will become of his dreams" (Gen. xxxvii. 20). Reuben's counsel to "shed no blood" succeeds, and so they seize him, tear from him the hated vest of honour, cast him into a dry pit, and sit down to eat bread. As they make their meal, the huge forms of the "ships of the desert," the camels of the merchant's caravan, rise on their sight. A caravan of Ishmaelites is journeying from Gilead through the plain of Dothan to join the great track which passed from Canaan by Gaza into Egypt. At once the uncertain mind of Judah, trembling with horror at the

thought of the great sin of leaving Joseph to perish in the pit, and yet not brave enough to propose his absolute release, seizes on the thought of a safe compromise, and proposes to sell him to the merchants of Midian. In Reuben's absence, who had intended privily to release the lad, the sale is effected. The merchants pay for him the usual price, and carry him away. When Reuben, on his return, finds the pit empty and his scheme frustrated, he rent his clothes and cried, "The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?" Whether from the struggling of a natural pity, or from fear of bringing down with utter grief to the grave the grey-haired man at home, whose life he knew was bound up with the lad's life, he alone enters into all the horror of the tragedy. He does not over-rate the agony which was about to tear that loving heart.

They dip the vest of honour, with which it had been the old man's delight to clothe Joseph, in the blood of a kid, and with a triumph, which they cannot but give vent to in their very words, they send it to him with the lying message, "This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." Too well the father knew it: too surely did it seem to him that he inherited afresh the sins of his youth, as he cried, "An evil beast hath devoured him! Joseph, no doubt, is rent in pieces." Many days he mourned, refusing to be comforted; and groaning forth, "I will go down mourning into Sheol, that dark land of shadows, where my son has passed before me."

Whilst Hebron echoes these groans of a broken heart, Joseph is carried down into Egypt, and finds a ready purchaser in Potiphar, the captain of the executioners of Pharaoh's house. His master's name, when read in the light which the study of hieroglyphics throws upon it, seems to make it clear that the town of On, devoted to the worship of "Ra," the sun, was the spot of Joseph's servitude. Here he wins at once, because "the Lord is with him," the favour and trust of his master, and is employed in an universal oversight of his concerns. The sculptures of old Egypt depict his life: there we may see the trusted servant overlooking all; entering with minute care, as a patient scribe, every part of his master's property in its daily administration; recording the grain, the fish, the linen, the mass of precious metal, which pass through his hands. Under Joseph's administration all things prospered. It was not only that his great gifts of government were used in his master's service. Beyond this, a higher power was prospering all he touched. "From the time that Poti-

phar made him overseer in his house and over all that he had, the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house and in the field" (Gen. xxxix. 5). But this life of busy, honest, successful labour was not to last. His master's wife, too true to the type of old Egyptian womanhood, as every ancient chronicle depicts it, first tempts him to sin, and then, infuriated at his holy resistance to her evil will, slakes her uttermost vengeance by throwing, through a false accusation, not, as it seems, entirely believed, nor wholly disbelieved, the too faithful slave into the dungeon where the king's prisoners were bound.

How grand a display all this is of the power of a living inward sense of God's perpetual presence in ennobling the soul of man! For what condition could be more open to temptation than that of this Hebrew lad? How natural would it have been for him, when smarting under the keen sense of his brethren's perfidious cruelty, and its seeming success, to have cast away all belief in right and truth, and so to have sunk down into the despairing slough of utter godlessness and sensuality! What temptations, too, to such a course must have gathered themselves up against him in the absolute loneliness of his first Egyptian life! Home associations, the voice of love, the watching eye of tender care, the acting up to an already established character—what helps are these! and these seemed to be gone from him altogether. How noble to be the same without them, to have no lowering of the standard from the loss of all outward safeguards, no sapping of the foundations of moral responsibility from his loss, as a stranger, a foreigner, and a slave, of the elevating sense of personality, and the preserving love of character! How grand still to have, like some lustrous diamond gleaming inwardly on his lonely spirit, the talisman of the one thought—"How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God!" This thought was strong enough so to quicken his conscience, that it still connected indissolubly this broken disconnected present with that old past of his younger life, and whilst he moved amidst the new temptations of the house of the Egyptian, he still lived in thought, and love, and faith, in the old tent at Hebron, and saw the fond face of his aged father, and bowed with him anew before the God of Israel.

This was a safeguard which outward change could not touch; and in the king's dungeon,

therefore, Joseph still was what he had been in the house of the captain of the executioners. Great, indeed, at first was the trial of his faith. That he escaped with his life from such an accusation implies, probably, that some doubt of his guilt crossed his master's mind. But it was hard, to bear without discontent and murmur, the dungeon and its cruelty, to have "his feet hurt with fetters, and to be laid in iron" (Ps. cv. 18), as the reward of faithfulness, chastity, and truth. In such a time the evil one was sure to whisper, "Where is thy father's God, and His remembrance of thee? Curse thy God and die." But the darker the natural gloom, the brighter shone that ever-present inward memory of the God whom he had served at Hebron. He wore the talisman on his heart, and he was safe. Moreover, besides this talisman within the shrine of his own spirit, there was with him an external guardianship which nothing could break through. How magnificent is the simplicity of its announcement!—"Joseph was there in the prison. But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison. . . . And whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. . . . because the Lord was with him, and that which he did the Lord made it to prosper" (Gen. xxxix. 31—33). How long he remained in the prison it is impossible to say with certainty. There and in the house of Potiphar together he spent thirteen years, probably the larger share of them in the prison. Thirteen years of training and perfecting; thirteen years in which the weeds of vanity and self-exaltation were being killed; in which faith and hope and tenderness for other sufferers were matured; in which was the slow ripening of the genius and the gifts of conduct which were soon to be shown forth upon so high a stage of earthly greatness.

And now, when "the word of the Lord" had indeed "tried him" (Ps. cv. 19), his time came. Two chief officers in Pharaoh's household are put in ward in the prison where Joseph was bound; and Joseph is set by the captain of the ward specially to attend on these great men. How long the attendance had lasted we know not, but it was long enough to form those kindly relations which ever grew up between Joseph and those round him. Accordingly, as he waits upon them he notices one morning their saddened countenances, and with kindly youthful sympathy he asks as to their grief. They answer that they have each dreamed a dream, and they are troubled because there

in the dungeon they can consult no interpreter to tell them the meaning of the visions. The Hebrew captive's answer soars at once into a higher sphere—"Do not interpretations belong to God?" "May not He" (he suggests), "the mighty Elohim, send you an answer even by my lips? Tell me the dreams."

The chief of the cup-bearers tells his dream of restoration to royal favour, the master of the household his dream of coming doom; and both are fulfilled within three days, on the birthday of the Pharaoh. Joseph's entreaty to the chief officer of the cup-bearers, and the promise it had won of his making mention to Pharaoh of the unrighteous keeping of the Hebrew youth in the dungeon, are both forgotten in the ecstatic joy of the cup-bearer on his restoration to liberty and power, and so two full years pass on with their weary length, and Joseph, now thirty years of age, and still in prison, has spent thirteen since he was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews. But now the days of these sorrows were numbered. Pharaoh's two dreams, and his sore trouble at finding no interpreter, bring back to the remembrance of the chief of the cup-bearers the Hebrew slave of the captain of the executioners, and his true reading of the two dreams which had been told him in the prison. From him Pharaoh hears of Joseph, and snatching eagerly at the hope so strangely offered him of obtaining an interpreter, he sends for Joseph from the ward. With such hasty preparation as was possible, the young Hebrew stands before the dreaded throne of Egypt, whether, as seems not impossible, the great Sesostris, or before a monarch of another of the ancient dynasties of Egypt, it mattered little then to him. His life was in his hand; nor easier or more lightly might a man cast a cup of water on the ground, than might that life be thrown away by one frown of the despotic king. Yet unawed and untrembling the youth stands up before the king, because the hidden strength was his. "I have heard say of thee," begins the eager monarch, "that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it." "It is not in me," answers Joseph; "God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace. God," he boldly declared, "God hath showed Pharaoh what He is about to do," and he reads plainly out to him the riddle of the night's visions. The seven coming years of plenty and the seven following years of famine are declared, and the policy of Pharaoh is marked out for him with an unfaltering tongue.

Again the question rises, which Joseph's

own dreams suggested, whence was this insight he possessed into these four visions, and to what did it amount? Again it must be said that it is nowhere written of Joseph as it is of Daniel, "God made Daniel to understand all visions and dreams" (Dan. i. 17); and though Joseph with a natural piety attributes all his power to the "Elohim," and though Pharaoh so receives it, and justifies to his courtiers the promotion of Joseph to the highest place by the fact that the Spirit of God is in him; yet neither do Joseph's words, nor does the effect on Pharaoh indicate that direct revelation of Jehovah's power, which in the case of Daniel bowed down the proud heart of Nebuchadnezzar to the wonderful acknowledgment, "Your God is a God of gods and the Lord of lords." Narrow indeed, perhaps almost imperceptible, are the barriers which divide the direct illumination vouchsafed by the Revealer of secrets to Daniel from the more ordinary enlightenment given to the holy, thoughtful son of Jacob; and it is well to note how the one passes into the other; as bringing common life more nearly into that august presence with which the heavens are bright, and so adding to it a sacredness and wonder which some would look upon as withheld from ordinary men, and fenced off within the mystic bounds of immediate inspiration.

Looking thus at the record of Genesis, may we not see that God who gave all to Joseph gave him, by means which we call natural, however unusually quickened, the intuition to read what would have been illegible to a shallower or less observant or less enlightened mind? His natural gifts had enabled him to gather first from his communion with the state prisoners whom he tended the probable restoration of the one, the probable execution of the other; to know that the birthday festival would almost necessarily bring to its final issue the fortune of each of these great court officials, and so, when the dream of each presented to his eye in airy imagery the shadow of the coming crisis, the heavenly light fell upon its folds, and he was enabled to read it out with an unfaltering clearness. Pharaoh's dreams themselves, though they rise higher out of the region of simple naturalness in their conception, possessed the same natural tendency to self-explanation when scanned by one who evermore associated his thought of God with the events and destinies of national life, who had learned to understand the great truth that the God of Abraham was the Lord of all, ruling as much over the court of Egypt as in the tent of

Hebron. Every field would set before him the thin ears or the fruitful: every reedy pasture by the river bank, that natural image of the whole power of Egypt, the lean kine or the fat, and the cherished secret of God's holy sovereignty might link for him the coming event with the prefiguring image. As the counsel founded on the interpretation, so the interpretation itself, was full of natural insight, though quickened doubtless by the powers of a higher light. Joseph's life was full of God, and so the light of God poured into it; the sinner's life is the shutting out of God, and so his understanding becomes darkened.

With this special gift of insight the long trial of the faithful man passed away, and now dawned the day for which he had so long been trained. The Hebrew slave, yesterday a prisoner in the dungeon, by a change of fortune familiar to Orientals, is to-day Grand Vizier of Egypt, and next only to Pharaoh, its supreme autocrat. In true Eastern fashion, Pharaoh took off his ring (the mystic signet) from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck, and they cried before him, "Bow the knee." Further, he united him, by a marriage with the daughter of the prince-priest of On, to the aristocracy of Egypt. In the name which Joseph gave to her, and in the names of the two sons she bore to him, Joseph testified his resolution, even in that far land, to bind up his family life with the race of Abraham, whilst they speak of his grateful sense of God's care of him in teaching him to forget his sorrows, and in making him fruitful in the land of his captivity.

And now all his gifts of government are drawn forth into action. He goes during the years of plenty through the land, and stores up with careful industry the fruits of the earth whilst it brought forth by handfuls. Then came the years of dearth. Egypt has always been liable to famine. A time of drought at once produced it; and as she was the storehouse of the neighbouring peoples when the same cause exhausted their supplies, they turned to her for help. So it was now. And Joseph, with a wise liberality, opened his stores for them, as well as for Egypt. He would enrich with foreign trade the land which had adopted him, whilst at home he used the opportunity to change and equalise—retaining only the exemptions of the priestly class—the taxation of Egypt.

But wider consequences were to follow from these years of famine. By Him who in His mysterious sovereignty brings His counsels to pass through the natural acting of secondary

causes, they were meant to bring down Jacob and his family to Egypt, and so prevent that mixture of the chosen family with the Canaanitish blood, which would have been inevitable if for these early centuries they had remained within the land of promise. Already Judah had mingled the holy seed with the evil race; and had they not been walled in within the land of Goshen, the separation of the race from whom Messiah was to spring would have been impossible. Fulfilling therefore, without knowing it, the counsels of the Highest, the sons of Jacob came down to purchase corn in Egypt. They present themselves before their brother, but they know him not. More than twenty years had stamped their deep impress of sorrow and of joy on the face once in its youthful beauty so familiar to them. In dress, in language, and in manners he was now an Egyptian. The dreams of his youth in the land of Canaan are fulfilled as they bow before him. He witnesses the late awaking of their long-slumbering consciences, he hears their mutual upbraidings; yet still, even to himself, the old imposture is repeated. They tell him, with ambiguous utterance, that "one is not," and yet more plainly still "his brother is dead." The long pent-up affections of his soul are ever ready to break forth as he probes that he may heal their hearts. At length the victory is won. Benjamin is with them, and is guarded by them with all the jealous tenderness of a father's care. Then at last he makes himself known to them, and sends for the old man from Canaan, that he may himself be the stay of those last years, which, after their long sadness, blossomed out again now that the company of Rachel's son seemed to bring her presence back.

What that summons was to Jacob no words can tell save those which broke forth from that long-suffering heart: "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die" (Gen. xlv. 28). Then followed the cheering vision at Beer-sheba, the "Fear not to go down into Egypt. . . . I will go down with thee; and I will also surely bring thee up again: and Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes." Safe in that companionship, the old man travelled down to Egypt, and when he came to Goshen the chariot of the Grand Vizier met the cavalcade. If there had been in Joseph's early aspirations something too much of a sense of personal greatness, it was gone now; there was no boast on his side, no rebuking on his father's. "He presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his

neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive" (Gen. xlv. 29, 30). Seventeen years longer that life lasted, and Joseph's figure is seen yet again amidst its last shadows upholding and blessed by the departing patriarch. Then he leads the great company, the chariots and horsemen, the servants of Pharaoh, and the elders of the land of Egypt, who go up with him and with his brethren to bury his father, according to his oath, in the cave of the field of Machpelah, "which Abraham bought with the field, for a possession of a burying-place, of Ephron the Hittite before Mamre."

One more most significant outcoming of the spirit of Joseph yet remains. When the family of Israel had returned to Egypt, to live under the shadow of Joseph, his brethren, whose narrow hearts could not measure the greatness of his love, feared for themselves that the day of long-delayed vengeance might at last be come. "Joseph will hate us," groaned their evil misgiving hearts, "and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him." So they feigned a dying message of their departed father, praying Joseph to forgive them. The distrust grieved him to the heart, and he wept when they spake unto him. Had he not of old bid them "not to be angry with themselves that they had sold him hither, for God did send me to preserve life;" and had he ceased to see in all that had happened to him the hand of God? "Fear not," he said, with a sobbing voice, "fear not: for am I in the place of God? Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good. . . . Fear not: I will nourish you, and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them" (Gen. l. 21).

With such deeds of love his history ends. And so he too passes out of sight, living until he was an hundred and ten years old, seeing Ephraim's children of the third generation, and taking an oath of the children of Israel, "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry my bones from hence." So he died strong in the hope of Israel; bound to it by the ever-during bond of faith; to rise with it at the trumpet's sound from the field of Mamre, though, after the manner of the heathen, "they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt" (Gen. l. 26). His death was like his life—hidden with God; Egyptian in appearance, Hebrew indeed; accomplished in the town of On, amidst pagan dedications to the sun, but tending to the burying-place of Abraham and the resurrection of the heir of all things.

Such was Joseph : the link between the wandering patriarch and the lawgiver of nations ; touching on the one side the Bedouin fathers of his race, and on the other the kings and mighty princes of the house of Ephraim. He was one who was, like all great men, far in advance of his age ; as a ruler of men ; as a financier ; as combining together an unswerving loyalty to Jehovah with a righteous forbearance towards the debased forms of worship which he found and could not alter in the land which had adopted him ; in being capable of being at once an Egyptian patriot and a Hebrew hero. In all these relations he was long before his age. The old patriarchal character broadens out into the politician and the governor of man. Of no other character preserved in all the ancient sacred record is so much told and nothing to his blame. As we dwell upon his life, it is a Christian character which opens on us. Its breadth, its purity, its justice, its forgiveness of injury, its recognising Abraham's God as the Father of all—this from first to last is eminently Christian, whilst all is based upon the ever-present sense of God's nearness to him. The motto of the whole life may be found in his

simple description of himself—"For I fear God !"

Once more : his life and his character are encased with the deep lines of typical prophecy. As the true brother condemned and cast out by his own, and saving them through the sacrifice of himself ; and then as lifted up from the dungeon to the throne ; the son of Israel prophesied in act and in character of the great Hope of Israel. As the captive, oppressed, persecuted, and cast into the dungeon, as revealing in it the will of God, as subduing from it the hearts of men, as inheriting the riches, the learning, and the power of the Egyptians, as ruling by the indwelling Spirit of the Lord, where he had served in the prison as a slave, there are marked upon this history the chiefest lineaments of the Church of Christ, rising from her uttermost persecutions, interpreting the will of God, inheriting the riches of the Gentiles, lifted up from the dung-hill to be set amongst the princes, yea, amongst the highest princes of the people. Joseph in the pit and in the prison is the Church in the wilderness ; Joseph reigning over Egypt the Church triumphant. For known unto God are all his ways from the beginning of the world.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

An English Story of To-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE."

CHAPTER XXIII.—PHOEBE MAKES HER DÉBÛT.



company were at dinner. In order to keep her in countenance at tea, Miss Thorpe left

her place of honour at the first hall table, and repaired to Lady Dorothea's room.

Phoebe had time to feel daunted and depressed by the solemn mystery in which Miss Thorpe thought it her duty to veil the most trivial affairs of the family, and by the overpowering dignity and decorum of the lady. So much was this the case that a terror and shyness such as she never felt in this room before came over her, culminating in a lively wish to be at home again, and, at the same time, admitting a rush back of Barty Wooler's most vehement remonstrances and warnings. But it would be out of the question for her to think of running away now. Nay more, it would be selfish, when the temporary association was for a purpose, and when Lady Dorothea had put it as if Phoebe's acquiescence was an act of grace.

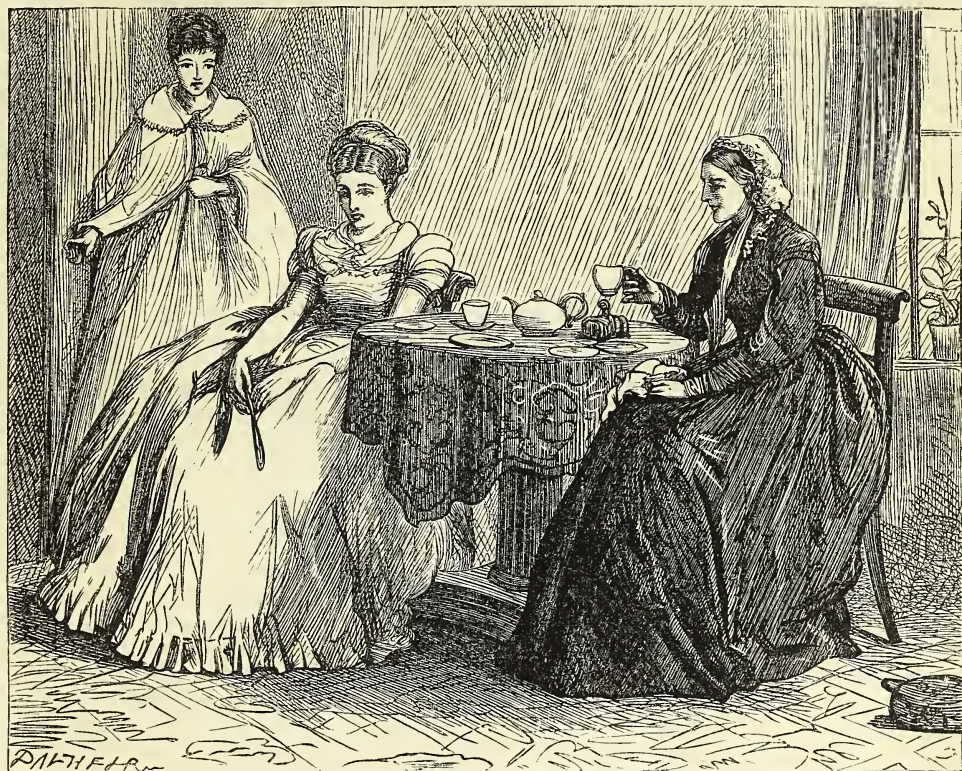
All these uncomfortable feelings vanished when Lady Dorothea appeared. Her Ladyship expressed her astonishment at finding Thorpe sitting up there like a crow in the mist, and caused the crow to rear her skinny neck and caw in indignant defence of her

conduct. Lady Dorothea came to herself immediately, and was grave and humble in extenuation of her hasty inference, thus declaring her satisfaction with Thorpe for her attentions to Miss Paston.

"Thorpe is so easily affronted, except with mamma," her Ladyship went on to explain, the moment the girls were left to themselves. "And do you know, that is a weakness of valuable servants? Mrs. Bald shares it, but I think the men are more reasonable. And now, Phœbe, it is so good of you to come, and you must pardon me for having kept you waiting so long."

"Oh, don't speak of it," urged Phœbe, the colour mounting to her cheek.

"You are always very kind and indulgent, Phœbe. The fact is, I kept looking at mamma, who was fixed by her trumpet to old Mr. Hammond, and could not move from her own table. However, we have made the great adjournment at last, and the hanging committee of the women are already in the gallery, where if you will come with me I shall settle you comfortably before the men come in, and then none of them need be named to you, except those you like, and Wriothsley and I like. Lord Fairchester, of



course, and a picked man or two, you must speak to; but you will not be troubled with noticing the rest. Now, will that do, Phœbe?"

Phœbe thought it would do excellently, and was almost recompensed for her regrets by seeing how balsam-bright Lady Dorothea looked in her light evening-dress, with clusters of autumn berries in her loosened hair, and her opal and diamond clasps, half hidden in the unobtrusive details of her dress, flashing finely when one's eye hit on them.

The women in the Beauty corner of the gallery faithfully followed Lady Dorothea's

cue. They received Phœbe each more graciously than the other,—Miss Dugdale, who was in satin and pearls, as if she were representing a bride, most graciously of all. To such an extent indeed did her graciousness go, that it became ungracious in commiserating Phœbe for having had to come all the way from Wellfield by herself. But Lady Dorothea put that down with quick emphasis.

"Of course, Chetwynd, my friend Miss Paston did not walk here, and the drive really does not call for condolence."

Miss Dugdale gave her snowy shoulders

the least little jerk, and then did something like looking Phœbe over with one glance of her slate-coloured eyes, before falling asleep over the contemplation of her bouquet, as Lord Dacre had set her the example of doing over his claret in the dining-room. Phœbe on her side remarked, that Miss Dugdale's speech, carefully and artificially masked and minced as it was, afforded an indication of the sluggish thickness which clung to the tongues of the Dugdales.

The two Miss Hammonds were not resident at Brockcotes, but came from the next country-house. They were highly respectable versions of their solid, gruff father. The Wellfield public were accustomed to look at them as they bowled along in the paternal carriage, year after year. Phœbe had nothing to expect from them but blunt graciousness. They would no more have been guilty of patronising her than of insulting her.

Lady Penelope and Lady Louisa would have taken Phœbe in their arms, and sworn an eternal friendship to her on the spot, although they might cut her dead to-morrow. But Phœbe would not be taken into anybody's arms without her own consent,—a peculiarity which made the Ladies Blount look at her, and remember her a little longer than they might otherwise have done. Yet it was hard work to keep off Lady Louisa, who was as impervious to repulses as the most pushing member of a mob.

The ladies were engaged in criticising the chosen pictures. The Rose of Raby had been found to have one eye lower in the cheek than the other. Lady Rich wore watchet blue, a shade of colour which could not now be had for love or money; and Venetia Lady Digby had an ivory rose miniature on her breast, doubtless one of the Olivier miniatures, but there was not one like it to be found at Brockcotes.

Lady Dorothea had ordered chests to be carried in from the wardrobe room; and faded, falling-to-pieces tunics, wimples, surcoats, and sacques littered the floor. Miss Dugdale suggested softly that old clothes smelt mustily, and elevated the sharp tip of her nose as she spoke. Lady Penelope and her sister tripped here and there among the heap with disparaging rapidity. Lady Dorothea was disposed to dwell fondly on every article, and record the history of its probable owner. As for Phœbe Paston, she wished the accumulation out of sight. She thought the ancient dresses, with their shadowy, serious memories, put the idle play to shame. It was still more so with the pieces of armour which had been

lugged from the armoury, bearing dints on the cuirasses and the steel helmets, and splashes of rust on the arm and thigh pieces. Phœbe would rather have made up dresses and Don Quixote armour than mock the old relics of human worth and suffering by using them in a travesty of her father's trade.

No business was done till the gentlemen came. Lord Wriothesley greeted Phœbe with the *empressment* of a man who has secured a desirable partner, and with the consideration due to a woman who had put herself out of her way to oblige him and his party. Mr. Paston (who had been dining at Brockcotes) and Frank Hall followed, supporting Phœbe, so that she could now summon courage to inspect the rest of the men. Lord Fairchester, who was to be presented to her forthwith, and do his best to recommend himself to his future wife's dear friend, certainly looked quite above caring whether she were of high or low degree. Mr. Edmund Blount, though he was of set purpose not named to her, spoke to her before the evening was over, and called her "a deuced proud little thing" ere the tableaux were brought to an end. He had no part in the representations, and could hardly have had a part, unless he had gone in for a hulking black sheep of high rank. He was there with the futile intention of being kept from getting into mischief.

Lord Dacre answered to the description of one of the great Dukes of Devonshire. He was handsomely credited to be a man of considerable attainments, and a very decent scholar, if he would only exert himself to let it out. It might be true that undreamt-of reserves of wisdom and accomplishments lay in this large-limbed, light-haired, light-eyed man of thirty, whose chin was constantly sunk in his white choker; but he never showed it, except, as Phœbe learnt long afterwards, when Aunt Sally happened to be resuscitated in the course of conversation. Lord Dacre had been one of the gentlemen who had introduced Aunt Sally to fresh fields and aristocratic pastures, stood sponsor for her, and backed her to any amount. Smouldering flames of resentment still woke up in him when the expulsion of the jaunty old woman, and the substitution of her commonplace rival, croquet, were spoken of. Once, during the exigencies of the tableaux, Phœbe and Lord Dacre were mentioned to each other, but she was persuaded that he was half asleep at the time, and that his bow was as much a nod in honour of Somnus as of her. She was therefore amazed to have him bow to her the next time she met him galloping up Wellfield

High Street, with no one to remind him of their introduction, unless his groom received intimation of his master's acquaintances, and put him through his paces in them as in horsemanship. After lengthened meditation on the subject, Phoebe came to the conclusion that Lord Dacre was a gentleman whether asleep or awake.

Mr. Bertie was introduced to her, and Mr. Vernon was not. But Phœbe was certain that this was accidental, for she could not then, or at any future time, discover a pin's point of difference between the two beyond what belonged strictly to the outward man. They were both about the age of Lord Wriothlesley, both in the army, both had yachts and hunters, to which they alluded frequently, and both belonged to the Carlton. They had each gone through all of Europe that was worth seeing, and it struck Phœbe that their tours were precisely masculine editions of those of Lady Dorothea, Ladies Penelope and Louisa, and Miss Dugdale. Phœbe was led to understand that both men were eligible, in being eldest sons of men of property. The two were also alike in haunting Miss Dugdale, in fetching and carrying for her, and in fighting a hard battle to avoid Lady Penelope and Lady Louisa, to either of whom Lord Dacre fell an easy victim. It was a point of some importance, as respects the personal identity of the two men, that Mr. Bertie made faces. With regard to this practice, Phœbe caught an incautious whisper of Lady Louisa's, that Bob Bertie was still unable to resist mowing, and that they had better look out for his falling down among them in one of his epileptic attacks. Phœbe had no doubt that both of the young men were mirrors of that fashion which is so high that it does not look fashion at all, but merely "the thing" on this and on every other occasion. But after all, she suspected she would soon have tired of these perfectly cut heads of hair; of the morning's delicate grey and picturesque brown, or the evening's quiet elegance of black and white, with a single scarlet camellia in the button-hole, and exquisite grotesque vagaries in gold and mosaic by way of studs; and would have been tempted to prefer rough and racy Mr. and Mrs. Edgecumbe as lodgers in Woovers' Alley. The young men were not sluggards like Lord Dacre, nor vicious fools like Mr. Edmund Blount. They might be heroes to their valets, and to more than their valets. They were not without the air of being heroes to Miss Dugdale when she was not otherwise engaged. But, on the face of it, they were too inferior

to Lord Wriothlesley to make any but the lightest impression on an intelligent girl.

Lady Dorothea had said no time was to be lost, and Mr. Paston was ready to bestow on the players a little of his hard-earned leisure and valuable advice. The pictures were here patiently waiting. The old dresses were at hand for models of costume. Thorpe stood saturnine, snuffing the air in her silk and lace. Thorpie was officious and saucy, to the despair of her worthy relative. But the first step to business was Lord Dacre's retiring to a corner of the most comfortable and distant couch. Miss Dugdale had in the meantime given herself up to the study of Lady Exmoor's dog Rogero, as shown in all its points by Mr. Bertie and Mr. Vernon for her entertainment. Lady Louisa was insisting on practising Gretchen's wayward heart-broken snatch of "There was a King in Thule," to the accompaniment of a cracked old spinet, contemporary with the late Beauties, and deposited as a fitting adjunct in that corner of the gallery. Lady Penelope was squabbling with Mr. Edmund. Even Lord Exmoor was showing Mr. Paston over the pictures which the painter had seen hundreds of times before, and Lord Wriothlesley and Frank Hall had drawn aside to discuss a paper on logarithms, which had been communicated to the Royal Society, and the substance of which had been propounded by the last six senior wranglers. None but Phœbe and Lord Fairchester remained staunch to their leader, and at her orders.

"Did you ever see a flock of sheep, or of geese, Phœbe?" demanded Lady Dorothea, wrathfully. "We want mamma to be bell-wether; but Lady Lucy Ingram is just going, and Mrs. Hammond, you see, has recalled the Miss Hammonds, so we shall get rid of papa, too, for he must see them off."

Lady Dorothea, although she had nobody but herself to depend upon, did not fail in some of the attributes of a great little generalissimo. She resorted to a *coup d'état*, and recalled some of her troop by promptly dismissing Mr. Paston, or rather by accepting his presumed resignation of office.

"I shall not keep you longer, sir, a witness to our trifling with our duties. I see you must have about as agreeable feelings as Michael Angelo had, when he made the snow-man for the Florentine Grand Duke; and Michael had the advantage that he was allowed to make the man himself, not compelled to suffer the frittering away of his time and talent by others. If you please, Mr. Paston, you will

do us the honour to come back when we are in earnest, and have found our level; and point out such of our faults as can be amended, half-an-hour before the public representation of the tableaux. You will only mortify yourself, and those of us who are capable of feeling shame, by wasting your attention upon a set of butterflies."

Mr. Paston was glad to be relieved from a position which he felt was in danger of becoming a false one; and Phœbe was glad for his sake, although his withdrawal threw her more on the guardianship of Frank Hall. The departure of the professional man who had been called in to preside over their deliberations bore so ominous a resemblance to a relinquishment of the scheme, that every one who had any interest in its fulfilment at once threw aside his or her affectation of indifference and reluctance, and rushed into action.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE TABLEUX VIVANTS.

LADY DOROTHEA'S tableau was first in order. Far from being caught tripping herself, she had found time to study a copy of the Harleian MS. By the aid of specimens of mediæval costumes, she had managed to get constructed an individual example; and she did not stick even at the horned head-dress of which she had spoken to Phœbe. For the behoof of her partner, she had made an incursion into the armoury, and had got transferred from it in a twinkling an inlaid, stiff corslet and morion, which might have been in the wars of Richard of York's father and the redoubted Black Prince.

This was a good beginning. But when Lady Dorothea stood up, in perfect gravity, her low little head surmounted by the grotesque triple horns, like the horns in a vision of ancient prophecy, adding at least three feet to her stature, but taking away every tittle of its grave propriety, the effect was so irresistibly ludicrous, that even Lord Fairchester and Phœbe could not resist joining in the laughter which greeted the extraordinary spectacle.

Lady Dorothea was neither angry nor abashed, but simply annoyed.

"What do you mean, good people? I assure you the head-dress is historically correct; I measured the inches, and verified the measurement. Our ancestresses wore such head-dresses; I should not think the world laughed openly at them. Pray compose yourselves; for if you forget your manners, what am I to expect from the general public?"

"Oh, Lady Dorothea! you can never appear before all the race-company in that absurd guise," urged a chorus of voices.

"Why not?" asked Lady Dorothea, still more surprised. "I tell you the head-dress will be the most accurate and suggestive in the room; and the greater reasonableness of present fashions, in spite of crinoline, must strike every one. Of course, I shall wear it, and become it, too, I hope."

Here Lady Dorothea composedly resumed the nodding horns, but only to call forth fresh bursts of laughter, at which she at last looked round, disturbed and reproachful, the rather that she found the most ringing peals came from Phœbe and Lord Fairchester.

"I tell you, Dolly," declared Lord Wriothesley, recovering his breath and wiping his eyes, "that we shall die of these horns if you wag them at us in that way. What is worse, Wellfield will be unable, if it is human, to keep from following our example."

With some difficulty, Lady Dorothea was persuaded to resign the horns for a hood of the fourteenth century. Like all really high-bred natures, she was sweet-tempered; but she continued to regret, privately, the substitution of the vague hood for the horned head-dress, and of pasteboard imitation for the true armour, as being subversive of what she was pleased to consider the instructive authenticity of the spectacle.

"Did you ever notice this defect in Lady Dorothea's composition, that the sense of humour is absent? Now don't feel affronted, and flash up at this; for so it is, and you know it is my own sister I am speaking of," observed Lord Wriothesley, *sotto voce*, to Phœbe, who could not resent the criticism, simply because it was his own sister he was speaking of.

Moreover, it was a "true truth" which he was subtly presenting, though the subject of it was "good, and wise, and fair."

The original armour could not have been worn for half-an-hour by the players, so much had men and times altered. Yet when Lord Wriothesley took up a casque and tried it on, Phœbe was struck by the knightly character of the studious, speculative face, and could not but think of the amount of noble manhood which must lurk in the delicate stripling's features, to be thus brought out by the iron shell and its hard frame.

No hitch occurred in any of the other tableaux that were passed in review that evening. To those who knew the parties, it could not be called a hitch, that Lady Penelope would shine as Stella in a bouncing fashion. She would take no advice, and would consult no authority; but, after consenting to her marvellous, humble-bee's contrast of yellow and black in hair and com-

[July 1, 1869]

Good Words.]



“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”

Page 56.



plexion, would appear with or without a ruff, with or without a lute, as suited her. Her complacent, apathetic Mountjoy personated the blustering soldier by lazily twirling his young bird's-fluff of moustache, and doing in rotation according to everybody's directions. Obedience was so much easier than resistance, when resistance was not worth the trouble.

Miss Dugdale always looked lovely, and brought down plaudits. Yet there was nothing of Venetia Lady Rigby about her except the pearl-drop at her swan's throat, and her dark hair laced, looped, and coroneted with pearls. The incongruity, however, did not raise more than one or two secret dissentient voices against her sovereignty. It seemed taken as a matter of course that she should angle greedily for men's award of her superiority—that she should glance around her with incessant slyness to claim her tribute—that she should clutch each coin, great and small, and not suffer a penny to pass to another queen, whether the ratepayer were her proposed bridegroom, Lord Wriothlesley, or the ugly pressman, Mr. Hall. Failing others, Miss Dugdale would have sought the admiration of grooms and ploughboys. And therein lurked a deadly danger for her. If one of the lowest of men should refuse to acknowledge her claims, it was on the books that she might make a wicked travesty of the parable, and sell all she had to buy that one man. It was not so much passion, as a craving and madness of vanity, half veiled and hidden as yet, but surer than pride of coming before a fall. Every Dugdale of her branch who had possessed it—and this was the case with one-seventh of the men and three-fifths of the women—had fallen from their high estate down to earthly perdition. Lady Dorothea could have told this, only she was particularly tender of the black sheep of her class. She was so infatuated, indeed, that she would have risked her only brother, the jewel of her house, on the tremendous venture of allying himself with one who might otherwise prove a miserable, defiled, and defiling black sheep.

Frank Hall, being plebeian at heart, notwithstanding his improved practice in dining out and cultivating the rising statesmen and men of power, spoke his mind plainly in the ear of his cousin Phœbe as to Miss Dugdale.

"Vanity, thy name is woman," he said; "but here it isn't pure and simple vanity alone, but a Cleopatra mania for conquest in a creature who speaks with the voice of Cordelia. She is morally false, Phœbe; and what do you take to be her value, when

'Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella?'"

"I should say Miss Dugdale of ~~Succerly~~ lies pretty well out of your way, Frank," urged Phœbe, "even although you are to match with her in the tableaux."

"That's all you know, Phœbe," he said. "She doesn't despise me or any grist to her mill. I am only a sort of quill-driver to such as she is, yet she ogles me every time she comes across me."

"Excuse me speaking plainly, Frank, but I'm afraid that comes more from your vanity than hers; though I will confess there is no dearth of that commodity in her case either."

"Come now, Phœbe, that is just rather cruel to be cousinly. I'm not a vain beast, though I am to act the Beast to her Beauty, as paunchy, porous Sir Kenelm to her Venetia, who did credit to his taste with her face, though her character, if all tales are true, was none of the best. What fools we are! I wonder Lady Dorothea does not think better of it. But she is class-blind, that little woman; and this is the speck in the sun. Still I would rather be snubbed by her than coaxed by the other. I confess, Phœbe, I never see your friend without recalling how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, and I regard her as working hard at her task—the young Amazon."

"Now, Frank, I call that rude. Lady Dorothea isn't a bit like a young Amazon."

"Well, perhaps that isn't just the happiest metaphor, and, to confess the truth, I'm not in a very happy vein just now; but neither is she quite like a Christian martyr. She is like a noble young English gentlewoman, I suppose, eh, Phœbe? And I, who am a painter and preserver of portraits in my own way, shall photograph her accordingly."

To this Phœbe was not disposed to take exception; and Frank embraced the opportunity to escape from his cousin's home-thrusts.

Phœbe's rehearsal of her tableau with Lord Wriothlesley had not taken place, the hour being too late. But she had seen her dainty but not incongruous dress, and was taken with it. What girl would not have been taken with a peach brocade of the stuff and tint of poor Oliver Goldsmith's coat, open at the waist, showing the petticoat of fragrantly suggestive cowslip taffetas, and, as if to complete the fruity and flowery associations, butterfly bows of sherry-coloured riband for her breast and topknots?

Phœbe felt that she would fare better than Lord Wriothlesley in the velvet coat without a neck, and the vest reaching down to meet

his silk tights, which would make him as spindle-shanked as any Frenchman who had ever affected the shape of a grasshopper. It appeared as if the young lord had thought more of setting off her comely body as Molly Lepel, than of the figure he himself would cut as the wit and beau "Lord Fanny." Lord Hervey's representative was not Lord Hervey's champion, and did not keep back that "Lord Fanny" was at last described "with a painted face, and not a tooth in his head," who was lucky in only not outliving "the last inch of his character."

"What was the good of him?" the unpromising Phoebe demanded; and Lord Wriothly replied, laughing—

"Molly Lepel married him, good Princess Caroline hankered after him, and his queen trusted in him. He was a link in a chain of drawing-room and ante-chamber peers, who twisted the great world of London round their fingers. 'Hervey the handsome,' his glib tongue persuaded folks to call him, in spite of the ghastliness of his complexion and his infirmities. You must not throw dirt at so fine a hero, Miss Paston; only you can do so if you will say, See what we come to at last!"

CHAPTER XXV.—LADY LOUISA'S CONFIDENCES.

WEDNESDAY was the day on which the ladies were to beg themselves off from the races, to make their preparations. Phoebe was all this forenoon at Brockcotes, but Lady Dorothea found that she could not induce the Beauties-presumptive to work without having their partners to consult and lean upon. Every attempt at forming the tableaux languished, and no progress was made by the two Miss Thorpes and the visitors' maids except in mere stitching. Even Thorpie and the younger maids, letting evil communication corrupt good manners, danced here and there, and would not settle down to work. Now, they were seeking Mr. Clarges' nephew to open the refractory lid of this chest for them, and anon Mr. Finlay's first under-gardener to seek old-fashioned flowers such as were set down in Lady Dorothea's list for the bouquets.

In the entire absence of her natural prey, Miss Dugdale's conduct gave signs, that if she had lived in a happy Rasselasian valley, she might have taken to her own sex, instead of largely overlooking them. She would have quickly discovered satellites and slaves, masters and tyrants, among them also, and have proceeded to woo them as assiduously as she wooed their brethren. But Phoebe Paston was excepted from her fascinations. Chetwynd Dugdale, bright-coloured and honey-

tongued, glancing out of the corners of her jetty-lashed, slate-coloured eyes, had a decided objection to Phoebe Paston—only an artist's daughter—quite a humble friend of that polished steel steam-engine, Lady Dorothea. On this dull women's day at Brockcotes, Miss Dugdale showed her objection to Phoebe by an engrossing consideration of billiards and operas. In her slow, low way—all the more impressive that it was slow and low—she sung the praises of billiards, rung the changes on billiards, and exalted the importance of billiards, until the game stood even higher than the meet and the hunting-field as the shibboleth of a class, with whom not to know billiards was to be one's self unknown. After Miss Dugdale had exhausted billiards, she took up operas; and depending upon the probability of Phoebe's not having seen more than one in her life, indulged in a flow of hackneyed words on Mario, Santley, Grisi, and Titiens; on Don Giovanni, Fidelio, Il Trovatore, Miss Dugdale's friends' private boxes, and Fops' Alley. In short, Miss Dugdale's conversation conclusively exposed Phoebe as being one of the *bourgeoisie*—a clever, pretty, good enough girl of her kind, no doubt, but unmistakably an intruder in aristocratic society. As for the other women, each was pursuing her own shadow of hopes and wishes, dreams and determinations, fresh with novelty of conception, or faint with long keeping and retouching. Consequently, they all accepted the suggestion as to Phoebe without caring to examine into its origin, with the exception of Lady Dorothea, who shrank from what was mean and small-souled, come whence it may.

Lady Penelope wrote letters to several friends whom her brother Fairchester did not approve of her associating with, and to other friends who had been inclined to cut the whole Blount family for being on terms with Mr. Edmund. She took care ostentatiously to proclaim the names of her correspondents in both cases.

Lady Louisa persecuted Phoebe with confidences, and declined to be silent. She spoke of the contradictoriness and contumaciousness of her sister Pen, expatiated on Pen's selfishness in going up the Swiss mountain without her, when she was groaning with nervous headache—on Pen's taking advantage of her right of seniority, though she was ready enough to sink the fact at other times. Lady Louisa spoke openly of her cousin Neddy's having had a worse break-out than ever at Newmarket.

"Didn't he look like a dog?" she said,

looking Phœbe in the eyes, to see how she took it. "He actually drank gin-and-water, not liqueurs and brandy, but tavern gin-and-water. How he could acquire the taste for that any more than for stable-cleaning, Pen could not think; only, you know, I must confess that Pen herself is rather fond of forbidden fruit."

"You cannot surely mean that?" said Phœbe, doubtfully.

"Yes, but I do mean it," urged Lady Louisa, with a little laugh; "and if you like, Miss Paston, I will tell you something which must not be repeated. Pen actually went with Julia Fitzroy to the review the other day, where there were no ladies to speak of besides themselves, and at the last moment she was caught setting off with Julia on a jolly shooting expedition to her cousin's box at the moors."

"But, perhaps, that was no more than a freak, never intended to be carried out," put in Phœbe, cautiously.

"No, no, it was real earnest; and I assure you they would have gone, and, what is more, I should have gone in for the shooting-party myself. And now, dear Miss Paston, if you will swear secrecy, I shall whisper in your ear something that nobody, not even Pen herself, guesses, touching the loss of my whip-handled parasol, which Lady Camilla supplied shabbily and late in the day, and of the loss of my beautiful sapphire ring."

But Lady Louisa was too eager to wait for Phœbe's pledges, and went rattling on.

"Well, you must know my losses have to do with a Mr. Gibbs, and I confess his is a very plebeian name, and Mr. Gibbs is only the son of a musty, fusty solicitor somewhere about the inns. And speaking of inns, Miss Paston, why is it that solicitors are always spoken of as waiting on at inns without getting shockingly dissipated like Edmund? To do Neddy justice, however, I must say he has been mostly found at hotels. But, of course, lawyer people are of lower rank, and that may explain it all. But you are thinking of Mr. Gibbs, Miss Paston, and that, I will admit, is a more promising subject," she went on, with a toss of the head and a laugh. "Well, Mr. Gibbs holds no more than a lieutenancy in the Lancers, in which Julia Fitzroy's brother is a captain. Mr. Gibbs, you know, is nobody to marry; he could never think of so preposterous a step, more especially as I have only a poor fifteen thousand fortune, and am sure to be dipped at the end of every quarter, because Pen and my cousin Neddy borrow from me, and my maid, Swab, robs me."

"You are surely a little severe, Lady Louisa," said Phœbe.

"Not a bit," urged her Ladyship; "but, Miss Paston, you must not mention the last particular, because Fairchester is so stupidly strict in morals, and nobody can deny that Swab dresses me divinely, so far as her materials will go. I can assure you there would be nothing for me but to enter an English sisterhood, were I to lose Swab, for everybody knows that I require to be well dressed. But what was I speaking of? Oh! about Mr. Gibbs. He is a love of a man, with a darling big curly beard like a buccaneer in a song, and he can sing a magnificent bass to my alto. Now, Miss Paston, don't you prefer altos to sopranos? I am sure you do, Miss Paston. In spite of Chetwynd Dugdale's way of talking, you have a singing face."

Phœbe was only allowed to utter a faint demur to this; for Lady Louisa was so engrossed in the current of her own talk, that she swept on impetuously.

"Well, now, isn't it strange, Miss Paston, that none of the Fairchesters have any music in them except myself, and Fairchester least of all? Fairchester does not care for forbidden fruit, or for wild-oats, or anything of the sort. He is such a very exemplary young fellow of a peer. But on the whole, the Blounts do not much approve of the match with Lady Dorothea. It is certainly on account of politics, estates, and things, and was all arranged for the contracting parties without any trouble. But what I have most at heart to ask you, Miss Paston—for, of course, I am interested in my own elder brother, the head of the house, though he is the grumpiest head of the Fairchester house since crooked Constantine, the second Marquis, built the keep at Ford-in-the-Marsh, and then shut himself up in it; and you must know he fired over the wall with a blunderbuss at every man, woman, or child who looked up at the ramparts—yes, what I wanted to ask you was, whether Lady Do hasn't a temper of her own; for Fairchester is as stubborn as a mule, and our family are of opinion that the couple won't pull well together?"

Phœbe had not heard anything approaching to these confidences which Lady Louisa imparted to her. Mrs. Edgecumbe's old stories came under a different category.

It was a refreshment afterwards for Phœbe to listen to the heavy guns fired off by the Miss Hammonds, when they came over to Brockcotes for their solid practice, of which they did not curtail a note. They favoured the

pièces de résistance of Thalberg on the piano, when it seemed as if at least four pairs of hands and half-a-dozen barrel-organs were hard at work, banging and grinding all together.

Even Lady Dorothea was so far beaten on this rehearsal, that she retreated to her room at last.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A DILEMMA.

BUT Lady Dorothea knew her own mood too well to retreat alone. She carried Phœbe with her. The process of heartily abusing all the players, and speaking her mind to an intelligent and friendly listener, she instinctively felt would prove the greatest relief.

"If you believe me, Phœbe," said her Ladyship, speaking from her white dimity throne, and arrayed in her white dressing-gown, "I say my prayers mentally as often as the psalmist for patience to stand Lady Louisa's silliness. She is the silliest creature, and with a universal leakiness about her. It requires personal experience to convince one that a rational adult should be so near fatuousness. How Lady Penelope, who is a smouldering firebrand of a young woman, and Edmund Blount, who is constantly going about their house, *mauvais sujet* though he be, can refrain from catching Lady Louisa, whipping her, putting her to bed, and feeding her on bread and water, is a constant marvel to me."

"I do think the ball is getting well beaten about to-day, Lady Dorothea, when you, who are so tolerant to others, are beginning to take your neighbours to task so severely."

"Well, Phœbe, how could mortal complacently bear all this mountain of worry? Fairchester is a great deal too good for any of them. I half fear he is too good for me, and that is a consideration which pricks my conscience too sharply to be altogether welcome. Then I own I am not easy about Chetwynd Dugdale. If you only knew, Phœbe, what wretched reverses we have to fear for poor Chetwynd; and Chetty is not entirely to blame for them. Yet I am persuaded if Wriothesley were to marry her all would be well. She belongs to a branch of our Dugdales, and has a claim on our championship. Then the marriage would be in every other respect very beneficial for Wriothesley. The Summerly estates would fill in the net fence round the portions of the Exmoor property in that shire, and would bring under our influence three or four towns of considerable political importance in safe agricultural districts."

"But perhaps all the talk about Miss Dugdale was untrue," said Phœbe quietly.

"Well, poor Chetty could not help those hideous old scandals, and should be backed to fight them down. It does not seem to me that Wriothesley, either as a gentleman, a man of family, or a public man, can get off from the alliance, but that he ought to conclude it as other people conclude theirs."

"Lady Dorothea," said Phœbe, from her opposition dimity throne, and with a bright, impatient humour in her eyes, "you remind me of the ancient Hebrew law, by which Boaz called on the nearer of kin to do his duty to the dead, ere Boaz could take the living Ruth, who awaited their decision."

"Well," argued Lady Dorothea, dogmatically, without a sense of humour or of passionate independence, "did not Boaz comply with the customs of his people? and did not Ruth the stranger submit to them?"

"I suppose she could not help herself," protested Phœbe, rebelliously; "but it sounds a little French of her; and I think I have known elderly men like Boaz who would hardly have paused to inquire into the prior right of the next of kin, unless, indeed, the marriage had not been legal to Jews without that precaution. Perhaps that is the solution?"

"Or perhaps it was that Boaz was a princelysheikh, who had to consider more than himself," Lady Dorothea argued. "Phœbe, did your father ever ascertain whether you might not establish a connection with those respectable old Pastons who conducted that faithful correspondence during the wars of the Roses?"

Phœbe negated this suggestion by shaking her head with the utmost gravity. "My father says it could not be satisfactorily proved were all the heralds' courts in Europe to be employed on it; and that he is quite certain of only two things in his descent—that the grandfather whom he does remember was an honest man, and a parish blacksmith, and that the great-grandfather whom he does not remember was Adam."

"Now that is taking me off," Lady Dorothea declared philosophically.

"The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent,"

and so do we at the rest of the poetic democratic tirade. Don't believe them, Phœbe, for they are manifestly wrong so long as blood and breeding make race-horses and cart-horses, greyhounds and terriers. But *noblesse oblige* is an awful obligation."

This reminded Phœbe of Frank Hall's quotation of the text the night before, "How hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven!"

DEBENHAM'S VOW.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XL.—LETTERS FROM HOME.



ABOUT forty-five hours after going over Charles-ton bar—that is to say, about half-past ten o'clock, P.M., on the evening of the next day but one—the *Stormy Petrel* cast anchor once again in the safe and pleasant waters of Nassau harbour; having

sighted and steered clear of several vessels on the way, but having met with nothing further in the shape of adventure. Then did Mr. Zachary Polter forthwith receive the remaining half of his modest fee and, late though it was by that time, hasten ashore to render up an account of himself and his three hundred and seventy-five pounds unto the wife of his bosom. And then, the anchor watch being set, captain and crew and supercargo turned in to sleep as men sleep who for three days and two nights have scarcely closed an eye for five minutes together.

The next was a busy day. The custom-house officers were on board as soon as the sun was fairly up; and when their visitation was over, De Benham had out the quarter boat and hastened ashore. He went straight to the post-office, and there found a packet of newspapers and four letters awaiting him—one from Lady De Benham, one from Mr. Hardwicke, one from Archibald Blyth, and the fourth from an old fellow-student hight Franz Kielmann, written in a tiny crabbed German character on the thinnest foreign paper, and stamped with the familiar Zollenstrasse post-mark. He tore open his mother's letter first—a long, loving, anxious letter, of which he did not then wait to read the whole, but, having seen that she was well, turned with some eagerness to Mr. Hardwicke's. The merchant's letter was brief, but satisfactory. It ran thus:—

X—36

"July—, 1861,
"Prior's Walk, St. Hildegard's, London.

"DEAR MR. DEBENHAM,—I am duly in receipt of yours dated the — inst. With regard to the proposal conveyed therein, I can only say that I prefer to leave you full discretionary powers, and that I beg you to act according to your own best judgment, and as the force of circumstances may direct. Should you make the round trip successfully, and on your return to Nassau prefer to venture again before returning to England, you are at liberty to do so. You can, in such case, warehouse the cotton for a few weeks in Nassau; and, if you write immediately on receipt of this, I will at once despatch a sailing vessel to bring off the double lot (*i.e.*, 4,000 bales) to Liverpool. Our brig *Sabrina*, just in from Odessa, will answer the purpose; and can take out whatever cargo you may direct, in case you choose to risk a third venture. In the meanwhile, you will be pleased to forward all bills, &c., received in payment at Charleston or elsewhere, and continue to draw upon us for your further expenses. Should you decide on running the blockade again immediately, you will of course require another cargo of such goods as you find most in demand; but this, I presume, you can lay in at Havannah.

"Anxiously awaiting your next, and with best wishes for your personal safety and health, I am, dear Mr. Debenham,

"Yours, &c.,

"JOSIAH HARDWICKE."

Now this was a very satisfactory letter—the most satisfactory letter, according to De Benham's views and wishes, that Mr. Hardwicke could possibly have written. Having read it twice through, the young man put it carefully away in his pocket-book, tearing out a leaf at the same time and pencilling these words to the captain:—

"DEAR CAPTAIN HAY,—In consequence of a letter just received from Mr. Hardwicke, I find it necessary to make arrangements for unshipping the cargo as soon as possible—probably to-morrow—so that we may be in readiness to start again by the end of the week.

"Yours truly,

"T. D."

This he twisted into the form of a note, and sent it back to the ship by the coxswain; and then proceeded at once to use the discretionary power with which, to his great joy, he found himself invested. And so actively did he use it, that he not only succeeded before nightfall in making every arrangement for warehousing and unloading his cargo the following morning, but found time also to write a long letter to Mr. Hardwicke, detailing all that had happened since he left Nassau, and enclosing a rough statement of

his accounts together with such bills and invoices as he had brought away from Charleston. And then, besides all this (for the English post chanced to be going out that very evening), he scrawled a hasty line to his mother, telling her that he was safe and well, but not coming home for a few weeks longer.

In the meanwhile, all Nassau had again turned out to look at the blockade-runner, which, if she was attractive on the occasion of her first appearance in those waters, was still more attractive now in the *éclat* of success. Row boats and sailing boats filled with curious gazers young and old, black and white, men, women, and children, swarmed about her where she rode at anchor about halfway between the mouth of the harbour and the town. No one, however, was permitted to come on board, and none of the crew had leave to go on shore; so the public curiosity, except in so far as staring went, remained ungratified.

When the day's work was done, and De Benham had gone back to the *Stormy Petrel* and talked over his plans with the captain, he at length found time to sit down in his little cabin and read the rest of his letters. First Lady De Benham's:—he had begged her, on leaving home, to remove to a better quarter of London, but he found that she was still in the old Canonbury lodgings. "You wish me," she wrote, "to be in the neighbourhood of the parks; but what pleasure would they give me without you? Can I accept additional comforts while you, my own boy, are exposed to hardship and peril? No, dearest, till I have you home again and all these distant enterprises are ended, I prefer to stay in this quiet nook, 'the world forgetting; by the world forgot.' Yesterday I dusted your books and music, and re-arranged your drawers. Your desk, and some roses in a tumbler, stand on your little writing table. Everything looks as if you had only gone out for an hour or two, and were coming back as usual to tea. I know it is very childish; but I love to have it so—even though it makes me sad." It was a long letter, breathing tenderness in every line, and the young man kissed the loving signature ere he put it away. "Dear—dearest *Mutter*," he said half aloud, "there is no one in the world like her!"

And then he read Archie's letter, which was written on office paper and sealed with the office seal.

"Prior's Walk, July —, 1861.

"DEAR OLD MAN,—We are all awfully anxious for your next letter. Old Tim Knott shakes his bald pate

and croaks doleful prophecies from morning till night. Cousin Josiah looks grave. We all read the American news as eagerly as if the credit of the house was at stake; and the fellows in the counting-house do nothing but bet upon you. I have backed you heavily; so you're bound to get through all right, if only for my sake. My six weeks' holiday is just due again. I don't know where to go, or who to go with. It won't be half jolly without you, anyhow. Charley Bennett is off to Switzerland, and has asked me to join him; but it would cost thirty pounds, and I can't afford it. It's all very well for Bennett, who has a hundred a year more salary than myself, besides what he earns writing theatrical notices for the *Shooting Star*; but it won't do for A. B.

"Wilson's going to be married, and we are clubbing together to give him a dinner and tea service. Jones and one or two others wanted to make it a silver inksand; but what's the good of a silver inksand to a fellow who is dipping his quill all day long into a leaden one in a merchant's counting-house? Protheroe's aunt has died somewhere up in the north, and left him a pot of money. You remember Protheroe? Sits at the same desk with me—long-legged chap—red face and prominent eyes—like a lobster. He's a good fellow, though, and no one grudges him his luck.

"But I'm afraid all this 'shop' won't interest you, having been so little about the counting-house, and not knowing half the fellows even by sight.

"The Hardwicks are gone down to Hardwicke Hall—the place in Kent, you know; and a grand old place too—belonged once upon a time to some favourite of Queen Elizabeth—red brick house all gables and weathercocks—park, plantations, preserves, and all that sort of thing. Cousin Josiah is a great man down there, and fills the house with visitors every autumn. They gave a great garden party at Strathellan House last week, just before leaving town, and asked me. There were lots of swells—among others a certain Lord Stockbridge, who waited upon Claudia like her shadow. He's at least thirty years older than she is, and has a worn-out, dissipated, disagreeable look about him; but I fancy it will be a match for all that.

"He got her a card of invitation, I heard, to a fancy dress ball at some grand house in Belgrave Square, a little while ago. You may guess what a swell affair it was, when I tell you the Prince was there. Well, Claudia went, dressed so wonderfully and looking so handsome, that his Royal Highness, they say, asked the lady of the house what Queen this was whom she had invited to meet him: I shouldn't wonder if we next heard of her being presented at court.

"I have not ventured to call on Mrs. Debenham since you left. If I thought I could be the least bit useful or pleasant to her, I would go anywhere or do anything—but I'm so afraid of intruding. I know she is well, however, for I inquired at the door the other night without going in.

"I wish I knew just where you are and what you are doing at this moment. When I think of you as you were a year ago, playing the organ at St. Hildegard's, and believing in nothing but music, and then think of you out there in the West Indies, running the blockade and getting in the way of all sorts of dangers, it seems like a dream. Suppose it actually did turn out to be a dream all the time, and I was to wake presently and find myself in our old quarters at the 'Silver Trout'!

"By-the-bye, I went to see the pictures at the Royal Academy last Saturday afternoon, and who should I come upon but Mr. and Miss Alleyne. He asked

after you, and I said you were in the West Indies—not a word, of course, about the blockade. That's one of the things it won't do to talk about just now. They asked me to go and see them at Kensington, and I said I would. I thought she looked as if she would like to hear more about you, but she said nothing. She is paler than she was at Cillingsford a year ago, and I fancy looks taller. Mr. Alleyne has a splendid picture in the middle room—'The Athens of Pericles'—sold, of course, and to whom do you suppose? Why to no less a person than Josiah Hardwicke, Esquire!

"Now, good-bye, dear old fellow. Do send me a line to say how you are, and what has happened to you. I don't want to bore you with letter-writing, but I do want half-a-dozen words, and will be contented with half-a-dozen. Take care of yourself, if you can.

"Yours ever,
"ARCHIBALD BLYTH."

De Benham read the last page of this letter twice over, and then laid it down with a heavy sigh. He had not seen Miss Alleyne since the day when he met her by the round pond in Kensington Gardens, and that . . . yes, that was just after Christmas—seven months ago! She did not know that he was in the West Indies. How should she? Well, she knew it now. Archie had told her—and Archie thought she looked "as if she would like to hear more." Poor little thing!—grown paler, too. . . . but then she said nothing. Why did she say nothing? Was it pride? Or indifference? She seemed indifferent enough, and gay enough, that day in the gardens. Pshaw! of what use to go over all that ground again? And so, telling himself that it was of no use whatever, De Benham broke open the envelope of his fourth letter.

This fourth letter carried him back into a world which he had never forgotten; which he never could forget; but of which he now thought so seldom, that the going back to it thus vividly had in it something that almost startled him. This letter told of the sayings and doings of people whose faces, voices, tricks of manner were once utterly familiar to him. It set him down in the midst of a town where every house-front along the streets and every tree in the public squares wore, once upon a time, the face of a friend. It spoke of the Academy; and, as he read, he seemed again to tread the well-known floors—of the parish church, whereof the tongue of every bell in the belfry came back upon his ear as familiarly as the tones of his own voice. It told him that Herr von Kinkel, the Grand Duke's Kapellmeister, was dead. Herr von Kinkel dead! How well De Benham remembered him, his wig, his brown coat, the ribbon in his button-hole, the very painting

on the lid of his snuff-box! Herr Zschokke had retired from the professorship of classical languages, and gone to live at Freidorf. Fraülein Thimm was married—not to the old Town Councillor Braun after all, but to a certain Doctor Blitze from Berlin, who had lately settled in Zollenstrasse. The little Lyric theatre in the Fischmarkt had been burnt down. The Krone hotel was being rebuilt. A son of Herr Phillipart, the Post Director, had carried off the gold medal for painting in oils last examination, and Bernhard Clauss had written the prize symphony of the year. And then the writer had something to tell of himself also. He had lately been appointed to the leadership of the Grand Duke's private band, and had some hope of succeeding Von Kinkel in the post of Kapellmeister. If this great good-fortune should indeed befall him, the object of years would be attained. He would be in a position to marry, and then what happiness for Annchen and Franz!

"Thou rememberest my maiden, *Lieber Freund*," ran the letter; "she whom thou didst use to call 'the fair one with the golden locks?' She is as fair as ever, and as good, and as dear. We have been betrothed (*verlobt*) for more than four years; and it only needs a little more of assured income on my part to enable us to marry. The little white house with the green blinds at the corner of the Nordlingen Strasse just outside the Nordlingen Thor, is to be let. If I succeed, I shall hire it at once. It is but a bandbox of a house; yet it will be big enough for us. Our ambition soars not high—it is only our love that is boundless. My maiden will have a thousand Thalers from her uncle, and I have saved a little money to buy furniture. Heaven grant that the Kapellmeistership may yet be mine! Give us thy good wishes."

By the time that De Benham had come to the end of this last letter, the daylight was fading rapidly. Still, however, he stayed there, sitting at his desk, his eyes riveted upon the open page, his cheek resting on his hand, his thoughts far distant. Ah, yes—he remembered her so well, "the fair one with the golden locks!" She was the daughter of a small bookseller in the Römer Strasse, and he used to see her almost daily, knitting stockings behind her father's counter. How he used to laugh at Franz Kielmann in those days, recognising only the ludicrous side of all this wordy, outspoken German sentiment! Well, he felt no disposition to laugh now. He almost envied them their patient, faithful,

honest love—their four years of mutual trust—their narrow hopes—their contented obscurity. "Our ambition soars not high—it is only our love that is boundless." Happy, thrice happy, for them that it should be so!

"And I, too,—I loved her just like that!" he muttered to himself, with another heavy sigh. But the "her" meant Juliet Alleyn.

Yes; he had loved her "just like that"—for a fortnight or three weeks. He, too, had dreamt that delicious dream and known that sweet intoxication; but then he had waked wonderfully soon from the dream, and the intoxication, in passing off, had left him soberer than ever. Still there were times when he could not help regretting the sweetness—when he told himself that he did not believe he should ever, ever know the taste of it again. He felt as if it were in him to love but once; and he knew that he had loved, and that he loved no longer. Had things fallen out differently—had they known each other longer, had they been engaged for years, or even months, before that day when he took his solemn vow in Benhampton Church, this change might never have come upon them. Or had his heart remained untouched for a few years longer, till the great end of his ambition was achieved, and had he then loved some fair and high-born woman—ah, then nothing would have had power to shake him! He should have gone on loving her, and only her, to the end of the chapter. But now . . . alas! now that sacred fire was all burnt out, and only the dust and ashes of it were left. It could never be lighted again, he thought—never, for him. It was not in his nature to love twice. He had dreamt his dream, and waked from it. He had drunk of the cup, and drained it. And now all was over, and he must try not to think of it again. Regrets, self-reproaches, sighs were all useless now, and worse than useless. They could neither bring back the past, nor renew it in the future. Nothing could do that:—

"For violets pluck'd the sweetest show'rs
Ne'er can make to grow again!"

So, for the second time that evening, he put the subject from him, resolving to banish it thenceforward from his thoughts as much as possible. And then, having locked his letters away in his desk, he went up on deck to smoke a cigar with the captain.

It was characteristic of the man—is characteristic, perhaps, of most men under similar circumstances—that he never once reflected upon the fact that all these changes were of his own making. He never reproached him-

self for what he had done; or, indeed, was conscious that he alone had done it. He felt that life was destined to be somewhat more barren for him in the future, and he pitied himself that it should be so—and that was all. He never thought of pitying Miss Alleyn, having made up his mind that she had long since forgotten, or ceased to care about him. He even felt it as a sort of grievance that she should have forgotten him so easily. If any one had dared to tell him in plain language that he, Temple De Benham, had preferred his ambition to his love, and acted heartlessly in this matter, he would have resented it vehemently, and have denied it with as strong a conviction of his own rectitude as when Archie once upon a time accused him of having changed his mind. In all that had happened he saw only the hand of fate—the force of circumstances—the necessities of his own peculiar position, and so forth. That he was in this instance his own fate—that his position was of his own choosing—that his necessities were of his own making, were possible views of the question that never for one single moment occurred to his mind.

CHAPTER XLI.—HOW THE WORLD WENT ROUND.

THE world went round faster than she has ever been known to do before or since, in these times of which we are writing; and great events succeeded each other across the Atlantic with a bewildering rapidity that held all Europe breathless. But even this vivid interest ended at last in that sort of jaded indifference with which we may suppose a Roman audience to have regarded the last gladiatorial combats of a long day in the Flavian Amphitheatre. States seceded, armies were levied, battles were lost and won by every mail; and each fortnightly budget of American news contained matter enough to furnish our daily papers with leaders, paragraphs, and special correspondence for three months together. The audience, however, had as it were only just taken their seats in these late midsummer days of 1861; the *prælusio* was only just over; the trumpet had only just given the signal; the real fighting had only just begun. The battle of Big Bethell on the 10th of June, followed within a month by the battles of Carthage, Athens, and Rich Mountain, and by innumerable skirmishes in Virginia and Missouri, inaugurated the terrible spectacle; and even now, while Temple De Benham was for the first time running the blockade of Charleston harbour, the memorable battle of Bull

Run had been fought near Centreville, some twenty-eight or thirty miles S.E. of Washington.

News of this "dolorous rout" had but just reached Nassau when the *Stormy Petrel* put in again to unship her cargo. Here, as in England, public sympathy was divided between the two causes; but the majority—as might have been expected, considering their proximity to the Southern States—sided with the Confederates. Nor was the prevailing excitement confined only to neutral lookers-on. There were plenty of waifs and strays from the adjacent coast, as well as a sprinkling of Northerners, in the place, and party feeling ran hot and high between them. On the quays, in the market-place, at the bar of the solitary hotel, in-doors and out-of-doors throughout the little sea-port town, the talk was all of Bull Run and the war.

"We've whipped them, sir, as if they were a pack of curs, and they ran away like curs," said an excited Southerner, addressing himself to De Benham; who, far too busy to discuss politics with a stranger on the public quays, was superintending the unlading of his cargo.

"The army of the Potomac exists no longer, and that's a fact," said another.

"Twenty thousand of them killed and wounded, and the rest gone straggling home all over the country!" chimed in a third. "It's the end of the war, as sure as snakes."

"It ain't no more the end of the war than it's the end of the world," snarled a gaunt-looking Northerner. "I'm a Boston man, I am. I know what stuff our sodgers air made of. If they're whipped to-day, they'll whip the world to-morrow. Yew call 'em curs, dew you? Call 'em curs, if yew like; but yew'll find 'em bars an' panthers next time yew hev to dew with 'em. See if yew don't!"

"Reckon you Yankees find tall talking easier than fighting," said the first speaker, contemptuously.

"Reckon we shall give yew darned rebels a lesson in fighting afore we've done with yew," retorted the Yankee, savagely.

And then came a storm of curses, and a scuffle, and the gleam of a knife; and if the bystanders had not rushed in, there would have been bloodshed. As it was, the combatants were separated with difficulty, and De Benham, who dragged the Boston man out by the collar, received an ugly gash across the back of his left hand. A red-faced little English officer came bustling up at the first token of a row.

"Come, come," he said, authoritatively,

"we'll have no civil wars here. This is British ground—if you want to fight, you must go elsewhere to do it. Clear off at once, or I'll have every American present arrested for a breach of the peace."

Whereupon the crowd dispersed and the belligerents went sullenly away—to meet again, and quarrel again before night. Scenes of this description were breaking out a dozen times a day in Nassau while the *Stormy Petrel* remained in port.

The next morning, when De Benham had forgotten all about him, the Yankee came back. Finding the steamer still alongside the quay, the work of unlading still on hand, and the busy supercargo still superintending it, he sat himself down upon a cotton bale, lit a cigar, and began a conversation.

"Stranger," he said, "yew meant it kindly—but I'd rayther hev fit that fight out."

"They were four to one against you," said De Benham, checking off the bales in his note-book.

"Mebbe," replied the Boston man. "I didn't keownt 'em."

"Besides, you were unarmed, and that tall man had a bowie knife."

"I'd rayther hev fit it out, sir, all the same," said the Boston man, reflectively.

"Six hundred and forty-eight—six hundred and forty-nine—six hundred and fifty," sung out the mate on the gangway. And De Benham entered six hundred and fifty in his note-book.

"Tightish work, I guess, sir, running the blockade?" said the Yankee, presently.

De Benham made no reply. It was a subject that he could hardly discuss with a native of those States whose laws he, a neutral, had just been evading.

"I shouldn't mind dewing a trade with yew for that their cotton," pursued the other, after a brief silence. "Yew've bought it cheap, I reckon."

"I mean to sell it dear," said De Benham, smiling.

"Wa'al, now, I'll buy it at an advance of twenty-five per cent. on whatever yew paid for it—and that's as fair an offer as yew'll git any day betwixt Nassau an' Christmas."

De Benham shook his head.

"If you really conclude that we have run the blockade," said he, "how can you offer to buy the cotton? From your point of view, it has been illegally obtained."

"I don't know that the cotton, as cotton, is any the wuss for that, stranger," said the Boston man, drily.

And then he tried again to lead De Ben-

ham into telling him what price he had paid, what price he would take, and so forth, till the other fairly lost patience.

"I mean to lock the cotton up till it's worth two-and-sixpence per pound in Liverpool," he said at last. "If you like to buy at that price, I will sell it—if not, let us waste no more words on the subject."

The Yankee screwed up his mouth, and gave utterance to a prolonged whistle.

"Sir," said he, "if those air your terms, I guess you'll not trade this side o' the Millennium."

With which encouraging prophecy, he rose and walked away.

The next evening soon after sunset, the *Stormy Petrel* steamed out again, this time in the direction of Havannah. And now, being on their way from one neutral port to another, with no cargo on board, the blockade runners put boldly out to sea, knowing that they had nothing to fear between Nassau and the Isle of Cuba.

The weather continued magnificent, the sunsets and sunrises increasing in splendour as they neared the tropics, and the heat becoming hourly more intense. By and by the little steamer had to make head against the Gulf Stream, and then her progress necessarily slackened. Twice, also, in the course of the second day was she hailed and brought to by United States cruisers; both of which, however, the captain could easily have evaded, had he seen cause to do so. As it was, he ran up the Union Jack, and received the Federal officers with a degree of equanimity that must have been extremely irritating to those sharp-sighted Northerners. At length the *Stormy Petrel* entered the Tropic of Cancer; and a few hours later, steamed into the port of Havannah.

In this West Indian Naples, with its wooded hills, its enchanting bay, its dreamy climate, its Spanish-looking streets and promenades, its cathedral, its opera-house, its Plaza de Toros, its cafés, its billiards, its balls, its cigars, and its ices, De Benham lingered not one hour longer than was necessary for the purchase of his new cargo.

The captain and ship's officers, having nothing to do, went on shore and enjoyed themselves. The crew had their "liberty days" in turn. But the supercargo's work was incessant, beginning with the dawn, and never ending till he laid his weary head each night upon his pillow.

His first morning's experience showed him that everything was done which the Cuban Government could do, to foster an exclusively

Spanish trade. Spanish wines, Spanish oil, Spanish wares and manufactures were cheap and abundant; while the protective duty on foreign goods was almost prohibitory. As for English fabrics, they would have cost him so much to buy, that he resolved to take in a cargo altogether different from the last. So in place of Manchester goods, ready made boots and shoes, and Witney blankets, he bought coarse Spanish woollens of Andalusian manufacture, Cordovan leather in skins, small arms of Barcelona make, and some 100,000 lbs. of gunpowder in barrels. And he took care not to forget the Quinine suggested by Major Prideaux. In all this, he had to hold his own against the Cuban dealers as he best could; and that was no easy task. Supernatural was their activity in over-reaching while yet a bargain was pending; and supernatural was the apathy into which they relapsed, when the bargain was struck and it only remained for them to deliver the goods. To haggle, to urge, to threaten, to persuade, to implore—to toil from store to store in the overwhelming heat—to stand by and see his purchases unearthed from the warehouse—to follow them to the quay—to superintend the stowage of them in the hold, was De Benham's incessant occupation in Havannah. Thus fourteen days were consumed; and it seemed to him throughout those fourteen days, that he was the only busy man in the place. A dreamy, voluptuous, lotus-eating city, where the women dawdled through life in rocking chairs and *volantes*, and every man's career began and ended, apparently, with the smoking of gigantic cigars some seven inches long!

At length, about four o'clock P.M. on the afternoon of the fifteenth day, all being in readiness for the start, their new pilot—a free nigger, black as "blackest midnight,"—came on board; and they steamed out again, to the encounter of whatever perils might await them between the coasts of Cuba and Alabama.

For their destination was, of necessity, determined by their point of departure; and, starting from Havannah, the nearest cotton-port was Mobile.

"United States' Consul berry 'spicious, sar," grinned the pilot, pointing with a jerk of his thumb to a dainty little yacht hovering close under Fort Morro at the mouth of the harbour.

And then De Benham saw that this dainty little yacht mounted the stars and stripes, and that on her deck she carried a gentleman who was watching them intently through his

double-barrelled opera-glass. His observations would doubtless have taken a more active form, had it been in this gentleman's power to communicate his suspicions with sufficient promptitude to any Federal cruiser. But there happened to be no Federal cruiser just then in Cuban waters, nor, indeed, nearer than Key West Arsenal; so his double-barrel proved an inoffensive weapon enough.

Happily for the *Stormy Petrel* and the fortunes of all concerned in her, the blockade of these more southernly ports was at first less stringent than the blockade of Charleston and those places abutting on the northern territory. They found the sea comparatively clear till within some fifty or sixty miles of the coast, and then had to change their course not oftener than three or four times before night came on, bringing them the safety of darkness.

Some three hours later, they succeeded in slipping unobserved through a straggling double cordon of blockading vessels; and sunrise found them at anchor about a mile from the picturesque, foreign-looking city of Mobile, the third morning after their departure from Havannah.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE SABRINA MEETS THE STORMY PETREL.

AGAIN safe, again successful, having run the gauntlet of all those waters lying between Cuba, the Great Bahama Bank and Florida Reef; having had some two or three narrow escapes also, *en route*; and having come with the Gulf Stream at a tremendous pace nearly the whole way, the *Stormy Petrel* made her third entry into the port of Nassau one broiling September afternoon, just seven weeks from the date of her departure for Havannah. Seven weeks:—a short time wherein to have purchased, stowed and transported two full cargoes, and sold one; to have twice run the blockade of Mobile; and to have twice traversed, say at a rough guess, 1,200 miles of sea! A short time for the performance of much hard work; some of it within the tropics. A very short time for the gaining of at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds—and yet long enough to have wrought a sudden and startling change in the little port of Nassau.

"How full the harbour is!" said De Benham, as soon as they had passed the lighthouse.

"Stress of weather, I suppose," replied the captain. "Atlantic storms of which we have seen nothing in the Gulf."

De Benham shook his head.

"I don't think so," he said. "Look there!"

And he pointed to a little knot of steamers, one or two very small; one almost as large as the *Stormy Petrel*; some painted grey or green; one funereally black, like a gigantic gondola; all with low raking funnels; all bare of masts, like themselves; all obviously bent upon the same business.

The captain did look—uttered an exclamation—looked again—swept the harbour with his glass, and grimly smiling, said:—

"Well, in future, at all events, we shan't want for company."

And that was just it. The *Stormy Petrel* was henceforth but one among others. Till now she had been, if not the very first to run the blockade, at all events the first well-appointed boat in the field; but while she was making these two first trips, other speculators had waked up to the golden opportunity; other boats had been put into trim for the same purpose; and blockade-running, as a trade, had set in suddenly, in right good earnest. And what a change the new trade had wrought for Nassau! But seven weeks ago, and there were not more than three or four vessels in port; but seven weeks ago, and except when the whole town turned out to stare at the *Stormy Petrel*, or when the band played in the evenings, there would scarcely be seen a score of people on the quays together. And now—now here were steamers at anchor; steamers unshipping their cotton alongside the wharfs; a whole fleet of dinky colliers; merchant vessels taking in the cotton brought off by the steamers; other merchant vessels fresh from Liverpool, Lisbon, or Bordeaux, discharging their own cargoes of goods and ammunition presently to be re-transported for Confederate uses; small boats in shoals plying to and fro—cotton bales piled upon the quays—crowds of busy strangers, stevedores, sailors more or less drunk with their pockets full of dollars, Yankee spies, sharks, sharpers and traders of every description thronging to and fro, overfilling the one hotel and all the lodging-houses and taverns in the town, and keeping the little port in a perpetual uproar.

Much of this—of the general press and bustle of business both on ship-board and on land—was plainly to be seen even from the somewhat distant point at which the captain cast anchor; and a very unexpected sight it was in the eyes of all on board.

"Nebber see nuffin like this in Nassau afore, sar," said the black pilot, scratching his woolly pate in sheer amazement. "Nassau

berry dull place. No business—no 'musement—no money. All 'live now, by golly!"

Then De Benham began to look round, wondering whether Mr. Hardwicke's promised ship, the *Sabrina*, were among these numerous arrivals; and then, just as before, he had the quarter boat lowered, and went ashore for letters. Alas! for the mutability of things human. The quays were lined with gazers when last the *Stormy Petrel*, laden with cotton halfway up her funnel, made her appearance in those waters; and a crowd gathered about the landing place to greet and question De Benham as soon as his

foot should touch the shore. He had felt himself to be quite a hero then; but now it was over. There was no more *prestige* for the *Stormy Petrel* or those belonging to her. The crowd was there, it is true; but it was a crowd *blasé* of blockade-running—intent upon its own affairs—too busy to give more than a passing glance to any fresh comer, whether man or steamer.

So De Benham landed, feeling that he was a hero in Nassau no longer; but little guessing that there was something better than the popularity of an hour in store for him—little guessing that the first face he should see at



Page 533.

the top of the steps, the first voice he should hear in joyous greeting, would be the face and voice of Archibald Blyth.

"Dear old fellow, welcome to Nassau! You didn't expect to see me, did you?"

"Archie!"

"Yes—Archie and no mistake. I've been watching you all across the bay. I was on the point of coming off to you, and then I saw the boat being lowered, and I knew it was best to wait."

De Benham, with unwonted warmth, grasped his friend's hands in both his own.

"You here?" he said. "I can scarcely believe it—it seems too good to be true." And then, a sudden chill of apprehension sweeping over him:—"There's—there's nothing wrong?" he faltered.

"Wrong? bless your heart! no. Everything's right, and everybody's right. I've two letters for you, and lots of newspapers—here are the letters; one from Mr. Hardwicke, and the other from Mrs. Debenham. I went up to see her the night before I left London, and she's quite well—never better, she says. Wants you back, of course. So did I—

awfully ; till I got the chance of coming after you."

"You came out with the *Sabrina*, of course?" said De Benham, as they strolled away, arm in arm, to a less frequented part of the quays.

"Yes—I applied for my six weeks ; and then old Josiah asked me when I had heard from you, and so on, and ended by offering me the trip out here, passage free. Wasn't it good of him?"

"It was kind, certainly ; and I, at least, am heartily grateful to him."

Archie's eyes glistened with pleasure.

"I'm so glad it isn't a bore to you, my coming in this way," he said, simply.

"A bore!" echoed De Benham. "Dear old fellow, it's worth any money to have you! And now tell me all about it—how long have you been here, and what have you been doing?"

"Well, I've been here nearly a week, and I've done nothing but sit in a cold bath all day and eat ices. Good heavens, what a temperature! I never knew what heat meant before."

"You should try Cuba," said De Benham.

"Thank you—Nassau's enough for one while. But the voyage was delightful. Commend me to a sailing vessel, I say. Why the *Sabrina* came over the sea like a swan! There she is—riding at anchor—that graceful-looking three-master out yonder, with the red and white pennant at her main-top."

De Benham examined the ship through his glass. It was a capital glass, bought at Havannah, and would have served him at thrice the distance to criticize the gilded water-nymph, and read the words "*SABRINA—LONDON*," which glittered on the good ship's prow.

"Must you go back in her?" asked De Benham.

"Not if you can give me anything to do," replied Archie, eagerly. "Hardwicke said if I found I could be useful to you, I might stay as long as you wanted me."

"That's fine! And I can give you plenty to do. You shall be supercargo's clerk—I've wanted one badly enough, the whole time."

"I'll be anything you please," said Archie, radiant with delight.

And then they talked of Temple's adventures, and of the war, and of all that had happened since they parted. Archie had the latest news to tell, and from him De Benham learned how Fort Hatteras had been taken by General Butler on the 29th of

August, with a loss to the Confederates of seven hundred prisoners and one thousand stand of arms.

"It will be a protracted struggle," said De Benham. "All desperate daring on the one side, all dogged resolve on the other ; but the South must go down, and the North must win, in the long run."

"We don't think so in England," said Archie.

"You will think so when you have made the next run with me to Charleston," replied the other. "You will see why it must be so. The Confederates are splendid fellows ; but there will come a point beyond which their resources cannot carry them. Now the resources of the North are practically inexhaustible ; and besides that, your Yankee is made of that indomitable stuff that never knows when it is beaten."

And then he told Archie of the Northerner whom he had seen attacked by four Southerners upon that very quay ; and who, though menaced with a knife and himself unarmed, would fain have "fit the fight out," let the odds be what they might.

"And yet," he added, laughing, "that same fellow would have bought up my first cargo of cotton, without caring one jot for the breach of the law. By Jove! here's the man himself. Did you ever see such a thorough Jonathan?"

"He's coming to speak to you," said Archie.

"Ah—he wants to propose a 'deal' of some sort, depend on it!"

The Boston man came up, grave and business-like.

"Wa'al, sir," he said, "I reckon yew find some difference in this port since your last visit. Nassau has become the centre of a new trade, sir—an illicit trade ; but a trade that will increase, sir, every day. No nation on a'ir, sir, can effectually blockade three thousand miles of coast."

"There must, no doubt, be points at which such a blockade will be inoperative," said De Benham.

"Sir, it is impossible it should be otherwise. In the meanwhile, foreseeing that this port is likely to be pretty crowded for some time to come, I hev laid down a patent slip at Victoria Creek—jest round that pint yonder, about a mile from whar we air standing. If your vessel wants refitting or repairing at any time, sir, I shall be happy to dew my best for you."

And with this he gave De Benham his card, bowed, and walked away.

The young men burst into a roar of laughter as soon as he was out of hearing.

"And that," said Archie, "is Yankee patriotism! What's the fellow's name?"

"Wilbur H. Sakem."

"Then I should think Mr. Wilbur H. Sakem will find himself rather strictly dealt with, if ever his Government chances to hear of this little speculation!"

"Ay, but you must not think, because he cannot resist making dollars when dollars are to be made, that our friend is devoid of patriotism," said De Benham. "Ask him to repair a Confederate boat, and he would refuse, though it were the best bargain ever offered. Tender payment in Confederate bank-notes, and he would not touch them with a pair of tongs. Pit him against any number of armed Confederates, and he would not only fight them, but, like the doughty warrior in the old ballad, if his legs were both shot off, he'd fight upon his stumps."

"You make him out to be a hero!"

"Because the vein of heroism is actually there; imbedded, perhaps, in much base metal, but still there—an inherent part of the man's nature. Ay, and inherent not only in the nature of Wilbur H. Sakem, but inherent in the whole universal Yankee nature, which is more to the purpose."

"But what about the worship of the almighty dollar? There is nothing very heroic in that."

"Well," replied De Benham, "there is even a symbolic element mixed up with the worship of the almighty dollar. Dollar is power, and power is national greatness—so, even here, patriotism is touched at a tangent. The truth is, Archie, that those littlenesses and absurdities which we love to classify under the head of Yankeeisms are for the most part mere surface-traits, after all, and overlay much that is admirable. The more a man sees of the American people, whether Federal or Confederate, Northerners or Southerners, the more clearly he recognises the generous, the fearless, the patriotic—nay, I am not afraid to say the heroic, side of their national character."

Talking thus, now of great public questions, now of events and persons interesting only to themselves, the friends strolled to and fro under the trees in the promenade till nearly sunset, and afterwards dined together at the hotel—now crowded, and noisy, and exorbitantly dear.

"You've no idea what it will cost!" said Archie, dismayed, when De Benham ordered a private room, and called for

terrapiu soup, canvas-backed ducks, and other rarities entered (unpriced) upon the bill of fare. "I dined here the first day, knowing no better; but I have never dared to repeat the experiment. I had to pay five dollars for a chicken, a plate of stewed oysters, and half a pint of sherry. A bottle of champagne, I am told, costs twenty-five shillings."

De Benham laughed.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I don't care what anything costs. We will have champagne and Château Margaux, too, every day we are in Nassau, though the price should be double twenty-five shillings a bottle. You are my guest, you know, and I must make much of you. I am a rich man now."

And for the first time, he tasted the pleasure of wealth. It was delightful to see Archie's honest face at the other side of the table—to spend money on him—to fête him—to have him for a guest. Never had he felt that he loved his friend so well. Never had friendship in itself seemed so good and pleasant to him. A man might be forced to renounce love. Many men were forced to renounce it, and did renounce it, missing it, and living solitary all their lives through. But no man was called upon to renounce friendship. That treasure—the treasure of Archie's friendship, so faithful, so devoted, so unselfish—was at all events his own, to have and to keep while he deserved it. And he resolved that he would deserve it. He resolved that he would be good to Archie, as good as he knew how to be, his whole life long.

"It was the pleasantest surprise I ever had, old fellow, seeing your face to-day at the top of the landing-place," he said, presently. "*Tringuons donc*. What is it that Béranger says?"

"L'amitié qui trinque pour boire,
Boit bien plus encore pour trinquer!"

And then they chinked their glasses across the table, once, twice, thrice. Not for many and many a month had Archie seen De Benham so gay.

CHAPTER XLIII.—PERILS ON SHORE.

To go back to Charleston—hospitable, excitable, Madeira-consuming Charleston—seemed to those on board the *Stormy Petrel* like going back into the society of old friends. It was, however, a pursuit of society under difficulties; and the difficulties, as they speedily discovered, were much greater than on the occasion of their first visit. If bold blockade-runners had increased and multi-

plied, so also had the blockading squadron become more numerous and more vigilant. These vessels, which cruised off the coast by day, drew in round the mouth of the harbour, forming a close double cordon, at night; while up and down, between and about them, hovered a swarm of gunboats, swift, wasp-like, carrying for the most part only a single gun, and so small as to be invisible beyond gun-shot range after dark. An elaborate system of signals by means of coloured lights was now also established throughout the squadron; so that except on very dark or foggy nights, a blockade-runner was beset by dangers. Still, despite these dangers, the race increased and multiplied, and, on the whole, prospered. Some, of course, were captured; some, to avoid capture, were run ashore and fired by their own crews; some, though detected and pursued, escaped by dint of sheer speed and daring. But the majority, being purposely constructed for the work, succeeded, at all events, in making several runs before their day of disaster came upon them. So enormous were the profits to be made upon all that a boat carried in, as well as upon the cotton she brought out, that it paid well in these days only to make two round trips in safety and suffer for it on the third.

The *Stormy Petrel*, however, having taken in the cargo brought by the *Sabrina*, and being once more confided to the skilful pilotage of Mr. Zachary Polter, started bravely upon her third trip, nothing daunted by the additional perils of the way. Nor had her good-luck yet deserted her. Thanks to her build and a moonless night—thanks, also, to the misfortunes of a fellow blockade-runner, which was being hotly chased in an opposite direction just at that critical moment when the *Stormy Petrel* was making for the bar—she again got through triumphantly.

Then came Charleston quays; Charleston soldiering; Charleston hospitality and universal good-fellowship. Then, also, came the old business of selling and buying, unshipping and stowing, all over again. Had it not been for the excitement of danger at sea and fortune-making on shore, De Benham would soon have wearied of it. As it was, the details of the trade, the chaffering and bargaining, were infinitely distasteful to him. There were even times when he found himself on the verge of being bored. Still no man, however uncommercially disposed, can incur much risk of boredom when he is making money faster than he can count it; and De Benham calculated that he was

now earning at the rate of more than twenty thousand pounds a month.

"It is a magnificent life," said Archie, to whom everything was new and delightful.

"It is a life of great excitement, and great uncertainty," replied De Benham.

"Awfully jolly, though—regular game of speculation!"

"Well, it is the roulette table, *plus* the Parrot gun, the overcharged boiler, and the New York prison. You may call that 'awfully jolly.' I don't. It is not pleasant to be always running away, in the first place; and it is extremely disagreeable, in the second place, to serve as a mere target for long-range practice without firing a single shot in return."

"Why shouldn't you carry an Armstrong, and return their little compliments now and then?" asked Archie, innocently.

"Because, my dear fellow, that would constitute piracy on the high seas, and we have no mind to be hung."

In the meanwhile, Archie amused himself from morning till night. The dinner parties, the iced drinks, the brass bands, the marching to and fro, the very cotton and cotton-stores charmed him with all the charm of novelty. Having nothing to gain and nothing to lose, the risks of the run only added to the pleasure of the excursion; and not even the New York prison—supposing it were indeed his fate to be lodged there—would have troubled him much; at all events as regarded himself. Would he not, in such case, see New York for nothing?

De Benham, as the commercial representative of a great London house, found himself fêted wherever he went in these times—fêted at Havannah; fêted at Mobile; but nowhere fêted so cordially and persistently as at Charleston. The South Carolinians had lost none of their gay self-confidence since he was last among them; but were still boasting loudly of Bull Run, and prophesying victories to come. Touching their losses at Fort Hatteras they said little, and seemed to care less. Their hospitality, at all events, was as profuse as ever. Besides, they never forgot that De Benham first ran the blockade of their harbour in quest of the cotton for which they then had no other buyers; or that it was on board the *Stormy Petrel* that one of their leading citizens found a safe passage home from England. Archie, who came in for his share of all the pleasant things going, never went into so much society in his life, as during that delightful fortnight in Charleston.

Especially agreeable to them both was the house of Colonel Ashby, who was a near neighbour of Senator Shirley and a great man in the War Department. Now Colonel Ashby was a widower and the father of three daughters, all cultivated, all young, all swift in repartee and fearless in conversation, as American ladies are wont to be. Their names were Janet, Elinor, and Diana. Janet was the youngest; perhaps also the least attractive. Certainly, the least brilliant. Elinor and Diana were both very beautiful, after that delicate, highly-wrought, spiritual type which we in England are only just beginning to recognise as the special inheritance of Transatlantic womanhood. And they were not only very beautiful, but they were very much alike, and both enthusiastically patriotic. But of the beauty and enthusiasm of Diana Ashby, some brief mention, it may be remembered, has already been made in these pages.

She it was who said that whether England came to them as an ally or held aloof as a neutral, there was no man "or woman, either" in all those Southern States, who for the honour of the Stars and Bars was not ready to die twice over. De Benham had often thought of those words since, and of how her eyes darkened and flashed as she spoke them; for Diana Ashby's eyes changed colour strangely at times. They were superb eyes, too—large, luminous, unfaltering; and, for their colour, of a deep, clear grey, inclining more to blue than brown. Yet there were moments when that blueish grey vanished from them altogether, and they became quite black—black as the blackest Spanish eyes that ever glowed under a mantilla. This transformation, however, only came upon them in flashes, and never for any topic save that of her country and her country's cause.

To hear Diana Ashby's low clear voice once more, to watch for the faint colour rising in her cheek, and for the coming of that strange black lightning in her eyes, were not among the least pleasant of De Benham's anticipations when again the flood-tide carried the *Stormy Petrel* over the bar of Charleston harbour.

It has been said that there were pleasant things going in these days—excursions to the camps and batteries, luncheon-parties, dinner-parties, evening parties, and the like; and, somehow, De Benham contrived to find more leisure for such outings than heretofore. At Havannah, to be sure, his work was difficult, and at Mobile he was among strangers; while here he could rely on the promptitude and

good faith of Messrs. Harper, Prideaux, and Barbuckle, and those connected with them. At all events, he now went a good deal into society—especially into the society frequented by Colonel Ashby's daughters.

One evening—it was at the Ashbys' own house, after dinner—Archie revealed the fact that De Benham could play. He revealed it to Janet, the youngest of the sisters, with whom he had fallen into a way of turning over photograph books, loitering in conservatories, and talking confidential chit-chat—that sort of pleasant chit-chat that means nothing, but is, perhaps, therefore all the pleasanter.

"Play?" said Janet Ashby. "What does he play?"

"Anything—everything—Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn—whatever you put before him."

"Then the piano, I suppose, is his instrument."

"Yes—and the violin; and the organ. And then he extemporises—you should hear him extemporise!"

"But your friend must be a genius, Mr. Blyth!"

"He *is* a genius—that's just it," replied Archie, warmly. "And he's not only a musical genius—he's a great linguist; and he has the most extraordinary talent for commerce. You can't think, Miss Ashby, what a wonderful fellow he is!"

"He is very fortunate, whoever he may be, if all his friends appreciate him so thoroughly," said Elinor Ashby, coming up behind her sister's chair. "May I ask where this genius is to be found?"

"It is Mr. Debenham, Nelly," replied the other. "Mr. Blyth says that he is such a great musician—do ask him to play."

So Elinor Ashby went up and asked him; and De Benham, who had scarcely touched an instrument of any kind since his abandonment of the profession, would fain have excused himself.

"I am out of practice," he pleaded. "I have not played for months."

But then Diana Ashby added her entreaties to those of her sister, and he yielded.

He played first a wild prelude of John Sebastian Bach's—a stormy, impetuous torrent of notes followed by a chain of ponderous chords that crashed out, one by one, upon the ear, like the falling of forest trees smitten by the tempest. Then, leading away into a lighter measure, he ended with a capriccio by Chopin; one of the daintiest, ariest, most fantastic inventions of that ethereal genius—a

capriccio that Ariel might have played amid the charmed glades of Prospero's island, or Puck and his fellows have gambolled to by moonlight, for the delectation of Nick Bottom, the weaver. And still, as his fingers fled over the keys, lacking none of their wonted fire or facility, De Benham felt the old, passionate, inborn love of his "so-potent art," the old God-given inspiration, welling up in his heart—welling up imperiously, irresistibly, with a yearning that was almost pain. And with it also came that glowing sense of power that goes with all really fine playing, and is the player's own exceeding great reward.

So, having once begun, he felt that he would gladly have gone on for hours; and he rose from the piano with a sigh. But they would not let him leave off so. They implored him to resume his seat, and begged for more.

"Play something of your own, Mr. Debenham," said Diana Ashby.

"I fear I can remember nothing."

"Let your fingers remember for you."

"Ah, that would never do! If I were once to let my fingers have their own way, they would run off with me altogether; and heaven only knows when they would stop. Perhaps never!"

"We are quite ready, sir, to take the consequences," said Colonel Ashby, laughing. "We'll naturalise you, in that case, as a citizen of the Confederate States."

"I think you would have the worst of the bargain, Colonel Ashby," replied De Benham, with an involuntary glance towards the beautiful Diana.

It was possible, certainly, he thought, to conceive a harder fate.

Then, being again entreated, he played "Dixie's Land," their own much-beloved Southern melody; making it the theme of a marvellous improvisation—such an improvisation as none there present had ever heard before—now giving it out simply and plaintively, like the singing of a sorrowful, solitary voice; now apprelling it in harmonies "rich and strange" and treating it as a solemn chorale; now breaking it up into detached phrases; playing with it; inverting it; chasing it from key to key; dressing it in all kinds of fanciful disguises; overlaying it with dazzling cadenzas; and working it up at the last into a grand triumphal march, in which his breathless listeners seemed to hear the tramp of battalions and the chanting of victorious thousands.

When he had done, there was silence—silence for some seconds; and then his hosts and their friends came crowding round the

piano, all thanks and eager admiration. Diana Ashby, however, said nothing. She waited till the rest had said their say; and by and by, when they were all occupied with other matters, and the servants were handing about iced coffee, she turned to De Benham and said:—

"It seems almost sacrilegious, Mr. Debenham, that you, an Englishman, should be able to interpret our national music in this wonderful way. Only one of our own people ought to stir our hearts like that."

"What reply can I make to such a compliment?" said De Benham.

"I think we are bound to impress you, for the sake of the cause, whether you will or no—naturalise you, as my father suggested, and turn you into a citizen of the Confederate States."

"But I am one, in a certain sense, already," replied De Benham. "The artist is a citizen of the world."

"Of the old world, I fear," she said, quickly. "Of that world which was the cradle of the arts—not of our new world, with its material needs and its efforts after material progress."

"Well, the artist, perhaps, takes but a languid interest at all times in mere material progress—I mean in that sort of progress that is represented by steam-ploughs, baby-jumpers, and sewing-machines; but he sympathises with patriotism and self-devotion, wherever they are to be found."

"It is sympathy that we covet," said Miss Ashby; "that, above and beyond all else."

And then she turned to the old subject of the war, and of the feeling with which it was regarded in England, and of the reasons why the English Government should, must, and ought to come to the aid of the Seceded States.

"It is for your interest to do so," she argued.

"Nations, like individuals, sometimes overlook their interests," said De Benham, seeking refuge in generalities, but wishing with all his heart that the lady would not drive him to talk politics.

"Not commercial nations, when their commercial prosperity is at stake!"

"Our commercial prosperity does not hinge upon cotton only," said De Benham, smiling. "Besides, that is not all. Setting questions of interest aside, our people and our pens are alike in favour of peace."

"Yet but a few years ago you took up arms for the Turk, with whom you have nothing in common—neither blood, nor reli-

gion, nor commerce; and it was only yesterday that your volunteers were mounting the red shirt in Sicily. Whereas we are your own kith and kin, speaking your own tongue, descended from your own Cavaliers, inseparably connected with you in a thousand ways—to say nothing of growing the cotton which gives employment to millions of your people.”

De Benham groaned in spirit. He was so weary of being reminded of those odd millions of cotton operatives!

“But that is nearly all true of the Northerners, as well,” said he. “They also are of our own blood—they also speak our language—with them, also, we maintain a great international trade.”

“You are a Unionist, Mr. Debenham!” exclaimed Miss Ashby, her cheek flushing, her hand grasping the chair-arm, in act to rise.

De Benham looked at her, almost silenced—not by her indignation, but by the splendour of her beauty.

“Indeed, no,” he said. “I am speaking impersonally—putting my own opinions altogether aside, and trying to show you in what different lights this question may be viewed on the other side of the Atlantic. There are many reasons why we English should hesitate to plunge into a great war. There is the terrible cost in blood and money; there is the still further check to our commerce; there are our Canadian colonies to be defended; and . . .”

He hesitated. He could not utter the thought that was in his mind. He could not say to her:—“Gallant and chivalrous as you are, descended from old English Cavaliers as you are, cotton growers as you are, your cause is stained with the sin of slavery; and on the side of slavery we may not, and will not, fight.” It was impossible that he should say this to Diana Ashby; so he broke off abruptly.

“And your sympathy for us is not strong enough to outweigh all those considerations,” she said, bitterly.

“Not at present,” he replied, “if I may judge from the tone of such English papers as I have seen of late.”

“Well, we can but go on as we have begun—alone. And we shall go on, to the last breath.”

And with this, she rose and swept away into the next room; and De Benham felt

that some shade of displeasure against himself was mingled with the bitterness of her speech and the manner of her departure.

A few minutes later, when the guests were all taking leave, he again found himself for a moment alone with her.

“Miss Ashby,” he said, “you must not mistake me. I was speaking just now for England—not for myself.”

“What would you say, then, Mr. Debenham, if you spoke for yourself?” asked the lady.

“I would tell you that I am not a free man; that my hands are tied; that I am vowed to a duty which it will consume all the best years of my life to fulfil, and to which every other consideration *must* yield, for me. But I would also tell you that if it were not for that sacred obligation—if my life were my own to fling away; which it is not—then I would mount the palmetto tree and draw my sword for the Stars and Bars to-morrow.”

“Would you, indeed, do this, for my dear country’s sake?” she exclaimed eagerly.

And as she spoke, that look came into her eyes, that dark and dazzling fire, taking away his breath and his prudence together.

“I would do it—at all events—for yours,” he said, dropping his voice almost to a whisper.

Miss Ashby coloured crimson, and, Archie coming up at that moment to make his bow, she wished them both, somewhat formally, good night.

“That Janet Ashby is the sweetest girl I ever saw in my life,” said Archie enthusiastically, as they walked back to their hotel in the moonlight.

“Beware, my friend, beware of pitfalls,” replied De Benham. “The sweetest girl that breathes in Charleston city must be the sourest of sour grapes for thee—or me.”

“I don’t see that,” said Archie.

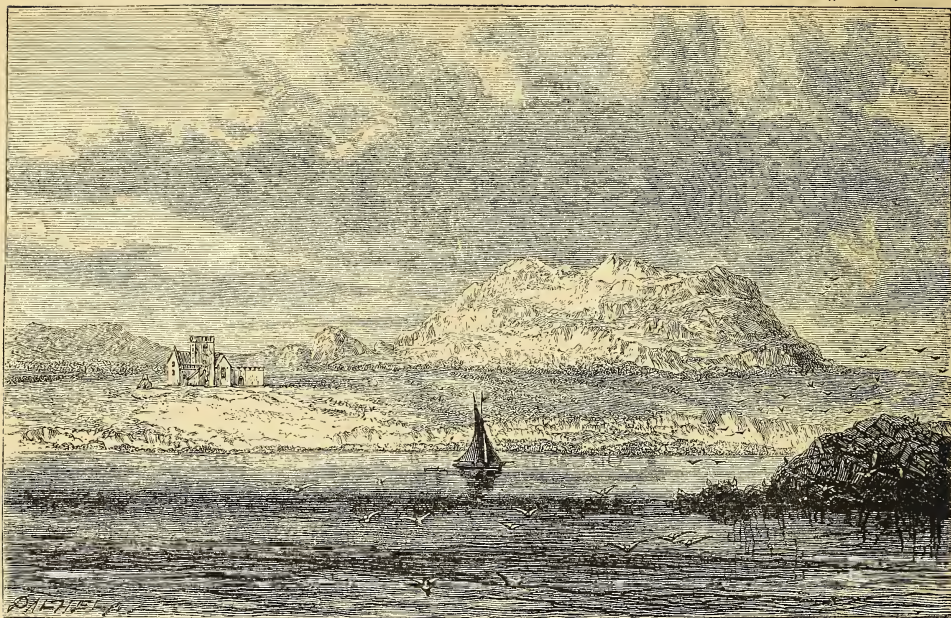
“No? Would you be prepared, then, to turn Confederate for her; or to run the blockade each time you paid her a visit?”

“Well, no—not exactly.”

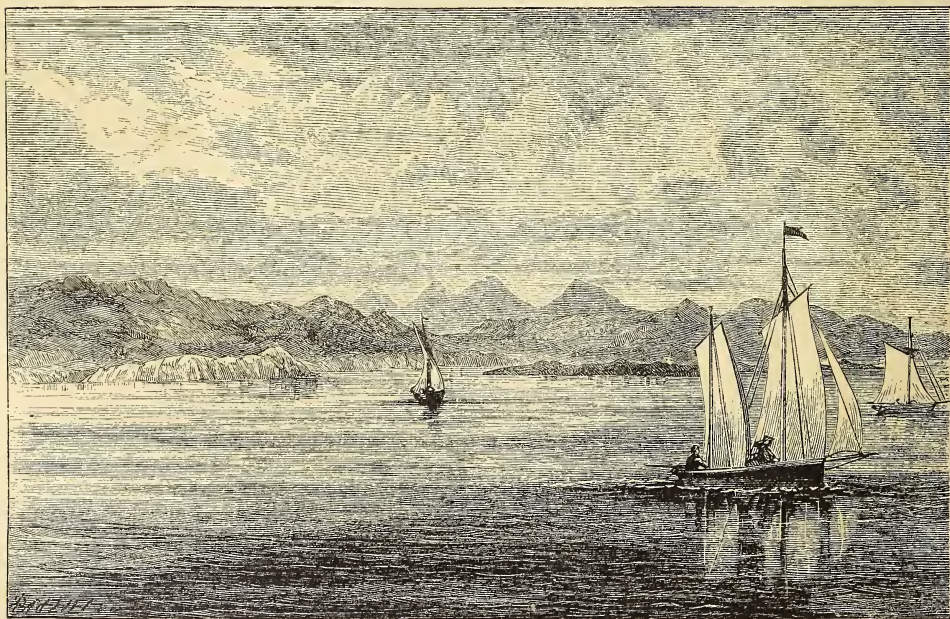
“Neither would I, my dear fellow. Perhaps, on the whole, it is as well that we must be off again to-morrow night. These beautiful Southerners are dangerous neighbours.”

And then, for the rest of the way, he went singing:—

“If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?”



IONA, WITH THE CATHEDRAL AND DUN-I, THE HIGHEST HILL ON THE ISLAND, FROM
THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SOUND.



Ross of Mull

SOUND OF IONA, WITH PAPS OF JURA IN THE DISTANCE, LOOKING S.E.

IONA.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

FIRST PAPER.

DURING the months of summer and early autumn crowds of tourists take advantage of the excellent arrangements by which they are now enabled to visit Staffa and Iona. No two objects of interest could be more absolutely dissimilar in kind than these neighbouring islands, and nothing but the accident of geography could so unite their names. The number of those who can thoroughly understand and enjoy them both is probably very small. There can be no doubt which is the more popular of the two. The Aspects of Nature will always be more generally attractive than the History of Man. It requires no previous knowledge, and no preparation of the memory or of the imagination to be impressed by "Fingal's Cave." I have heard well-travelled men declare that nothing they had seen in any part of the world had ever produced such an effect upon them. There are many larger caverns—there are many more lofty cliffs. But there is nothing anywhere like that great Hall of Columns standing round their ocean-floor, and sending forth in ceaseless reverberations the solemn music of its waves. This is a scene which appeals to every eye, which all can understand, and which none are likely to forget. With Iona it is very different. Its interest lies altogether in human memories. The stranger must bring with him the knowledge and the reflection which can alone enable him to enjoy what is of real interest in the associations and in the appearance of the place. What he sees upon the Island will not help him much, and a great part of what has to be read about it, will help him less. The buildings which have risen and have decayed upon the ancient sites, and the controversies which have raged around them, belong, one and all, to times far removed from that in which the fame of Icolmkill arose. The most recent description of Iona, and perhaps also one of the most eloquent, is altogether misleading, and gives the traveller a very imperfect idea both of what he ought to remember and of what he may expect to find. And yet no one, perhaps, ever visited the Island who was in some respects better qualified to rejoice in its associations than the distinguished author of the "Monks of the West." But an indiscriminate admiration of mediæval superstitions, and the absence of all endeavour to sift fact

from fiction in the narrative we possess of Columba's life, mar the reality of the picture which Montalembert gives us of the Past. Nor does the Present fare better in his hands. His disposition to extol the self-sacrifice of his hero, coupled with the incapacity of every Frenchman to understand any forms of natural beauty except those to which he has been accustomed, combine to make his description of Columba's adopted home in the highest degree fanciful and erroneous. It may well be, however, that different minds should find themselves attached by very different ties to the recollections of Iona, and that there should be a corresponding difference in the form which their impressions take. Its history touches an immense variety of interests—the migration of Races,—the rise of Nations,—the conquests of Christianity,—the developments of Belief. Without venturing into very deep waters on any of these subjects, something perhaps may yet be said which may be of interest to those who visit Iona, and to some also, it may be, who will never see it.

The first great interest of Iona lies in the age to which it takes us back. More than thirteen hundred years have now passed since Columba landed on its shores. It is very easy to speak of such numbers, or to write them; but it is not quite so easy to have before us a definite idea of the place occupied by the last thirteen centuries in the history of the world. Does the year of our Lord 563 appear to us a very ancient or a very modern date? This will depend entirely on the point of view from which we may choose to look at it. For there is no difficulty in placing ourselves in imagination in a much more distant age, and then when we turn and look in this direction, the sixth century of the Christian era will appear a long way on towards the present time. On the banks of the Nile it would seem an hour ago. Even on the banks of the Tiber it would not be old. On the other hand, when we measure thirteen hundred years by the changes they have brought, the days of Columba's ministry will appear remote indeed. And this method of taking our stand at different points of past time, and turning our face alternately in opposite directions, is the only way of estimating correctly the depths into which we look. For

the tracts of Time are foreshortened like the tracts of Space. Very often, in a landscape, some difference, hardly perceptible, in the tints of blue, is all that distinguishes between mountains which are really separated by wide valleys, or by whole gulfs of sea. In like manner we forget the long intervals of unmemorable time that have elapsed between events at which we look across the space of more than a thousand years. And then, as the sunlight falls very unequally on different parts of a wide horizon, so does the light of History fall very unequally on different epochs of the past. On the sayings and the doings of some men, who are, nevertheless, among the Fathers of Mankind, it shines so brightly that we hear them speak as if they were speaking at our side; whilst there are many periods, some of them containing many centuries, which are much closer to us, but which lie, as it were, in hollows. We look across them. Columba's age is one of these. The eye ranges over it to those civilisations of the ancient world with which great historians and great poets have made us so familiar. Thus, in some aspects, the age of Caesar, or of Tacitus, may well seem nearer than the age of Adamnan or of Bede. And yet, if we suppose ourselves to be standing at that point of the history of Rome when her legions first landed in Britain, or a few years later, when the long line of her Emperors began, how far on, and how far down that line would the days of Columba seem! If a Roman of the time of Augustus had seen Rome as it was to be five hundred years later, he would have seen it as if the end of the world had come. And so it was—the end of the world which he knew and lived in. His eye would have ranged from Rome pushing her conquests on the Nile, the Danube, and the Clyde, to Rome deserted as the seat of government—taken and retaken by northern hordes, and pouring forth her senate and people to welcome with Imperial honours a barbarian King. And yet, to us, on the other hand, looking back to the days of Columba from the present time, they may well seem to belong to a world which has passed away. We have only to remember that Columba was the contemporary of Justinian and Belisarius; of the great Emperor, whose genius, or whose fortune, restored for a time the splendour of Roman government; and of the great General who re-established the supremacy of the Roman arms. These events seem to belong altogether to the ancient world. Not one of the great nations of modern Europe had yet been born. The very elements of which

they are composed were only then being brought together. All Europe, and a large part of Asia, was one great encampment, not of armies merely, but of races on the march. Wave was following wave from the exhaustless breeding grounds of the North, sweeping away the dying civilisations of the world, but depositing a fruitful soil from which later civilisations were to rise. It was the seed-time of all our later harvests. Long before Columba's time these movements had begun. The first capture of Rome by the Gothic barbarians under Alaric, took place a little more than one hundred years before his birth. When he was yet a child, the Ostrogothic kingdom of Italy had come to an end, and the body of Theodoric had been laid in that massive tomb which still stands among the marshy suburbs of sad Ravenna. The conquest of Italy by the ferocious Lombards, which to this day connects their name with one of the fairest portions of that country, took place a few years later than Columba's settlement in Iona.

Such were the times to which that settlement takes us back—times of overwhelming and crushing calamity in all the ancient centres of arts, of letters, and of law. And yet, no sound of these calamities is heard in the calm narrative of Columba's life, as recorded by Adamnan. The petty quarrels of some Irish tribes, and the obscure battles which they fought, seem more important in the eyes of this biographer as fixing the date of the transactions he records, than the most famous contemporary events affecting the most famous countries of the world. It is as if he had never heard of them—as if the sound of them had never reached his ears. But equally unbroken is the silence he maintains on memorable events which were passing much nearer home. It was only a hundred years before Columba's birth that the Roman legions had been finally withdrawn from Britain. During a great part of that time—probably, during the whole of it—that country which was not yet known by the name of England, was still in the main a Roman colony. Some, certainly—probably many—of the towns and villas whose foundations and whose tessellated pavements are now uncovered only by the plough, or which lie buried under existing cities, were still, in Columba's childhood, the luxurious habitations of a Roman people. But the same great movements which had already overwhelmed the heart of the Empire, were now breaking with equal violence on its most distant shores. The old inhabitants of the

soil, who had been subdued by the power of Rome, and in some degree also by her civilisation and her laws, were now harassed by the rude barbarians, who had with difficulty been kept at bay even by Trajan, and Severus, and Theodosius. Then the same expedient which everywhere marked the decline of a declining Empire, the employment of barbarians to resist barbarians, is said, in Britain also, to have been the immediate cause of the calamities which followed. Whether the story be true or not, that a British chief invited the Saxon stranger from across the German Sea, certain it is that somewhere about seventy years before Columba's birth, there began the invasion and second conquest of Britain by Angles, and Jutes, and Saxons. During the whole of his long life that conquest was being carried on, and it was only finally completed as nearly as possible about the period of his death. The Saxons had been then firmly established from the German Ocean to the Severn, and from the English Channel to the Frith of Forth.* And this was a conflict more ruthless, and a destruction more complete, than took place in any other Province of the Roman Empire. The Celtic inhabitants and the Roman colonists seem alike to have been destroyed. Their laws, their manners, their Christianity, their language, to a great extent even the very names of places, were swept away before a Pagan race. We know only the general results; we know very little of the details. It is an obscure time—a time of which there is no authentic contemporary record. When we think of it, we think of Caerleon, and of Camelot, and of Usk. Out of its broken memories, its traditions of heroic effort, and its sense of sad discomfiture, there arose, in later times, that noble cycle of romance touching the deeds of King Arthur and his Knights, which delighted our ancestors in the Middle Ages, and which again in our own time, and in a purer form, has been revived by Tennyson in immortal verse:—

"For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways
Were filled with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redressed a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood errant of this realm, and all
The realms together under me their head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as models for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time."

And the sad work done by internal feuds in bringing in the Heathen and the Stranger is well embodied in the words addressed by the king to Guinevere:—

"Well is it that no child is born of thee:
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred, and the godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the northern sea."*

So much for the place in secular history, to which we are taken back by the memories and associations of Iona. Let us now, standing on the same spot, lay down similar bearings in the history of the Church. And here the impressions of antiquity are less striking. The days of the Saxon conquests and of the Picts and Scots are days which, in all secular matters, belonged to a world altogether different from our own; but the relation in which they stand to the later history of the Church is by no means equally remote. There have been, indeed, many subsequent developments of doctrine and of practice. In the main, however, the theology and government of the Western Church had come, or was then just coming, to be very nearly what, until the Reformation, it subsequently remained. The first great battles of orthodoxy had been fought and won. Athanasius—and Ambrose—and Jerome—and Augustine, had lived and died. They had given form and consistency to that system of discipline and belief which was finally accepted, both by the Latin and Teutonic nations. The Priesthood had firmly established its power on the gratitude and in the superstitions of mankind. In proportion as the civil power declined, the spiritual power had risen on its decay. The organization through which this power was exerted had risen also by slow and insensible development. Like all strong things, it was not invented. It simply grew. An Order and an Office had been established in the Church, and was accepted as of divine origin, for which, in the narratives of the New Testament, there is not even a distinctive name. In and out of the Christian ministry the Episcopate had emerged, and out of the Episcopate the Papacy was emerging too. Both these Powers arose by a natural, if not by a necessary, process of development. All over the East the chief Pastors in the great cities, which were the centres of the old civilisation, had assumed positions always of influence, and sometimes of command. Among those cities, neither lapse of time nor accumulated misfortunes had destroyed the pre-eminence of the greatest Name of all; and in support of the Bishops of Rome, the ascendancy due to personal character had on some memorable occasions come in aid of the ascendancy due to traditional position. Under such circumstances, equality among provincial

* Freeman's "Norman Conquest," vol. i. p. 14.
X—37

* "Idylls of the King," Guinevere.

Bishops was not more likely to endure than equality among local clergy. The same motives of convenience in respect to government, and in respect to the centralisation of authority which operated in each particular community would operate not less powerfully to establish some one Head in the organization of the universal Church. And then the claim of Right and of Hereditary Succession which arose in the one case was sure to arise also in the other. The growth of opinion, out of which these two kinds of Primacy arose, has been, perhaps, as natural in the larger as in the smaller sphere. Theories are never wanting to account for facts; and those facts, which are in themselves only phenomena of Thought and developments of Belief, never fail to gather round them congenial interpretations of the Past. Traces of some special prominence in Peter, among the other Apostles, had been discerned or imagined in certain incidents connected with the early Church. Tradition had designated Rome as the scene of his last ministry, and of his martyrdom. The supposed spiritual Primacy of Peter, and the undoubted secular Primacy of Rome, had conspired to react upon each other in the minds of men. And so, at the beginning of the fifth century,—that is, about 120 years before Columba's birth, the lineal spiritual descent from St. Peter of the Bishops of Rome had become widely accredited in the Christian world.* The tremendous claims, indeed, which this tenet was made to bear were as yet appearing only in the germ; but during that century, immediately preceding Columba's time, the two Pontificates of Innocent I. (A.D. 402—17) and of Leo the Great (440—461) had laid deep the foundations of the Papal power. The last years of Columba's own life were contemporary with the Pontificate of the third great man by whom that power was consolidated, and from whose time forwards we are in the presence of the Mediæval Papacy. Gregory the Great was elected Pope in 590; that is, when Columba was seventy years of age, and after his ministry among the Picts and Scots had been carried on from Iona, for seven-and-twenty years. Before he died in 597, Columba must have heard much of that famous mission of the Roman Monk who came to convert the heathen People which had destroyed Christianity in so large a part of Britain, and from whose country such lovely fair-haired slaves had been brought to the market-place of Rome.

And here we come upon another point of immense interest at which Iona touches the general history of the Church. Columba represents one of the earlier forms of the monastic life, which seems to have materially differed from that which it assumed in the great Orders of mediæval times. And yet the first of those great Orders was founded in his day. As Columba was a contemporary of Justinian, and of Gregory the Great, so also he was a contemporary of the famed St. Benedict. Twenty-six years before Columba's birth, this remarkable man, then a youth of fourteen, flying from the corruption of Rome, had taken refuge in the caves of Subiaco. There he had moulded into a lasting form the Rule out of which arose the first great Orders of the West. Thirty-five years later, when Columba was still a child, Benedict had removed from holes in a precipice, to the summit of a mountain—fit emblem this migration—of the larger prospects which had opened to his gaze, and of the wide dominion which his Rule was destined to subdue. On the sunny ridge of Monte-Casino, which rises above the valley of the Liris, and commands a splendid panorama among the hills of Samnium and over the valleys of Campania, he had founded in 494 that retreat which for more than 1,300 years has been one of the most famous Monasteries of the world. But rapid as was the spread of the great monastic Order which poured forth its legions from this centre, more than a century elapsed before they reached the distant shores of Britain. For aught we know, Columba, though he survived him more than fifty years, never heard of the Rule of Benedict. What then was the monastic system in which Columba himself lived, and which he brought with him to Iona? This is a question respecting which there has been much controversy, but which, mainly the patient research of Irish antiquarians has solved with tolerable clearness. The interest which attaches to this question is considerable, but its importance may be very easily exaggerated or misunderstood. No special value can be set on the customs of religious life in the sixth century as necessarily affording any indication whatever either of the doctrine or of the practices of Primitive Christianity. Five hundred years is a time long enough for almost any amount of drift. We know what abuses had arisen even in the lifetime and under the eyes of those who had seen the Lord. We know more than this—we know those tendencies of our nature which make it impossible that corruptions should not

* Milman's "Latin Christianity," ch. i. p. 83.

arise. We know that one of the chiefest of the Apostles warned the clergy of Ephesus, and through them the whole Church, that they enjoyed no miraculous protection against the growth of error. In the same breath in which he told them they had all been made Overseers of the church by the Holy Ghost, he told them also that out of their own number men would arise speaking perverse things. Accordingly the very earliest Christian writings which have come down to us after those of the Apostles, bear upon their face the unmistakable marks of deviation and decline. It cannot be too constantly remembered, or too emphatically repeated, that there are no "Apostolic Fathers" except the Apostles. But later writers, in the several centuries to which they belong, are of immense interest in enabling us to trace the developments of belief and of practice which arise out of all those influences, external and internal, by which our conceptions of truth and of duty are so much determined. And so the life of St. Columba is of special value in enabling us to judge of the intervals that elapsed between certain waves of opinion which at successive periods were propelled from the ancient centres of Christendom, and which, each in turn, finally overspread the whole.

The belief in the virtues of a monastic life was one of these. The idea of it was indeed older than Christianity. In the far East, many centuries before the Christian era, Buddhism had devoted its thousands to dreamy contemplation. It had found a home also among the sects of Judaism, and the description given by Pliny of the Essenes who retired to the deserts of the Dead Sea, seems almost as if it had been drawn from the monks of a later age. In the earliest records of the Church, which are the records of the New Testament, we hear nothing of it. The community of property practised among the few first disciples, and the command addressed to the young man of great possessions to sell all and to follow Christ, have indeed been quoted as the beginning of, and the authority for, the life of monks. And certainly if it were true that Christ's life in any way resembled that life, then indeed in the command to follow Him we might see the authority to become an Anchorite or a Cenobite. But there does seem to be an essential difference between the life of Him who went about doing good, and of whom his enemies complained that He "ate and drank with publicans and sinners," and the life of men who stood on the top of pillars or hid themselves in the dens of beasts. Nevertheless

it is easy to understand how even so grotesque a parallelism as this has arisen and was sure to rise. Self-sacrifice was the spirit of all Christian service. It was only in the natural course of things that men should forget the essential distinction between self-sacrifice for a good and wise purpose, and self-sacrifice for its own sake, or for purposes neither wise nor good. And the moment this distinction was forgotten, and religious enthusiasm took a wrong direction, there were powerful causes operating to cut deep and wide this new channel for the devotion of the Church. Many were disgusted by the frightful pollution of the Roman world. Many more were terrified by its overwhelming calamities. Perhaps, all things considered, no period in the history of the human race has been so widely miserable as the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era—when the Empire was breaking up, and when amidst an universal dissolution of manners, and famines, and the ruthless invasions of barbarous hosts, men looked for the end of the world and the terrors of the Judgment. No wonder if even wise and good men should have concluded in such a world that to leave it was the best thing to do. And so it had come to pass that whole populations had poured themselves into the Desert, and at one time in the course of the fourth century it was said that there were more men and women in the monasteries of the Thebaid than remained in all the cities of Egypt.

A great name in the history of the Church is connected with the spread of this passion in the West. When Athanasius came to Rome he planted its fervour there, and when exiled to the far banks of the Moselle, he imparted it into the rising Christianity of Gaul. We must not confound, however, under one common name the very great varieties of life which prevailed under different forms of the monastic system. It seems always to have been a life more active—less merely contemplative—in the West than in the East. The differences of natural character and genius are almost enough to account for this. It is difficult to conceive of any Roman, or of any Goth, or of any Celt, leading the life of Simeon Stylites. The early Monks of the West abjured, no doubt, domestic life, and they generally chose for their headquarters some retired spot among the mountains or in the forest, or some rock surrounded by the waves. "The bleak and barren isles," says Gibbon, "that rise out of the Tuscan sea from Serino to Lipari, were chosen by the Anchorites for the place of their voluntary

exile." In some cases it may be true that they lived as Anchorets. But in many more they issued forth from their huts or cells to engage in the great work of their time—the work of spreading Christianity in the world. We know almost nothing in detail of the conversion of the northern nations. But it is certain that in this conversion the various religious communities of Cenobites were active agents. Like all other systems which involve any violation of natural laws, the monastic life was from the very first full of the element of corruption, and the gross abuses which everywhere arose became very soon intolerable. Montalembert complains in melancholy tones, and with touching candour, of that relaxation of morals "which the Religious Orders, by a mysterious and terrible judgment of God, have never been able to resist."* To those who believe that the laws of nature are God's laws, and cannot with impunity be disobeyed, however high may be the motives with which that disobedience is begun, this result will present no mystery at all. But where the impulses of religious zeal were kept pure by contact with the duties of an active public life, and by the noble work of missionary labour, the tendencies to corruption may long have been kept in check. And so it was, that at a time when monastic life in Italy had already become thoroughly corrupt, and when the rule of Benedict was being established as a great measure of reform, the early religious communities of the far West were still obedient to the rules of a virtuous discipline and of useful labour. This is the stage at which, and the aspect in which, the monastic lie appears in the early history of Iona. Ireland had never been subdued by the Roman arms, and its early Church thus came to occupy a somewhat isolated position in the world. It did not move under the same influences of development which determined the ecclesiastical system in other countries. In the time and in the country of Columba, the Celtic monasteries were not only the great missionary colleges of the Church, but they seem to have embraced and absorbed almost all that existed then of an ecclesiastical organization. Something of a Clan Connection under the rule of hereditary families is discernible in the different foundations, and the innate propensity of the Irish Celts to tribal feuds seems to have made these Bodies, in a very literal sense indeed, active members of the Church militant. And yet their religious zeal after its own type and fashion

seems to have been of a genuine kind. The study of the Scriptures was universal, and the transcription of them was a passion. Manuscripts still remain which are believed on probable evidence to belong to this time, and tradition ascribes the exile of Columba to fierce contentions for a favourite copy. Nothing altogether like those old Monasteries existed elsewhere then, or have existed anywhere since that time. There were among the brethren members capable of discharging whatever varieties of function had as yet become distinctively assigned to the different branches of the Christian ministry. How far the more definite rules which now divide those functions, and which elsewhere had been long firmly established, had as yet reached the remote communities of "Scotia," there are, to say the least, serious doubts—doubts which have been very embarrassing to those who depend, in the highest matters, upon the perfect regularity of early times. Such priests as were called Bishops had no local spheres of jurisdiction. There were crowds of them; and although Columba seems to have been treated with great respect such wanderers from among them as came to Iona, they were everywhere entirely subordinate to the Monastic leaders, and they do not themselves appear to have been set apart in the manner which over the rest of Christendom had come to be regarded as necessary to the right constitution of the office. Long after the death of Columba, the Community he founded in Iona seems to have "ordained and sent forth bishops" under circumstances which look very much as if their mission was conferred by the collective authority of the brethren. If any Bishop was present at the consecration, which is a matter of inference only, he appears to have been regarded as the mere organ of the supreme authority of the Abbot and of the Body over which the Abbot presided. All these things have been terrible scandals to later ecclesiastical Historians, and have much exercised the ingenuity of Presbyterian and Episcopal controversialists. It is vain, however, to look, in the peculiarities of the Scoto-Irish Church, for the model either of Primitive practice, or of any modern system. As regards the theology of Columba's time, although it was not what we now understand as Roman, neither assuredly was it what we understand as Protestant. Montalembert boasts, and I think with truth, that in Columba's Life we have proof of the practice of auricular confession, of the invocation of saints, of confidence in their protection, of belief in transubstantiation of

* "Les Moines d'Occident," vol. iv. p. 78.

the practices of fasting and of penance, of prayers for the dead, of the sign of the cross in familiar—and it must be added—in most superstitious use. On the other hand there is no symptom of the worship or “cultus” of the Virgin, and not even an allusion to such an idea as the universal Bishopric of Rome, or to any special authority as seated there.

There is, however, one other aspect of Columba's religious life which is thoroughly mediæval, and that is the atmosphere of miracle in which the whole is presented to us. This is a subject which is full of real mystery. Adamnan wrote his famous *Life* within a hundred years after the great Abbot's death. He had spoken in his youth with men who had seen Columba. It is after an interval of time so short as this that a Biography is written, almost the sole object of which is to record the miracles, the prophecies, and the inspired sayings of the Saint. Some of the stories told are not only childish and utterly incredible, but of a character which makes it very difficult to understand how they could ever be seriously believed even in a very ignorant and a very superstitious age. To shut the book and never to open it again might well be our first impulse, when we are told, for example, of a Staff (Pastoral?) accidentally left upon the shore of Iona being transported across the sea by the prayers of Columba to meet its disconsolate owner when he landed somewhere on his way to Ireland. What are we to make of stories such as this? Did Adamnan himself believe them? Or had the pestilent doctrine already been established that frauds can be pious, and that falsehoods can be safely told in the interests of the faith? It is the fashion now to deal with this difficult subject only by evasion. Montalembert himself repeats all his narratives without letting us clearly understand whether he accepts all, or only some,—or whether he narrates them simply as part of the belief of the times,—as such and as nothing more. Perhaps devout Roman Catholics do not choose to put any question to themselves upon the subject. Believers of picturesque narratives care for the picturesqueness and for nothing else. Philosophical historians have recourse to such generalities as this: “History to be true must condescend to speak the language of legend. The belief of the times is part of the record of the times.”* This is all very well, but it is no explanation of the phenomena with which

we have to deal; nor can it satisfy any mind which desires to understand them. To believe nothing of the truth of a narrative, and to believe everything of the truthfulness of the narrator, is rather a difficult mental operation. Yet this is very much what is generally offered to us now-a-days by way of compromise. I do not think it possible to explain all the narratives of Adamnan, and other narratives of the same kind, without ascribing much to the effect of deliberate invention. We know indeed what slight additions and alterations made in the telling of a story will transform its whole character after it has passed for a very short time from mouth to mouth, and we know, too, how this tendency to growth may be nourished to an almost unlimited degree in an atmosphere of credulity where nothing is considered as in itself improbable. It is to be observed, too, that Adamnan cannot have been an eye-witness of any of the wonders he records. But the minute and circumstantial details given by him in the story of the Staff, and in many others equally childish, can hardly be referred to mere traditionary legend. There is indeed another class of stories which are of a different character, and must be regarded from a very different point of view. I refer to those in which the wonder lies not so much in the facts alleged, as in the interpretations which are put upon them. These altogether depend on the predispositions of the mind, and the predisposition then was to see in all events nothing but their subserviency to the interests of the Christian Church. The escapes effected by Columba from perils by sea and land through the efficacy of his prayers belong to this class. Adamnan's *Life* is full of them. Putting aside the exaggerations of detail which transform the Providential into the Miraculous, this is to be remembered—that not only may such interpretations be sincere, but what is more, they may be true. Not even the fullest belief in what men vaguely call “The Supernatural” compels us to accept every manifestation of it which a puerile fancy or a superstitious purpose may invent. We are not shut up to the alternative of denying the possibility of Divine Power becoming unusually visible among men, or else of believing that it is exerted without reason, without measure, and without proportion of Means to Ends. The agencies which work in and through the characters of great men at great epochs of human history, and in the great achievements of their lives, are agencies which may either be called natural

* Milman's “*Latin Christianity*,” vol. i. p. 415.

or supernatural according to our conception and definition of the term. They are spiritual agencies, and sometimes work in almost a visible manner, through unusual combinations of ordinary laws. Who can measure the power of minds endowed with extraordinary gifts? and who can say how extraordinary these gifts may not sometimes be? Over and over again in the history of the world, they have achieved apparent impossibilities, and have seemed as if yoking to their service the whole natural course and current of events. Many of the stories of Adamnan turn upon the possession by Columba of the gift of prophecy. There is nothing impossible in this. One prediction of Columba recorded by Adamnan, to which, in the next Paper, I shall have occasion to refer, has been in course of fulfilment during 1,300 years, and is being fulfilled now by every pilgrim who lands upon Iona. We must remember as a fact that Columba was an agent, and a principal agent, in one of the greatest events the world has ever seen, namely, the conversion of the Northern Nations. It is not surprising that in such times the providential ordering of events should make a deep impression on the minds of succeeding generations, and that almost every transaction connected with such men should be read in the light which shines from behind the veil. We are almost entirely ignorant of the natural means by which that conversion of the Northern Nations was effected. Such historians as have survived the centuries during which it was going on, are as silent as Adamnan on all the details which we should most desire to know. And yet in order to appreciate how marvellous this event was—how extraordinary the agencies must have been by which it was accomplished—we have only to remember that nothing of the same kind has happened for more than a thousand years. The world is still in large proportion heathen. Christianity is, indeed, still spreading, but mainly by the spread and migration of those races whose conversion was completed then. Converts are made here and there in our own time. But nowhere now—nowhere during a long course of centuries—have we seen whole nations accepting the Christian faith, and casting their idols to the moles and to the bats. What were the predisposing causes which led to this great movement among the Gothic and Celtic tribes? What was the condition of their own beliefs? What were to them the attractive elements in the new religion? What were the arguments addressed to them by Columba?

Could he quote to them as Paul did at Athens to the Greeks some things which “even their own poets had said?” It is really afflicting that Adamnan gives us no ray of light on these questions, so interesting, and so profoundly dark. One, at least, of the explanations so often given of the influences under which Christianity was extended cannot apply to the Picts of Caledonia. Christianity was not presented to them in alliance with the impressive aspects of Roman civilisation. The tramp of Roman legions had never been heard in the Highland glens, nor had their clans ever seen with awe the majesty and the power of Roman government. In the days of Columba, whatever tidings may have reached the Picts of Argyll or of Inverness, must have been tidings of Christian disaster and defeat. All the more must we be ready to believe that the man who at such a time, planted Christianity successfully among them, must have been a man of powerful character and of splendid gifts. There is no arguing against that great monument to Columba, which consists in the place he has secured in the memory of mankind.

The imperishable interest of Adamnan's book lies in the vivid though incidental touches of life and manners which he gives us in the telling of his tales—of life and manners as they were in that obscure but most fruitful time, when the light of ancient history had died away, and before the light of modern history had arisen. As regards Scotland, we get behind the age of History, and not only behind it, but behind it by many centuries. The history of Scotland, properly so called, begins with Malcolm Canmore; and before he was born, Columba had been gathered to his fathers for more than 400 years. Those who are very rigorous in the definition of History, and who demand for it as essential the existence of contemporary records, will find a much wider gap to be filled between the days of Columba and the beginning of Scottish history. Fordun and the other chroniclers, who are considered the fathers of that history, lived no less than 700 years later than the great apostle of the Picts. In the days of Adamnan, Scotland was not Scotland, but “Albyn.” “Scotia” was then the familiar name for that island which we now call Ireland. In like manner, England was not yet England, and the very foundation of its national life had not yet been laid.

It is in close contact with this dreamland of our national annals, this legendary and almost mythic age, that we find in Columba's Life, not only the firm foothold of history, but

the vivid portraiture of an individual man. In regard to many contemporary events of the deepest interest, we have to grope our way to nothing better than probable conclusions, through the obscure data of philological research. Not one historical character of the time, in connection with any one of the races contending for the mastery in Britain, is in any similar degree known to us. On one spot, and one spot only, of British soil, there shines in this dark time a light, more vivid even than the light of common history—the light of personal anecdote and

of domestic narrative. When we land upon Iona, we can feel that we are treading in the very footsteps of a man whom we have known in voice, in gesture, in habits, and in many peculiarities of character; and yet, of a man who walked on the same ground before the Heptarchy, when Roman cities still stood in Britain,* and when the ancient Christianised Celts of Britain were maintaining a doubtful contest with Teutonic heathenism.

In these memories the interest of Iona lies. In the next paper we shall land upon its shores, and see what is to be seen upon them.

THE WIDOW AND THE PRIEST.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON.

OUTSIDE our village, up within a croft,
Shelter'd from all the winds except the soft
Sweet clover breath that comes out of the west,
There lived a widow in a lonely nest.
A clay-built cottage in against a bank,
Choked up with brambles, docks, and nettles rank;
Before the door a small potato bed,
A bush or two of roses, white and red,
Some herbs we used to know in days of old,
As rue, and thyme, and balm, and marygold;
And one tall willow, in whose wiry top
A pair of pyots came to jibe and hop:
A sleepy place, but for the little stream
That brattled through the croft and broke its dream.

For thirty years of lonely widowhood
She strove to make ends meet as best she could;
Her chief support one small milk cow that housed
Within a little byre at night, and browsed
All day among the whins, or took a turn
About the herby borders of the burn:
And if she straggled from the widow's ken,
A gentle calling brought her back again.
And duly as the milking time came round
The little beast would at the door be found,
Crooming of well-filled udders. Little need
The widow had for watching, and indeed
Long hours within the willow shade would sit,
Or on some hillock in the sun, and knit
The coarse grey woollen stockings, which she sold
About the village when the days grew cold.
This with her scanty butter, milk, and cheese,
Made up her little stock in trade: and these
Found ready market; for 'twas thought, and said
The natural herbs whereon her cow was fed
Gave to the milk rare virtues, and in turn
The products of her chizzard and her churn.

Thus did she by her merchandise provide
The livelihood that never is denied
To honest careful labour, and could give
A portion to the priest as well as live.
But here it was her brooding trouble lay;
For left alone all through the thoughtful day,
With priestly terrors rankling in her brain,
And penal fears and everlasting pain,
She conjured up a load of outward sin
Far more than one might carry, and within
A poor, weak, helpless soul. "Alas!" cried she,
"The holy Jesus never comes to me,
To loose me from this burden of my cares;
Nor will, save through a world of costly prayers:
And what can my small pittance do to bring
A poor old woman to her Lord and King!"

While thus she mourn'd, one day her priest, as oft
It was his wont to do, came up the croft.

"O, reverend father, Heaven's own peace and grace
Thou bearest with thee, shining in thy face!
Grant only that their sunshine fall on me,
And make me strong, yet thou no weaker be."

"Good woman, I have prayed for thee, and sure
Such loud and fervid prayers for one so poor
Never went up before. Peter and Paul,
The powerfulest among the older saints, and all
The weightiest of the new have been implored
That thou to Christian comfort be restored."

"Ah, woe is me! so many holy saints
To strengthen me, and yet my poor heart faints
Beneath its load! Good father, what beside
Is in thy power? Can nothing else be tried?"

"No, nothing else: I have already given
Thy money's worth in daily prayers to heaven,
And out of charity some *aves* more,
For which I ask no pay."

"And yet no door
Will open! Like a beggar I must wait
Pleading with all my rags outside the gate!
Will no good saint take pity? Would a prayer
To God's own mother Mary—"

"Woman, forbear!
Think'st thou a person of thy mean estate
Need look for what we grant but to the great?
No, no. 'Tis true the Virgin is alone,
Of all Heaven's holy hierarchy, the one
Through whom an intercession could not fail;
But what can thy small worldly means avail?"

"Ah, reverend father, in good Mary's sight
Perhaps my little, like the widow's mite,
Would find much favour: try, good father, try;
And if great faith be needed, that have I."

"Great faith is needed; but the price is much
Above thy means, the intercession such
As only wealth indulges in. Yet thou,
I just bethink me, hast a good milk cow—
And what are worldly goods to sins forgiven,
A cleansed heart, a place secured in heaven?
What profits it a man to gain the whole
Of earth, if, gaining that, he lose his soul?
And, earth possessing, it were well he gave
All up, if thereby he his soul could save."

Some while the widow sat without a word—

* The Roman city of Uriconium, the foundations of which have lately been uncovered by curious antiquarians, was destroyed by Ceawlin, King of Wessex, about 577, which is fourteen years after Columba's landing on Iona, and twenty years before his death. (Burton's "Hist. of Scot.," i. 33, 34.)

Although her breast with much unrest was stirred—
Brooding with downcast eyes and thoughtful brow
Between her soul's salvation and her cow.
And when she spoke 'twas with a sigh :—

“Alas !

We know not what a day may bring to pass :
What need we set our hearts on worldly gear,
And death, that severs us and it, so near—
So ever near—that any footslip may

From all our clinging hoards snatch us away !
And then to die as unprepared as now !
O, reverend father, thou shalt have my cow.
But pray for me to Mary, mother in heaven,
On bended knees, till I am wholly shriven.”

It was agreed that he should pray and pray,
And keep the courts of heaven, both night and day,
For one whole week, with supplications plied—
Enough to purify a soul, though dyed



As black as sin itself—far more than lift
Her burthen off, and give her peaceful shift.
All that was needed on both sides was this—
Unbounded faith on hers, fervour on his.
And for the rest, the cow might nibble there,
About the croft, until the Lammas fair,
A fortnight hence, when he would have her sold.

Meanwhile the widow's grief grew manifold.
If all those holy saints and all those prayers
Have fail'd to rid her of her sinful cares,

How great must these now be ! So greatly more
Than ever she had dreamt they were before,
That even the Virgin's interceding word
Unto the bar of heaven may rise unheard !
And to her crowding sorrows she has now
To add the speedy parting with her cow :—

“Alas ! alas ! the world has never seen
Such friends, poor Crum, as thou and I have been.
And must we part at last ! and must we part—
To save my soul—ay, ay—but break my heart !”

Then would she hang upon its neck, or gaze
 Into its eyes, until she thought a haze
 Rose from their deeps and gathered in a tear;
 And as the day grew nearer and more near
 When they must part, her fondness for the beast,
 Her fondness and her kindness, still increased.
 She moved beside it both by burn and brake,
 And sadly shared with it her oaten cake.

Now when the week of prayers was at an end,
 Up through the croft the priest was seen to wend,
 And coming on the widow and her cow,
 "Woman," said he, "how is it with thee now?"

"No better, reverend father, none, but worse;
 And all my life seems blacken'd with some curse
 That even holy church has not the power,
 I fear, to charm away, or priest to scour.

O, reverend father, hast thou pray'd thy best?"

"Good woman, I perceive thy great unrest
 Arises from a want of faith as great.

For one whole week I've prayed, early and late,
 For thee, and thee alone, and am assured
 Thy soul's salvation is right well secured.
 Believe it, just believe it is, and lo!

That very instant thou wilt find it so.

This want of faith, my woman, is thy hell:

Yes, think all well with thee, and all is well."

And, ere she well knew what to think or say,

He turned upon his heel and went away;

While in a trance of curious mute surprise,
 Up through the croft she track'd him with her eyes

Beyond the knolls, till through the upland gap
 His long, black, breezy skirts were seen to flap;

And then she sank into her own sad breast,
 As to the last extremity distress'd,

All outward trust cut off, the last hope gone,
 Her sole reliance in herself alone.

And long she brooded over her despair:—

"If I have but to think this week of prayer
 Has brought me peace from Heaven, why may I not
 Myself raise comfort by the power of thought?
 My thinking or his praying—which, ay which,
 It matters not. If I could think me rich,
 Believe myself a duchess or a queen,
 I should not feel that I am poor and mean.

If I can think away my sins, what need
 Of priest or holy church to intercede?"

But while she reason'd thus the priest's man came,
 With quick official strides. Said he, "Old dame,

I'm come to fetch the cow." She look'd him nay!

"Go back to him that sent thee, man, and say,
 He's got the cow: if not, be his the blame:

Tell him to think he has—it's all the same!"

And there was such commanding in her look

As plainly told the man that she could brook
 No parley with him; so he turned and left.

Alone again, she felt as one bereft

Of outward help or hope, and doubted whether

'Twere wise to break with priest and church together:

"For though they fail'd to rid me of my grief,
 The thought that yet they would, gave some relief.

But, now I've cast them off, I see their worth,
 And feel the desolation of this earth."

Her eyes fell on the damp earth where she stood,

And there a daisy in sweet solitude

Was meekly folding to the setting sun,
 And all around it not another one.

Its loneliness so touch'd her heart that she

Let go her sorrow, and on bended knee

Gazed deep into the being of the flower,
 And seem'd its sweet existence to devour:

"Dear God, dear God, what need have I to doubt
 Thy far-descending care, which leaves not out

Even this lowly daisy? Dear, dear, look!
 Within its leaves a spray-drop from the brook

Gleams like a star: Thy sun that rules the day
 E'en stoops to glorify a drop of spray!

O nothing is too lowly for Thy light,
 Nor any soul unworthy in Thy sight.

If this poor daisy, looking to the sky,
 Is dowered with such radiance, may not I,

By looking unto Thee, O God, receive
 The Spirit at whose touch all troubles leave?

When Thou Thyself didst walk this earth, God-
 Christ,

'Twas not the rich man, not the learned priest,
 That got Thy benedictions, but the poor,

Yea, even those that begged from door to door,
 And orphans, widows, all that were distress'd,

If they but kneel'd unto Thee and confess'd
 Their sins, as I do now, they rose up pure—

Lord of the lowly Thou, Friend of the poor!"

While thus she kneel'd she seem'd to look right
 through

This frame of earth that hides from mortal view
 The real world behind; and when she came

Back to her common self, the glori-flame
 In which departed spirits, as 'tis said,

And all angelic beings are array'd,
 Came flickering with her, as if she had been

Within the unseen world behind the seen.

She rose with such meek majesty and grace,
 As though she had seen Jesus face to face.

And softly to her dumb companion talk'd
 Patting its neck, as side by side they walk'd

Along the croft unto their clay-built home,
 Where never more the priest was known to come.

SHORT ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

SIXTH INSTALMENT.

"He died worth so much." Would that it
 could be said, He died worth so many. To
 "much" the proper substantive is money;
 to "many," friends.

Surely the best kind of property is affection:
 and at any rate it is the only kind you can
 carry with you to the grave.

How charming the young would be to talk

to, with their freshness, fearlessness, and
 truthfulness, if only, to take a metaphor from
 painting, they would make more use of greys
 and other neutral tints, instead of dabbling on
 so ruthlessly the strongest positives in colour!
 It is, however, too much to ask from them
 to exhibit that moderation in the use of colour
 which only large experience, perhaps, can in-
 culcate.

There was a man very notable for sagacity, who used to say that *proportion is everything*, and who marked his approbation or disapprobation of anything, by saying that it was proportionate or disproportionate. No doubt this is a very wise maxim, but like many of the same kind, rather too large for general application, requiring, indeed, something like infinite wisdom to apply it thoroughly.

Suppose you were to say, "That man gives a despicable amount of attention to this or that thing"—despicable, from its being too much, or too little; being, in fact, totally disproportionate. That the censure should be just, you must know the exact nature of the objects which the man censured is capable of attaining, and the relative attention which he is capable of giving to these objects.

"The applause of listening senates to command" may not be within his compass, whereas the making artificial flies may be; and it is unjust to blame him for giving so much attention to the latter object, which is the one within his reach.

In fact, to do rule-of-three sums, except when you are dealing with definite numbers and quantities—to do such sums, in short, for real life, is next to impossible.

What is it that promotes the most and the deepest thought in the human race? It is not learning; it is not the conduct of business; it is not even the impulse of the affections. It is suffering: and that, perhaps, is the reason why there is so much suffering in the world. The angel that went down to trouble the waters, and to make them healing, was not, perhaps, entrusted with so great a boon as the angel who benevolently inflicted upon the sufferers the diseases from which they suffered.

Old age in inanimate things is often likened to old age in man—an ancient ruined building, or an aged oak, to an old man; but the simile is very shallow, and somewhat derogatory to mankind. A far deeper resemblance is to be found in a tropical forest, or even in a single tree in such a forest—where fading leaves, brown from much endurance, young buds, ripe fruit, green bright foliage, and dead branches present themselves at once to your sight, and give you all the seasons at one time. So it is with man. You may notice outward or even inward signs of decadence and decay; but, simultaneously, there are

hopes, aspirations, affections, in all stages of growth and development—nascent, virile, and decadent.

It is not only the aged statesman who adheres to life, and who when dying, still takes the keenest interest in the affairs of this world. But poor peasants do the same; and the dying rustic will brighten up at a bit of farm news.

It is a great motive for tolerance to reflect that the men who differ from you most in opinion, may most resemble you in nature—may be most like you in heart and soul. Many a theologian, in former days, has helped to burn a man who was almost to him a second self; whereas he left unmolested the worldly man who, differing from him in all the deeper emotions of the soul, did not care to differ from him in matters of religious opinion.

The most common-place people become highly imaginative when they are in a passion. Whole dramas of insult, injury, and wrong pass before their minds—efforts of creative genius, for there is sometimes not a fact to go upon. Shakespeare's lesser genius required some chronicle, or fable, to work upon for his poor plays; but an angry person's tragedies require no adventitious aids and accessories, resting solely upon the creative power of an imagination inflamed by anger.

No man asks another how much money he possesses. Are there not other matters in which reticence is equally required from the would-be questioner? Questions have given more offence than perhaps any other mode of speech. If silence is golden, and speech is silvery, that peculiar form of speech called questioning is, for the most part, brazen.

When you find yourself unpopular with those amongst whom you live, or with the world in general, do not ask yourself what you have done, but what you have said, to produce this unpopularity.

There is an evil (it is but a small one) which I suspect is produced by long periods

of peace and tranquillity in a nation. It is that people cease to speak plainly and distinctly. At least that is the only way in which I can account for the singular indistinctness which pervades English talking. That this indistinctness does exist, is a statement in which I am supported, I believe, by the greatest musical teachers, who say that one of their main difficulties, in teaching English people to sing, is to make them open their mouths properly. Now we do not find that the English in former days were blamed for indistinctness of speech. No doubt they spoke out very plainly at the Norman conquest—during all our numerous civil wars—during the contest between Charles and his parliament—at the Restoration, and at the Revolution of 1688. But it may be doubted whether they have well opened their mouths to speak since that time, unless indeed during their contest with Napoleon the First. The long period of peace since that time has afforded the means of cultivating many arts and sciences; but the art of speaking distinctly has dwindled down into the art of concealing thought by painful indistinctness of speech.

This may be a fanciful mode of explaining the phenomenon; and it may be urged that the notion which has become fashionable, that it is desirable to conceal, if not to repress, all emotions, has conduced to this result of indistinctness of speech.

There is no doubt, however, that this indistinctness is a great drawback upon the pleasure of social intercourse.

One way of bringing home to most people's apprehension the prevalence of the indistinctness of speech would be, to ask them to note down the number of times in each day in which they may observe that the word "what" is used, and that a sentence is obliged to be repeated again. This occasions a sad loss of time; and a busy people should recognise the fact that business is much hindered by this constant repetition.

There are no words in the English language used so confusedly one for the other, as the words *rule* and *principle*. You constantly see or hear the word *principle* used when it is only a rule that is in question.

The attendant verbs show the difference between the substantives *rule* and *principle*. You can make a rule; you cannot make a principle: you can lay down a rule; you cannot, properly speaking, lay down a prin-

ciple. It is laid down for you. You can establish a rule; you cannot, properly speaking, establish a principle. You can only declare it. Rules are within your power: principles are not. Yet the mass of mankind use the words as if they had exactly similar meanings, and choose one or the other, as may best suit the rhythm of the sentence.

The intense individuality which is to be observed in mankind—an individuality so all-pervading, that a profound observer of mankind will admit that no one character is really similar to any other character—is an antidote to the effects that otherwise would be produced by pungent criticism, just satire, good advice, and dramatic similitude.

This is a saying which requires careful explanation and exemplification.

Why is it that the wisest advice, criticism, and satire fail to strike home? It is because the person advised, criticised, or satirised, feels, and, to a certain extent, rightly feels, that what is said does not thoroughly apply to him or her; because, after all, his or her character is not really like the character advised, satirised, or criticised.

To illustrate what is meant by this maxim I will take the case of what I mean by dramatic similitude. You are reading aloud an essay, or a play, or a novel; and, in the course of your reading, you come upon a character, not an agreeable one, which is, as you think, exactly similar to the character of some one in the company. You become very hot; you hardly dare look up: you suffer, sympathetically, from the pain which you fear that you are giving to that person. You need not, however, have disturbed yourself in this way. You look up, with fear and trembling, and you find that your friend, or your relation, does not perceive the resemblance at all; and, from his or her comments, you learn that he or she is in the condition, ironically described by Hamlet, when he says, "Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

This proceeds, as I intimated before, from the intense individuality of every man, and every woman, amongst us. It may be quite true, that the man or woman in question is vain, proud, exacting, quarrelsome, turbulent, or tiresome, as the character in the novel or the play you are reading. But it is a thousand chances to one that the species of vanity, pride, turbulence, or tiresomeness is exactly of the same nature. Consequently, though

you think the cap fits, your auditor or auditress entirely declines to put it on; and the severe comments in the novel, or the essay, or the play, fall off from him, or her, as water from a duck's back. Not a feather is wetted or ruffled.

This, at first sight, appears to be a great misfortune; but, after all, the human race would be too malleable, would be too easily formed after one model by satire, advice, criticism, and dramatic representation, if there were not this intense and saving individuality of character.

"Great Sun, all-powerful Lord of Day, I prithee melt the snow upon the mountain tops, for I am very poor and weak, and need much sustenance."

Thus prayed a tiny rivulet which wound its downward way, amidst great rocks, into the plains below. There had been a long-continued drought; the water-mosses stood high up upon the stepping stones; the resting-places of the rivulet were but small puddles instead of ample pools; and it sang but a thin and wiry song, like that of a great singer who has long passed his prime. In short, the rivulet feared that it was going to die.

The gracious Sun rose higher in its might, and melted the snow upon the mountains; and the rivulet became a rushing, furious, eddying mountain stream.

In the first flow of thankfulness, it asked the Sun what it should do to prove its gratitude.

The Sun replied, "Impetuous mountain stream, I need nothing now, but I would, that when you descend into the plains, you should send up clouds to me, for I am weary of seeing the mean ways of men; and the odours of their great cities are not pleasant to me."

The mountain stream rushed down into the plain; but, there, meeting with a chasm in the earth, the principal part of the current descended into that chasm to seek for coolness. What little water was left took its pleasure in burying itself in a sandy district that was near to the chasm. The forgetful stream did not send up a single cloud to interpose its fleecy self between the Sun and the mean ways of men, and the odours of their noisome cities.

The gracious Sun went on melting the snows, for the benefactor is never tired of benefiting; but it said to itself, "The mountain stream, approaching the great cities of

the plains, has imbibed somewhat of the ungenerous nature of mankind, and is only grateful in the first moment of gratitude. I see that if you want a return for good services, you must ask for it at once."

Nothing is more undramatic than that which the drama purposes to represent—viz., real life. Let any man reflect upon the important events, either in domestic, social, or public life, which he has witnessed, and will he not say that, for the most part, they were conducted in a very tame, haphazard, and common-place manner?

Then, again, the drama, with all the skill that may be expended upon it, must fail to represent the lengthiness and dreariness of large portions of human life and human endeavour. The perseverance and the resolution which are shown in awaiting events can never be represented on the stage. How is one to represent a "masterly inactivity?" How is one to represent the carrying on of a long course of policy by a statesman?

Again—and this, though a slight matter of detail, affords a very notable difference between the drama and real life—how is one to represent abject poverty upon the stage, where everything is so large? People can walk up and down their rooms on the stage and make fine speeches with due emphasis. But one of the greatest miseries of poverty in real life is in the limited space and the over-crowding.

Again, nobody has time or inclination to use good metaphors in real life; and, as for dialogue in real life, it consists in a constant series of interruptions; and the most important conclusions are often arrived at by several people talking at once and not listening to one another.

Besides, in real life, the greatest affairs are settled by something that is written down. On the stage the document is accepted or rejected at once; in real life it undergoes an immensity of verbal criticism,—the most prosaic and undramatic thing in the world to witness.

When war is about to be decided upon by the chiefs of a nation, these chiefs, even when they are in levée dress, and when Lord Russell or Lord Palmerston is Prime Ministers, do not draw their swords, as in the *Trovatore*—now advancing, now receding from the footlights, and exclaiming "How they prefer death to dishonour!" or any other operatic sentiment. There is no "*suoni la*

tromba" to encourage them; but a number of middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, sitting round a table, listen to a long document, much conned over before, the result of many erasures and manifold interlineations. The somnolency which is apt to attend the reading of long documents, and which is, perhaps, the best reward for writing them, prevails; or, at least, some wicked wags, who will make fun of anything, declare that it prevails; and thus, very undramatically, a great war is initiated.

There was much discussion, in a company of thoughtful persons, about the main divisions in which men and women might be classified. One of the company said, "The widest and deepest distinction that I know of, is that which divides men into 'good-natured' and 'ill-natured.' I admit that there are certain intellectual distinctions that appear to be well-defined, viz., that all men are, whether consciously or unconsciously, followers of Plato or Aristotle; and I dare say that anybody who thoroughly understands the distinction between 'objective' and 'subjective,' divides men into two classes, the one considering everything objectively, the other subjectively. But I maintain that mine is the most important, if not the widest distinction. By 'good-natured' and 'ill-natured' I do not mean 'good-tempered' and 'ill-tempered.' The variety in tempers depends much upon matters which are upon the surface, such as the different degrees of nervousness of temperament; but the distinction I allude to goes deep down into the character. The man who is blessed with a 'good nature' wishes for everything to turn out well. Of nations, of individuals, of political changes, of personal disputes, he is always desiring that the outcome may be good. If the Manichæan theory were true, he would always be found on the side of the 'Good Being,' while the other man is on the side of the 'Evil Being.' The conduct of the good-natured man may not be irreproachable; on the contrary, he may have many vices, but somehow he has chosen the right side, and is always wishing for it to prevail, even if, in his own person, he sometimes lends an unwilling assistance to the opposite side. King David was on the right side."

Now this may seem to you a poor and shallow classification; but just try it in real life for some time, and see whether you cannot range all the men whose characters

you know well, under one or other of the opposing banners.

I do not know that there is anything, except it be humility, which is so valuable as an incident of education as accuracy. And accuracy can be taught. Direct lies told to the world are as dust in the balance when weighed against the falsehoods of inaccuracy. These are the fatal things. And they are all-pervading. I scarcely care what is taught to the young if it will but implant in them the habit of accuracy.

Now, look at the matter in this light. Take the speech of any man for any given day. For once that he wilfully gives a wrong colour (with an eye to his own interests) to anything which he states or narrates, he mistakes or misdescribes twenty times, on account of his inability to tell anything accurately.

Besides, there is this important result from a habit of accuracy, that it produces truthfulness, even on those occasions where a man would be tempted to be untruthful. He gradually gets to love accuracy more even than his own interests: at last he has a passion for accuracy.

There is frequent discussion in the present day as to what people should learn. Some say, natural sciences, some say languages, some say art, some say those especial arts by which a living is gained.

It appears to me that there are three great points to be aimed at in the choice of subjects for early education. The first is, that something should be chosen to educate upon which is difficult, which, therefore, requires continuity and severity of attention, and which also demands accuracy.

2. This something should be a something which does not demand qualities that are not early developed in the young. That is why I object to Latin verses and to composition, generally. The persons who are able to compose early (except musicians) are persons who have a great talent for plagiarizing and for the humblest forms of assimilation. These powers ought not to be encouraged, for they dwarf originality.

3. Let the thing to be studied, be something which is to a certain extent remote from common life; for a man is but half a man whose knowledge is bounded by the study of the art by which he gains his daily bread.

In addition to the foregoing maxims, I

would lay down the rule that whatever you choose as subjects for study, try to make the student care for study in general. I mean, insert into his mind, if you can, a love and a desire for knowledge. He is only to be under you educators for a few years. What a triumph it is for you, if, while he is under your care, you influence him in such a manner that you make study a thing of delight to him! And what a failure it is, if you so disgust him with the acquisition of knowledge, that he throws you and your books overboard as things which are done with, when he comes to what are fondly called years of discretion!

Pursuing this subject of education, I should say that every well-educated man or woman ought to have that knowledge of mathematics which may be gained from the first five books of Euclid. You may be sure that no one ever mastered these first five books without becoming ever afterwards a better reasoner. And, even in domestic life, it is the greatest

comfort to have to deal with people who can appreciate and abide by the first principles of reasoning.

It is a strange thing to chronicle, but in England we often confer honour upon a man when he meets with misfortune, and because he meets with misfortune. A county member, after a hard fight, loses an election. We forthwith make him a peer. Or a man loses an appointment, or quits it from old age. Forthwith there is a knighthood or a baronetcy for him. This is very kind; but it may be doubted whether, for the service of the State, it would not be well to confer honour upon a man when he is in full vigour, and when it will add force to him at a time when he is forcible—when, to use an Irish expression, it will give “more power to his elbow.” These “consolation” honours, though very humane, are not the most beneficial to the State.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

VII.—VELLORE AND BANGALORE.

VELLORE and Bangalore being connected by railway with the capital of the Presidency, our visits to these places formed agreeable interludes in our stay at Madras.

Vellore is upwards of eighty miles distant. We passed it *en route* when coming from the west, so that in visiting it we had to return along the line of our previous journey. The railway, although laid across a dead flat plain, is flanked the whole way by a picturesque range of hills some miles distant. The town is very beautifully situated in a bay within the hills to the south. The outlines of these hills are extremely varied, fantastic, and striking. Here is a bit of the sky-line as seen from the railway at sunset:—



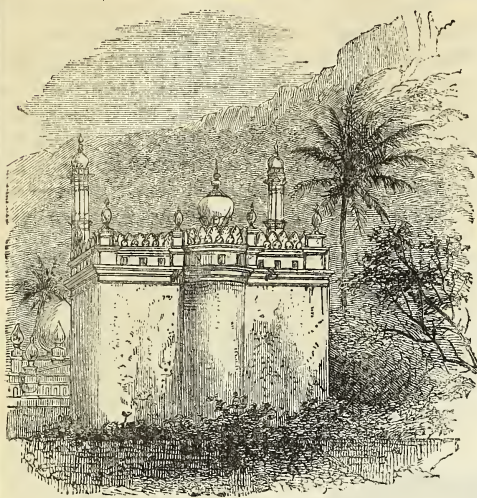
The station is two or three miles from the town, which we approached by a very long bridge. The necessity for these long bridges results from the rise of the rivers in the rainy season. In the dry season the water dwindles into a narrow but respectable stream which makes its way through a vast breadth of bleached shingle and sand. This enables us

to form some idea of its size in the rainy season, when it expands and rushes on in majestic volume. Such contrasts as are seen in India between the rivers during the dry and the wet seasons are nowhere else visible. Hence the long roll and roar one hears at night as the train for a mile or so dashes across some bridge which connects the distant banks of what is at one season merely a strip of Arabia Petrea, and at another a full flooded stream.

What most strikes one at Vellore is, as I have already said, the beautiful scenery of its enclosing hills, and the remains of old Mahratta Forts, built nearly four centuries ago by the father of Sivaji, the famous founder of the Mahratta power. Low walls encircle the summits of the hills like large sheepfolds. These must have been powerful defences against bows and arrows, or even matchlocks, but useless when attacked under cover of shot and shell.

When Mysore was finally conquered, Vellore was the place of residence assigned to the numerous family—twelve sons and six daughters—of Tippoo Saib, after his death at Seringapatam. They had many retainers; and this court, like other Mussulman courts, became a centre of intrigue, so cunning as to make

it difficult of detection, and yet so stupid and senseless as to be quite unavailing in the end. It is thus that the name of Vellore is associated with the mutiny of 1806. Some



Tomb of Tippoo Family, Vellore.

martinet innovations had been forced upon the troops—such as making them obliterate their caste marks, trim their whiskers and beards, and wear turbans of a particular fashion. The result was a sudden outbreak, which was prepared for cautiously, as in 1857, by the Sepoys (who veiled their thirst for revenge under pretended kindness and innocence), and allowed to come to a head by the commander, who pooh-poohed the possibility of any rising, although warned a month before of the existence of a conspiracy. Missions, or missionaries, were said to be mixed up with it and blamed for it by some of those who are always ready to disparage missionary work.

The mutiny ended, of course, in bloody reprisals. We could not afford to tolerate any pirates in a ship so great as India, and with so few Englishmen on board. Thirteen European officers and eighty-two privates were killed. Three native officers and fourteen non-commissioned officers were afterwards executed.

It is an old story now! The Duke of Wellington was known then only as General Wellesley, and had not entered on the Peninsular War. Yet on the day on which we visited Vellore, and ordained a native pastor, a soldier communicated at the English Church who fought in the mutiny!

The ditch of the old fort, they say, used to be kept full of alligators, to prevent ingress or egress to the garrison through

swimming. There is a story told of a Highland sergeant who dared to swim across and encounter these behemoths. It is said that he actually accomplished the bold feat, but not without having been dragged under water—the monster, I presume, getting hold of the kilt, but missing its wearer.

There is a very beautiful pagoda within the fort, covered in some parts with the richest and boldest carvings I had yet seen. But it is now a barrack, without priests and without ceremonies. The idols' chambers have become the homes of bats.

We received much kindness at Vellore, as at all other places in India. The English chaplain gave us the use of his church for our ordination service, affording another instance of the catholic spirit manifested by the different Christian Churches in India.

One striking feature of the scenery on the way to Bangalore—about two hundred miles from Madras—is the remarkable disintegration in the hills, which rise from the plain towards the higher plateau, where Bangalore itself is situated, about three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It requires some such illustration as I have given (p. 552) to convey any idea of the strange appearance of these huge granite blocks piled up in the strangest manner. Yet few of them have moved, except when their props have given way. The whole is the result of "weathering," together with the crumbling of the softer parts of the granite, as though portions of the mass had been united by seams of ice, which, melting, left but isolated blocks. Had we passed such tumuli of rocks at home, we should at first sight have put them down to glacier moraines, or judged they were the discharged cargoes of icebergs which had foundered and disappeared ages ago in ancient seas.

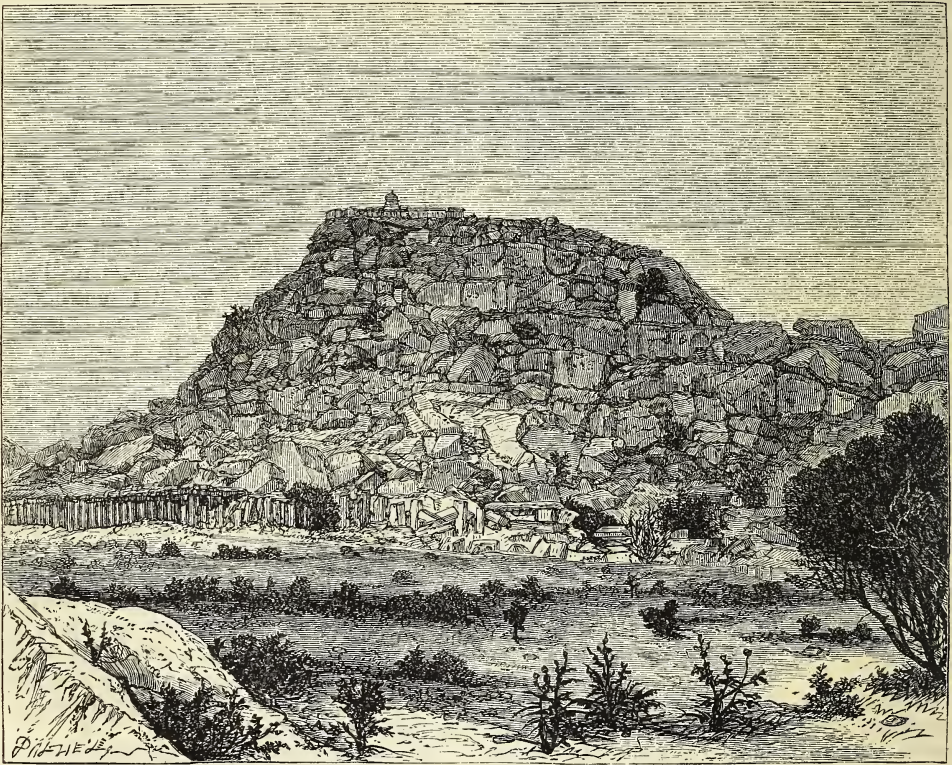
These hills commence just after leaving the Jolapert junction, where we begin to ascend the ghaut which connects the lower plain with the upper plateau. They give great interest and character to the scenery along this portion of the line. The same kind of island-like hills which I noticed dotting the plain as we journeyed from Beypore, are also marked features in the landscape.

Judging from what meets the eye in travelling, there is no small amount of prosperity among the people. I was much struck by the numerous flocks of sheep and goats—the villages to which they belonged being sometimes concealed. There were also signs of extensive cultivation. The success of the

cultivation here, as in India generally, depends on irrigation, which is accomplished by immense canals sending their waters through innumerable veins. From a difference in the physical condition of Southern India, its irrigation depends on tanks, in some cases like small lakes, formed either from the damming up of streams, or the collecting of the surface drainage of the country. This makes the South depend much more than the North, with its great river system, on the rains of the monsoons. If the rain falls not, of what use are tanks?

We have not so much to build tanks in many districts, as to repair and restore them. The native rulers, built them, but, alas! the Mahrattas often destroyed them.

Much has been said and written upon the Ryotwari, or land revenue settlement of Madras. It was established by that eminent and good man Sir Thomas Munro about sixty years ago. A very admirable pamphlet, now before me, on the subject of "the Land Tenure of Southern India," was published in 1866 in Madras by "a Madras Civilian"—I believe Mr. Dalyell, the well-known and



Rock Scenery.

able secretary to the Board of Revenue. Another distinguished civilian has hastily jotted down for my information some notes which he must pardon me for publishing in his own words rather than in mine, for the better information of those who feel interested in this subject.

" The oldest Hindu law defines the state right in the cultivated land to be a certain proportion of the crop, claimable from the cultivator.

"By implication, then, it recognises a right of occupation subject to the condition of making this payment to the state. And this is the keystone of the whole structure.

"The government now recognises in the Ryot

practically a proprietary right in the land he occupies, subject to the payment of the money value of the state share in the crop which it is qualified to produce under ordinary tillage; the Ryot being at liberty to relinquish at pleasure, in the proper season, any portion of his holding, and thereby to release himself from the government demand on account of that portion.

"In bad seasons he can claim a remission of the demand, in part or whole, according to circumstances.

"In the division of the assessment of the government demand which is now being made in combination with a scientific field survey, the share of government is limited to one-half of the *net* produce, after deducting all costs of cultivation and making certain percentage allowances to cover ordinary risks of

season and unculturable areas, as fences, paths, threshing-floor, &c., &c.

"The fields are classed with reference to quality in a few grades of moderately wide range, and their productive powers determined by experiment and a kind of jury of experts among the villagers.

"The fact of the land being irrigable, or otherwise, goes far to determine what kind of crop it is capable of producing.

"The government share of the crop is then computed for a cash payment on the average of the market prices over an extended period of years, and this money-rate remains fixed for a long period of years (nowhere less than thirty), so far, at least, as any enhancement of the government demand is concerned.

"It is readily modified by reduction, either permanent, if the original assessment proves to have been excessive, or temporary, if merely necessitated by some disastrous season, epidemic disease among cattle, damage to the irrigation works, or similar exceptional causes.

"The Ryot receives from the government officers a document (*puttah*) which declares the extent of his holding in fields, giving their numbers in the village register, their individual class, area, rate per acre, and total tax; and an annual *settlement of the government demand* (*jumma bundy*), is held to allow of any additions or reductions being made to this document, and to adjust all claims to remission. This is held in different parts of the district by the divisional officers, and no Ryot need attend unless he chooses, nor is his attendance in any way necessary unless some change has to be made in his *puttah*. This document has been declared by the highest court in the land, the judicial committee of the Privy Council, to be 'not a muniment of title, but an evidence of holding.' The title is, in fact, derived from the immemorial custom to which I before alluded, and is absolute against all comers, so long as the government dues are paid. It can be sold, mortgaged, bequeathed, or alienated, as the possessor pleases. It is subject to the laws of succession and inheritance precisely as any other property.

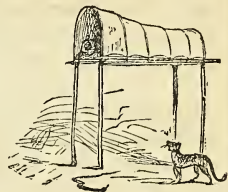
"In fact, the Ryotwari system views and strives to maintain the Ryot in the position of a proprietor of a landed estate, subject to a land tax, but at liberty to relinquish any portion of his estate that he may deem valueless to the state, and thereby to free himself from any tax on account of such portion. The system admits of the utmost accumulation or distribution of land. A Ryot may hold one or one thousand acres, or more.

"The well-working of the system depends on the fairness of the assessment of the government demand, and no effort is spared to adjust this as equitably as care and science can secure.

"When this end is attained, there is ample margin for a landlord's rent, and the Ryot sub-lets to under tenants all land which he does not wish to keep in his own hands, and pays the government tax on his entire holding out of his rent.

"We have every reason to hope that this class of wealthy Ryot is rapidly increasing partly from the removal of whatever was oppressive in the assessment of the government tax, partly from the great rise in prices, the whole benefit of which goes into the Ryot's pocket, except when at long intervals of years, a re-valuation of the government share in the crop is made with reference to the prices ruling during an extended series of years, including the most recent."*

To return now to our journey. Such of the villages as were visible from the railway were very pleasing, with their thatch of palm-leaves covered over by masses of creepers in full bloom. Every village has its little temple for worship. In the woods which clothe the hill-sides there are abundance of bears and other wild beasts. There are everywhere visible, small booths protected from the sun, and set on four supports, which are seven or eight feet high. In these the shepherds watch at night to frighten off the wild beasts from injuring the crops. They are somewhat like this.



The climate was sensibly cooler when we reached Bangalore, the fresh elastic air of which was quite invigorating.

Bangalore is one of the pleasantest military stations in India. It consists of two distinct portions. The old fort, with the native town or Pettah under its once protecting shadow, forms quite a town in itself; while the military cantonments and European residences at a little distance, might be in a different world, so far as community of manners, habits, and ideas are concerned. The fort is now used for public offices; and the old palace of Tippoo, in its Tartar-looking orientalism, if I may so describe it, looks more peculiar than imposing. The rooms and audience chamber which were once crowded with the wild and dashing followers of that able despot, are now business-like apartments. Red tape bundles of papers and maps, and all the signs of European organization, are seen here, and are presided over by old officers and competition Wallahs, attended by white-robed and most obedient humble servants in cool and elegant costumes.

The fort (see p. 560) was a powerful one, and its storming, with that of the gate of the Pettah, was a desperate conflict, which cost many brave lives. A monument on the spot where most of the men fell commemorates the event. The well where Sir David Baird was

Revenue Report for Madras for the year ending 1867. The facts there recorded seem to strengthen all that has been already said condemnatory of the Madras Revenue settlement as contrasted, for instance, with the permanent thirty years' settlement of Northern India. It tells a sad tale regarding the poverty of the Ryots, that out of 2,865,485 there are only 384 who pay, say, £100 a year of land tax;—that of the whole number more than one half pay less than £1 per annum; that the average land tax—which is practically their only rent—paid by each large holder is about 26s. per annum. Though the ryots increase in number, they do not increase in wealth. These facts will soon compel a revision of the Ryotwari system of Madras.

* Since the above was written we have seen, in the admirable paper, *The Friend of India*, a notice of Mr. Dalryell's

compelled to draw water for the daily amusement of the ladies of the Harem, is still to be seen in a small court full of weeds and rubbish, a solitary tree marking what was once the ladies' flower garden. The Harem itself has gone to decay, although the windows, which were once filled with fair faces, remain to hint of the former history of the place. The sleeping rooms are mere closets, muggy and close, with little air and little light. The cell where Sir David was confined near the gate, may yet be seen, although, from some obstruction or other, we did not get access to it. We could not but remember the commiseration expressed by his old Scotch mother—not, however, for her son, but for the unfortunate man who was "chained to oor Davie!" But the draw-well, chain, and all, had probably subdued his impetuous temper. Tippoo was cruel to his prisoners. I was told that many memorials of such treatment have been inscribed by Englishmen on the rocky walls of his old prison-house high up on the neighbouring hills.

The native city has nothing peculiar about it. We saw what we had so often seen before—the same narrow and crowded streets or lanes, the same tumble-down houses, the same kinds of bazaars, with the same products from East and West, presided over by the same lanky, white-robed, turbaned skeletons. Most of the houses in the less public streets have little courts attached to them, connected with the busy thoroughfare by a gate. Sheep, or goats, or cattle are, I believe, confined in these courts during the night. We entered one of them, and saw the weaving of silk in the old Indian loom sunk in the earth. The weavers were waited on by women, who arranged the golden skeins and balls.

The European quarter is as different from the Pettah as Belgravia is from the East-end of London. Here the houses are in their own "compounds," with shrubs and flower gardens quite fresh and blooming. Open, park-like spaces meet the eye everywhere, with broad roads as smooth and beautiful as the most finished in England. Equipages whirl along; and ladies and gentlemen ride by on horseback. One catches a glimpse of a church tower or steeple; and these things, together with the genial air, make one feel once more at home—at all events, in a bit of territory which seems cut out of home and settled in India. There are delightful drives, among others one to the *Lal-Bagh*, laid out in the last century by Hyder Ali.

Our home feeling was greatly intensified by attending a flower show, although it was the

last week of December. There was the usual military band; and crowds of carriages conveyed fashionable parties to the entrance. Military officers, and civil servants of every grade were there, up to Mr. Bowring, the Chief Commissioner of Mysore, distinguishable by the extreme simplicity of his attire, and the absence of all that could attract the eye. He is, I believe, an able administrator.

The most remarkable and interesting spectacles to me were the splendid vegetables of every kind, including potatoes which would have delighted an Irishman; leeks and onions to be remembered like those of Egypt; cabbages, turnips, cauliflowers, pease, beans, such as England could hardly equal; splendid fruit—apples, peaches, oranges, figs, and pomegranates, the display culminating in a magnificent array of flowers, none of which pleased me more than the beautiful roses, so redolent of home! Such were the sights of a winter's day in Bangalore.

Among other beauties the show was not wanting in fair ladies, although I do not remember them so well as I do the native boys, grandsons of Parneah, the able and famous Brahmin minister of the deposed Rajah of Mysore. These lads appeared perfect ideals of high breeding and Oriental beauty. The delicate and refined outline of their features, and the glory of their quiet eyes, with their pure white robes and turbans, made me accept for the first time the idea of angels with bronzed skin, passing into mellow gold.

Another incident at Bangalore which lives vividly in my memory, was a visit paid by my friend and myself to its most famous Pagoda. A great *guru* was holding his visitation of the district, and we wished to see him. Hindooism, as I shall immediately show, is divided into an infinitely greater number of sects than Christianity or any other religion. These are separated from each other, too, by social barriers, such as never divided even the Quaker from the Papist. Now each sect has *gurus*, which means "masters." The guru is not a priest who ministers in the temple, nor is he necessarily a Brahmin, but rather, like a Romanist "guide," an ecclesiastic who is invested with the power of settling such questions as affect caste—its duties and ceremonies, as well as expulsion from it or admission into it. The number and various ranks of the gurus are determined by the importance and extent of the caste which they govern. A large and influential caste has several principal gurus together with

hundreds of inferior ones, occupying chief cities, and visiting their respective districts, perhaps annually and with great pomp and dignity, if the districts are rich in dues and presents. A great guru or "Pontiff" wields despotic power. His curse is dreaded more than death, and his blessing most eagerly purchased. He imposes his ecclesiastical dues and fines, and demands their payment with inflexible rigour, often amassing great wealth, which is assumed to be spent in charity among his poorer followers. The guru is esteemed an ascetic, or Sanyassie, of peculiar sanctity. His followers believe that his time is wholly given up to the reading of holy books, to prayer, meditation, and fasting. He is worshipped as the incarnation of all the gods, and as being able to prevail with them in prayer. The water in which he washes his hands or feet is drunk with thankfulness by the people, as sanctifying both soul and body. The guru may marry, and if he has children, his office descends to one of them. If he has no children, he may elect a successor during his life. Should he fail in doing this, the other gurus meet and appoint one. When not engaged in visiting his diocese, the guru remains in a monastery, or in one of the cities, as a recluse. He then receives visits from those who wish to get his blessing or his advice, or to obtain his decision on ecclesiastical questions. These gurus are often great fanatics, and just as often men of intense greed—at once tyrannical and sensual. But such faults are overlooked in "a holy man."

The guru who had come to visit Bangalore was a great pontiff. He travelled in a gold palanquin, surrounded by troops of enthusiastic followers, excited by "bang,"—that is, a decoction of hemp. They waved their flags, and marched along with bands playing their wild music. Unfortunately we did not see the procession either when going from the Pettah, where the guru had taken up his residence, or when returning to it; but the village, close to Bangalore, in which the temple is situated, had its streets adorned with arches, wreathed with flowers and green leaves. Every house wore a gay holiday look—and there was all that crowding and excitement among the people which one sees at home on similar occasions.

In slowly driving along the narrow street in our open carriage, we saw the huge Idol Car, or Rutt, which, like a ship laid up in ordinary, seemed but a mass of useless lumber. It appeared to be unheeded except by a small donkey which leant his wise head against one

of the large wheels, sunk in meditation. His eyes were fixed on the ground. His ears moved not, but drooped like long fading leaves. He almost mesmerised me like another Peter Bell. I could not help conjecturing as to what he was pondering over. Was he comparing other donkeys—those who usually dragged that idol car—with himself? or, mounting higher in his mood, was he measuring himself with those who were giving him a holiday for the sake of the guru? or with the guru himself? or with those strangers in the carriage who were going to the heathen temple? We had no interpreter, yet I wish we had had one, for I doubt not, there were thoughts worth knowing in that brown shaggy head. I could not help thinking of Balaam; and so I passed on.

The outer court of the temple was crowded with multitudes moving to and fro, passing out and in.

Could we not also enter by that gate in the great sombre tower, and get access to the inner sanctum where sits the great guru with thousands filling the inner court before him?

The carriage was soon surrounded by a packed mass of turbans, covering features with the caste-marks renewed by fresh paint and ashes.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" asked one of these men, in good English.

We said our errand was to see the guru.

A most interesting conversation then ensued, in which about a dozen natives joined, all of whom spoke English!

They told us what they knew about the guru; how holy he was; how he did not eat nor sleep for days; and how he was "their Pope," and so on.

They then interpreted our wishes to some ignorant and fanatical-looking men who seemed to be the masters of ceremony, among others to a filthy-looking Sanyassie, almost naked and covered with ashes, a leopard-skin over his shoulders.

The replies of these high chamberlains varied from time to time. They asked who we were. Were we missionaries desirous to argue? Had we letters of introduction from the Commissioner, Mr. Bowring? If we were travellers, then what did we think of their civilisation? Idolatry?—Yes—but that was custom—each country should have the religion best fitted for it—and all religions were equally good, with much more talk of a similar kind.

But could we not see the guru?

A great, very great man! They would inquire.

And then another scene of talk and jangling.

No, we could not see the guru! He was at his devotions, and must not be disturbed. He might continue praying for hours. But if we came to-morrow, &c., &c.

So we never saw the guru! After various attempts we could not get any information as to his movements on which we could rely. Our chief interest, however, was in the men who conversed with us. They were forward, conceited, and what is termed *bumptious*, yet on the whole civil and communicative. They at first argued as sincere and believing Hindoos; but on being gently pressed and slightly quizzed, as well as more earnestly addressed, one of them said,

"To tell the truth, gentlemen, we who have



A Sanyassie.

been educated and speak English do not believe anything!"

On our suggesting that possibly, as he had been at a mission school, he held more religious truth than he was willing to confess, he acknowledged his faith in one God, and in right and wrong, although he was not a Christian. How, then, we asked, can you be so false to your convictions as to go through all this *pooja*, and profess what you deride and despise?

"We wish to honour our fathers," replied another of the group.

On this the first speaker said to his country-

men, "Our fathers forsooth! what did our fathers do for us? Did they give us the steam-engine, the railway, or the electric telegraph?"

Then, turning to us with a smile, he added, "Though we cannot forsake these national customs so long as they exist in the country, and our people believe in them, yet, if you educate the people, they will give them up of themselves."

He spoke further of what they would suffer—and verily it is not small!—if they should lose caste.

When I spoke of men losing life for the sake of truth, he shrugged his shoulders, as if that were a wholly foreign idea.

I certainly felt then, as I have often felt since, that the distance between earnest Christianity and the easy-going religion held by my educated Vishnuite, was as great as that between the East and the West. The *spirit* of the two is vastly different. That strong, earnest regard for truth, which is common in the West, is seldom or never to be seen in the East. A man like Paul or Luther seems at present to be an impossible product there. Yet when this great garden is once weeded, carefully tilled by the influences of the West, and sown with the seeds of a living Christianity, we shall undoubtedly have such products from it.

I may take this opportunity of giving another instance of the indirect influence of English education. A Rajah of a small Principality in the West had had transmitted to him some severe articles, written in English, which had appeared in a Bombay native paper, exposing grievous errors in his government. Irritated at the exposure, he employed spies to detect the writer. A *Sanyassie* was brought before him as the offender. To a native ruler, such a charge against such a man seemed absurd. It was very much as if an Irish tinker had been accused of writing articles in the *Times* against Lord Derby.

Yet the ascetic, with little clothing, and no ornament except ashes, claimed the articles as his, and proved his right to do so.

On being questioned, he said,—“I was educated in a mission school. I did not see it to be my duty to become a Christian, but to remain a devotee to my own religion. As such I journey through the country examining into and exposing all that is false, cruel, and unjust, and giving my support to whatever is good wherever I find it; and this I shall continue to do.”

“I make you my prime-minister!” exclaimed the wondering Rajah.

"I refuse the post," replied the Sanyassie, "for I have this other work given me to do. But I can get you as good an adviser as myself, and one who has been educated like me."

He accordingly sent to his friend the editor of the paper for a prime-minister to the Rajah ; while he himself went on his lonely way to fulfil his calling in the name of that truth and justice which he had been taught at the mission school.

I have hitherto avoided the attempt to convey to my readers any idea—such even as I myself possess, dim and inadequate as it may be—of *Caste*. The very term repels inquiry ! It seems to lead into a cloudy region, in which one's way is wholly lost among heathen gods, Brahmins, Vedas, Puranas, and metaphysics as incomprehensible as a madman's dream. And yet in connection with India, one constantly hears of *Caste* as accounting for everything, obstructing everything, entering into everything, whether meat, drink, politics, or religion, and causing every kind of mischief from mutinies to missions. *Caste* and curry are two things inseparably associated with Hindoos.

Now, if the reader wishes to master this question in what the Germans call its *innermost*, he has the means of doing so in volumes many, beginning, of course, with Max Müller's delightful "Chips," and passing on to his huger blocks of learning. But let me make some attempt to convey the general impression made on me as to what caste practically is. I asked numberless questions about it and received many answers, no two agreeing except in the haze which enveloped them all.

To form a rough notion of the system of caste, let us glance at the complex structure of European society.

Sum up, if you can, the various fragments of which it is composed, the network of lines which divide it, and the groups of living beings composing it, each group having its own unity, and yet forming a part of a compact whole.

Take the distinction of *races*, and bring them together in thought from the poorer class—for Europeans of education and culture are much the same everywhere—Irishmen, Scotch Highlanders, Yorkshiremen, Jews, Poles, Italians, Russians, &c.—and, for the sake of colour, introduce among them some negroes. Mark their differences—how great they are ! how wide the gulf between even white and black.

Again, classify according to *rank*. Take the various *ranks* which divide society from that of the polished aristocrat down to the sweepers of the streets or of the chimneys. See this embodied in the different homes in which they respectively dwell, their differences in dress, manners, ideas, and in social and domestic habits.

Consider, also, the various *trades* and *guilds* into which men are grouped, including at once the most plebeian and the "most respectable"—the "guild" of gipsies and the guild of goldsmiths ; the carter or coal-heaver's union, and that of the benchers of the Temple ; the colleges of physicians, lawyers, or civil engineers ; the various professions and trades of soldier and seaman, engine-driver, waiter, carpenter, gardener, blacksmith, and so on, until each trade and profession stands out separate and distinct by itself.

Remember, too, the divisions which mark the Christian Church,—Protestant and Romanist, in all their varieties ; Quakers and Capuchins, Scotch Covenanters and Italian friars ; Methodist preachers in circuit, and metropolitans in their cathedrals ; the Presbyterian minister in his kirk, and the Pope on his throne in St. Peter's.

Do we, I ask, realise the number of such *castes* among ourselves, how much social difference they imply, and to what extent they separate man from man ? Are there no marks, too, on brow or lip, in dress or manner, by which caste is distinguished from caste ? Let us, in fancy, bring them before us,—the lord and labourer, the rich and poor, the dignitary of this church and the no-dignitary of that, and ask, Can these eat together ? can their children intermarry ? or can they hold familiar intercourse with each other ? or look and talk to each other like brothers ? What answers to these questions would be returned from every kingdom, from every city, from every village in Europe !—from the Vatican to the conventicle, from the peer to the carter, from Lady This to Mrs. That ! Look at the faces of the worthies in a country town when the district nobleman enters the room in which they are assembled ! Was not Burns assailed as a dangerous revolutionist when he, a mere poet and a no-caste man, dared to describe a high-caste man as a "birky ca'd a lord."

But you tell me that there is a constant change in society—a constant passing of those in one circle up into another circle ; that the pauper may grow up into a Peer, and the outcast into a priest ; that the dweller in any town or the member of any guild, may

become the member of another and a higher one, and that society is thus in a continual flux. Very true, and so caste in Europe differs from caste in Hindostan.

Yes, to get an idea of *Caste*, just conceive of Europe or Christendom, with all its ranks and "guilds" as *fixed for ever by a divine decree*, or suddenly frozen like a great northern ocean, with every high wave and every ripplet on its surface—each man remaining in the trade, sect, clan, family, or race into which he was born, and never passing out into another, but holding fast to his caste, as a thing imposed by the authority of God—a thing not to be lost except with the loss of family, friends, labour, and every blessing here below, as well as of salvation hereafter.* Is he of the dustman caste or priest caste, the soldier caste or physician caste, the barber caste or shoemaker caste? then there he has been placed by God Himself, and there must he at his peril remain! His place has been ordained of God. It has grown out of some part of the body of Brahman. As he is, so were his fathers through endless ages, and so must his children be. Only within his own caste can he marry; and that caste has its own laws and customs, with power to enforce them on its members. It is an independent fortress, within which all the members reign supreme. Beyond its walls no one dare go, and within its walls no stranger can enter. As its members believe, and think, and act, so must he. It is an everlasting unity, one among thousands. Let him be proud of his position, for it is of God as much as the position of the highest is!

It is not possible to describe the immense subdivisions of caste. They are various as the different departments in a particular trade; and just as absurd as if the caste of pin-makers were divided into the castes of pin-head-makers, pinpoint-makers, pin-polishers, and pin-packers. Nor are these fanciful distinctions; for, while the pin-makers form a corporation high or low in relation to other castes, or as belonging to "right-hand" or "left-hand castes," and would fight for their

lawful place in a procession, yet the caste of pinhead-makers may have customs quite peculiar to themselves, which distinguish them everywhere from the caste of pin-pointers. From generation to generation they will never intermarry with each other, although both may break up into other castes, such as the caste which uses three files in pointing the pin, or the caste which uses but one. Nor is this an exaggeration—one sect, for example, of the oil-mill caste yokes one bullock to the mill, and another sect of the same caste yokes two, and are named accordingly! In Mysore alone, Major Puckle, in his accurate and carefully prepared report (1867) of the tribes in that province, enumerates 110 races and tribes, speaking four different languages, each having its own caste, with peculiar laws and customs.

In Judaism we have what is more like caste than is to be found in any other religion. In the separation of the Jew from the Gentile; in the minute ceremonies of the temple; in the sacred priesthood confined to one family or tribe; in the minute commands regarding eating and drinking, we have something like the distinctions of Hindooism. St. Paul speaks as a high-caste man would do when he says, "Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews," &c.; all these divisions or "castes" being moreover, by God's express command, a part of religion.

There is, however, this immense difference between the rules of the Jews and those imposed by the Brahmins, that all the arrangements of the Jewish church and state were confessedly temporary. The Jewish rites had all a meaning with reference to a grand future. They were not ends, but means. Thus it was that the very separation of the Jews from idolaters, and their education by rite and ceremony, was to the end that in the fulness of time there should be realised in the best way, a holy brotherhood of men. The water was carefully drawn off from the swamp with its miasma, and gathered together into a reservoir, but only that in the end it might irrigate the world.

Caste is not to be found in the Vedas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, which are alone authoritative in matters of religion. But these being rare and written in Sanscrit, which the priests alone were permitted to read, they did not prevent the priests from developing a system based upon their own supremacy and love of power, any more than the Gospels prevented the priestly corrup-

* If castes are grouped under different *guilds*, the following are the numbers of their chief ones, although the various subdivisions cannot be enumerated.

The <i>Sacerdotal</i> Guild, Brahmins only. But these, in South India alone, have four divisions and twenty subdivisions, which prevent intimate association and intermarriage.	
<i>Merchant</i> Guild.....	18 castes.
<i>Handicraftsman</i> Guild (such as workers in gold and silver, &c.).....	7 "
<i>Artisan</i> Guild (manual labourers, such as weaver, potter, tailor, &c.).....	31 "
<i>Agricultural</i> Guild.....	29 "
<i>Military</i> do.....	9 "
<i>Mendicant</i> do.....	17 "
<i>Gipsy and Robber</i> do.....	8 "
<i>Herdsmen</i> do.....	7 "
<i>Musician</i> do.....	4 "

tions of pure Christianity during the middle ages. Now, however, that the Vedas have been dragged out of their hiding-places, and are being translated for the first time—a great and distinguished honour reserved for Wilson, Max Müller, and England!—a change is being inaugurated which must tell immensely on the reformation of India.*

Buddhism—which now numbers among its adherents about a third of the human race—was a reaction against Brahminism, chiefly as proclaiming the equality of mankind, and therefore putting down caste as a part of religion. It was “the established church” of India three centuries before the Christian era. A pillar erected by Asoka, the Constantine of Buddhism, still remains on the ridge which was occupied by our troops at the siege of Delhi. For a thousand years Buddhism struggled on. But now there is no Buddhist worship in all India! Burmah and Ceylon are its nearest places of strength.

I have dwelt on this caste system, as it is the most important fact we have to deal with in India. Whatever good may in the past have sprung from it as a system of police and as a protection to trade, through promoting union, and securing some of the blessings of fellowship, it is now a source of great if not unmixed evil. It destroys all patriotism, all national unity, and all true progress; and worst of all, it destroys personality. Under it a man becomes merely a thing—at best a polype in the vast gelatinous mass of his caste. His conscience and will are lost. From birth to death he has to accept (for there is no alternative) his place, his rank, his work, his wife, his beliefs—in short, his everything. He moves not except with his caste, which moveth all together if it move at all. The most united and most tyrannical trades-union is a poor imitation of a Hindoo caste.

No doubt the system is now giving way before the force of Western education and of circumstance. A great revolution is effected when a low-caste man can be educated and raised to occupy a high position in the government employment; much more when, in a third-class carriage, he can stand beside

and touch a Brahmin, who may be his servant, although ecclesiastically his superior! But Christianity alone can extirpate caste; and this it will do, not by making high-bred gentlemen in India, any more than in England, social equals to Sudras or Pariahs, nor even by preaching the truth alone, but by carrying out Christianity in its social aspect, that is, *by organizing the Church as a social system*, by means of which the weak and tottering man, who is cast out from the only society or brotherhood he has ever known, may find a welcome and a home in the love of Christian brethren. Caste is the heathen method, the living Church is the Christian method, of satisfying the hunger of the heart for brotherhood!

But I must proceed with my narrative.

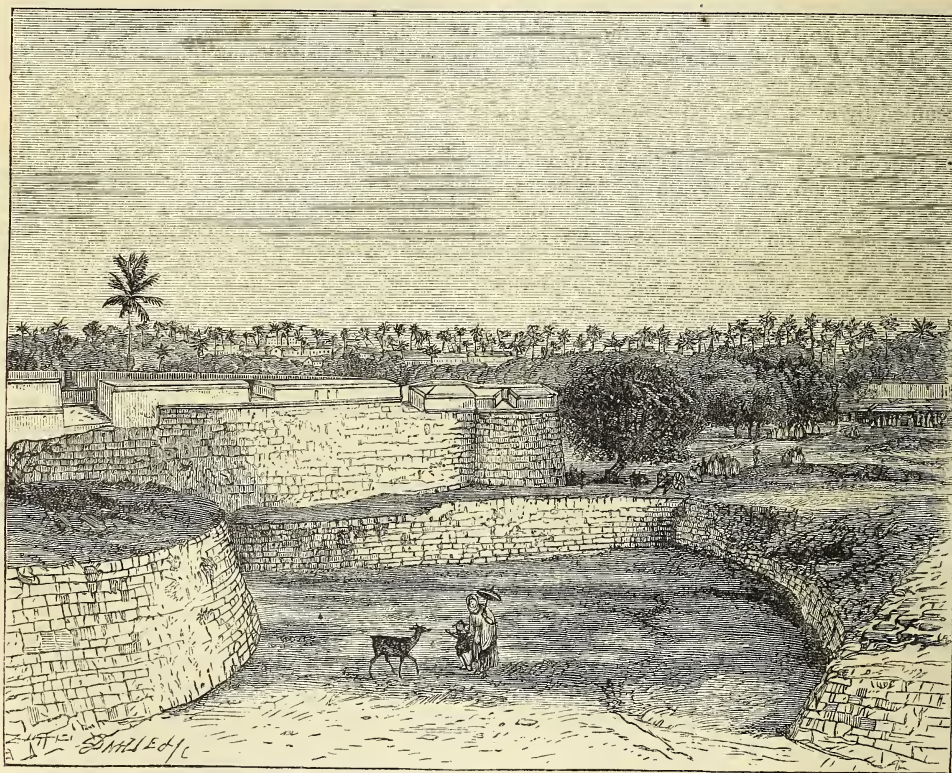
The change from the scene I have described at the Pagoda to that of a mission school in the Pettah is great. And here, in a narrow street, in the centre of a densely peopled native town, we came upon a cheering sight. It was not on British territory, but in the native state of Mysore, of which we long ago heard stories from our grandfathers, with the names of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib associated in tales of conquest and of cruelty towards English captives in the neighbouring fort. Two Englishwomen—ladies in the truest sense of the word, whose culture and manners were such as to fit them for any society—were here devoting themselves to the education of female children. It was beautiful to see. There were from three to four hundred children present. In their obedience, frankness, and freedom, they had the look and manners of children who had been well and carefully trained. We examined the classes through friends who were present; and I have no hesitation in saying that I never heard scholars at home give more accurate and thoughtful replies to questions in the history both of the Old and New Testaments. I more than once apologized for the kind of questions I put, and was, of course, the more gratified by the replies. There was no *cramming*, but genuine *education* of the faculties. I was struck also by the truthfulness of some of the answers. For instance, I asked the senior class, “Do you ever pray to God?” “Never;” “Yes, sometimes, but not often;” “I know I ought, but I don’t;” “Yes, I do”—so ran their replies, which were given in a simple, natural way which pleased me much. Some of the classes were taught by two male Mahomedans who teach religious *facts*

* How thankful ought the Church to be to such scholars as Professor Max Müller and Mr. Muir in this country, together with others like learned and like minded on the continent of Europe! By years of toil, these workers have furnished such indomitable and effective instruments of attack upon Brahminism, as enables us to dig down beneath the very foundations of the system and overthrow it! The one is giving us the traditions of the Vedas, the other “the sacred texts,” both of which should be in the hands of every man who wishes to know the religion of India, as very few of the Hindoos themselves can know it. They are being published by Messrs. Trübner, London.

from books put into their hands, as Christian teachers have yet to be trained for such work. It was curious to watch the eagerness with which they waited for the answers of their pupils, and their delighted looks when these were correctly given. Here, we had another striking instance of the acquirement of Christian knowledge without any real belief in Christianity being produced by it. Yet who can think of all these facts and truths being stereotyped on the minds of those who are most probably to become the wives and mothers of native inquirers, or of Christian

converts, without feeling how in manifold ways good must result, and the way be prepared for that fulness of time in which all history will culminate? I believe there are female schools in other parts of India as good as this one of the Misses Anstey; but I do not believe that a better exists. Mrs. Anderson has a noble one at Madras, in connection with the Free Church mission. I had the pleasure of meeting her at Bangalore, but not of seeing her school. It was vacation time and the school was closed.

I preached on Sunday in a beautiful church



Old Fort at Bangalore.

erected through the exertions of my old friend, the Rev. Stewart Wright, one of our Presbyterian chaplains. Chaplains are not missionaries in the technical sense of the term, but are connected with the army, and as such occupy fixed stations under government. Yet those who, like Mr. Wright, take a proper view of their calling as Christian ministers, have immense influence, which they ought to exercise within the utmost limit of their official duties, to aid their missionary brethren in every possible way.

The hospitality of Bangalore was on a par with what we experienced in India generally.

If I do not record the names of our many friends here, it is certainly not from the lack of grateful remembrances of their kindness. One fact, however, is not without its interest to the barbarians of the North, that we had a famous Scotch dinner at Bangalore, in which the smiling "sonsy face" of a noble haggis was kept in countenance by other national dishes, all equally unapproachable in their savoury excellence.

It is not possible to leave Mysore without saying something of the political condition of the country, as being in so many respects

characteristic of the past history of India and its native dynasties. The population of the present province is 4,000,000, or, in round numbers, about equal to that of Scotland. Under Hindoo chieftainships, it gradually rose from being first a handsome property—the estate of a Zemindar—into a province of great importance; and finally it became a state under a Hindoo Rajah, about two hundred years ago. This Rajah was a great tyrant. Take one instance. Four hundred priests, who had dared to oppose his oppressions and had ministered to Ryots or peasants,

were cunningly entrapped, and executed one by one, so that those who lived were kept in ignorance of the fate of their companions. Under the Mogul empire, the Rajah became a sovereign prince. He was called Chick-Deo-Raj. But the Mogul empire was breaking up, and with it began the breaking up of this Hindoo dynasty also. The son of Chick was deaf and dumb, and his son again—the third sovereign since Mysore had become a kingdom—was an imbecile, with the tastes of an imbecile, such as spending tens of thousands annually in supporting asylums



Idol Car.

for all sorts of wild creatures and base vermin, from tigers to bugs. He had, too, some of the sensuality and cruelty of these favourites of his. Then began the reign of unscrupulous and unprincipled ministers, who kept puppet Rajahs on the throne, but incarcerated or murdered them as it suited their purpose, while they themselves practically reigned and divided the spoil with the blackguard soldierdom and robberdom which surrounded and supported them. What did the mass of the people from generation to generation care for all this unchecked ruffianism? In this, as in every

native state since the days of the truly great Akbar, the people were nothing but machines for feeding the unprincipled and selfish sensualists who, as rulers, sucked their blood like leeches. Loyalty, on the part of the mass of the people towards their native sovereigns, has, as a rule, been unknown in India. To be let alone, was a luxury unknown to them! But to be taxed and plundered, as no British ruler ever conceived of doing, was what the people had learned to look upon as the normal condition of government. It was in the midst of these contests of native ministers

that Hyder Ali, a free-lance and common soldier, by dint of talent and cunning rose into power, and became the prime-minister of one of the puppet Rajahs, whom he afterwards strangled. The successor of this murdered Rajah was his grandson by the female line, but Hyder took a whim to preserve this "ancient Hindoo dynasty" in another way. This way is worth noticing in relation to the present ruler of Mysore and the policy of the British Government. Hyder collected all the young descendants of every collateral branch of the old house. He filled the room with all sorts of play-things—sweetmeats, flowers, books, and toys. He declared his intention—good, dear man!—of electing a Rajah by some sign suggested by the occasion; and seated on his throne, he watched for this sign as the young ones amused themselves. One of them chanced to be attracted by a beautiful dagger. The sapient Hyder at once declared, "That is the Rajah!" So the boy was officially placed upon the throne, but till Hyder died in 1795 he remained a prisoner in the palace. Hyder's son, the famous Tippoo Saib, then banished him and his son, some two years of age, along with the mother, to a wretched hovel near Seringapatam! After Tippoo Saib was killed, and Seringapatam taken under Lord Wellesley in 1799, this boy, six years old—the son, observe, of him who as a boy had chosen the dagger and was therefore made Rajah—was, chiefly for state reasons, taken out of the hovel where he had been reared in ignorance and poverty, and to his own great surprise, but we presume to the delight of all who wish justice done to "old" dynasties, was made Rajah! What was the result? The poor lad, on attaining his majority, found his treasury—owing chiefly to the honesty and good management of his able Brahmin minister Pameah, acting under the English Government—with nearly three millions sterling in it, and the country prosperous. He soon squandered it all, impoverishing himself and his country; rejected every advice and remonstrance from the British resident, until there came that cry from the oppressed, ending in a rebellion that compelled the British to interfere, and forced them—cunning fellows!—to annex the country? No! Amidst the rejoicings of the people, they consigned the Rajah to obscurity with a handsome pension, and took charge of the province for his son and heir whom he nominated to the throne of his worthless ancestors, who are, after all, but as

of yesterday! The present Maha-Rajah is a boy of five years of age. He enjoys the fifth of the revenue of Mysore, and is being educated under the care of the British government. I am not aware that Christianity is being taught to him.

Whether or not we are acting wisely and *for the good of the people* in putting the young representative of a native dynasty on the throne, time will prove. We are at all events unselfishly endeavouring to govern through native princes, and giving the greatest amount of freedom possible to their rule short of sovereign independence. If we succeed, it will be a blessing to all parties; if we fail, then we must at all hazards take the power into our own hands for the benefit of the many in spite of the few. Such is the lesson of the story of Mysore.

It is difficult to ascertain with accuracy what is the general moral condition of Mysore. Considerable drunkenness prevails among the non-Aryan races, from chewing bang, and drinking a vile spirit distilled by the Pariahs. The government system—which is too bad to last long—of farming out the excise revenue taxes, and giving them to the highest bidder, has no doubt a most demoralising influence. As to the advancement of Christianity: the chief workers in Mysore are the Wesleyan Methodists and the London Missionary Society.* The number of native converts to Christianity is about 800 only throughout the whole province. But the *tone* of feeling manifested towards Christianity has greatly changed for the better; and the influence of the Brahmins has so immensely decreased, that their old oft-repeated arguments against Christianity are no longer heard. Education above all is doing its work, although Hindooism has still secured to it large endowments in connection with its temples. The lower government gets rid of the responsibility of acting as a trustee, and gives those endowments to be managed by the priests themselves.

We closed the year 1867 and entered upon 1868 at Bangalore. What my thoughts were at such a time and in such a place as I, "revolving many memories," thought of the past, need not be here recorded. However interesting these thoughts may have been to myself they can have no interest to the most sympathising of my readers.

* The former have 86 agents, 273 members, 2874 scholars, and 400 hearers in Mysore. But how many of these belong to the heathen? The London Missionary Society have four male European and two European female agents in Bangalore, with one native pastor and nine native evangelists.

LOVE MAKETH FAIR.

"Fœdam amavit, ut Pulchram faceret."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

SHE was the fairest of all things on earth

When first she came from her Creator's hand,
But lost the beauty of her primal birth,

And could no longer in His presence stand;
Yet He who loveth said He would repair
Her beauty, and by loving make her fair.

He left the glory of His Father's home,
And sought her in her sinfulness and shame,
Into His heart of hearts He bid her come,
And clothed her with the honour of His Name;
Contented all her sufferings to share,
And love her foul, that He might make her fair.

But lest the splendour of His high degree
Should startle her, and scare her from His side,
He took her own poor frail humanity
And wore it as a veil the God to hide:
That she might let Him all her sorrows bear,
And love her foul, that He might make her fair.

And thus He won her heart's devotion, when
She saw how low He stooped for her relief,
Despised and rejected among men,
A man of sorrows, intimate with grief;
And all to draw her back from her despair,
Loving her foul, that He might make her fair.

And having poured His life out for her sake,
He left her to prepare for her a home,
But with all precious things that might her make
Fairer against the day when He shall come;
Fragrant and beautiful, beyond compare,
Through Him whose love had made her foulness fair.

And daily in His absence she doth live
In the Great Presence of His life below,
Fed by the heavenly food which He doth give,
That she may into oneness with Him grow;
And all her losses may through Him repair,
Who loved her foul, that He might make her fair.

And thus she grows beneath that wondrous love,
As Beth's lily, or as Sharon's rose,
Fed by the beams that woo them from above,
Each into bloom, and fragrant beauty blows:
Repaying all His tenderness and care
Who loved her foul, that He might make her fair.

And when He comes to claim her as His bride
She shall not then, as now, ashamed be,
But clothed in His beauty, by His side
She shall sit down through all eternity;
And tell out to the angels round her there
His love, which made what once was foul so fair.

JOHN MONSELL.

PAMPHLETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

V.—ROMANISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

Good Friday in Paris. Anticipate much, from former experience, in hearing the close of Father Felix's Lent "Conferences" in Notre Dame. Went last evening on my arrival, to learn all particulars. Am informed, as on that other occasion, that he begins at 7:30 P.M., but that if I want a good place near the pulpit, I must be there by five. Again guided by experience, I repair to the bookstall at the western doors, that I may beguile the two and a half hours of waiting by "reading up" the previous sermons of the course. Am attracted this time by a little yellow volume, having conspicuous as its title, "Protêtantisme, Anglicanisme, Moscovitisme: appel à tous les Chrétiens. Par le R. P. Felix, de la Compagnie de Jésus." On looking nearer, I see a smaller heading title, "Les Eglises non-catholiques devant le progrès." Of this I possess myself, and go my way.

My anticipation is this time doomed to disappointment. For I learn at the packet office, that my intended crossing on the Satur-

day will be attended with no small difficulty: that the boat is expected to be crowded with volunteers, and it is doubtful whether it is advisable to trust to that day. The agent strongly advises making the passage by the night's boat.

So I reluctantly give up Notre Dame, and leave Paris just when Father Felix would be beginning. My yellow volume, instead of beguiling my waiting hours in the glorious nave, beguiles my journey to Calais.

Now very far be it from me to contemplate at any distance the contingency of measuring lances with the Père Felix. He is, though in modest guise, one of those giants of rhetoric and persuasion, at whose feet one fain would sit and be convinced against one's will, the proverbial result following in one's solitude. But truth is truth, and logic is logic, in spite of the Père Felix's rhetoric and persuasion. And therefore only, I have a few words to say: which words may as well be said in this popular form, because the matter is one for plain speaking to plain men.

He professes to arraign the three leading forms of "non-Catholicism," and to convict each in turn of being incapable of leading the "progress" of mankind. And of course he assumes to have proved that "Catholicism," *i.e.* in his sense, Romanism, is alone capable of leading this progress, and has alone in all ages led it.

With the last-mentioned of the three "non-catholic" churches, "Moscovitism," I have in this paper small concern. It was at all events a bold stroke of policy on the part of the Père Felix, to represent the Christianity of the East, which is older and more "catholic" than Rome, as an offshoot from it: and, I may add, an artifice worthy of the society to which he belongs, to stigmatize this ancient faith by the name of "Moscovitisme," in order to subject it to all the odium of the charge of state-bondage. It is rather singular that he should have done this, in the face of the fact, that the words in the Nicene Creed, which date the "schism" of East and West, were actually imposed upon Rome by state dictation. Those who are familiar with triumphant apologies for Romanism well know by this time, that they cannot be made out without a pretty plentiful ignoring of the thing that is, and an equally plentiful suggestion of the thing that is not. As for the Eastern Church, in any conflict with Rome in which the voice of history can be heard, we hardly need say that it has nothing to fear. The highly amusing, and to us Protestants most edifying attitude of the Patriarch of Constantinople towards the Pope's summons to his so-called Œcumenical Council, hardly exaggerated the claims (on the external unity theory) of the Eastern Church to be the centre of unity, as compared with those of the Western.*

It is with the two other "isms" spoken of that our attention will be occupied in this and our next "Pamphlet." Previously, however, something must be said of the Father's general preface.

His reasons for publishing separately two sermons of the Conferences, are three: First, as a response to the aspirations which, from the depth of schism and heresy, call so many souls towards the centre of Catholic unity: secondly, to meet the wants of the religious situation of this time, which more than ever demand the union of all Christians, and the concentration of all the living forces of Christianity: and thirdly, as an echo of the

appeal of the present Pope, who "has opened to all our severed brethren, with the two arms of crucified love, the bosom of living unity:" that is, by his "Apostolic Letter" addressed to all Protestants and non-Catholics, inviting them to his "œcumenical" council: which letter M. Felix reprints.

The rest of his preface is occupied in expanding these reasons. At the bottom of all the Protestantisms, he says, but especially at that of Anglicanism, there is a great movement towards Rome, the bond of universal unity and the living centre of true Christianity. What will come of this movement, is the secret of God: but it opens before the afflicted Church the sweetest possible anticipations: it is like a smile of Providence on the future; and, amidst the distresses of the present, furnishes a pledge of hope.

But this movement of return is only the consequence of another movement, on which, in the Preface and throughout the volume, the Father lays great stress. An army of aggressors is arrayed not only against the Catholic Church, but against Christianity itself.

As this is a distinction somewhat new from the pen of a rigorous "Catholic," it may be as well to pause a moment and to see exactly how M. Felix expresses it. We had imagined that in his mind Christianity was confined to the (Roman) Catholic Church. But in the present case, with whatever intent, he varies his nomenclature, and includes within the limits of Christianity, "non-Catholics" as well as Catholics. Speaking of this latter movement, he says, "It is impossible to deceive one's self on this matter: the question is, Christianity or anti-Christianity. Questions which divide Christians are relegated into the second place. Before all, at the present hour, is the great Christian question itself,—To be, or not to be: this looks universal Christianity in the face." And this being so, there is from all the regions of religious error a cry of universal alarm. The tide of antichristian error, driven by the gale of revolutionary passions, is seen rising higher day by day. The cry is, Who shall save us? Who shall meet the shock of this new barbarism, which threatens to stifle Christian civilisation in ruins and in blood? By the light of events they see this mysterious and palpable power; revolution, at once hidden and revealed, growing, growing evermore, like a giant preparing to lift the world, and already shaking its foundations. Seeing this, Christians everywhere are calling to union, to united resistance to defend this

* Since this was written, has appeared the truly catholic and dignified reply of the Armenian Katholikos to the same pretentious summons.

kingdom of Christ, thus menaced all round. And, continues the Father, our separated brethren see but one power which can dress the ranks of Christendom: which can organize in invulnerable unity an universal resistance: which can concentrate and direct their grand Christian effort. One religious power only appears to them capable and worthy to march at the head of this new crusade. And this is the reason why, from all the frontiers of the Christian world, so many hearts are now turning to Rome, and invoking, as the only ark of safety in the threat of the modern deluge, the Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and—Roman.

We have been thus particular in citing Father Felix's words, because the last quoted sentence, as we shall see ere long, contains in itself the "motive" and the fallacy of the whole book.

In opening the main argument, the Father recapitulates the results of a former "conference," in which he has shewn that no positive religion outside Christianity is capable of leading the world's progress. We are then to seek such a leader within Christianity itself, if anywhere.

Within Christianity, besides the "Catholic Church," there are two great religious sections, each claiming to be the true religion of Christ and the lawful guide of the world which Christ has regenerated. These sections are, First, *heresy*, by which name he designates every Christian sect rejecting any part of doctrine once universally admitted,—and secondly, *schism*, that is, every religious body separated from the central government once universally accepted, and constituting itself a special centre and government apart.

And first he deals with the former of these. The only modern heresy, he says, is the great and manifold heresy of Protestantism. Resting on vast political forces, and on immense material resources, this heresy does not disguise its ambition to occupy the whole realm of Christianity, and to create the religious power destined to possess humanity now, and guide her hereafter.

"I shall attempt to shew," he proceeds, "with absolute impartiality, that this ambition on the part of Protestantism is perfectly chimerical and illusory. I will not say one bitter word of our separated brethren: I wish to put into what I shall say all my conviction, and at the same time, all my love. My end will be gained, if I can unite in my speech the power of truth and the sweetness of charity,—the respect due to others, and the liberty which I claim for myself."

All this is admirable, and is expressed in that charming vein of lucid antithesis of

which French rhetoric alone seems capable, and of which, in modern French rhetoric, the present writer is perhaps the most eminent example. But there is another thing of which French rhetoric is also capable; the hidden art of carefully veiling under this surface of simplicity the joining of false issues, and the ignoring of inconvenient truths. Shall we find in our illustrious orator an example of this also? Let us see.

He now puts Protestantism on its trial. To attempt to treat of "all the protestantisms" one by one, would be an ungrateful and well-nigh useless labour: an attempt to grasp a Proteus ever changing, and ever slipping its guise.

Excuse us one moment. Is this exactly so? Is there nothing of a false issue here? Nothing of a first coat of obscurity cast over a central truth which shines too brightly for the speaker's purpose? Again, let us see.

Disclaiming the attempt to grasp this Proteus, he immediately lays fast hold of it, and, *malgré lui*, proves it no Proteus after all:—

"Under the generic name of Protestantism, I include all which, holding on by some point or other to the Christian revelation, protests in any degree against the authority of the Catholic Church, and appeals to the Scripture as to the one source of revelation and of Christian truth."

What is become of Proteus? To the celebrated case of your infallibly-authorised inconsistent versions of Scripture, reverend father, the term "*concordia discors*" is owing. We may borrow from that a description of your own report of "all the protestantisms," and say that it is "*discordia concors*." You have lightly and skilfully touched, and would have us pass over as merely by the way, that which is the great central invariable life-power of all Protestantism. You appear partially sensible of this: for you confess that this description gives to Protestantism a semblance of enormous extension and force, and of being a worthy candidate for the leadership of the progress of the world. This candidature you proceed to discuss. You convict "the protestantisms," first, of absence of *vitality*. Let us see how you do this.

There are two kinds of life, you say. Life real, spontaneous, ever young, ever fruitful,—true life: and life apparent, impelled from without, decrepit, sterile,—false life,—or at least life purely human and subject to merely human laws.

Having said this, you turn to us, and say that you spare yourself the trouble of convicting

us of being without the true life and possessing the false. Of this you believe that we convict ourselves. And now follows something very curious.

"The protestantisms" you acknowledge, are in movement, nay more, in agitation—they have a propaganda whose fame fills the world. "But," you say, "whence comes this movement? Where is the force which projects it? Be sincere, and confess. Behind your movements I see governments; at the back of your propaganda I discover the form of civil power, and at the base of your work I feel the hand of political influence. Is this what you call religious life?"

Now this is something so surprising, that we may well pause to ask an account of it. We had thought that "the protestantisms" were least of all religions beholden to the civil power; that with some entirely insignificant exceptions, they one and all repudiated even state aid towards their religious efforts. Either our eloquent Father is grossly ignorant, or,—we are reluctant to write it,—not quite ingenuous. We had thought that the one religion most dependant on state succour, behind whose efforts the greatest amount of secular power may be discerned, was one not comprehended among "all the protestantisms;" one of which moreover we have long been reading that Catholic Europe was providing it with material weapons, and imperial battalions propping its very foundations.

Well, now the Father goes on to another point—deserting, it is true, his former triumphant demonstration somewhat precipitately—perhaps as being rather dangerous further to pursue. Real religious life is always young. Well: how old are you Protestants? In your fourth century: a long life for a heresy: few have had so tough or so long a one. But, the odd thing is, that three centuries ago you were old and decrepit. And you are the same now: this agitation which you are keeping up to give an appearance of youth is only giving more decisive evidence of your being worn out with age.

All we can say to this is, that we do not see it. It seems to us perfectly gratuitous. What examples are there of its truth? The Père Felix gives none. Are we to seek them in a quarter to which we shall have again to repair, the missions of "the protestantisms?" Shall we go to Madagascar in order to witness this galvanized life? to Tinnevely? to Melanesia? or are we to look at the progress of Christian public opinion in Protestant countries,—at the decadence of slavery, of duelling, of licentious-

ness? A power which is achieving such victories seems to us to be in full vigour, when we consider what influences are opposed to it. May we venture to believe also, that the "Church Catholic" does not always find the energies of "all the protestantisms" so effete as her advocate would here represent them. For now we come to another point. The life of true religion is ever fertile and fruitful.

"Where," says the Father, "is your religious fecundity? Where are the generations of Christians which you have begotten? You have missions and missionaries; you make the world every year re-echo with the number of your stations, your schools, your Bibles distributed. But where are results corresponding to the cost? A poor missionary, with a humble provision and a heroic devotion, creates whole generations of Christians. You, with the national flag over your heads, and millions in your hands, what are you doing to extend the kingdom of Christ? You put your sickle into the harvest of a Catholic priest. What he wrests from paganism by dint of devotion and sacrifice, you make it your endeavour to wrest from the Church. And, thanks to means which you dare not always avow, you attain often this illustrious result—out of bad children of the Church, to make excellent disciples of reform. Is this what you call your apostolic fecundity? Is this the distinctive sign of your force and of your vitality? to cast into the air the leaves of the sacred Book, even in scenes the most profane? Does it need such a prodigious vitality to distribute, in our universal Expositions, to the willing and even to the unwilling, millions of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John? or to send them, on the wings of steam, to cover with their scattered fragments the most distant shores?"

I have quoted this singular passage, as shewing both the weakness and the strength of Protestant missions: and also as shewing how much of either of these is understood by our orator. Were our Missionary Societies wiser, we should have far less of empty vaunting, and far more of solid work. There would be less said about the millions of distributed Bibles, and less published of the utterly nauseous made-to-order journals, which constitute the staple of our missionary periodicals. The ostentatious stalls at our Exhibitions would be as much loathed and avoided, as they are now glorified and frequented. No doubt all this puffery tends, as it is called, to keep alive the missionary spirit at home: the people love to be tickled, and let them be: but it also tends to raise the contrast which the Père Felix dwells on with such exultation, between the enormous self-laudation of the platform, and the sad and dispiriting result at the foreign station itself. Those who know much of Roman Catholic missions in our own day would, we expect, if they spoke the truth, confess that the disappointment of Christian missions is not confined to Protestants. We presume not to assign a reason: but it is too evident to the Christian world,

that the whole subject of missions in our day is one, if rightly considered, to make us sadder and wiser men: to curb our spiritual vanity, and humble us all before the great Source of success.

There is something of bitterness in the sentence about the Catholic pastor's harvest, which perhaps has a reality at its bottom: but we wonder at so able a man reiterating the very ordinary insinuations, of the employment of unworthy means to make protestant converts, and of the worthlessness of those who are converted. If the Père Felix does not know, many at least of his hearers at Notre Dame well know, that all such charges on both sides are simply redundant matter, which no fair pleader will deign to use.

He goes on to challenge Protestants to prove their religious vitality by fighting side by side with "Catholics" against pantheism, materialism, scepticism, positivism, monsters of error which threaten to bury us all in the ruins of our common Christianity and civilisation.

Well, as to this combat, there might much be said. In the first place we could not be quite sure whom our fellow-soldiers might point out to us as enemies. Some of these formidable names might be bestowed on opinions which we believe to be God's truth, which would be awkward. And on the other hand, fighting side by side might be held to imply obeying the same commander, and using the same weapons. And as to facts. Where are these "monsters of error" making the greatest inroads at the present time? In Protestant England, or in Catholic France and Italy? If in the latter, then why?

The end of this chapter adduces again the old complaint, of which the good Father's thoughts are full.

"Shew your vitality by imitating," he says, "our missions. Go, armed with your love and your self-sacrifice, go, without a family to follow you, without a flag to protect you [This flag seems especially distasteful to the Père Felix—we wonder what it means. Surely he has not forgotten, that the 'flag' of Roman citizenship covered the first and greatest Christian missionary], without a sword to defend you, and even without a provision to sustain you. Go to the ends of the earth: carry on your lips the living word, and if it must be so, with the word which saves souls, give the blood which makes the word fruitful. Behold the true manifestation of the religious life,—the true attestation of Christian vitality—devotion even unto blood: the accepting of heroic sacrifice and of martyrdom without solace and without glory, that Jesus Christ may reign in one soul the more! Yes, behold the sign of life—to die in proof of one's vitality. I seek in you this grand and crowning testimony of Christian vitality: I seek the martyrology of protestant lives devoted for Christ in millions of holocausts. I find it not, and I say to myself, No: true

Christian vitality is not here: I must seek elsewhere the religion of the future."

Eloquent and effective as this is, he must have been a bold man who uttered it. No Protestant martyrologies. We thought France herself could furnish a few. We had visions of a time when the professors of the faith of Père Felix, armed with a power which, by their own confession, they would wield again if they could, raised by their persecutions untold thousands into the ranks of Christian heroism. We knew that our own island had her glorious roll also, less numerous, but not less illustrious. With singular inconsistency, the orator complains that he cannot find among us records of martyrdom without solace and without glory. He cannot find them, because of such martyrdoms there lives no human record. Just a few emerge, samples of unmentioned hundreds. He has never heard doubtless of Martyn at Shiraz, of Williams at Erromanga. We vaunt not the names of our martyrs in the vain pomps of canonisation: we keep no chests of their relics, nor dedicate days to their memory: but their names are in heaven, and their record is on high: and when all shall stand before the Judge of all, we have no fear of their being forgotten, however Rome and her orators may depreciate them.

Such is the first great count of the Father's indictment against "the protestantisms." There are five more, which we cannot follow with so much detail.

Next in order comes, want of *organization*. And here he evidently thinks he has hit us very hard. Logical Protestantism, he believes, absolutely requires that nothing at all shall be interposed between the individual conscience and the Scripture.

"Start from this," he triumphantly says; "insert one man, one man only, between the written word and your individual thought: unite together two believers mutually inspiring and assisting one another by any kind of religious dependence and communion, there is an end of Protestantism. All religious societies with men who speak and men who hear, with pastors charged with interpreting the divine word, and faithful who receive the interpretation spoken by human lips, with superiors who determine and ordain religious practice, and inferiors who accept the ordinances and execute the rules, all such association, all such communion, every such church, small or great, is no longer protestant: it is hierarchy and authority, but hierarchy copied, and authority counterfeited. You have preachers, pastors, and, it may be, in your little church, some little pope after your manner. Go to—you have betrayed your principle: you are but Catholics disguised, with more of inconsequence, and less of logic!" And therefore, he maintains, "Protestantism, faithful to its principle, pushes all its disciples who are able to see consequences, by an irresistible logic, either into the arms

of Catholicism or into the bosom of individualism. There is no half—no intermediate step. They *must* return to Catholicism,—that is, to social, organic, authoritative Christianity, or they must pass to total, absolute, solitary individualism.”

Now doubtless it is most effective, to push, in any given case, this hard logic of consequences to its extreme. It is a characteristic of the practised reasoners which Rome turns out, to take this course evermore on the offensive side : and its principal fields of employment are by this time well known in controversy.

But like most other ruthless applications of logic, it is a two-edged weapon. Change the name, and it recoils upon its employer. Suppose we reverse the argument : which indeed, for his own purposes and after his own manner, the Père Felix has virtually done in another part of his book. Suppose we say to our brethren of Rome, “It is a fundamental requisite for all religion that a man live personally and individually as in the sight of his Creator and Judge : that he be fully persuaded in his own mind and act as a responsible being on that persuasion. Where is this principle found among you ? Doubtless you have a show of it : you preach about it, you take it for granted, you trade upon it, you live by it. The term ‘conscience’ and ‘moral feelings’ are as often found among you as among us.

“But let us examine this matter a little. You have a principle which makes you what you are : not two principles, but one : and this principle is, religious organism in all its rigour. Roman Catholicism is nothing if it is not the submission of the individual conscience to organized authority. There is with you no such thing as the individual conscience face to face with the Word of God. Here is the veritable, the only attitude conceivable for logical Roman Catholicism.

“Now start from this. Insert but one thought, one moral feeling, in any man’s being, which is not set down in the written law of the Church : nay, make a man to follow out for himself as in God’s sight and with God’s help, the guiding of his own reason, and there is an end of Catholicism. All individuals using the common rules of logic to argue by, all application of moral intuitions to practical circumstances, all such self-guidance and self-reliance, is no longer Catholic : it is individual responsibility, but in your case individual responsibility heavily weighted and obstructed. You have appeals to men’s consciences—it may be, in your confessionals, you speak of justice, mercy, temperance, judgment to come. Go to—

you have betrayed your principle : you are but Protestants disguised, with more of inconsequence and less of logic.”

If this reasoning is absurd in the latter case, can it be pronounced otherwise in the former ? Who does not see, who can believe that the Père Felix does not see, that all religious organism must imply a compromise between the principle of obedience and the principle of individual responsibility ? We are happy in the persuasion, that if the reigning Pope himself were to prove a Borgia, the individual conscience of every Catholic as well as of every Protestant would rise in “*protest*” against him.

We see in Catholicism individualism oppressed by organization : we see in Protestantism organization enfeebled, it may be, by individualism. Which of the two, in the world’s experience, has proved the surer guarantee for right, for justice, for mercy, for purity—the corporate, or the individual conscience ?

The next count urged against us is, want of *unity*. He introduces his pleading with a shout of triumph :—

“Ah, Messieurs, unity, unity in the religious family, unity which prostrates all believers, united in one creed and one government, before the face of the same God, Father of each and all : unity, that is to say, the greatness, the force, the beauty of the religious society ; unity between all Christians associated in one life, and fused together in the heart of one Christ the Brother of us all, and on the bosom of one Church the mother of us all : unity, finally, which was the ideal of Christ when He founded the Christian society, so often set forth by Him under the most expressive symbols and the most vivid images. Ah yes, mark well the point where Protestantism as a religion, by confession of all, and by its own confession, feels itself the most deeply vulnerable.”

The Father pursues with all his charming force of rhetoric, this triumphant strain through the whole chapter. Of much that he lays to our charge we acknowledge the justice. Of the pattern city of God which he so strikingly describes, we fall lamentably short. But again, might we not translate the terms of the process ? Mind, the question is not about the perfection of Protestantism, but about its characteristics as compared with Romanism. Might we not ask, where is this unity in Romanism itself ? What one fact is becoming clearer as the years flow on than this ? that the Roman Catholic world, profoundly dissident in its national and social divisions, altogether heterogeneous in its individual views of church faith and practice, is as to one point only in universal agreement, viz.—that it is absolutely indifferent what the Church ordains to be believed :

whatever it be, let it be professed, and let it be despised. And this is unity—the unity for which the Holy One prayed! If this is to be the unity of the religion of the future, and to concentrate the progress of the world, then indeed will that progress be to the disgraces, not to the glories of the latter days; then indeed will such progress be traced not in the waking up of the conscience of the evil to the whispers of the divine Spirit, but in searing it with the scars of a thickening and numbing hypocrisy.

The next count against us is conceived in terms which fly as we try to grasp them. We want *catholicity*. What is catholicity? “Orthodoxy, ma’am,” said Dr. Johnson, “means, my doxy: and heterodoxy means, another man’s doxy.” This, which was hardly true as it was originally growled, finds its real illustration in the absurd uses and claims of the term “catholic.” One would think that the very word precluded, cried out against, the qualifying it as the Père Felix’s brethren qualify it, and as he himself does. We quoted some time since a triumphant termination of an eloquent passage in his preface, which he winds up by saying that “the only ark of salvation in the prospect of the new deluge of unbelief is the Church, Catholic, Apostolic”—so far we understand and follow him—“and Roman.” These last words utterly bewilder us. They seem to us like an epithet destructive of the last used. How, if the Church be *universal*, can it also be *particular*? What becomes of logic in this case? Or if we can conceive that the universal Church should be centred in and ruled from any given spot, what possible claim has Rome to be that spot? Is it in virtue of the primacy of St. Peter? Ask Christian antiquity. Make out even a plausible case for such an hypothesis. Shew us that the Apostles recognised any such primacy at all, and when you have done that, shew us that it was ever localised at Rome. You prefer to assume both these things. Well and good: but don’t expect the assumption to have any force with those who know the facts to have been otherwise. The elephant which is to carry the world, rests on the tortoise: but what does the tortoise rest upon?

And look at your claim of Catholicity, as measured by the present state of your Church of Rome. That Church, according to you, is universal, and has a divinely appointed head. The conclaves which choose your Popes are specially guided by the divine Spirit of Christ Himself. What has that Spirit told

us? that in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, nor Scythian, but that all are one in Him. What are we to think, in the light of this revelation, of the fact that your visible personal head is always to be an Italian? Can anything be imagined more absolutely destructive of Catholicity than this?

The Father professes to demolish the “branch of the Catholic Church” theory; calls it an ingenious stratagem, devised to hide from the world the misery of our isolation and our separation.

“Deign,” he says, “to explain yourselves. What sort of branch are you? a dead or a living branch? If you hold by the trunk, a living branch; I understand you; Catholicity is the great oak, and you are the bough. But if you do not hold by it, what can you be but a broken branch, and therefore a branch already dead or soon to die? In the name of heaven, abuse not the sanctity of words by lying against the verity of things. If you are a branch, tell us what is the trunk to which you are attached, and whence you derive the sap which mounts from its roots to fertilise you? Is it the Anglican Church? Is it the Greek Church? Is it the Church which calls itself orthodox? Is it the Roman Church? Yes, to this last you once held; but, being free branches, and rebels against the trunk, which at once carried you and nourished you, you have of your own will torn yourselves from it, and the sap has retired from you.”

Thus far had the Father written, when certain sacred words of one who said, “I am the vine, ye are the branches,” came up before him too strongly to be put aside. Peter was not the trunk, though he was present, and might have been addressed as such: Christ was the trunk, and all His Apostles, and all the churches founded by them, were branches. This view of things must be dealt with, however unwelcome; for the Notre Dame audience are not boors, and even the boor knows as much as this. And therefore, in a fashion, Père Felix deals with it:

“It is of no avail to you to seek, in your pretended vital union with one Christ, a last refuge. Christ is the soul of Catholicity: He is not Catholicity itself: Christ remains invisible, and Catholicity is essentially visible: it is the splendid radiance of unity. You have lost both the one and the other, and you take refuge in the partial and the invisible. Go to—you are judged; you have not on your front the sign which God has engraven on the front of the religion of progress.”

Was ever conclusion more lame and impotent? Poor Father Felix! The truth was too strong for him, and he is compelled to take refuge in a mist of words and metaphors, all subterfuge and confusion. Christ, the true vine, is [the soul of] Catholicity; it would not do to say, Christ is Catholicity; Father Felix would not have ventured on this; but it is a dubious way of evading the error and yet gaining its result, to say that the true vine is the soul of the true vine. And then, Christ is invisible—

of course, as the true vine which includes all earthly branches, must be. Catholicity is essentially visible: how? and why? Catholicity is a quality, an abstraction from a certain definite procession of visible facts. But it is "the splendid radiance of unity;" *quid ad rem?* And we have lost both the one and the other. Why? how shewn? This page is the weakest part of the Father's argument. By the divine words any Church which pretends to be the vine, stands condemned of arrogating to herself the prerogative of Christ. He sees this, but is not honest enough to confess it. And hence this sudden collapse of his argument, and this inconsequent peroration.

But more is yet behind. You are not he says to us his Protestant brethren (?), the living, the organized, the one, the catholic religion: are you the religion of *holiness*?

Now observe; our subtle orator finds himself here again in somewhat of a perplexity. Holiness of common life, reflection of the example and image of Christ, "figures Christianly austere and bearing the sign of moral grandeur," these he does not deny us. But these are not the question. It would be as "*mal habile*" as it would be unjust to rest the discussion on such an equivocation. Doubtless it would be "*mal habile*:" and simply because the result would be total defeat for the accuser. What then does he mean by holiness? He means, holiness in what he calls "the superior degree—holiness which reaches to heroism: holiness which can give by the loftiness of its principles and its examples, to the multitude the essential attributes of virtue, and to the *élite* of the virtuous the crown of brilliant sanctity."

Now it is very observable, how he meets this question. He says Protestants have shut up the very sources of virtue by the doctrine of predestination and of the bondage of the human will. And this doctrine he charges us with having "at one time taught"—rather a limping article of accusation. But let us ask the Père Felix, did he calculate on such a congregation as we saw filling Notre Dame, and not one reader of Augustine? Let him settle his account not with one "father in heresy" to whom he attributes these doctrines, but with the father of the dogma of irresistible grace, his as well as ours.

Then we have rejected confession and communion, we have suppressed the religious orders, that "militia of abnegation and sacrifice:" and by this last measure we have annihilated under their most heroic form,

poverty, chastity, voluntary obedience. We have overthrown the altar, or we have extinguished on it the fire of the perpetual sacrifice, the hearth where generous hearts came to draw the holy ambition of sacrifice, of heroism, of martyrdom. "Do we call our reformers, saints? Who says a word of the virtues of Luther, of Calvin? All you have of sanctity comes not from yourselves, but from us: all you have of your own, all the work of the rebellion of your human genius against God's work is but the germ of moral decadence, and with it the germ, more or less fruitful, of all other decadence also."

Again, this is bold talk: bold in at least two ways. It were impossible to deny that the religious orders have afforded opportunity for the exercise of a certain kind of sanctity which but for them never would have existed, or at least would not have been commonly practicable. Whether such sanctity has been really advantageous to God's church, might admit of grave doubt. But even this is not the point. It is a question not so difficult of solution, whether the religious orders have advanced or obstructed the faith: have as a whole, adorned or disguised the Gospel. The voice of history on this point is clear and unmistakeable: and catholic powers themselves have not been slow to listen to it.

And as to the other point, it is surely but darkening counsel by words without meaning to decline the real test, and set up the idle one of what the Father calls heroism in sanctity. If it were fairly asked which faith has been most productive of domestic and personal holiness, though both must shrink in abasement before the pure ideal, I cannot for a moment believe that the Père Felix's judgment would be confirmed.

The "act of accusation" is nearly closed. All that remains to be questioned, is, the *fact* of protestant progress.

"In the mind of many," says the Father, "the religious revolution of the sixteenth century was the great signal of enfranchisement for the human race: it was the great impulse given to reform of manners, to social liberty, to philosophy and the sciences, to industry and the arts, in a word to whatever contributes to the progress of our race.

"But is this the testimony of history? What progress has the reformed religion, *quâ* the reformed religion, made, itself and by itself? This is the question."

The answer to this question is hardly more than a recapitulation of the results already tabulated in the course of the argument.

The progress has not been moral: that has been already proved. All the moral progress commonly attributed to the Reformation

mation was really due, the Father tells us, to the Council of Trent, and to "Catholic" preaching which responded to the signal given by that council. The reform was not in the new Church, but in the old. While Protestantism reformed words, *she* reformed things, and prepared by this renovation the aurora of a new and glorious age.

This may, in ordinary language, do for the marines; but we are surprised to find it in a book written by such a man as the Père Felix. Either he believes it, or he does not. We do not know which alternative would be of least advantage to him.

It has not been, he again avers, a progress material and economic. The Father will not refuse to Protestantism the power of realising, by great industrial enterprises, enormous individual fortunes. But he regards, and here we should be disposed to agree with him, material progress as that which best produces that happy mediocrity of competence which we call general prosperity. And as regards this, he demands in what Catholic France and Belgium are behind other powers whose industry makes so much noise in the world?

We would meet this question, simply premising that France and Belgium are not industrious *quâ* Catholic, but owing to influences which have grown up in antagonism to Catholicity—by another question. Does the Père Felix happen to know anything of the material and economic progress of a city which is wholly under the power of the father of Catholicity? Did he ever try to buy a pair of boots, or a portmanteau, in Rome? Did he ever inquire how much has been done in charity to produce this general well-being in that city, and *what has become of the funds?* If Catholicism is capable of becoming the leader of economic progress, have we any guarantee from the past and present economic state of that metropolis of its own creation, that it will worthily fulfil that office? If Rome is a fair pattern of what it would make the world, what would become of industry, and its general well-being?

Nor is the progress by Protestantism progress in *art*. All our efforts now are but imitations of the great Catholic *chefs-d'œuvre*. Granted for argument's sake. And pray, what are their own? If Catholicism be the leader of the world in art, why did its progress advance up to a certain point and then retrograde? What has been its leading since? Was not decadence just as marked in Catholic as in Protestant Europe? Well then, it was not Catholicism which led the progress: at least if it be the same

Catholicism now as then. It was a spring-tide of human genius, carrying it to a point never since attained: the Madonna del Sisto is as far beyond Catholicism as it is beyond Protestantism.

But a wonderful assertion is coming next. The progress by Protestantism has not been a progress of *liberty*. The religious revolution accomplished by Protestantism has everywhere led to the retrenchment of civil and political freedom: the triumph of Protestantism has brought about among the nations of Europe a recrudescence of despotism.

And how does our pleader manage to give such a proposition anything like the semblance of a proof? Forsooth, in this way. Protestantism has proclaimed the right of temporal princes to govern the spiritual order: their right to enforce the pure gospel: and thus has taken away liberty of conscience. *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* And pray, where you ruled once, and where you rule now, where is liberty of conscience? Where is it in Rome? Where was it, when you ruled, in Italy, in Spain? Where would it be, if you had your way, in France?

And now comes the peroration of the act of accusation. The progress of Protestantism is not in *religion*. In order to shew this, the Father lays to the charge of Protestantism all the forms of unbelief, which he describes as the decomposition of its elements, but of which a vast portion, as matter of fact, has sprung out of the ranks of Catholicism itself. He quotes as authoritative prophecies of its destiny, the words of Rénan and of others: and he sums up all thus:—

"Protestantism has already existed three centuries: a long life for a heresy. It is entering on its fourth, and everything tends to shew that it will die without seeing the morning of its fifth. Without being a prophet, I venture to prophesy: before a hundred years have passed, there may yet be Protestants, but there will be no more Protestantism. Yes, messieurs, if, a century hence, there still subsist isolated fragments of defunct Protestantism, they will be like those few stray bits which remain visible only to attest the fact of a great ruin. It is my earnest faith, it is my profound conviction: the Protestant religion will not subsist. There will remain of it in humanity only that which was its origin, the pride of reason, the eternal parent of every heresy; but Protestantism as a religion will disappear; the last remains of its vitality will betake themselves to one of the religious poles,—either to the universal affirmation of Christianity or to its universal negative—to Catholicism or to Rationalism. And this alternative, inevitable as destiny itself, proves to me invincibly, that the religious future of the world, and the progress of humanity, belong not to Protestantism."

What may be in the womb of the future, it is of course as easy to assume as it is impossible to know. But at all events, appearances

do not favour the prophetic view here taken. The duration of Protestantism is bound up with the lifetime of that against which it protests. The day of its death will be the same as that of Romanism; the same as that of the birth of true Catholicism. And as regards the "other pole," the great mass of unbelief at present is within the Roman Church herself. For I call emphatically and in the worst sense an unbeliever, not him who in the honest proving of all things looses his hold on some of that which is good, grasping intensely the rest, and shaping his life by it; but him who while seeming to hold, and rigorously exacting, a prescribed dogmatic system, has in his inner thoughts no living echo of its tenets. It is this, and not the other unbelief, that human progress has to fear. That progress is there checked and stamped out, when men feel by rule, worship by prescription, persecute on principle: but it is there advancing, however imperceptibly, however disappointingly, where there is the soul's life in the sight of God and in the daylight of truth. And it is none among the "isms" which shall guide that

progress to its end: no Pope, no Bishop, no Dictator, that holds the helm of mankind: that is turned by another and a mightier hand. From the unsearchable riches of Him who knows what is in man, break forth, when He sees fit, good and wise and holy thoughts over the great heart of humanity: thoughts which no enforced uniformity can create, and no manifold variety can frustrate: which shall reach their end, as the great waves reach the shore, not by binding the ocean, but by leaving it free. Platforms of human croyance, systems of human worship, representing the mind of families of men, satisfying the yearnings of races,—these are all one-sided, these are all un-catholic: some may be more or less true, some may be all true, but none are all the truth: these contain not the warranty for human progress: but He who has made us, He who redeemed us, He who is purifying us, He has these all in His hand: to Him we look as the only sufficient Conductor of our race to its end: and in the course of that progress we are moving onward, as long as we are TRUE TO HIM, AND TRUE TO OURSELVES.

THE LAST DAYS OF RAJA BROOKE.

"If exertion can benefit our race, or even our own country; if the sum of human misery can be alleviated; if these suffering people can be raised in the scale of civilisation and happiness—it is a cause in which I could suffer, it is a cause in which I *have* suffered and *do* suffer. Hemmed in, beset, anxious, perplexed, and the good intent marred by false agents—surrounded by weakness, treachery, falsehood, and folly, is suffering enough; and to feel myself on the threshold of success, and only withheld by the want of adequate means, increases this suffering."—*Journal of Sir James Brooke, published in Keppel's Expedition to Borneo.*

THE public journals of June, 1868, contained in some form or other, and with more or less of correctness, biographies of Sir James Brooke. It is to be hoped that hereafter one fitted for the task may write in detail his eventful history. The general outlines are well known, and it is not purposed to repeat them here, but rather to take up the thread where most let it drop, and to speak of him as he moved among us during the last few years of his life. So entirely had he withdrawn from public observation, that to many the notice of his death was probably their first intimation of his having resided in England. His last visit to Saráwak occurred in 1863, and was not of long duration. Trials of many kinds had greatly broken his health, and leaving a nephew, the present Raja, as viceroy, Sir James returned home. In Borneo an unquestioned king, responsible to none but God and his own conscience, here he was a simple country gentleman, living in the most quiet way at Burrator, a picturesque and sequestered spot in the parish of Sheepstor, on the borders of Dartmoor, thirteen miles north of Plymouth. The wild freedom

of the surrounding scenery, and the seclusion which many would term isolation of Burrator itself, attracted him to the place, and when, after the destruction of his fine library at Saráwak by the Chinese in 1857—a destruction which he used to say, half in jest half earnest, that he minded more than any misfortune that had ever befallen him—his friends made a collection to reimburse him, he bought Burrator from the fund thus raised. A few extracts from his letters will give a glimpse of him here:—

"Dec., 1864.—I am living a solitary life in my secluded retreat, with which I am well content; and when I sally forth to the world again I shall be refreshed by it and better fitted for society, for I am not equal to its continual wear and tear. . . . Upon Christmas Day I had a party in the kitchen, but took my own dinner alone, reflecting how merry was the world and wishing for the sake of the poor it could be Christmas all the year round. . . . I quite sympathise with you on the condition of finances at the end of the year. To have little and want less is the definition of philosophical riches! But the little or the much maketh wings unto itself at Christmas time."

"Sept., 1865.—I have literally had nothing to tell you since we parted. I stayed two days in Ryde, and then home, where I have been living in seclusion ever since, and the last few days keeping up the festival of

St. Partridge, which I do more as an inducement to exercise than for the sake of sport. My house, the greater part of which I am rebuilding, gets on towards a finish, and I think the difficulty of adding a new house to an old will be surmounted successfully. The rooms will be large enough, and it will give me two spare bed-rooms. It is the first and shall be the last house I have built in England, for I have no love for stone and mortar in which so many take pleasure."

"*Jan.*, 1866.—I greet you with all the good wishes of the season this really old-fashioned new year, instead of at the spurious one we had twelve days ago. Upon Wednesday night we had the severest snow-storm I ever saw in my life, and blowing a hurricane the while. I had fixed Thursday morning for starting for Bath, but our roads were level with the hedges in snow drift, which in places was twelve feet deep, and I have just been told that I am a prisoner until Monday before a way can be cleared. The weather is befitting winter. The sheet of snow glittering in the brightest sunshine, and an atmosphere which exhilarates the spirits and braces the frame. A few days doing *Rasselas* will not be unpleasant to me, fond as I am of my solitary home and inhospitable country. . . . I have been staying at Torquay, and feeling not over strong, but am pretty well again. If winter could be bright with sunshine, I should not pine; but the cloudy, muggy weather tries me as it does you. . . . I must tell you of the few very pleasant days I passed at R. It pleased me to see the spots where I used to play as a boy. I cannot play more, but I can recall its joys."

It was not necessary for him to be long in a place to win the hearts of the poor people; none within his reach were uncared for, and he would go into their cottages and talk to them with gentle unaffected kindness till they looked to him as to a father. "Some are wished under ground before their time; but the Raja, O that we could have had him twenty years among us!" is now the expressed feeling of their hearts. He was as good to them as though he had no other care, but never absent from his mind was the thought of his people in the far East, and to go back if only for a few months to witness with his own eyes the prosperity reigning, was an idea he never gave up, though its execution was deferred from time to time. So late as January, 1868, he wrote that his "great dream was to return to Saráwak." Any trouble there would have taken him at once to the spot, for in his quiet English home, enfeebled by long sickness and advancing years, he was unchanged from the days when he had written words which shall be given here, for they breathe the very spirit of the man, and being fulfilled by every action of his life serve now to shed a lustre over his grave:—

"*Saráwak*, 1841.—Difficulty following upon difficulty; the dread of pecuniary failure; the doubt of receiving support or assistance: this and much more presents itself to my mind. But I have tied myself to the stake: I have heaped faggots around me. I stand upon a cask of gunpowder, and if others bring

the torch I shall not shrink. I feel within me the firm unchangeable conviction of doing right, which nothing can shake. I see the benefits I am conferring. The oppressed, the wretched, the enslaved, have found in me their only protector. They now hope and trust; and they shall not be disappointed whilst I have life to uphold them. God has so far used me as a humble instrument of his hidden providence; and whatever be the result, whatever my fate, I know the example will not be thrown away. I know it tends to a good end in his own time. He can open a path for me through all difficulties, raise me up friends who will share with me in the task, awaken the energies of the great and powerful, so that they may protect this unhappy people. I trust it may be so: but if God wills otherwise; if the time be not yet arrived; if it be the Almighty's will that the flickering taper shall be extinguished ere it be replaced by a steady beacon, I submit, in the firm and humble assurance that his ways are better than my ways, and that the term of my life is better in his hands than in my own."

That the path he then hoped for was opened out, and that the flickering taper did grow towards the steady beacon he desired, is shown in some measure by the following extracts from letters to one who, attracted by his romantic history and satisfied after close investigations that all accusations against him were groundless, had finally sought him out in Saráwak and there laid the foundation of a lasting friendship. It was only to such, or when special inquiry was made, that Raja Brooke talked or wrote of his life's work. He never took people by storm, but required rather to be taken by storm himself. "Mind you tell me when you want me to go with you, for I'm shy of being in the way," was his answer one day to a lady who regretted that he had not joined her party in their walk: and this dread of wearying others kept him often silent on subjects that deeply interested him.

"*Dec.*, 1864.—You will be glad to hear that the accounts from Saráwak are highly satisfactory. Revenue increased and increasing, trade growing, population immigrating, and a general state of prosperity reigning. The English consul has made a most favourable report of the country, its government, finance, politics, &c., and it is very gratifying to me that he bestows high but just praise on my nephew and representative the Tuan Muda; and fully appreciates the principles on which our rule is founded and the advantages of their practical working. When we meet in the spring I can enter more into detail."

"*May*, 1865.—My accounts from Saráwak are very good, of prosperity and progress. I did intend returning next April, but I am now inclined to postpone it for another year, as there is no prospect of a final settlement with this country. . . . I pity you being obliged to come up (to town) on business, and the remorseless Circumlocution Office if you once get in will never let you out again. Happy the man who has nothing to do with government, parliament, or courts of justice in this old country. Pray tell G. that my highest ambition is to beat her at croquet!"

"*Jan.*, 1866.—My news from Saráwak is constantly good. Our recognition is a great boon, and in time

we may get protection. I have just written a short preface for the book about to appear by my nephew in Sarawak, the Tuan Muda. There is a great deal of interesting matter in it."

Full of that charity that "thinketh no evil," and inclined to believe that all were as honest as himself, it was not difficult to deceive him. That people were too good to be spoiled seemed his fundamental maxim, and his life had perhaps been spared a little of its pain had he possessed that "somewhat over-stern" spirit he has been given credit for. Be that as it may, he had his reward in the enthusiastic devotion of his people, and in the not less warm while more discerning affection of that small band of his own countrymen who felt that when brought into contact with him, whatever was worth anything in their own souls sprang forth to meet the appeal from his. In past days great and bitter troubles had come upon him. A persecution of an origin and nature so mean that one would for very shame sake disbelieve in it, were that possible, was for long years his portion. It is hard to find a trial that he did not know; but though health broke down beneath the strain, nothing availed to sour his spirit or make him less tender-hearted, or less full of sympathy for any who, in whatever degree, were tasting of the same cup. Writing, in 1865, of a friend, engaged in a weary struggle for truth and justice against trickery and even falsehood, screened by all the resources of officialism, he says,—“I do heartily wish D. success in his undertaking, but I have so much experience in governmental action that I am not sanguine. There are a thousand ways of evading a motion for redress, and Parliament will be dissolved before any inquiry could take place.” With reference to the same subject he continues in a later letter,—“As for the government of this country generally, I have so great an experience that I never want to have anything more to do with it. I cannot value its rewards even under the fiction of being bestowed by the Sovereign. It is vanity, vexation, heartburn, and waste of life to deal with public men, and *it is strange* that morals are so low generally amongst them.”

To make as little as possible of worries and vexations was his habit. Few will forget the charm of his playfulness, an under-current of humorous fancy ever ready to spring up. Calling on a friend who had suffered from the late financial panic, he remarked on the somewhat thin face that first met him, and received for answer, “One does not fatten on these things, you know!” “No, indeed,” he re-

turned, laughing; “I’ve had so many of ‘these things’ that I feel just like the old miller in the ‘Mill on the Floss,’ when he found the ‘raskills’ too many for him!” “When the money is clean gone,” he went on, “we’ll all live together in a little cottage, and D. and I will work in the garden, and you shall cook the dinner!”

When health allowed him to travel he would stay a week or more at some friend’s house, where on fine days he would always be ready for croquet, playing by himself if he found no one in the humour to join him. At other times reading was an unfailing resource, and he read everything, grave and gay, enjoying a novel with a zest that does not often belong to the years beyond sixty. In former days chess had been a favourite amusement with him, but after his first paralytic seizure it seemed to tax him too much. His handwriting also bore witness to the effects of this attack.

The close of 1866 found him alone at Burrator. An old friend after staying with him had left to spend Christmas at his own home, but had not been long gone when he received tidings of the Raja’s sudden illness. Returning with all haste, he found that paralysis had struck its second blow, and the Raja lay almost unconscious and speechless; almost, not quite, for when asked if he would like his friend sent for, the unselfish spirit had forced the stricken mouth to stammer, “No—Christmas-time.” And the summons had gone therefore without his knowledge, through one who could not bear the thought of his loneliness. Then followed weeks of slow recovery, in which he was cared for well and tenderly. He was one of whom truly it could be said that he was “such stuff as friends are made of; the stuff undiluted: a thousand friends could have been made of that stuff that was in him;” and now in his helplessness he was not forgotten; nephew and friend strove together to lessen suffering and brighten his sick room. By the end of January he was able to report of himself that he was “fast progressing towards health, it is a mere matter of time now,” and early in the following month he moved to Torquay. The fast progress he spoke of seemed, however, but weary work, and the whole of his right side being paralysed, he was forced to make use of another’s hand for writing and even for signing his name; but it was not in the power of sickness to change more than his outward form, and his letters from this time, though short and dictated, have the old ring. “I am very

sorry, indeed," he wrote to a friend, Feb. 11, "at being disappointed by not being able to write to you at greater length, but so it is, and without being worse, I am forced to stop writing and leave you to write to me. I have a new physician, who so decrees, and I submit. You must take a very little for a great deal. I hope that the news of you is good, and that we may meet in the summer-time, with such partial evil to both as God permits."

The summer found him strong enough to travel to London, whence he worked his way gradually back to Burrator. That his health was seriously impaired was too evident, and the smallest thing seemed sufficient to bring on a relapse. From Burrator he wrote, October 5, 1867,—

"I fortunately escaped a severe illness by the skilful attentions of the doctors, and now am making some progress towards recovery. I can neither write as I wish nor send a long letter, you must excuse me therefore for delay. D.'s sad news is very grievous, and I have many a dream of being there to comfort him and you. This is about all I have to say, except to tell you that I am better, and hope to be better yet."

The following winter he passed at Torquay, whence he wrote, January 16, 1868, to an invalid friend,—

"I am now well lodged in this place, and under the care of my nephew. I hope you are very well *for you*, and as well as I am *for me*. Just let us look at the brightest side of the question, and make the best of it, as you always do. God bless you."

Early in March he returned to Burrator for the last time. Thence he wrote to the same friend,—

"I have as warm an interest in all Indian matters as can well be, and send you my hearty wishes for your success in the annexation question. I know the style of the annexation-mongers, who would shut the door and shut the money in with it.* I fear that it will be a bad matter and result in war. God pity us all in India, I say, though our time is nearly past, and you can only do what in you lies—struck down like myself; but you struggle more than I do."

April 1st he wrote,—

"I am as I usually am, neither better nor worse, and with much sympathy for — who is suffering. The weather here is very fine and bright, and I will away my time with long drives in a Norway cart, and afterwards a kind friend volunteers to read to me."

A new treatment at Passy, near Paris, had been recommended, and at one time he

thought of going there to try it, but now he gave up the idea for various reasons, one being that he might be free to spend the time with friends instead. In a letter dated Burrator, April 14th, in which, to one of these, he mentions the change of plan, he adds, "I think I may report a decided improvement in my state of health, as I have certainly mended in my limbs, and feel more life and energy in them, and in my frame generally. . . . The better prospect is for me as well as for you, I trust."

In the beginning of June he was again alone for a few days, a friend having just left, and others not yet come, though expected. Of their looked-for visit he had written, May 23rd, "They shall be welcome whenever my house is prepared for them, which I doubt not will be by the middle of June, but of course I cannot speak positively on the point. . . . I shall put on my best health to welcome them." He did indeed put on his best health, but in other fashion than he dreamt of, and the welcome was for him rather than from him, in another speech than ours. On the 7th of June the fatal attack of paralysis struck him suddenly, and with barely a sign of life he lay until Thursday the 11th. Early that morning those who were watching by saw that the expression of pain and distress had entirely left his face and consciousness returned; he could not speak, but a smile, lighting up his whole countenance, was more than any spoken blessing, and in the radiance of that smile, without struggle or sign of pain, his spirit passed away.

The following Wednesday, June 17th, he was laid in his grave. The day was one of the most glorious of that glorious summer, sunshine enough to render the long sweep of distance perfectly distinct, while a few fleecy clouds gave a tenderness of shadow; there was no glare, and yet brightness everywhere. And the fresh Dartmoor breeze was gentle, and hardly stirred the bells of the fox-gloves that stood up in lordly beauty amid the bowing fern, from beneath whose leaves the ear caught the sound of tiny rivulets, almost hidden from sight. A foot-path leaving the Raja's house descends into the carriage drive, which passing beneath the shade of trees by the side of a sparkling trout-stream, joins the road leading on the left to the high road, and on the right to the parish church. The whole distance from the house to the church is rather more than a quarter of a mile, of which the portion lying within the grounds of Burrator is of singular beauty. The church itself, built of grey granite,

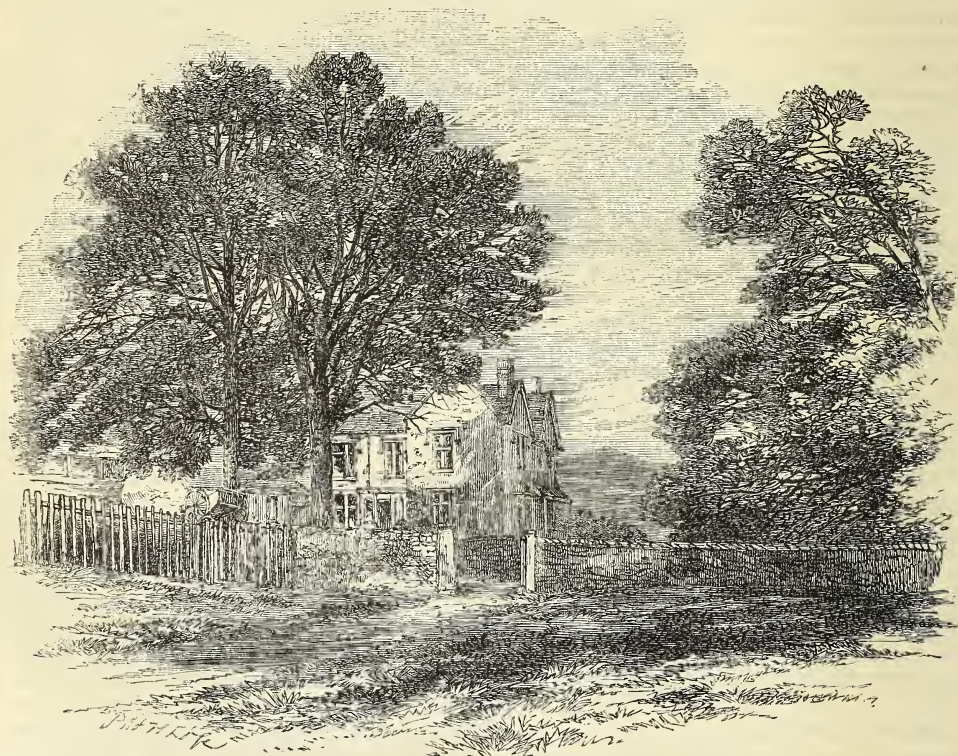
* To rule through the native chiefs, educating and raising these, associating them with himself, and striving to make them feel there was one common interest, viz. the good of all, was the theory of Raja Brooke's government, a theory which always has been, and always will be, successful with Asiatics. But to carry it out needs great discrimination, tact, patience, and forbearance, and a faculty of "seeing ourselves as others see us;" all of which severe and painful exercise of virtue is saved for the nonce by

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can!"

stands well on the slope of a hill, catching every ray of sun and breath of wind, save on the north-east, where trees give a friendly shelter, and take off all feeling of bareness, leaving only an indescribable sense of freedom. None present will easily forget the sight of the procession that left the house that bright June day, and wound slowly beneath the over-arching trees, where the little stream ran on its way, careless of human sorrow. No hearse with nodding plumes, but loving hands bore the worn and weary frame that after so hard a battle had found rest. No funeral coaches with hired mourners,

no train of empty carriages were there, no vestige of aught unreal, but two by two came men who felt they could not realise their loss, that it was not only that he being their friend was gone, but that he being what he was had been taken away, the unselfish, the generous, and the true, so simple in his greatness, in his strength so gentle-hearted, in his wisdom so guileless; a man every inch, and yet tender and playful as a child.

He who had sought all his life for realities chose to be buried as he had lived. The poor people from far and near left the hay unfinished in the meadows, and clad in such



Durrator.

black as they possessed, gathered to do him the only honour worth caring for, such as springs unasked from grateful hearts. They filled church and churchyard, and many a true saying passed among them, while the look of reverence and sorrow on all faces told its own tale. "He was a gude mon:" "He'll be a great loss to the parish"—such expressions fell on the ears of the mourners as they neared the churchyard gate, and then all was hushed, and—"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he

live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die," alone broke the stillness. Then came the wail of the "Dead March," as within the church the bearers paused and laid down their burden for a while. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," and in the thought of that joy for him the sweet Devonshire voices rose up in the Glorias, and afterwards there broke forth—

"O let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind."

"All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

"Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love."*

The words rang in the ear as leaving the church we sought the grave. There where the shadow of a beech tree met the sun, in a spot chosen by himself, he was laid to rest in "sure and certain hope," and we said the "Our Father" prayer, and heard other words into whose fulness our poor hearts are slow to enter, and then we came away and left him to God.

Since the above was written a subscription has been set on foot for the purpose of erecting a memorial to Raja Brooke in Westminster Abbey. They who do this honour themselves thereby, yet it may be that had not death

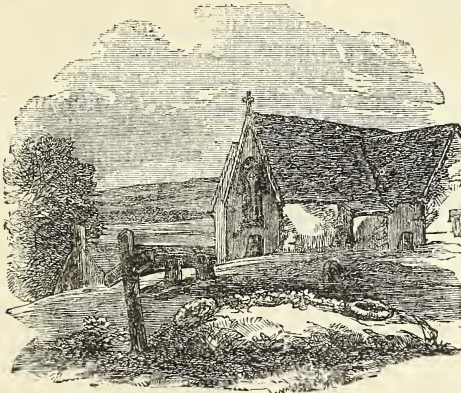
"Set our lives so far apart,
We cannot hear each other speak,"

he might tell us that Sarawak being his monument, good done there for his sake would please him best. "Amidst all the wealth and all the charity of England," he wrote from thence in 1841, "how well bestowed would a small portion be! . . . A small rill from the plenteous river would cheer this distant misery, and bestow the blessing of fertility on the now barren soil of these poor Diaks. O that I had the brass to beg—to draw out a piteous tale so as to touch the heart!"

Let this proposed memorial be but an earnest of higher exertion. We cannot atone for the past, but we should not forget that there is a past needing atonement. It is difficult for men who having stood by that open grave bear in mind the inscription on the oaken coffin—

SIR JAMES BROOKE, K.C.B.,
RAJA OF SARAWAK,

not to contrast the titles so strangely blended. Sarawak in its savagery had yet eyes to see and heart to acknowledge where lay its highest possible good; and Eng-



Raja Brooke's Grave.

land, in her civilisation, roused herself to a short enthusiasm sufficient to tack a few letters to his name, and then let unworthy suspicion, distrust, and foul slander* stain a page in her history for ever. God is judge between us. If the highest type of greatness that ever lighted up this dark world be His who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many," it follows that they only are great who use every faculty of their natures for the good of others; and amongst these, whether in doing or in suffering, those who truly knew him care to seek no brighter name than that of James Brooke. But "let the dead past bury its dead." There is gold, and wit, and energy enough in this England, and only the will is lacking. If all who support the Raja Brooke Memorial Fund will feel that they pledge themselves thereby to support also, so far as may be in their power, the work Raja Brooke began; not by an injudicious and impertinent interference, but by strengthening the hands of the present ruler, working through the already established and effective machinery, it will give an increase to the harvest of good springing up in that far-off land. Otherwise, if a poor stone monument is to be the sole result of our now somewhat softened feelings—considering the character of the man we wish to honour—it might be as well to leave the matter alone.

* Falsehood dies very hard. In Chambers' Encyclopædia, published 1861, the following passage occurs in the notice of Sir James Brooke: "This (the suppression of piracy) was done so draconically as to occasion a very great deal of dissatisfaction in this country, and the result was that Parliament abolished the head-money that had been previously paid for slaughter of pirates, and which Brooke and those associated with him had claimed and received to the extent of £20,000." In Sir James Brooke's "Private Letters,"

published 1853, the following passage will be found, vol. ii. p. 285. "April, 1850.—Mr. — says I am actuated by 'sinister motives.' What does he mean? Does he mean that I share in the head-money, or that anybody with me or about me, or other than the navy, share in what is given them by Act of Parliament? If he means this, he is notoriously wrong. Does he mean that I gain money from the pirates, or that I have some object to serve beyond the professed and ostensible and most desirable one? He will find this assertion difficult of proof. The government of Bruné is acquainted and approves of what is done, and to establish Sarawak influence is to establish peace and security; for those who come to Sarawak can judge the tendency of Sarawak influence, the effects of Sarawak rule, the benefit of firm government."

* Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 190.

THE CHRISTIAN RULE OF SPEECH.

A Sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on July 4, 1869 (the Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence).

"I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."—ST. MATT. v. 22.

THE Gospel of this day (the sixth Sunday after Trinity) requires first to be explained, and then to be applied to individuals, to Churches, and to nations.

I. It contains certain allusions to the Jewish language and customs which need to be brought out in order to be understood. The phrases "Raca," "council," "judgment"—the words which are translated "Thou fool," and "hell fire"—all imply some thoughts and usages which were familiar at that time, but which we have lost.

Our Lord is speaking of the sin of thoughts and words, as separate from acts, of anger. There is, first, the causeless anger. No doubt there is such a thing as righteous indignation, just anger: our Lord Himself showed it—no character is perfect without it. But there is such a thing as anger merely for anger's sake—readiness to take affront; rudeness, because we do not take the trouble to be civil; irritation, because we allow everything to irritate us. We sometimes think it no matter whether we quarrel or not. It does matter a great deal. Never quarrel, if you can possibly help it. This is the first thing which our Saviour urges. It is not enough to keep from striking a man dead; we must keep ourselves from those quarrels which lead to murder. "Whosoever shall be angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment"—that is, although it may not be a very great fault, yet it is a fault—a fault fully as worthy of condemnation as many of those which are condemned by the judgment of the courts of justice which condemn a man to a month's imprisonment or to a pecuniary fine for some assault or theft.

But besides the feeling of anger, there is the still further mischief of angry words; and of these our Lord takes two instances. One is "Raca." That is a Syriac word, meaning "empty," "shallow," "thoughtless"—such an expression of contempt as is often used in common conversation, and which leaves a rankling sore behind, because it is contemptuous. "Whoever uses such a word," He says, "ought to feel that he deserves such a severe condemnation as would be pronounced by the highest court of appeal in the whole country—by the great council or Sanhedrim itself." It is another step in the

scale of offences; and though it is quite true that no council, civil or ecclesiastical, can take cognizance of mere expressions—though the law of England has long since ceased to regard words as treasonable—yet, in the judgment of God, and in the court of conscience, these light and contemptuous phrases have a significance which do injury both to those who utter them and to those who hear them.*

There is yet another form of angry words that is still more mischievous. There are some words which not merely express general contempt, but gather into themselves an intensity of virulence, from being associated with political or religious passions, and thus convey a bitterness of meaning far beyond their own. Such a word was that which in our English version is translated "Thou fool." It may be interesting for those who can follow the original to know that this is not, as is often supposed, a Greek word, nor does it perhaps mean "fool." It is a Hebrew or Syriac word, *moreh*—like the other word *raca*; and though it probably gains an additional strength of meaning from its likeness to the Greek word *more* ("fool"), its own proper signification is "rebel" or "heretic," one who willfully breaks the laws of his Church or country—one who would presume to teach his own teachers.† It is the same word which Moses (Num. xx. 10) uses to the Israelites: "How now, ye *rebels*?" It was, according to the Jewish tradition, for using this offensive word to God's people that he was forbidden to enter the promised land. And, accordingly, it is this which our Lord visits with his severest condemnation. He says that though it is beyond the reach of any earthly tribunal, though it is a word used by religious men and grave authorities in their own defence, yet it deserves as much shame and reproach as belongs to

* This is well put in Professor Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," vol. ii. p. 322.

† This meaning of the word, and the mistake of the usual version of the New Testament, was first brought before me in a tract published in the spring of this year by Professor F. W. Newman. It is also noticed by Dean Alford, as one out of two or three interpretations. This is confirmed by Mr. Deutsch, of the British Museum, who, from his profound knowledge of the Talmud, has been kind enough to add this important comment:—"The word *moreh*," says the Midrash, "has many meanings. It means 'rebel,' it means 'fool' for thus they call a fool in the sea towns (i.e., the Greek colonies). It means such as would presume to teach their own teachers. It means throwers of poisoned arrows, calumny, &c."

those whose carcases were thrown out into the valley of Hinnom—Ge-henna, as it was called—where they were burned up in the fires which consumed all the offal of the city. This is the meaning of the words which we translate in this place “hell fire.”* It is the fire, the funeral pile, the burning furnaces of that dark valley, the Smithfield, the slaughter-house, the draught-house of Jerusalem. It is like that other saying: “Salt is good; but if the salt has lost its savour, it is good for nothing but to be trodden under foot of man.” All such words may have had a grave religious use once, but when used for mere polemical or revengeful purposes, they are as irreligious and as profane as the common cursing and swearing which belongs not to the city of Zion, but to the valley of Gehenna.

II. This is the original meaning of the passage. Now let us turn to its general application. It teaches us, like all other parts of our Lord’s teaching, that not the outward act, but the inward spirit, is that which God judges. But it also calls our special attention to the mischief and the sin of our *words*. This is what He said on another occasion: “By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned;” and it is what His apostle St. James insists upon as the distinguishing mark between true and false religion—the power of governing the tongue. Considering the vast number of words that issue from our lips—considering how much of our life is carried on in talking, speaking, preaching, writing, reading, listening—this is a truth which cannot be too much insisted on. No doubt there is a precision in words which is pedantic; but all honour and praise to them who, consciously or unconsciously, obey their Lord’s command, and try to measure their language—to define what they mean to themselves—to avoid phrases without meaning, or which may injure and hurt the interests and feelings of others. No doubt there are cases where, like our Lord Himself, we are bound to use strong words against folly and sin. But there are some whose lips act not as a fence to their tongues, but as a mere opening, through which flows an unceasing cataract of words—good, bad, light, heavy, wise, foolish—without care or thought of who may hear or of what may follow. There are also some whose pens are dipped

in gall, who seem to delight in saying what will vex or annoy their neighbours—who have a cynical sneer, a scornful jest, a bitter insult for any one whom they meet. Their whole conversation is one long repetition of “Raca, Raca.” Truly they are in danger of the condemnation of the council—not of any earthly council, but of the council of all good and wise men everywhere—of the council of the calm, and just, and holy—of those who know, with our own Hooker, that “the time will come when three words spoken in charity will be worth more than ten thousand words of disdainful scorn.”

But there is yet a still more special application. The judgment of our Lord is yet more penetrating. There are many men who, whilst they avoid the common profane terms of abuse and contempt, yet think it even a duty to use those words of bitter inextinguishable hatred which have come down to us like the Hebrew word *morch*, charged with the passions and prejudices of a thousand generations—those names which, having been invented long ago by political or religious animosity—perhaps almost with an innocent intention—convey now a depth of offensiveness which no other words from the mouth of men could convey. I hardly venture in this sacred place to call up the black catalogue of such names before you, yet from places as sacred as this they have unhappily been often heard. They are legion. On one side they are “heretic, schismatic, rationalist, infidel, deist, Socinian, atheist;” on the other they are “papist, antichrist, Babylon, idolater, blasphemer, traitor;” on one side or on the other they are followed by a brood of other like names. They are one and all repetitions of the same old word, “rebel,” “heretic,” expressed by the Hebrew word *morch*—they combine within themselves the intense virulence, as did that word, both of the Jewish and of the Gentile race; they have one and all been applied in their day to the best and wisest of men; and they are one and all good for nothing, but to be thrown into the valley of Hinnom, and burnt up with the filth and offal, and offscourings of dead abuses, and worn-out hatreds, and extinct controversies. Even though, like the word *morch* itself, they may once have come out of Scripture, and from the pure fountain of life, they have now become full of fire and brimstone; they are as worthless, as mischievous, as polluting, as the coarse oaths and scurrilous epithets which are used by the less refined in their daily quarrels and wrangles in taverns and in fish-markets.

* Here again I am indebted to the learning of Mr. Deutsch for a parallel passage in the Talmud:—“He who calls his neighbour a slave shall be anathematized; he who calls him a bastard shall receive forty stripes; he who calls him *rasha* (wicked), shall answer for it to the offended one in his own person (*i.e.*, the law has nothing to do with an intangible offence).”

These thoughts are unhappily never out of place. Everywhere there will be some who are tempted to use these or like words against their neighbours—everywhere there will be those who in sermons, or in newspapers, or in speeches, if not in common conversation, think it a sacred duty to use them. And everywhere our Lord's warning thus needs to be lifted up. We have given up the ancient practice of killing our neighbours by slow torture in deep dungeons, or of carrying out our quarrels with murderous weapons. Feudal vengeance and the barbarous custom of duelling are both abandoned. The more necessary is it that we should be reminded that this is not enough, unless we restrain our tongues from those fierce words of scorn which duelling at least attempted to control; the more do we need to be reminded that not only every duellist is a murderer, but he who says to his brother "Raca," that is, who uses those insulting words which set the human heart on fire, and leave a blister there for ever.

And again, we have given up the practice of killing our neighbours by fire, and sword, and rack, and scourge, for holding different opinions from ourselves. So much the more necessary is it for us to remember that this is not enough, unless we restrain our tongues from those biting and burning words which show that we nourish in our hearts the same feelings of undying wrath that our ruder forefathers expressed by carrying faggots to the stake, or tearing the flesh from the bones of our victims. So much the more do we need to be reminded that not only the old Inquisitors or the old Puritans were persecutors, but all who say to their brethren, *Moreh*, that is, "rebel," heretic," that is, who use those anathemas and furious words of ancient hereditary reproach, which are meant to break up Christian union, and destroy Christian fellowship.

These expressions are beyond the reach of earthly tribunals of judgment and of council; but not the less are they doomed to that extremity of condemnation of which the valley of Hinnom was the type and symbol. They belong to that mass of worthless chaff, and of stinging briars and brambles, which will be burned up, as we hope, at last in a fire unquenchable.

III. This warning, spoken first against the language of individuals, is also needed for the language of churches and nations. It is needed for them even more, because the interests at issue are greater; because also their temptation to indulge in these words is stronger. Look at the churches of Christendom. How many a solemn docu-

ment has issued from press or pulpit, which is, after all, nothing but a long reverberation of *Moreh, moreh*, "Thou fool—thou rebel." Look at the anathemas hurled in former times by East against West, and by West against East, by Presbyterians against Prelates, and by Prelates against schismatics. Listen to their echoes in our own times—fainter, let us hope—but still coming of the same stock—springing out of the same bottomless pit. Look, too, at the contemptuous insolence with which nations have invented words of reproof for hostile or oppressed or subject nations—words which stick in the memory when the occasion, the excuse for them has long ceased—fountains of bitterness, which from generation to generation keep alive the sense of soreness and revenge, and stimulate to deeds of bloodshed and war.

What is the check to all this? It is contained in one word, which occurs throughout this passage—"Thy brother." Each man, in common life, has a brotherly, family relation to his neighbour, even to his enemy, which ought to make him feel and practise towards him something of a brother's respect, something of a brother's consideration. Each church and nation—at least of Christendom—has a brotherly, sisterly relationship with all other churches and nations; flesh of the same flesh, bone of the same bone, called by the same sacred name; which ought at least to induce courtesy, sympathy—fear to give offence, wish to bury the past, determination never to quarrel, hope to avoid irritating words, as well as irritating acts—malignant names, which are but covers of malignant deeds.

There are many cases to which these remarks might specially apply. There is one immediately at hand. This day is the Fourth of July. It is the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence—the anniversary of the breach between the mother and the daughter country. On such a day may we not feel that our Lord's warnings have a peculiar significance and force? The sons of that great Republic are, indeed, our brothers—brothers in a sense in which no other two great nations on the face of this earth are brothers and sisters to each other—speaking the same language, inheriting the same traditions, descended from the same ancestors, entwined with the same dearest relationships, rejoicing in the same history, in the same faith, in the same hopes.

Both, no doubt, of these two mighty brothers have, like the actual brothers of an actual family, had their temper tried or their passions roused—sometimes the elder by the

younger, sometimes the younger by the elder; but not the less are the ancient bonds of union indissoluble—not the less of them are the poet's words true:—

"No distance breaks the tie of blood,
Brothers are brothers evermore;
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,
That magic may o'erpower."

And how specially true is it of these brothers that hard words may kill, and gentle words save, the peace and life between them! How deeply was that first breach widened on this first anniversary by the bitter recriminations of king and statesmen, of the mother country and of the departing colony! How fiercely were the words tossed to and fro across the Atlantic—"Raca" on one side, and "Moreh" on the other; "tyrant" from the one, and "rebel" from the other. Yet how speedily, how easily was that wound closed—how soon did the Declaration of Independence become the name for the peaceful birth of a new and glorious nation—how soon did the minister of the young Republic pay respectful homage and receive respectful recognition in the court of the ancient sovereign. What American is there who is not now proud of that history, which he then spurned behind him? What Englishman is there who is not now

proud of the once dreaded name of Washington?

So, as years roll on, may all those fierce watchwords of party strife and national hatred perish and cease to be. So may each succeeding generation learn to leave those ancient curses to consume away in the fires of the dark valley whence they came and whither they have returned to their natural offal and carrion.

Woe on either side to those who revive those relics of barbarous days—those signals of strife and bitterness. Blessings on those peacemakers who, from either side, by gentle phrase, by conciliating temper, by determination not to give or take offence, by rigid abstinence from insulting words, as from something altogether unholy and accursed, bind together the two nations in one communion and fellowship of good deeds, great thoughts, and undying hopes of a yet more blessed future for both, in the far distant history of which this day was the first inauguration—when neither distance of space nor wrath of man shall put asunder those whom God, by speech, by blood, by the wonders of science, and by the grace of Religion, has joined together.

A. P. STANLEY.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

In English Story of To-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE."

CHAPTER XXVII.—A DRAWBACK.



WHEN the gentlemen, who dined that day at the ordinary at Wellfield, returned to Brockcotes, all was life again. Phoebe saw what noble-men could turn their hands to at a pinch. Even Lord Dacre was wide awake now. Standing on steps with his hands above his head, he nailed to-

gether the improvised frames. If Lady Dorothea was the leader of the company, Lord Wriothresley was their ubiquitous servant; and he was particularly helpful of Phoebe, in her outlying strangeness. The very Countess was pressed into an office in the Beauties' green-room to-night, and was engaged in holding pins, trains, and lights. Phoebe had become sufficiently acquainted with the etiquette of noble service to be aware that the real Thorpes and their fellow-servants could not be expected to condescend as the Countess condescended, although she did no more than utter a few halting phrases, suggestive of commendation or amendment, which seemed only to check and mortify the rest of the performers. But her children caught at her words as pearls and diamonds of encouragement and counsel, and eagerly adopted her faintest hint.

All went to make a marvel of brilliant scenic effect.

But that same evening a formidable drawback revealed itself, threatening to put an

end to Phœbe's part in the Brockcotes tableaux. After the receipt of the evening post and its letters, Frank Hall craved allowance, and with very humble apologies for spoiling sport, announced that he must leave early next morning. The managing editor of *The Bat* wanted him in town without a day's delay, to report on the Chinese loan, or on a new vanity which had appeared in the parks. Seeing that Frank Hall was at Brockcotes as a friend and equal, and not as a satellite, nothing could be done against his determination, save to marshal a host of sincere regrets, and support them with a division of cordial hopes that the press-man would soon find his way back to the stronghold of the Latimers.

Phœbe had not realised how much of her fancy was enlisted in playing with the party and completing the tableaux. Now, a blank sensation of the world's having come to an end took possession of her. It seemed inevitable that Lord Wriothlesley must take up the dropped part of Sir Kenelm, and play it to Miss Dugdale's Venetia, letting his own character, Lord Hervey and its Molly Lepel, fall to the ground; and this even though he should faint under the necessary stuffing, and Phœbe have to return as she came, like a Griselda, to her father's house,—go up with the broad stream, and stare with the common mob of spectators in the banqueting-room.

But poor Phœbe's carefully-concealed blank looks and chagrin were soon shown to be uncalled for. Mr. Vernon, with a little pressing, and the stipulation that the voluminous Spanish cloak should serve for the stuffing, was willing to do Sir Kenelm for the sake of the glamour of being Miss Dugdale's partner.

But Phœbe that same evening had a separate and strictly confidential explanation of the reason of Frank Hall's departure as he took leave of her.

"I have had enough of Brockcotes, Phœbe. I won't have it my Caprera. No; it is not the wines, though the white port is pretty fair. I drink better at the Garrick."

"Granted, Frank; but the wines are not everything," suggested Phœbe. "You must have enjoyed the shooting."

"Oh, as for the shooting, I'll never make a dead shot. That blind bat, Lord Wriothlesley, aims better with his glass in his eye than the city bat, used as he is to burrow and moil in dark corners. It is nothing so low as the 'grub' though I am of Grub Street, or the sport, or the company of

the first estate. With regard to the last, one gets used to it soon enough, and finds its members, after all, dolls of men and dolls of women. I don't go in for the white devil among women of any school, from old Webster to Miss Braddon's stock in trade. Of course, I except the real Jezebels and Lady Macbeths; I allow they have a footing both in nature and art."

"I never expected you to speak with so much enthusiasm on such a point," alleged Phœbe.

"Well, perhaps, I may be excused, Phœbe; it's a woman who has done for me. I cannot remain any longer near your Lady Dorothea, else I shall be spoiled for domestic life, and lose my chance of becoming a family man—responsible and content. I could close my eyes at the present moment, and see a pale, bright-eyed woman, simple in her dress, and inexpensive in her habits, flitting about my writing-table, keeping guard at my elbow, never weary of reading notes, looking over 'copy,' correcting proofs, learning short-hand to report in her turn, and never flagging in her interest and zeal. I open my eyes and am tempted to curse poor innocent Lord Fairchester, plain and heavy and sensible—holding thousands of acres, booked for the blue riband, possibly for the strawberry leaves. I don't envy the man his other goods, particularly since he seeks to do the best he can with the burden which weighs upon him and renders him as silent as Dutch William."

"You strike me as being rather fanciful to be in earnest, Frank."

"Excuse me, Phœbe, if I say you are wrong there. I don't deny that Fairchester is a fair match for her; only I won't play (since playing is the order of the day) the bachelor Sir Christopher Hatton to my Queen Elizabeth; so I'm off with the train to-morrow. What are your commands, Phœbe? should I take Folksbridge on my way to town, or should I find anything to do in town beyond secretly writing for your bumptious benefit in *The Bat*?"

Phœbe could not tell whether there was or was not the slightest foundation of fact in Frank Hall's rhapsody. He had got into the habit of general mystification, till it was hard for any simple man or woman to follow him in his flights, and tell whether he was making a saucy pretence, in order to turn round and deny it absolutely, and thus cover the credulous listener with ridicule, or whether he was, after all, speaking in genuine earnest. Phœbe thought that sima-

plicity of tongue had its revenge. Frank Hall had gone so far in clever affectation, that now he was on the point of bewildering himself, and was so unfortunate as not quite to know his own mind, and what he would be at, in more instances than one.

Certainly Phoebe had remarked that Frank Hall and Lady Dorothea had taken latterly to noticing each other, and sparring with each other, very considerably. If there was a shade of suspicion on Frank Hall's side that he was gradually more and more venturing his all in the light drawing-room strife, he was a wise man to draw off his forces, and retreat with flying colours while it was still in his power.

In her uncertainty, Phoebe could not regret Frank Hall's departure, as Lady Dorothea did, in perfect unconsciousness.

"I am so sorry that the autocratical, conceited cousin of the press is called away, Phoebe," her Ladyship confessed; "for, between you and me, he was teaching me a thing or two. Wriothlesley calls his leaders incisive, luminous, epigrammatic, and says that that is what 'takes' in the present day; but I am not sure whether his conversation, like Dr. Johnson's, is not better than his leaders. One enjoys coming in contact with all sorts of power."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—INOPPORTUNE.

IN former years the race-week assembly had been, to the ladies of Wellfield, the most momentous and acceptable event of the year. But in this, Phoebe's first grown-up year at Wellfield races, her imagination went far beyond balls. And she was farther tempted to forget the assembly on the very morning of its occurrence. First, Mrs. Edgecumbe sent for her, that she might get the news, and cross-examine the girl on the arrangements at Brockcotes. When she had made her report, she was puzzled by the unusual reserve of the old lady, rather than troubled by her wonted freedom.

"You are to be my young Lord's partner," Mrs. Edgecumbe said, with a meaning look. "Well, well, times have changed; and you are a good girl, Phoebe Paston, and one of nature's gentlewomen: Edgecumbe, whose immense penetration I can trust, acknowledges it. However, such grouping would not have done forty years ago, and would not have been my doing to-day."

Mrs. Edgecumbe was more explicit in her opinion of Miss Dugdale, and that to Lady

Dorothea herself, when her Ladyship called a little later in Woovers' Alley.

"But, Lady Dorothea," she said, "the Dugdales have been what Edgecumbe calls 'such frightfully broken-kneed fillies.' We who have been—"

Lady Dorothea was very angry at this, and drew herself up like a queen, stopping Mrs. Edgecumbe in what threatened to be a long tirade. "Which is it best for us to do, Mrs. Edgecumbe—to pick holes in a poor girl's mantle, or to cover her with ours?"

Even Mrs. Edgecumbe was silenced by this rebuke, and Phoebe hung her head a little at the recollection of her own particular aversion to Miss Dugdale.

But Phoebe was recalled by being left to herself, and by Mrs. Paston's "twitters" with regard to the creases in her cream-coloured *moiré*, and the still more important question of when the cab was to come for the Woovers' Alley party, and what extraordinary *ruse* was to be tried in order to betray Mr. Paston into being a quarter of an hour before, rather than ten minutes after, the time when Lord Exmoor and Lord Wriothlesley would open the ball.

When Phoebe began to dress, she entered into the spirit of the thing, and was careful about the fit of her gown, the size of her gloves, and the wreath of oak-leaves which Lady Dorothea had chosen for her to wear in her hair, like Norma, the British princess and priestess. With a little hesitation, too, and less gratification and gratitude, she accepted Mrs. Edgecumbe's ruby cross, pressed upon her with many assurances.

"Child," said the old lady, "it becomes your little round white neck a thousand times better than my lean, yellow one. Did you ever read Mr. Pope's famous lines on such an ornament?"—

"Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore."

Phoebe had read them; and, in opposition to her father's appreciation of Mr. Pope, simply detested them.

Arrived at the ball, Phoebe found that she was a person of consequence—to the Wellfield world at least. She would be able to point out to the simple town's worthies which was Lady Louisa, and which Lady Penelope Blount; and to prevent the natives from mistaking Lord Dacre for Lord Fairchester. Had it not been for her, who could have answered the breathless questions as to all that had got abroad of the amateur concert, and the spectacle which was to follow at Brockcotes?

Phoebe had not counted on Barty Wooler being at the assembly; although, when she

came to think of it, she remembered that everybody, young and old, who had no scruple of principle or purse, attended to see the race-company, and enjoy their own and their neighbours' fine clothes. Mrs. Wooler was not there, because, as she explained curtly, she did not "set" balls; but she was almost the solitary exception. Miss Rowe was present of course, Mr. Mossman trotting after her with meek suggestions of service in the form of negus. The two Miss Staceys, and the forty Miss Medlars, and their father's clerks, all swelled the crowd.

Barty Wooler early in the evening asked Phœbe to dance with him, and she had no choice but to comply with his request, although she would rather not have done it. The county people, after the example of the Exmoors, behaved very well at the race-balls, which were moves for popularity to begin with. They mixed freely with the town's people, and were apt to select them only too persistently for their partners and *vis-à-vis*. But the town's people were not in the habit of taking the initiative. Phœbe felt far shyer than if she had had nothing to



Page 583.

do with Brockcotes, and was too embarrassed to remonstrate and resist the situation when Barty Wooler placed her opposite Lord Wriothesley and Miss Dugdale in the same set with Lady Dorothea and a brother of the Hammonds. Either Barty, who ought to have avoided the association, was unapprised of the usual customs, or defied them.

Lady Dorothea nodded cordially to Phœbe, and while her Ladyship waved off her friend from an impulse to fasten her sash, which had come loose, she stooped down and picked up a stray evergreen that threatened to trip

Phœbe. Lord Wriothesley made an observation, in passing, on the air of the room and the withering of some of the flowers of Phœbe's bouquet, which had been mindfully sent that morning from the Brockcotes green-houses.

Even Miss Dugdale greeted Phœbe politely, though why Miss Dugdale should not have been polite to her it would have staggered Phœbe to explain.

Still Phœbe was very uncomfortable. It was not that she was ashamed of her partner. She hardly looked at Barty; but she had

an inward vision of him, with his chestnut mane and beard severely trimmed for the occasion—the finest looking man in the room without a single exception. Neither did she so very much mind that Lady Dorothea's intelligent eyes should see double for once in carrying conviction to her mind that there was a fit understanding between Mr. Wooler and his partner. But in spite of this, Fortune had never been so unkind to Phoebe as now—she had never been placed so little to her mind as in this quadrille.

But she did not know what it was to live (metaphorically) till Barty Wooler asked her almost within hearing of the others, if it could be true that she was going to row in the same boat with the noble players. On being answered in the affirmative, Barty urgently and emphatically protested against it.

"I have a delicacy in mixing myself up in your father's relations with Brockcotes, and therefore I am remonstrating with you. Perhaps you may not think that comes very well off my hand either," added Barty, with a laugh, which, unlike his usual laugh, was not pleasant; "but I think you may at least believe that I do it for your own sake, Miss Phoebe."

Phoebe had never before been so indisposed to yield to Barty Wooler's bluntness—never so wroth with him for spoiling her enjoyment. For he did spoil it; even while he spoke the peach, primrose, and cherry-coloured trappings, and the whole tableau, with the speculation and the admiration it would excite, faded and changed in her imagination, and struck her as being a forced and idle piece of vanity. It might be well enough for the great people, who had nothing else to do, and whose position gave them *carte blanche* for frivolity and extravagance. (How Lady Dorothea would have rebelled against the imputation!) But it was not well for a girl like her. She took her stand on belonging to that class, and was fain to pledge herself that she would never meanly crave to abandon it by crazily dreaming of being translated to another sphere.

But Phoebe did not betray a glimpse of her disconcerted state of feeling when she answered Barty Wooler with cold carelessness.

"I have passed my word, Mr. Wooler, and had my part cast for me. And it is a very nice character, if you will condescend to see it. Surely you would not have me go back from the one and throw up the other, disappointing and displeasing some of my best friends, in an affair to which papa does not

object,—with which it seems nobody but yourself finds fault?"

"There are plenty of objectors," Barty maintained, "if they had only the courage and the honesty to come forward and say what they think. I can only hope that you will not see cause to regret the step. I cannot conceive how your father, with all his bondage to the Exmoors, could consent to it."

This speech was too much, was utterly unjustifiable, indeed; and Barty Wooler was without the excuse of a right to make it. It could only be met by an indignant silence, which he did not seek to break when he led Phoebe to the bench which she indicated.

CHAPTER XXIX.—GOSSIP AND MORE.

As Phoebe sat there with conscious stiffness, of which she could not get rid, Lord Wriothesley came up and engaged her for the next dance but one, dropping the merest hint, as he noted down the engagement, that he had been doing duty till now as the great dancing representative of the Latimers.

She was still smarting under the late rebuke and reproach, and was inclined to hold this communication no business of hers. She felt Lord Wriothesley had no call to make it. She would have had a mind to be offended by the inference, if Lord Wriothesley had not been so friendly and innocent-looking, and if she were not ashamed of herself for such carping self-consciousness.

"Barty Wooler has done all he could to put evil in my head," she reflected, bitterly, "by putting a false construction on my unavoidable acquaintance with Lady Dorothea's brother; and he has attained his end, so far, at all events, as to give a silly constraint to my manner."

Miss Rowe, gossiping with Mrs. Medlar, sat near Phoebe. She either did not measure the distance to which sound travels, or did not heed, for snatches of the conversation reached the subject of it. Phoebe turned another way, and did everything but put her hands on her ears, or cross the ball-room alone, to prevent the *contrectemps*.

"Did you not see how she dropped down on the first seat, and dismissed him in no time, because she has higher game to-night?" questioned Mrs. Medlar. "Why, the foolish thing's head must be turned by the notice the county folks are taking of her—very injudicious, and what I should not like for my girls, Miss Rowe; and there is Watkins going to dance again with Bella. I ought to interfere, but one does not like to interfere with one's girls' pleasures if one can help it. But I

thought better of Phœbe. I really did, though the mother is not over-wise, and the father, however quiet and diligent, belongs to a flighty profession, always dependent on high customers, unless a man takes to the portrait line—and these cheap photographs have done that up, too, I understand, and compelled even portrait-painters to keep their sitters in good humour, which my husband says is the hardest work he gets with voters in election times."

"Yes, and that's no easy task either way," said Miss Rowe, twirling her fan, "especially as most sitters nowadays are so little in the habit of really feeling at ease, and are always trying to look what they are not," she wound up, unable to resist this wicked little home-thrust, even at the expense of a temporary ally. But Mrs. Medlar was impervious and adroit at diversions.

"Now, would you say that lace of Mrs. Stacey's was French, or only Maltese?" she went off at a new angle; but she immediately returned to strike poor Phœbe yet more sharply. "I should have thought a girl who knew so much of the grondees and their ways would never have been so presumptuous as to lay herself out for attention from that quarter. She will put her foot through as fine prospects as ever a Wellfield girl commanded, and ruin herself with the other, if there was any truth in that story, which Milly always doubted. As an old married woman and a mother, I cannot help regretting it. Girls never do know what is good for them, though I don't think my girls would have behaved so badly, risking fine prospects, putting them in the fire with their own hands, a crying sin so much as to think of. No, they are better brought up, though I should not say it."

"I don't know as to girls' upbringings, Mrs. Medlar," returned the other: "but I do know she is serving the painter as I have seen his mother serve other men. You must remember Miss Judith Clay bouncing with her yeoman friends at the subscription-balls, and pretending to sprain her ankle when poor Clerk Wooler happened to look in."

"He has brought this upon me also; surely I have a great deal to thank him for," Phœbe said to herself, employing a woman's logic to pile up the charges against her rejected suitor. She did not recover her spirits in dancing with Lord Wriothsley, though she believed that he danced with her from taste and with a will. She could not wind up again the curious mechanism of her spirits, which, in place of being at a high

pitch, had now suffered collapse in a style that was quite out of keeping with a Wellfield belle's first appearance—and a distinguished appearance too. She had often pictured such an appearance, just as she had pictured her walk up to Brockcotes on the morning after her return home, with no reason to expect particular distinction, *nor*, for that matter, particular mortification and pain.

But she reckoned on the tableaux making up for the ball.

The company that gathered in the Brockcotes banqueting room next evening had an entertainment of which they might talk for many race-weeks to come. It might even serve to grace a conversation when Miss Dugdale's beauty should be matured and matronly, Lord Wriothsley have grown stout and prudent, Lady Dorothea—even Lady Dorothea—have settled down into inactivity, and Phœbe Paston have no more to do with the county families than her father after he had painted his last picture.

The initiatory concert was so hurried over that, while the listeners prided themselves on the rank of the performers, no one had time to weary of any part of the programme, unless of Thalberg's piece. Lady Louisa sang "Mia Vendica," without drawing down retribution on herself for a rattling hail of false notes. Miss Dugdale and Mr. Vernon adjured and responded to each other in "Dis moi ce mot," without either asking or answering a word worth the hearing.

Then followed the tableaux in rapid succession.

Lord Fairchester and Lady Dorothea were discovered on a rampart, which was at least as good a rampart as Pyramus and Thisbe's wall was a wall.

Lord Dacre and Lady Penelope were surprised at a banquet, which enabled him to sit and pull his moustache, while she flashed forth her blazing girdle, bracelet, and rings, in the act of pouring out his wine.

Mr. Vernon was gingerly making-believe to paint Miss Dugdale, in his anxiety to retain a *facsimile* of her charms as another and a crowning proof of the exquisite æsthetical faculty of the bragging virtuoso—the same anxiety which gave Sir Kenelm presence of mind to have Venetia Lady Digby's effigy taken from her corpse, when she was found dead in bed.

Lord Wriothsley, with his hat below his arm, extended his hand to Phœbe Paston to conduct her out of one of the boxes at Ranelagh, among the flaunting lanterns which deco-

rated the shrivelled, dusty trees, as if he were leading her out to one of the minuets that Lord Hervey and Molly Lepel "walked," and which were familiar to the readers of the accounts of the Northern rebellion, and the earthquake of Lisbon.

Everybody allowed that the groups were prettily designed and faithfully rendered, and there appeared that night to be only one sentiment in the audience—that of gratified admiration. But Phœbe had only half a heart for her part. It was a mistake. She should not have been there; she admitted that to herself now, not blaming Lady Dorothea for being misled by her own wishes, and not blaming her father for being supine in the matter. She did not even blame Lord Wriothesley in the slightest degree, but felt grateful to him for the forbearance and delicacy with which he managed their tableaux, when she had become alive to its incongruity and awkwardness, and found these elements nearly intolerable; she blamed herself for her short-sightedness and vanity, and she blamed Barty Wooler with a great swelling grudge for enlightening her—and for not even coming to see the show.

CHAPTER XXX.—A LULL.

DURING the whole of the autumn there had been a hurry and a clashing of events which were now to be followed by a lull. The month of October was stormy. The winter set in suddenly with mud, mire, and frost, bringing shooting-parties to an abrupt termination, and limiting the number of hunting-days. There were not many occasions favourable for Phœbe's walking up to Brockcotes, since Mrs. Paston had a horror of damp dresses and soaked feet, and was as determined as she could be about anything, that her daughter should not consume her folly by going off in a galloping consumption. Even Lady Dorothea, though the Countess was far less afraid of damp than Mrs. Paston, was not able to reach Wooers' Alley above once a week on account of important consultations on her approaching marriage.

But as it happened, the great merging into each other of the houses of Blount and Latimer was postponed. Lord Exmoor's gout transferred itself as pure rheumatism to Lady Exmoor, threatening to render active movement impossible for the rest of her life. It did not seem so inappropriate or intolerable a fate considering the habits of the Countess in relation to the world without. But Lady Exmoor's immediate circle rallied round the

still, stiff-natured woman, threatening now to become stiff-jointed also. The Earl was to give up his attendance at a score of meetings where his countenance was solicited, and to forego his pleasure at all the winter races and agricultural shows, in order that he might be in close attendance on his wife. Lord Wriothesley was to stay on at Brockcotes to be ready to take his father's place when a substitute was possible. Lady Dorothea's marriage, with its ceremonies and festivities, as coming in the way of Lady Exmoor's cure, was deferred indefinitely in spite of the Countess's remonstrances. Dr. Mitford, who devoted his best skill and the most of his time to the Exmoor family, keeping an assistant for the rest of the world, and who, in spite of his most conscientious exertions, was said to be growing rapidly grey and nervous under the weight of his responsibility, requested further professional advice, and despatched the whole family to town a month before Christmas—three whole months before Parliament should open. Everybody the Exmoors knew were then at their own country-places, or at Brighton, or abroad. To break the journey to the Countess, Dr. Mitford accompanied the party himself. In the solitude of the upper walks of London, the high authorities in medicine found leisure to lay their wise heads together respecting the Countess's limbs, and ordered her off to the winter wretchedness of the German baths. Casting objections to the winds, and spurning obstacles, if they might but spare the elasticity of an ankle or a thumb, her faithful people carried the Countess thither. The escort consisted of Lord Exmoor and Lady Dorothea, Mr. Richardson as factotum, Mr. Simmons, his Lordship's man, Thorpe, her Ladyship's woman, and Thorpie, Lady Dorothea's maid, with their satellites. Lord Wriothesley was forced to remain to discharge his father's duties at Brockcotes, Swinely, and other portions of the Latimers' territories. But his place was, to some extent, supplied by Lord Fairchester, who felt warranted in setting his own duties aside or letting them lie over this year, that he might discharge the more pressing claim of paying court to Lady Dorothea in going and coming as an intermittent member of the Exmoor suite.

Phœbe had always thought Wellfield more or less desolate when Brockcotes was given over to Mr. Clarges and Mrs. Bald. But she contemplated with edification the sacrifices the men of the family made for the Countess. It was not that she thought

her father would not sacrifice even art itself to confer real benefit on her and her mother. But her position, and much more her mother's position in Wooers' Alley, was essentially different, in more than what related to purple and fine linen, from the footing occupied at Brockcotes by Lady Dorothea and Lady Exmoor. Mr. Paston was very fond of his daughter, and was indulgent to her mother; but he frequently took little notice of the one, and almost uniformly spoke ironically to the other. He might excuse himself for this last breach of good taste on the ground that Mrs. Paston was incapable of perceiving or resenting irony, and that the complaints in which she indulged were the natural dropping and oozing out of a feeble nature—and one, too, a little jealous in its feebleness.

Phœbe could not help contrasting her father's self-engrossment and Barty Wooler's want of freedom in the society of cultivated women, with the courtesy that was a second nature to the men of the Exmoor family—the half-chivalrous deference which marked all they did in connection with their women. The domestic virtues, as practised at Brockcotes, she had heard sung all her life, and she was not in a position to guess how much of a whited sepulchre such class manners in other cases might be. She simply saw, or imagined she saw, that the balance was largely in favour of the noble families. She had the impression that it was very fine for the Countess and Lady Dorothea to be thus waited on, consulted, and courted by husband, brother, and lover. She would have been justly offended if any one had told her that she did not value at their true worth her father's peculiar affection, and her mother's half-scolding, half-fretting tenderness. Still she thought it would be nice—a thing any girl might covet—to have her chair, footstool, and screen constantly found for her, her bell rung when she wanted anything, and the book she was reading remembered and brought to her; above all, to have the gentlemen of her house more or less at leisure to lend her a portion of their company when she required it, and to pay special visits with her.

As the winter deepened, there was a general impression in Wellfield that it must be lonely for Lord Wriothesley, living all by himself up at Brockcotes. He was mostly there, of course; Swinely, and the other localities in which the name of Exmoor flourished as that of the ruling proprietor, having less call for the presence of a member of the family. But if Lord Wriothesley must be lonely, most

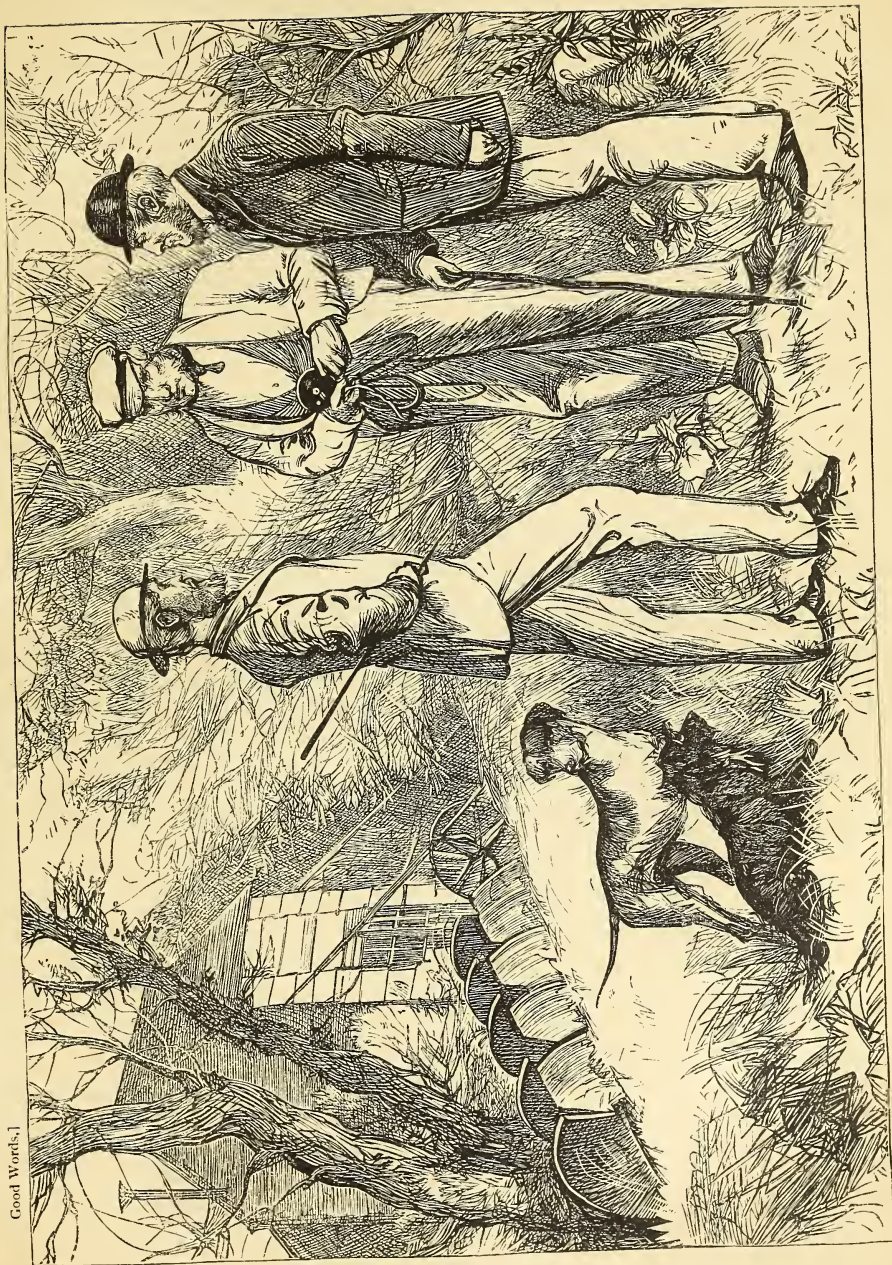
people, the men especially, said what an excellent opportunity it was for his Lordship acquiring those business habits which would be of immense importance both to him and his dependants afterwards. The old Latimers had set him a good example. They had been very much their own chamberlains and inspectors of works. And Lord Wriothesley seemed inclined to avail himself of the opportunity. He did not shut himself up with his books or his canvas and brushes, as had been feared. He was interested in more things than the meets of the hounds. He did not content himself with *dilettanti* patronage of mechanics' institutions, parish clubs, and little essays at speechifying, which might be of use to him after he stepped into a borough. He really set himself to know his work, and do it much as Lady Dorothea would have done; only where his sister would have been largely practical, he theorised and generalised, and was full of schemes and visions. In the morning he was about in the gardens, the stables, the kennels; after luncheon, he was abroad on his horse or in his drag, going far and near over the estate in all weathers. He looked into the boundaries and investigated clauses in leases, and disputes founded on them; he visited and ascertained for his own private satisfaction the state of the line of railway in process of being made, in which Lord Exmoor was the great shareholder; he inspected personally the wood-mills, the tile-works, the new farm-buildings with which Lord Exmoor was then busy. He had been sworn in as a justice of the peace, and he now took his seat on the bench almost as regularly as his father had done. He surprised the market-town of Nannton by appearing occasionally in the market, and gravely applying himself to prices, very much as if he meant business.

Certainly no stout young farmer at the ordinary at Nannton, nor fervent young high-church curate within three parishes, rode or strode about in more unwavering pursuit of his calling than did Lord Wriothesley. If he did not return home to write sermons or keep accounts, he audited the steward's papers, burrowed in the charter-chest, kept up with the literature—both classical and scientific—of the times, and dined out in the few neighbouring country-houses on a visiting level with Brockcotes.

Lord Wriothesley's subjects were ready to smack their lips approvingly on him as one of the right sort. They spoke of him as an active-minded and public-spirited

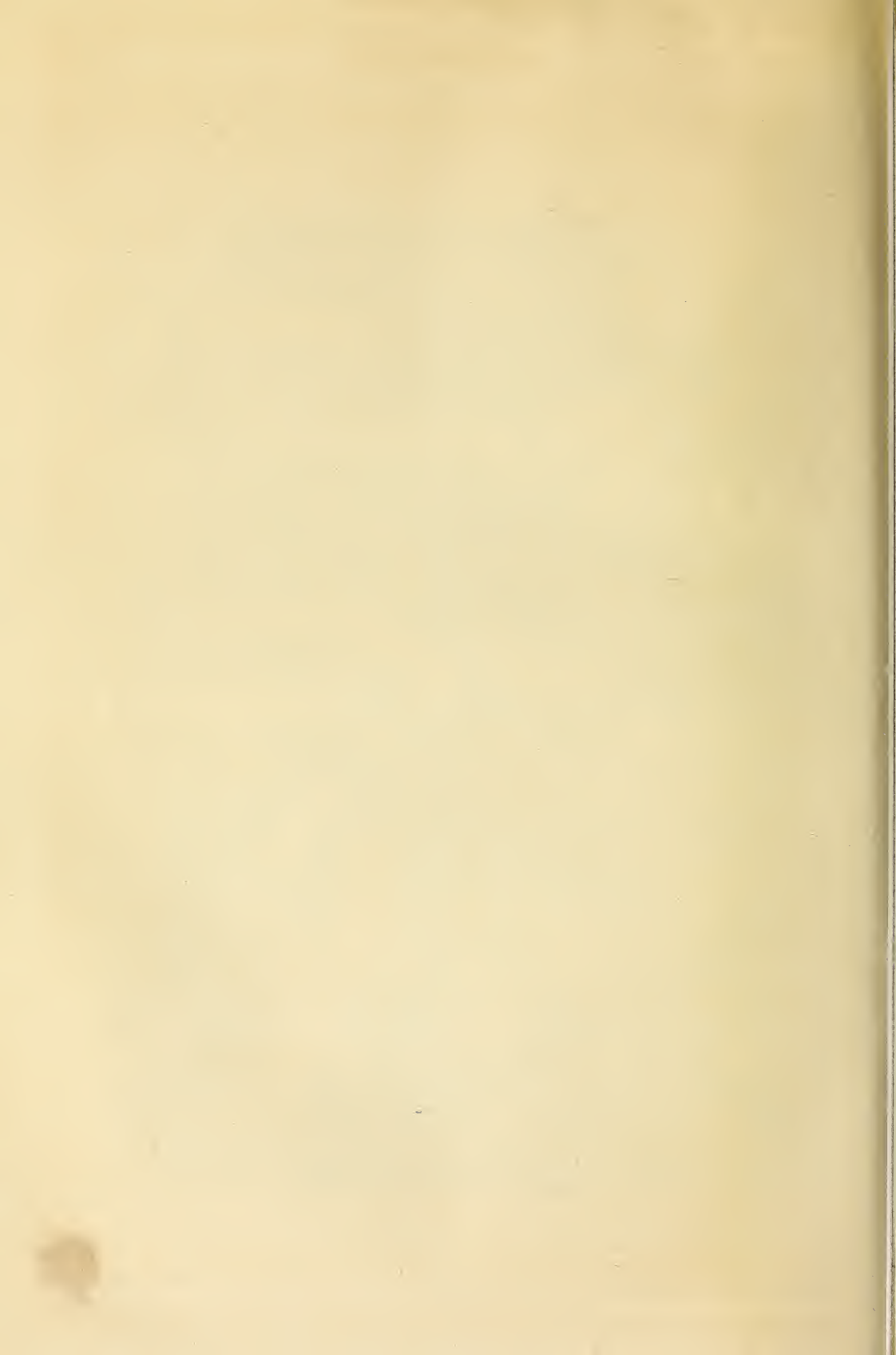
[August 1, 1869]

Good Words.]



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Page 538



young nobleman—neither a milksop, nor a wilding, nor a nincompoop. The country worthies were rather doubtful when his Lordship's talents were spoken of, regarding these in the light of brittle, precarious ware, but at least his Lordship's talents did not interfere with his attention to business. They saw in him a solid yet sharp youngster, with a brain, a heart, and a conscience.

When it was found that Lady Exmoor could not return till Easter, Lord Wriothlesley, with his father's approval, set on foot a new clearing of the more overgrown portions of the Brockcotes woods, and took the first steps towards bringing in water at the family's expense to the town of Nannton, in the same manner as it had been brought in to Wellfield. These were the improvements which he had convinced himself were the most desirable in the meanwhile, and with which he would do well to commemorate his deputy-reign. To his other duties, and at the risk of being dubbed a busybody, he added an energetic individual superintendence of the two works which he had inaugurated.

Phoebe heard of the thinning of the trees and the leading of the water into Nannton as Lord Wriothlesley's measures, and at first turned up her nose foolishly. How should she know and consider that one of the noblest acts of the last noble Percy, and one on which he spent three hundred thousand pounds, was to build dwellings of no higher architectural pretension than labourers' cottages? She was curious to know, and perplexed herself in trying to guess, what Lady Dorothea would think of this commencement of the campaign. Of course, she would approve in a way of anything useful, but were these quite small, commonplace endeavours any sign of the great enterprise with which Lord Wriothlesley was to signalise his wearing of the Earl's coronet, and still further ennoble Exmoor? Were they even indications of the legislative genius, the financial skill, which were one day to promote Wellfield's young Lord to be the head of her Majesty's cabinet, or the Chancellor of her Exchequer? These were such small beginnings, that they struck one as very peddling and pottering. Yet it was true that all the poor men out of work—and this was rather a hard year at Wellfield—had found employment in the woods, and it might be a great boon for the old and infirm women, the "grey mothers" of Nannton, not to be forced any longer to toil up side lanes, carrying muddy water from the Nann; finally, if the cholera raged in the town again, as it

had twice raged already, then, indeed, Lord Wriothlesley's measure would not be judged trifling: and Phoebe Paston would be pronounced a supercilious goose of a girl to have carpied at it.

CHAPTER XXXI.—LORD WRIOTHESLEY'S APPEAL.

CHRISTMAS was over, and there were some faint tokens of milder weather. Lord Wriothlesley's unremitting exertions, combined with his comparative isolation from society, began to tell on his slight body. More than one competent Wellfield acquaintance remarked how fagged and worn he looked, and apprehended that he was on the eve of one of the spring influenzas, which had attacked him before, and which it was understood had excited alarm in the family.

There were respectful remonstrances from Dr. Mitford, the Rector, and Mr. Paston, as well as from Mrs. Bald and Mr. Clarges up at the house. But if Lord Wriothlesley had a stubborn point in his temper, it was on the question of his constitution. He maintained that he could do more work and stand more fatigue than most people, which was true so far as it went. He preferred to call his slight frame wiry, till the contrary should be proved against it.

Mr. Paston was particularly impressed by Lord Wriothlesley's sickly look.

"What can Mitford be thinking of?" he protested. "The doctor ought to write and warn the Earl that Lord Wriothlesley is using himself up. I declare, I think Mitford is afraid to do it. I believe he is frightened to look the thing in the face—the heir whom he brought into the world with a flourish of trumpets, and saw safely through his infantine ailments—suppose he should go out of the world without ceremony at this time of the day! The Countess's rheumatism is nothing to it—really nothing to it, Phœbe."

"But perhaps you are cheated by appearances and symptoms which tell the doctor a different tale," said Phœbe, not looking up from her sewing.

"Well, I hope it may be so; but Mitford allows the young fellow too much line. The fact is, the doctor dare not admit to himself the great reason there is for contradicting Lord Wriothlesley. But if Mitford won't report to Lord Exmoor, I must incur the odium of going out of my province to send off bad news; or do you think you could do it when you write to Lady Dorothea, Phœbe?"

"To be sure I can, if it be thought necessary," answered Phoebe.

Mr. Paston's concern issued in what was a great demonstration for him. The young nobleman looked in at Wooers' Alley one afternoon on his return from an expedition, and showed himself, as even he acknowledged, "done for the day, and fit for the dogs." Mr. Paston detained him, and, taking him up to the drawing-room, in spite of his splashed boots, ordered Mrs. Paston to get a cup of tea for him, while he rested and dried his boots before proceeding home.

"Now, I think this is just what I need," exclaimed Lord Wriothlesley, suddenly, as he leant back in one of the fantastic lounging-chairs, sipped his tea, and glanced round him. "I don't mean that I need a fuss made about me, or indeed that I am worth it; so you are not to plume yourself on your turning courtier, Paston. As for your tea, Mrs. Paston, it is as near as possible to perfection, and quite beyond my deserts. For that matter, they make a fuss about me up at Brockcotes. Having nobody there but myself, Mrs. Bald and Clarges let off their whole steam upon me, until the effect is stunning. But it is so snug here, with you all at home bearing each other company, and it is so desolate up at Brockcotes, with my father and mother, Dorothea and Fairchester, all falling into bad ways without me to keep them in order, in these horrid German holes, where they cannot have a comfortable carpet, or a fire, or a cup of tea like this," he said, turning to Mrs. Paston.

"Goodness me! go there for health and recovery, and can't get a cup of tea or a fire in such weather as this, when the evenings still have a touch of frost?"

"Well, so it is, Mrs. Paston; nature does a good deal there; but man does little to help her in the work of cure. I suppose man is made to rile his family, and pour his woes into their ears, as well as to draw forth their woes in return? If you would put up with the infliction," pleaded his Lordship, humbly, "and let me look in on you like this, or come down after dinner when I am not too late, and sit a while with you in the evening; if I could have Mrs. Paston to coddle me, Miss Paston to laugh at me, and you, Paston, to take a tough wrangle with me on the principles of art—after that I should go home refreshed, and retire to bed at an innocent hour, like a Christian, in place of half-dropping off my chair before I can make up my mind to perform the ceremony. I am persuaded

you would set me up again in no time. I own, since I am in the character of a miserable beggar, that I think I should be the better at present of a little solacing by good company as well as of bracing by work and duty."

"Pray come, my Lord, whenever you like. We shall always be glad to see you. I need hardly say that we shall be only too thankful if we can offer any entertainment, or be of any service to your father's son."

Mr. Paston answered his Lordship almost in the words in which he had bidden Barty Wooler welcome, but with a different meaning in his hospitality. As Barty had nothing to do with it now, and as Mr. Paston had never put much weight on his friend's opinion as to the intercourse between Brockcotes and Wooers' Alley, he saw no serious objection to Lord Wriothlesley coming about the house as his father had done before him. He would have held himself guilty of a suspicious, carping temper, which would have been a sorry return for all the obligations he owed the family at Brockcotes, had he denied to the cherished son the small boon he sought.

To do Lord Wriothlesley justice, so long as he had been well, he had been content with his work, and had not tried to infringe the rules which Mr. Paston had laid down for visiting in Wooers' Alley. It was not till he felt his need of rest and relaxation that he acknowledged a craving for what was wanting in his lot, and gave in to the demands of his nature. Even yet he would have resisted them, if it had not been true of him that, like Mr. Paston, he had not seen any serious objection to their indulgence. Why should he not visit intimately in the house which, with its advantages and its patent defects, had taken his fancy? Why should he not cultivate the friendship of the girl who was his sister's friend, and who had taken his fancy also? None knew better than he did how utterly free he was from any idle vanity where Phoebe Paston was concerned. It would be affronting her, and making a coxcomb of himself, to suppose that association with him could be dangerous to her peace or well-being. If he ever saw any danger—and he coloured, pshawed, and felt his heart beat at the foolish idea—why then he would withdraw at once.

Whatever might be the delusion, there came a new lustre on Phoebe's life with Lord Wriothlesley's naturalisation in Wooers' Alley.

His Lordship threw on the permission granted to him, and rapidly recovered his normal, youthful elasticity of health, until all

anxiety vanished regarding his overworn looks and jaded air.

CHAPTER XXXII.—FRIENDS SPEAK THEIR MIND.

IN the town's new craze of confidence, not only in the virtues, but in the lucky star, of the house of Exmoor, no fault was found for an exceptionally long time with Lord Wriothesley for resorting to Wooers' Alley for his entertainment and cure. It was not until the Earl and the Countess, with Lady Dorothea and Lord Fairchester, were expected home, and an astounding rumour concerning them had flashed within the orbit of Wellfield, that an awful interpretation—more like the flare of an ill-omened comet than the peaceful gleam of a lucky star—went abroad concerning Lord Wriothesley's close intercourse with the Pastons.

"I'd never have thought it," panted Mrs. Medlar; "I was put out, I must say, at Phoebe Paston's shaking off Barty Wooler, and much too good for her, if so be she did shake him off, and he did not think better of it and shake her off. What a hussy the girl, who has kept company with my girls, must be, Miss Rowe, to think to draw in the young Lord to marry such a paltry, cozening creature as she is! It is almost as bad as having anything to say to him, poor lad, without marriage."

"Well, Mrs. Medlar, I think you go a little too far there; but I fancy her father and mother might have had more sense," answered Miss Rowe, whose chief art lay in seeming to dissent, and yet draw out the speaker.

"You have said it, Miss Rowe," Mrs. Medlar resumed. "How can Mr. Paston and Mrs. Paston, though she do be a fool, wink at it? Are you cock sure, as Medlar says—I beg your pardon, Miss Rowe—but is it main certain it is for that minx Phoebe? I never saw anything in her but ordinary girl's good looks. There is no great things of her—just an insignificant brown monkey."

"You may depend upon it it is for her," said Miss Rowe, deliberately. "The marvel is that we could be so senseless as to believe it was for daubs of pictures, when he has so much better, galleries on galleries of them, up at Brockcotes. For anything I know, Lord Wriothesley may be able to paint as good pictures as Caleb Paston. You know the family have always prided themselves on his Lordship's being an accomplished youth—though I must say I formed no great opinion of his manners in the race-week: very likely

he was hankering after the girl by that time. There is no accounting for tastes. And as to Phoebe Paston's clutching at such a chance, it is not over-wise, I dare say, but it is no more than might be expected. I haven't known above one or two women who would have done otherwise, and they were not to be found among new-made ladies and gentlemen. However, there is no denying it is damaging to the girl's reputation—I would not say worse than that; and Paston, though he is a new-made gentleman and a genius, need not be so flighty as to venture such a risk on the wildest possibility."

"I believe Mrs. Paston has the monstrous presumption to believe that there is every likelihood of her daughter dying a countess. Did you notice, Miss Rowe, how she sidled like a peahen into the meeting of the Clothing Society the other night, as if she expected everybody to rise up and speak to her, and was not sure whether any one was good enough to be spoken to back again? What a fine mystery she made about Miss Paston's not being able to come out, and what a difficulty about her attending the sewing meeting that the Miss Staceys attend, and Miss Adelaide Coke sometimes looks in upon! I have known Phoebe Paston reckoned a deal cheaper. More than that, I declare, Miss Rowe, the last time I called in at Wooers' Alley, it was perfectly disgusting to see the attention Mrs. Paston paid to her daughter. I, who had walked from the Bank, in the teeth of a March wind, was nobody. She called Phoebe Miss Paston, and it was, Would Miss Paston have a footstool or a fire-screen, and did she prefer claret to sherry at lunch? The Pastons have a regular hot lunch with the best of us. I could not believe my eyes when I sat down, and Phoebe, who was worried with her mother's notice of her, asked me to have a cutlet."

"I take a bit of bread and cheese, as I have always done, Mrs. Medlar," announced Miss Rowe; "I have no liking for new-fangled ways."

"And I am sure," replied Mrs. Medlar, "it is only to please Medlar and the girls that I ever do otherwise. One must try to please one's husband, Miss Rowe; we have Scripture for that."

"When one has a husband to please," suggested Miss Rowe, candidly.

"Of course. I did not mean—you could not think I was twitting you with—ha! Miss Rowe, you might have had your pick and choice of gentlemen in the army and the navy, like your relations."

"I do not know. I never had my choice of an earl—that I can say, with a safe conscience, Mrs. Medlar."

"No, nor Phoebe Paston neither, I lay you all the gloves in Orme's shop. But I was going to say that I am indulgent to my girls, poor things; it stands to nature, and nobody can say I am unnatural—but to make idols of them, as Mrs. Paston is doing of that Phoebe of hers, I should be ashamed to dream of such a thing. Certainly there's many of mine, and that may make some difference; but don't you think, Miss Rowe, that one girl may need knocking about even more than a dozen?"

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Medlar. But about Mrs. Paston's folly—she was on another tack with me when I sat next her at the Loyds' the other night. She was as low as low could be on the deceitfulness of men, and no faith to be put in the great. If I had not known my woman, I should have thought either that Lord Wriothsley had refused to sign a bill for Paston, or that Phoebe had been caught running off with his Lordship that morning."

"Goodness! it has not come to that, Miss Rowe?" protested Mrs. Medlar, her hair standing on end. "I never heard Medlar hint that the Pastons were not in a good way. Paston has done very well for himself as an artist. Of course art is not a trade to make a fortune by. I call the Clays a fortune. There can be nothing so shocking as a clandestine correspondence or private appointments between Phoebe Paston and Lord Wriothsley. No doubt it is not to the credit of a girl like her, and a nobleman like him, that there should be the suspicion of philandering between them, and one cannot be too careful; he should not be allowed to speak twice to Bella or any of the others—not though he would give his life to do it, now. But as far as I have heard tell, he sees Phoebe Paston only in her father's house, quite open and above-board, that I must say for them."

"I have no objection," vouchsafed Miss Rowe, with a little gape. "Did you not see I was simply pointing the moral of Mrs. Paston's lowness of spirits, by supposing extreme cases to account for it?"

"Oh! that was it, was it?" exclaimed Mrs. Medlar, with her perplexity increased

by the fear of offending Miss Rowe—not that Miss Rowe was so easily offended as she was unscrupulous in giving her tongue play. "I dare say Mrs. Paston, poor woman, does not know what to think; and as she never had a mind of her own, but depended on borrowed opinion, she could not be the same two days on end."

"And in place of leaping at ugly conclusions," counselled Miss Rowe, ruthlessly, "I should be very careful, if I were you, of what I said and how I behaved to Phoebe Paston. I speak for Mr. Medlar's sake; for you know it does not do for a professional man like him to cut himself off from the great people. It don't much matter for an old, single body like me, though even I should not like to miss the yearly concert or theatricals, or the little presents of fruit and game with which the Exmoor family favour me. When Phoebe Paston is Lady Wriothsley, not to say Countess of Exmoor, I shall make her my lowest curtsy, and cease to remember that I ever made her anything else. I shall talk of brunette beauty being unapproachable, though at present I think it can no more compare with that white-faced thing Lady Dorothea's style, than my old plain head can match with your girls' full bloom. But after all, there is only a little bit of a chance, not above the balance of a straw, that Phoebe Paston will ever reap any harvest but a barren one of mortification, ridicule, and a soured temper for life, from her impudence in getting herself mixed up with my Lord."

"Serve her right!" cried Mrs. Medlar, in exasperation. Mrs. Medlar found herself looking at both sides of the question in disagreeable uncertainty. She was puzzled whether she should forbid her girls to speak to Phoebe Paston in future, or whether, the next time she met Phoebe, she should drop a curtsy, like a charity school-girl, and beg and beseech Phoebe to accept the loan of her umbrella, on the plea that she, with her periodical bronchitis and lumbago, would take no harm in an April shower.

"I don't believe one word of it," said Mrs. Wooler, folding her hands behind her scrubby laburnums, "unless, indeed, God be going to make Caleb Paston a spectacle to man and angels, in his height and in his fall. But I shall never trouble my head with such an idle tale."

DEBENHAM'S VOW.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE FORTUNE OF WAR.



DEBENHAM was right when he said that it was perhaps well for Archie and himself that they should be off again on the morrow. Men who live with "one foot on sea and one on shore" become, by the mere force of circumstances, more suscep-

tible than other men to the influence of such bright eyes as they chance to encounter on *terra firma*; and it was by no means desirable that either should suffer himself to be slain by the bright eyes of a *demoiselle* Ashby. De Benham, at all events, had no mind to be so slain. Next to the misfortune of being captured by a Federal cruiser, no accident that could befall him would, as he well knew, so impede his labours and mar his prospects as an engagement, or anything approaching to an engagement, with Diana Ashby. Her lover, of all men, must be devoted like herself to her country's cause; must, most unquestionably, mount the palmetto tree and fight for the Stars and Bars. No alien would have a chance with her—unless, indeed, he became, in very truth and earnest, a naturalised citizen of the Confederate States. This De Benham knew that he would never do. He knew that he would never lay down his coronet, renounce his ancient title, give up his native England and every hope of winning back the fiefs and lordships of his ancestors, for any eyes, blue or black, Transatlantic or otherwise. . . . No; not if they were the brightest that ever rained influence on knight or poet. It behoved him, then, above all things, not to fall in love with the eldest Miss Ashby—and he felt that he was fast drifting that way. It was, indeed, well that he should be off and away before he drifted farther.

And now they were again on the point of starting. Hitherto all had gone well with them—so well, that the ship's crew began to boast that the *Stormy Petrel* was born to good luck and proof against all those perils that blockade-runners were heirs to. Two round trips had been made in safety, and the half of another. Three full cargoes of miscellaneous stores had been sold at an almost fabulous rate of profit. Two of cotton were even now on their way to Liverpool, on board the *Sabrina*; and a third was just bought, stowed on board the *Stormy Petrel*, and ready for the run. The blockade-runner, it is needless to say, had in the meanwhile paid her expenses ten times over. It was no wonder that captain and crew, highly salaried as they were, should exult and make merry.

This time, however, De Benham felt more than commonly anxious, and even somewhat depressed. Diana Ashby counted, perhaps, for something in the matter. He told himself that she certainly did so, and that he was a fool for his pains. He would not for one moment allow, even to his own thoughts, that his depression had in it anything of that vague uneasiness that goes by the ugly name of evil presentiment. And yet, in his secret heart, he would have given much to put off the start for just twenty-four hours longer. Had any cause for doing so presented itself, his relief of mind would have been great. Could he even have devised any reasonable pretext for delay, he would have put that pretext forward, and have acted upon it unhesitatingly. But with these unacknowledged presentiments and anxieties, Diana Ashby's eyes (bright as they were, and reluctant as he was to turn away from the sphere of their brightness) had substantially nothing whatever to do.

By eleven A.M. of the day following the events last related, the *Stormy Petrel* had taken in her coal and gone down to the old point below Castle Pinckney, to be searched and smoked as before. At six P.M. they were to weigh anchor, so as to be ready to go over the bar as soon as it was dark. In the meanwhile, Polter had to go to headquarters to get posted up in the signals; and for De Benham there were papers to be signed, farewell visits to be paid, and so forth. Among the farewell visits, last on the list, but certainly not last in importance,

came that which was due to Colonel Ashby and his daughters.

Colonel Ashby was from home, but they found the ladies in the garden—a charming garden, all grass down to the water's edge and dotted over with clumps of spreading trees; yet less like a garden, than a corner taken from a well-kept English park. And there were rocking-chairs, and pieces of matting, and a table covered with books and needlework, set out in the shade. De Benham thought, as the black footman ushered him and Archie across the lawn, that he had never seen a more exquisite picture than was made by this group of beautiful young women sitting together in their white dresses, with the deep gloom of the trees behind them, the green grass at their feet, and the glowing sky above. It was a picture that might have been painted by Watteau or Lancret; or, better still, by our own gentle English Stothard.

"But it is not good-bye for long," said Elinor Ashby, when, after sitting for some little time, the visitors rose to say farewell. "You are only going to Nassau?"

"We are only going to Nassau," replied De Benham; "but our boat must undergo certain necessary repairs before we venture on another trip; and while that is being done, I hope to run home to England for a week or so."

"But you will come out again when your boat is ready, and then we shall see you back in Charleston?"

"If the blockade does not, in the meanwhile, become too stringent. I have heard rumours of a stone fleet to be sunk across the mouth of the harbour."

"Do not believe it, Mr. Debenham," exclaimed Diana Ashby. "They dare not do it!"

"The question, I fear, is not whether they dare do it, but whether they can do it," said De Benham.

"Then be assured that they cannot do it—that we will not suffer them to do it. Do you think, Mr. Debenham, that our Southern men will stand passively by, and see our noble harbour—God's own gift to those who go down to the sea in ships—destroyed for ever?"

"Not, certainly, if the most dauntless gallantry on shore can prevent it."

"You mean that we want a naval force; but we shall have our own iron-clads and gunboats before long."

They were now strolling towards the house, and De Benham, pausing for a moment as

if to look back at the view over the harbour, contrived to linger somewhat in the rear.

"Will you not give me something before I go?" he said, presently. "Something to keep—I will not say, to remind me of the happy hours I have spent here, for I shall need no reminding. I shall remember them all my life—perhaps, only too well."

"Nay, what can I give you, Mr. Debenham?" asked Miss Ashby, smiling.

"A flower—a glove—a scrap of your handwriting. Anything you will!"

"You shall have a photograph in which we are all three grouped together, like the Graces, or the Fates, or, if you prefer it, like the Witches in Macbeth."

"I shall be most thankful for the photograph, Miss Ashby," said De Benham; "but—but I also want something which shall be of you, and from you, alone. May I—forgive my presumption!—may I have that little knot of ribbon from your sleeve? See—it hangs only by a thread."

She blushed—hesitated—but complied.

"They are the Confederate colours," she said. "Let them remind you, not of me, but of my country's cause."

Then, without giving him time to reply, she called her youngest sister to her side, and begged her to fetch two photographs—one for each of the friends.

Archie received his with profuse thanks and protestations, making no secret of the regret with which he said good-bye.

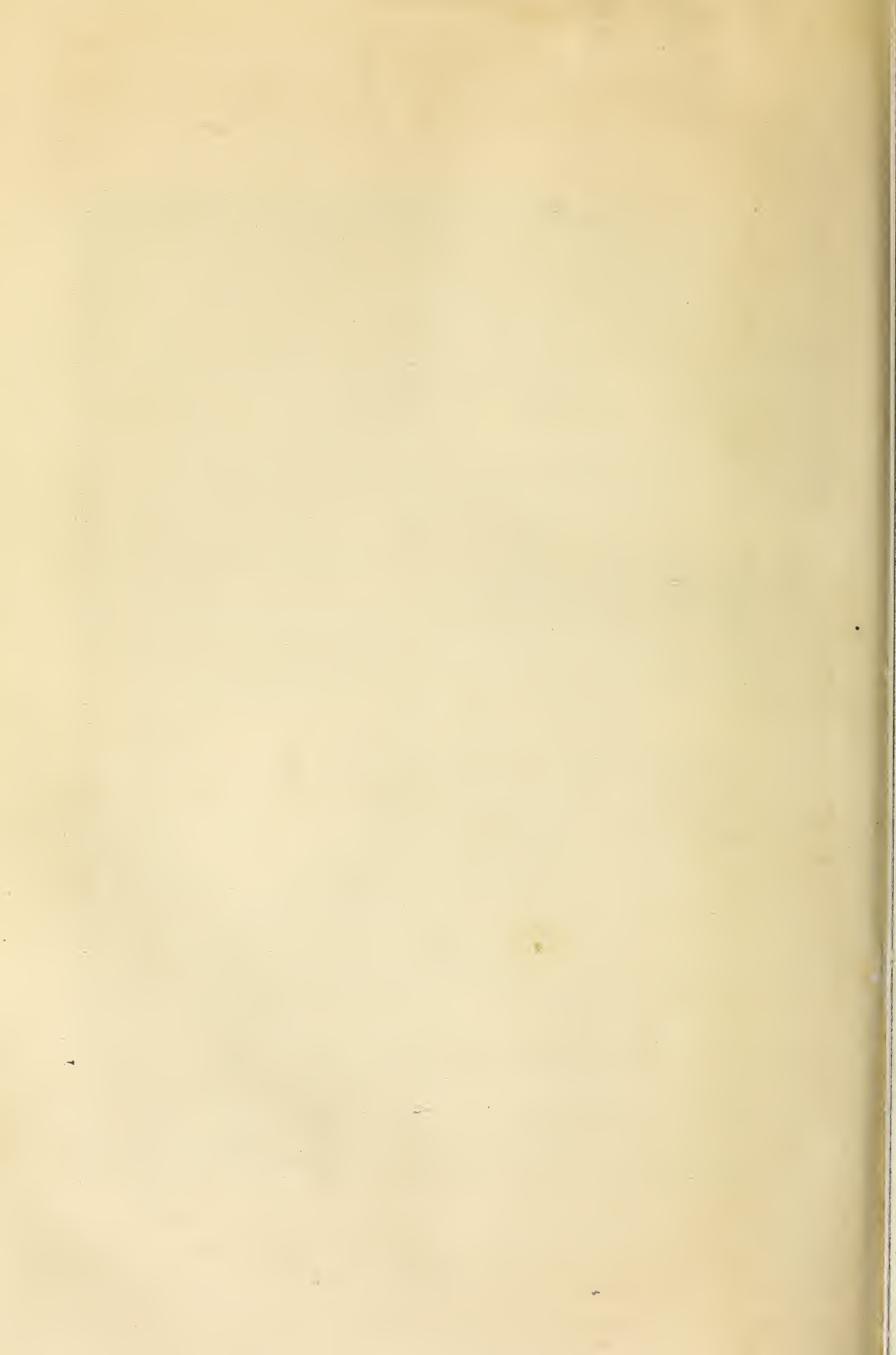
"I'm sure I don't know how I should go away at all," he said, "if it were not for the hope of coming back again. Tell me, Miss Janet, what I shall bring you from England? Do, please, say something—and let it be something that I shall have a deal of trouble to get. The more trouble it gives me, the better I shall like it!"

To which Janet Ashby, of course, replied at first that she wanted for nothing in heaven or earth; but confessed at last, after much entreaty, that it was the desire of her heart to possess Mr. Tennyson's autograph. Whereupon Archie vowed that it should be hers, though he walked thrice round the Isle of Wight with peas in his boots to get it.

"Unboiled, you know," he added. "No hedging, by Jove! All on the square."

In the meanwhile De Benham, having said farewell to the two others, was holding Diana Ashby's hand—holding it, indeed, much longer than the business of leave-taking demanded; and much faster, too, as if fearing she would withdraw it. But she made no effort to do so.





"Good-bye," he said, reluctantly. "Good-bye, Miss Ashby. Pray do not quite forget me."

"Good-bye, Mr. Debenham," she replied. "All good fortune attend you."

"And you—and you, dear lady."

He fancied that her voice wavered. He glanced round; saw that the others were already at the gate; saw, too, that none were looking; bent low over her hand; whispered "Forgive me!"; raised it to his lips, and turned precipitately away.

"I never was so sorry to leave a place in my life!" exclaimed Archie, when they had gone about a quarter of a mile on their road back to Charleston. "As for Janet Ashby, I'd—I declare, I'd do anything for her!"

"A dangerous frame of mind for any man to be in!" said De Benham, thinking of his own peril.

"But isn't she charming?"

"My dear fellow, they are all charming—so charming, that if we get through this time, I think I'll never venture over the bar of Charleston harbour again!"

"You don't mean that?" said Archie, with a look of dismay.

"Most positively."

"Then where will you go for the cotton?"

"To Wilmington. It is simply taking up our head-quarters at the Bermudas, instead of at Nassau; and, from all I hear, Wilmington is easier of access, now, than Charleston. But hark! that was five o'clock, and we are due on board at six."

As they were due, so they were on board to the minute; and found a group of Charleston friends waiting to wish them farewell. Among these were Colonel Ashby, Major Prideaux, and Senator Shirley; the latter armed with two huge boxes of choice cigars, one for De Benham, and the other for Archie.

"If there's smoking in Paradise," said he, "these are the cigars you may expect to find there. And Mr. Debenham, I have been blocking up your cabin with a case of that old Madeira that you liked the other day at dinner. No—no—pray do not thank me! you should have six dozen dozen of it, if you could spare the stowage. *Bon voyage!*"

Then they shook hands warmly all round; and the visitors, with much waving of hats, pulled off in their own boat. By a quarter past six, the *Stormy Petrel* was once more under way.

Now it happened that the tide was low this evening, and that the navigation of the boat, owing to some shifting in the sandy bed

of the estuary, was more than usually difficult. From off Cumming's Point and along the beach of Morris Island, they were keeping as near in under the land as possible, and taking soundings the whole way.

"It's the darndest river for sand in all creation," said Mr. Zachary Polter, savagely. "Take another cast, mate!"

The mate obeyed, and sung out:—"Twelve feet and a half!"

"Twelve and a half—look at that, now! One hour later, and we couldn't hev got her threw nohow. Here's six channels, and . . ."

"Twelve feet!" sung the mate.

"About she goes!—six channels, and nary one with more than eleven foot of water at low tide—nor that to be keownted on! Another cast, mate!"

And so, with the pilot grumbling and growling, the mate casting the lead, and the dark fast gathering about her path, the *Stormy Petrel*, following the sinuosities of the Main Ship Channel, wriggled her way slowly and painfully out as far as the sand-bag batteries; and then made ready for her final rush over the bar.

And now it was night—cloudy overhead; somewhat raw and damp; with a faint breath of north-west breeze coming and going; and a boil of foam upon the bar. Looking out anxiously ahead, it seemed to De Benham that the blockading squadron formed an almost continuous chain.

"There are more cruisers yonder, than when we came in a fortnight ago," he said, addressing the captain.

"Not a doubt of it."

"And three times as many as when we made our first venture."

The captain nodded.

"We oughtn't to have all these bales on deck," he said gravely. "The boat's one mountain of cotton—we're safe to be seen."

"Do you think so? Shall we put back, before it is too late?"

"It is too late," said the captain; "we're on the bar."

As the words left his lips, the *Stormy Petrel* plunged into the surf—struck the bar—recoiled—seemed for one brief instant to stand still—righted—ploughed forward, grinding her keel into the solid masonry and shuddering through all her timbers—and slipped off into deep water.

"Ten minutes later, and we couldn't hev done it—not for all the dollars on airth!" exclaimed the pilot. "And now, I guess, them chaps down below must show what their injines air made of."

So, trusting wholly to good speed and good luck, the brave little boat rushed out towards the open.

But instantly, as if from beneath her very bows, a fiery thread shot up, comet-like, through the darkness, and broke into a crimson star high overhead; and then, for the first time, they saw that they had all but run over a tiny row-boat lying just outside the bar. Quick as the answering flash of a duellist's pistol, a blue light broke simultaneously from three points along the line of the cordon. The row-boat (already left far behind) then sent up a green rocket; and those on board the *Stormy Petrel* saw some five or six large vessels immediately hastening to their encounter.

"Stop her!" shouted the pilot.

And the boat, going then at a headlong pace, stopped suddenly, like a pointer.

"Reverse one injine!"

A creak—a wrench—a strain, like the straining of a desperate swimmer swimming for his life—and the blockade-runner spun round, and made again for the bar. Over she dashed, as it seemed by mere force of speed and steam; and in less than four minutes from the moment of running out, was back again on the safe side of the surf-line.

Then Mr. Zachary Polter rose into a towering passion.

"It's all along of their busted signals," said he, dancing up and down the deck with rage, and stringing his sentences together with volleys of the choicest transatlantic oaths. "They've fixed 'em up into a reg'lar code, as plain as talking; and now we shall hev to lie snug for the next three or four hours, till the tide turns, and they've forgotten us a bit—darn 'em!"

"But why didn't you make a rush for it, pilot?" said De Benham, half angrily.

"Make a rush for it, and them ahead of us?" exclaimed Mr. Polter, with inexpressible scorn. "Perhaps, sir, you'd like to send 'em a note next time, jest to say we air coming? No, sir—if we'd only bin 'tother side of the line, I'd hev shown them the cleanest pair of heels they ever saw in all their busted lives; but I aint partial to suicide, whativer your tastes may be. Cap'n, I'll thank you for a tumbler of cold brandy and water—pretty powerful. My nerves air considerably upset."

The next three or four hours went by slowly and heavily. The *Stormy Petrel* drew off as close under the batteries as the excessive shallowness of the water would permit; and there lay, waiting. Captain and crew,

supercargo and pilot, were alike disappointed and annoyed. It was their first failure—their first stroke of anything approaching to ill-luck—and they knew not how to put up with it. The captain, to soften matters, ordered out a double allowance of grog.

At length, between half-past one and two o'clock A.M., Mr. Zachary Polter gave the word, steam was got up again, and they prepared for another start.

The tide was now setting in with a strong, eager current; and against this current the good boat had to make head. So far, circumstances were against her. But on the other hand, a light mist had come up with the morning, and there were already fourteen feet of water on the bar:—important facts in their favour.

And now, all seemed destined to go well with them. Gliding noiselessly above the bar, they saw no signal-boat this time, and were seen by none. The mist, though so slight and transparent, helped to veil them from observation, as it also helped to veil the enemy from their sight; and it was not till they were actually darting through the cordon, that they could see, looming vaguely to right and left of their course, the shadowy outlines of two large ships of war. Their own grey-green hull and piled-up cotton bales matched too nearly, however, with the waves and the mist to attract attention; and they flew out to sea, unchallenged.

"We shan't see New York for nothing, this time, by Jove!" laughed Archie, exultingly.

"I'm not so sure of that," replied De Benham. "We've lost three hours of darkness, remember; and it will be broad daylight at four."

It was broad daylight at four—the sun shining, the mist clearing, the sea just ruffling before the breeze. About five, the breeze freshened, and blew off the last shreds of fog. Then from three voices at once, the voices of De Benham, of the first mate, and of the watch in the crow's nest, there went up a sudden cry of:—"Steamer ho!"

And there, not four miles distant, was a large paddle-wheel steam-sloop, on their larboard bow.

The pilot rushed to the speaking-tube the captain to the engine-room; and the good boat leaped under the sudden access of pressure, like a racer under the spur. At the same instant, the cruiser ran up the stars and stripes, wheeled about to give chase, and sent a shot clean over her bows.

"Pitch them cotton-bales overboard!" shouted the pilot.

And over went the cotton-bales—the precious cotton-bales, worth perhaps fifty, perhaps sixty, pounds apiece—splashing into the sea as fast as the combined efforts of every man on deck could heave them over the gunwales; splashing and plunging like lead—rising and floating like feathers—and left behind in an instant.

Meanwhile came another shot—and another—and another; all too well aimed to be pleasant.

Suddenly, just as the blockade-runner was beginning every moment to make more and more way, something like a slight shock—a concussion, as it were, that seemed for a moment to thrill the deck beneath their feet—was felt by all on board. Then, before they had time to ask themselves what had happened, the ship's pace slackened—she came to heavily against her helm (*i.e.*, lurched half round) and lay broadside to the chase.

The pilot flew to the stern; the captain came rushing up from the engine-room, breathless, with the perspiration streaming down his face.

"In heaven's name, what is the matter?" cried De Benham, seeing them both hanging over the gunwales.

"Matter enough, I guess," replied Mr. Zachary Polter, bringing out his words slowly and savagely, and shutting up his glass with a click. "One of them darned cotton bales has got tangled in the starboard screw! We air cooked this time, and no mistake about it!"

And so it was. Swept under the starboard counter by the force of the waves, one of the ejected cotton-bales had been caught in the sweeping blades of the screw. In a moment it was ripped open, and bagging, roping, and cotton were being whirled and twisted about the shaft. In a moment, the screw was hopelessly clogged, half the boat's speed was gone, and the game was up!

De Benham turned an appealing look to the captain; but the captain only shook his head, and folded his arms. At this moment the cruiser fired again twice—one of her shots tearing through the water not a dozen yards in their wake.

"There ain't nothin' for it but to lay tew with a good grace, cap'n," said the pilot.

De Benham heard, turned on his heel, and went aft in silence.

Archie followed him.

"Dear old chap," said he, the tears in his honest eyes, "I am so sorry!"

For a moment De Benham looked away—gnawing his moustache; listening with a

heavy frown to the shrill rush of the escaping steam.

"I expected as much," he said, at length. "I felt, before we left Charleston, that we should come to grief this time. But, there!—it's nobody's fault."

"It's awfully hard," said Archie.

"It's the fortune of war," replied De Benham, bitterly.

The *Stormy Petrel* was now lying passively to, just swaying with the swell of the sea; and they could already hear the approaching clatter of the cruiser's paddle-wheels.

"It might have been worse," continued De Benham, more to himself than to Archie. "It might have happened the first time—still, I wish we had got through this once."

Then, muttering again that it was "the fortune of war," he went into his cabin and shut the door. He could not endure to be present at the surrender.

CHAPTER XLV.—IN DURANCE VILE.

WHEN De Benham came out of his cabin, he found the Federal commander accompanied by two of his officers, a detachment of marines, and some twelve or fourteen seamen, already in possession. Said commander—a fine, bronzed, bearded, authoritative man—turned an eagle eye upon the new-comer.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked, sharply.

"I am the supercargo," said De Benham.

"Part owner?"

"No, sir."

"And this young man?"—pointing to Archie.

"Supercargo's clerk."

"Good. Where is your pilot?"

Mr. Polter, his hands in his pockets, his quid in his cheek, stepped forward.

"Wa'al, I ain't ashamed of myself no ways," said he. "I'm the pilot."

"What's your name? Where do you come from?"

"Zachary Hannibal Polter—Martha's Vineyard—Massachusetts."

The Federal captain turned towards his men.

"Put that rebel in double irons," he said.

Mr. Zachary Polter gave his quid a twist, screwed up his mouth, and submitted.

Then the Federal captain again addressed himself to De Benham.

"Have you any specie on board?" he asked.

"About eight hundred dollars."

"Paper securities? Bills of exchange?"

"Some—on London and Liverpool houses."

"Produce them—and the specie. Lieutenant Kissick, accompany the prisoner, and see that he conceals nothing." Then, turning to Captain Frank Hay:—"And you, sir; have you any gunpowder on board? Any munitions of war?"

"None whatever."

"Hand over your papers."

The captain of the *Stormy Petrel* went to his cabin for the papers, followed by the other Federal lieutenant. In the meanwhile, the captain of the cruiser had the whole crew up one by one, asking each man his name, age, and nation, and then sending them, two and two, below the gangway, to be handcuffed. This done, and the others having returned upon deck, he took possession of the money, and glancing over the ship's papers, said:—

"You are all Europeans, it seems—except the pilot."

"We are, sir," replied Captain Frank Hay.

"So much the better for you—so much the worse for him. I shall send you all to Philadelphia, to be dealt with according to law. Lieutenant Kissick, I leave you in command of this vessel."

So saying, he went aft, and leaning against the binnacle, conversed with his lieutenant for some minutes in a low voice; giving his orders, apparently, and looking across every now and then, towards his prisoners. He was then seen to hand over the ship's papers and De Benham's papers into the custody of the new prizemaster, himself retaining only the specie; and then he prepared to be gone.

One by one, passing through a double file of marines at the head of the gangway, the crew of the *Stormy Petrel* were then conducted down the ship's side and removed in two large boats already waiting to convey them to the Federal steam-sloop. All were thus drafted off, excepting only the chief engineer, two firemen, the pilot, Archie, De Benham, and the captain.

Twelve seamen were then told off from the crew of the man-of-war, all armed. These, together with a huge Mexican creole named Manuel, who, being master's mate on board the sloop, was now deputed second in command, remained as prize crew on board the blockade-runner, under Lieutenant Kissick.

The first watch was then set; the engineer and firemen were sent below under charge of an armed seaman; the ship's head was put about to the North; the stars and stripes were run up; the lieutenant and mate took off their hats; and the captain went back to his ship.

"Keep that rebel in irons, Mr. Kissick!" were his last words, as the boat pulled off.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the prizemaster.

And then the prisoners on board the *Stormy Petrel* were left alone with their captors.

It was a weary day for them—a weary, heavy, listless day; the air raw; the sky dull; the good boat crawling dismally along at the rate of about eight knots an hour. At two o'clock P.M. they, going northward, re-passed within a few miles of Charleston harbour, sighting many vessels on the way, most of which were Union cruisers. With these they exchanged signals. No more doubling and feigning, now—no more speed—no more excitement! All dull, plodding, cheerless work, with captivity at the end of it.

Archie, who could not by any possibility continue melancholy for long together, plucked up his spirits in the course of an hour or so, and chatted quite pleasantly with the mate and the prizemaster. But Captain Frank Hay, who had lost his command, and with it the best pay he had ever touched in his life; and De Benham, who knew that the blockade-runner and her cargo would inevitably be confiscated, did not even affect to shake off the gloom and bitterness of their thoughts. But of the two, De Benham's thoughts were the gloomiest, and the bitterest. Captain Hay might get himself appointed to another blockade-runner. The trade was increasing; and his previous experience would be in his favour. But De Benham knew that Mr. Hardwicke would never be brought to repeat the speculation. Besides, his own personal loss upon this very cotton now on board amounted to ten or twelve thousand pounds. But even that was as nothing compared with all that the capture of the *Stormy Petrel* entailed upon him in the loss of *prestige*, of future opportunities, of his employer's confidence.

As for Mr. Zachary Polter, sitting heavily ironed, in a dark little hole between-decks under lock and bar, with only his own apprehensions to amuse him, he was, perhaps, in the worst case of any.

Towards evening, the prizemaster and mate being busy in the captain's cabin, going over the supercargo's books, the ship's papers, and so forth, the three prisoners at large—De Benham, Captain Hay, and Archibald Blyth—found themselves alone on the after-deck with only a single seaman pacing to and fro, and the man at the helm. The cook was standing at the door of the galley, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking his pipe. Some five or six of the crew were gathered about the

windlass, listening to a long yarn which was being spun by one for the entertainment of the rest. Two others were coming and going, sweeping down the decks, and so forth. In short, it was just that twilight interval during the dog-watches, when the crew are all on deck, and those who are off duty enjoy their only hour of leisure in the twenty-four. With the exception of the seaman on guard in the engine-room, the whole of the prize crew were now above deck; but only two of these were on the after-deck, near the prisoners.

Lieutenant Kissick, it should be mentioned, had appropriated the captain's cabin, while Manuel, the master's mate, had installed himself in De Benham's.

"Archie," said De Benham; "go and talk to that Yankee, and take off his attention. I have a word to say to the captain."

Archie did as he was bidden, and the two others, leaning listlessly, as it were, over the bulwarks, exchanged a few rapid sentences.

"Captain Hay," said De Benham, in a low eager voice, "this is a great misfortune; but is it beyond remedy?"

The Cornishman looked at him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that you and I, Mr. Blyth and the pilot, Davis the engineer and the two firemen, make seven. Seven against fourteen."

A dark flush mounted to the captain's swarthy brow; but he said nothing.

"It seems to me," continued De Benham, "that there are always six of these men off duty and six on; and the six off duty keep below in the fore-castle."

"Of course they do—port watch and star-board watch. That's the rule."

"Then it would be easy at any moment to let down the hatches and secure the six below; and we seven ought to be a match for the rest, including mate and prizemaster, the helmsman, and the seaman on guard in the engine-room."

"We're not seven, though. Can't count Davis or the firemen—they're tied to the engines. Can't count Polter—we couldn't set him free till the job was done. Say three."

"Well, say three. Three against eight. We ought to be able, even so, to recover the command of the ship."

"I'm ready to try, anyhow," said the captain. "There's my hand on it."

"And there's mine. Hush! here's the mate."

The creole came up at this moment from the cabin—a huge, lumpish giant of a man,

with gold rings in his ears, and an habitual scowl.

"What are you talking about there?" he said, suspiciously.

"Well, Señor Manuel," said the captain, "we're wondering how you mean to stow us to-night. You won't put us in the fore-castle, I hope, along with the men?"

"You'll have to go there or nowhere, I reckon."

"I'd far sooner stop on deck," said De Benham.

The Mexican grinned contemptuously.

"You must go where the master chooses to put you, Mr. Supercargo," said he, with an oath; and so turned on his heel, and began pacing the after-deck, keeping his eye upon the trio, however, and passing so close at every turn that they dared not exchange another syllable.

Presently eight bells were struck; the first night-watch was set; the man at the helm and the men in the engine-room were relieved; and the master came on deck. He then ordered a blanket and a piece of matting to be thrown on the floor of the galley, and Captain Hay was locked in with the pots and pans for the night. This, however, was a concession to his rank. De Benham and Archie had no alternative but to go down among the men.

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE CASE OF MADEIRA.

IN a little vessel built for speed, like the *Stormy Petrel*, where every inch of space was precious, it may be supposed that the men's quarters were small and comfortless enough. Now, however, they were more than usually crowded, for even the fore-castle was blocked up with a pile of cotton bales in the midst, so that there was scarcely room to move round in any direction. The atmosphere, too, was fetid and unwholesome; and there was a nauseous smell of tar and bilge-water about the place which made it almost unbearable. As for De Benham and Archie, they stretched themselves upon the cotton bales, and there lay, scarcely closing their eyes for a moment the whole night through. At four A.M., when the morning watch was called, they were allowed to go on deck, thankful for the fresh air and the grey dawn; thankful that the night had gone by and the day was at hand.

In the meanwhile, De Benham had spoken to Archie of his plan for recapturing the vessel, and Archie was wild to begin without the delay of an hour. When De Benham told him that there must be a delay of many

hours, perhaps even of a day or two ; that everything must be done under the advice of Captain Hay ; and, above all, that it would be better not to make the attempt at all than to make it prematurely and so fail, Archie chafed with impatience, and accused his friend of over-caution. Then De Benham told Archie that he was hot-headed and rash ; and so sharp words were spoken on both sides. But it is not easy to quarrel in whispers ; and all this took place in the course of the night, in pitch darkness, as they lay on the cotton bales with six Federal seamen snoring within a few feet of them. So they snarled at one another for a moment, and went on deck at dawn of day better friends than ever.

They had been up nearly two hours before the cook released the captain and took possession of the galley. He came out, however, rubbing his eyes ; having slept profoundly. At seven bells, breakfast was served ; the three deck prisoners faring the same as the prizemaster and master's mate. The prizemaster and mate, however, took their meals together in the little closet styled by courtesy the captain's cabin ; whereas the prisoners had theirs served out to them in wooden pannikins called "kids," and ate on deck. At a few minutes before noon, Kissick and Manuel brought out their sextants for the purpose of taking an observation. As the sun crossed the meridian, eight bells were struck ; the new sea-day began ; and the cook, having first supplied the prizemaster's table, served out the dinner.

"There goes poor old Polter's allowance," said Archie, as the cook went by presently with a key in one hand and a "kid" full of pea-soup and salt junk in the other. "I wish one could give him a bottle of wine to keep his heart up."

"By Jove!" exclaimed De Benham, "there's that case of Madeira."

"Ah, it's theirs now, confound them," said Archie.

"I don't believe they've even noticed it, shoved away as it is under my standing bed-place."

"Then don't enlighten 'em," said Archie, sitting cross-legged on a coil of yarn, with his "kid" between his knees, eating away vigorously. "Don't enlighten 'em, if you love me. They wouldn't give us a single bottle, depend on it."

"I shall enlighten them, nevertheless," replied De Benham ; "and they shall be welcome to drink the whole case. Madeira is heady stuff, and it's thirsty weather."

Captain Hay shook his head.

"No use, Mr. Debenham," said he. "Those Northerners can swallow any amount of wine, and be none the worse for it."

"Well, if it only puts them into good humour and throws them a little off their guard, it will be always something gained."

So De Benham waited till the Mexican came on deck, and then, knowing they had dined, went and knocked at the door of the cabin.

"Lieutenant Kissick," he said, "I come to ask a favour. There's a case of capital Madeira under the bed-place in my cabin, and we prisoners find it hard work to keep up our spirits—have I your permission to open a couple of bottles?"

The prizemaster, who was leaning back in his chair, smoking, with his feet on the table, sat up on hearing this.

"A case of Madeira!" said he.

"Yes—three dozen of it."

"That's the best news I've heard to-day. Yes, Mr. Supercargo, open a couple of bottles for yourselves, and welcome—and send the case in here."

So De Benham and Archie dragged out the case, prized it open, extracted a couple of bottles, and sent the rest to the captain's cabin. Manuel, pacing the after-deck with his glass under his arm, eyed them curiously ; but said nothing. Presently, being summoned by one of the seamen, he went to the prizemaster's cabin, leaving the messenger in his place. And then the prisoners, eagerly listening, heard from time to time the drawing of corks and the sound of laughter and loud talking. By and by, Manuel came out, looking flushed and hazy, and went to his cabin ; but Lieutenant Kissick, no whit the worse for aught that he had taken, came aft, and swept the horizon with his glass.

"Mr. Supercargo," said he, "that's jest about the best Madeira I ever tasted. Where did you get it?"

"It was given to me by a gentleman in Charleston," replied De Benham.

"A darned rebel, whoever he may be," said the prizemaster ; "but a good judge of wine."

"It may be," said De Benham, "that he is a good judge of wine because he is a rebel."

"How so?"

"Because your rebel is generally a man who dares to think for himself ; and the man who dares to think for himself is likely to be a fair judge of many things. Of justice, for instance ; and political rights. Perhaps of beauty ; most likely of wine."

"But not of his own interests, sir," retorted the prizemaster. "He's an on-common bad judge of that article, any how."

At this moment they were joined by Captain Hay.

"Well, Mr. Kissick," said he, familiarly, "what is the position of the boat?"

"Somewhere off Cape Hatteras, sir," replied the prizemaster.

"There's a folding chart in the locker in my cabin," said Captain Hay, "if you would like to prick off her position."

"Wa'all, now, I rayther should," replied the American, "if yew hev it handy."

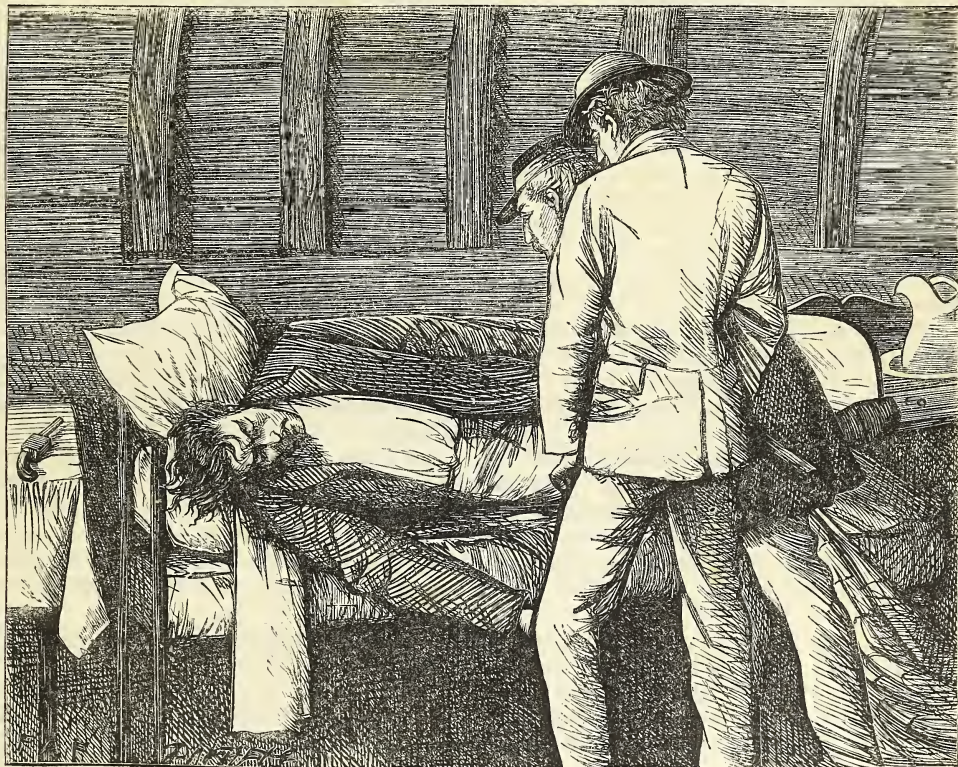
"I can find it in a moment," replied Captain Hay, leading the way. "Come along."

So the Federal lieutenant followed, and De Benham brought up the rear.

"You have done justice to three bottles, at all events," said the latter, seeing the empty bottles and the two glasses still upon the table.

The prizemaster laughed.

"Yes," he said, "that Madeira raly *is* worth drinking. But Manuel had the lion's share; and now I guess he can't keep his eyes open. Can't yew find the chart, captain?"



Page 602.

"Yes, here it is."

And Captain Hay, after some fumbling in his locker, brought out a large map in a leather case, and spread it upon the table.

"Now you want the compasses," he added. "Mr. Debenham, will you oblige me by reaching down that case of instruments from the shelf behind the door?"

De Benham shut the cabin-door, as if to get at the shelf; exchanged a rapid signal with the captain; and slipped the bolt.

"What's that?" said the prizemaster, turning sharply round.

But, instantly, his arms were pinioned behind by Captain Hay, and De Benham was standing over him with an iron belying-pin snatched from behind the door.

"Silence!" said the supercargo, in a low, hurried voice. "Submit, and you shall be well treated—utter one cry for help, and, by heaven! it's all over with you."

The Northerner darted one desperate glance at the door—another at the window—struggled for a moment fiercely but silently—and then, finding resistance useless, desisted.

"Now, look here," said Captain Hay,

gripping his elbows back with a grasp of iron; "it's no good struggling. We're resolved to get back the command of this boat; and we don't care a straw for our own lives, still less for yours. Will you give in quietly, and submit to be gagged and handcuffed; or must we knock your brains out?"

"You're two to one against me," muttered the prizemaster, through his set teeth.

"Then you yield yourself prisoner?"

"— Under protest."

"Mr. Debenham, you'll find a gag in that locker. Now, sir—open your mouth."

Livid with rage, the Northerner opened his mouth hesitatingly and unwillingly.

"Now the handcuffs."

De Benham found the handcuffs in the same place, and in another instant their prisoner was helpless and speechless, the gag between his teeth and his hands made fast behind his back. Then Captain Hay snatched off his own black silk neckerchief, and with it lashed the prizemaster's feet securely together. This done, they laid him on the floor, and there left him.

"And now," said De Benham, "for the mate!"

"Let's see first if we can't find a weapon or two. Where's Kissick's revolver?"

"Here—under his pillow."

"That's right—keep it yourself. My bowie knife's enough for me."

Thus armed, they locked their prisoner in, took the key, and went on deck. For the supercargo's cabin, it will be remembered, was just opposite the galley, with the funnel and a mountain of cotton-bales between; and of this cabin, the creole had taken possession.

They found the door ajar, and, listening outside, heard by his breathing that he was asleep. They could also hear the cook whistling and cleaning up in the galley close by. De Benham pushed the door softly, and peeped in.

"Hush!" he said. "He's lying on my bed—fast asleep."

They opened the door an inch or two farther; crept in; closed it behind them; and slipped the bolt as before. The bolt was rusty, and creaked; and the sleeper stirred uneasily. Awake, he was not pleasant to look upon; but sleeping, he was hideous.

Half on, half off the little narrow bed, he lay with his head hanging over, the veins on his forehead all swollen and knotted, his eyes partly open, his tawny throat uncovered. His cap had fallen on the floor; his belt was

unbuckled; and his revolver lay on the table beside him.

Stealthy and noiseless as a cat, the captain stole forward and seized the pistol. It was of the same make as the prizemaster's, and carried six shots.

The man was such a giant, and looked, in his sleeping strength, so formidable, that for a moment they paused, not knowing how best to secure him.

"Knock him on the head with the belaying pin, and stun him," whispered the captain.

But De Benham could not bring himself to strike a sleeping man.

"Better muffle his head in something, and then tie him hand and foot," he answered, looking round for some cloth or curtain for the purpose. But there was nothing—nothing but the counterpane, which, kept up at only one corner by the foot of the sleeper, was dragged nearly off the bed, and trailing on the floor.

"Give me your bowie knife," whispered De Benham.

The captain gave him the knife. It was about fourteen inches long, and as sharp as a razor. With this, kneeling on one knee, De Benham then began, cautiously and quickly, to cut the counterpane away. Captain Hay stood by, ready with the belaying pin in case of need.

Suddenly the creole opened his eyes. As suddenly, before the light of recognition had time to come into them, the iron descended on his head with a dull thud—there was a gurgling sob in his throat—a convulsive quiver of the limbs—and then death-like unconsciousness.

"You have killed him!" exclaimed De Benham.

"Not a bit of it. His skull is as thick as an elephant's. Look sharp. He'll be all right again, before we know where we are."

Quick as lightning, they tore the counterpane into strips, and bound him to the framework of the bed—bound him hand and foot, ankle and wrist, with a strong band over his chest as well; so that, giant as he was, he should not be able to stir one hair's breadth. And then, for they had not a second gag, De Benham took from his desk a large lump of india-rubber about two inches square, rolled it tightly in a folded handkerchief, and while Captain Hay forced the locked teeth apart, fixed it firmly between them, and tied the ends of the handkerchief behind the man's head.

"There," he said, "I don't think that will

interfere with his breathing. I wish he would come to!"

"He'll come to soon enough," replied the captain coolly. "And now, the sooner we can set Polter free, the better. Where the devil has he stowed the key of the cuddy?"

"The cook has it," said De Benham.

"The cook had it, and the cook took it back again. It was in the mate's keeping, of course—and here it is, in his waistcoat pocket. Now hide your revolver."

They buttoned their coats over their revolvers; locked the Mexican in, as they had locked in the prizemaster; and went aft to reconnoitre. Here they found Archie chatting with the watch; one man in the crow's-nest; one at the helm; and one holy-stoning the deck. These, with the guard in the engine-room and the cook in the galley, made up the six on duty.

"We're going to have a glass of Madeira in the prizemaster's cabin, Mr. Blyth," said Captain Hay loudly, that the men on deck might all hear him; "and you are to come with us." Then, turning to the helmsman, "how's her head, messmate?" he asked good-humouredly.

"North, half-west, sir," replied the seaman, touching his hat.

Captain Hay went up to the binnacle, glanced at the compass, looked round at the sky, muttered something about a change in the weather, and turned as if to go to the prizemaster's cabin. Passing the seaman who was on his knees holy-stoning the deck, he tapped him on the shoulder and said:—

"Look here, my man, there's a packing-case in the scuttle, that's to be taken to Mr. Kissick's cabin. Just call the cook to help you carry it, and I'll show you where it is."

The man jumped to his feet with a ready, "Ay, ay, sir," and ran to fetch the cook, who came out rubbing his hands on his trousers, and redolent of onions.

Captain Hay opened the scuttle hatch, and bade the men go in. It was a dark hole of a place, where the crew of the *Stormy Petrel* had been used to keep their old junk, chafing gear, and so forth.

"We don't see nary packin' case, sir," said the cook, doubtfully.

"It was there," replied the captain, "a week ago. Go on to the end, and open your eyes a bit wider."

The men went on, stooping as the roof sloped lower. And then suddenly the hatch was clapped on; the hatch-bar was drawn; and they were prisoners, in pitch darkness, out of sight and hearing.

"That makes four," said De Benham.

"Ay," said Archie; "but there's ten more to come!"

Six out of the ten, however, were down in the fore-castle, off duty. They could hear them, talking and laughing loudly among themselves; and De Benham, stooping cautiously forward, could see one man leaning with his back against the ladder, smoking.

"We've not a moment to lose," whispered the captain. "It's seven bells past, and at eight they'll expect to be called. Now, Mr. Blyth, bear a hand!"

So Archie and he took up the heavy hatch; while De Benham, standing ready with the bar, gave the word.

"One—two—three."

At three it came down, like the stone at the mouth of a sepulchre, followed by a shout and a rush of feet below.

"Quick—the bar!" cried Captain Hay, jumping on the hatch and dragging Archie with him. "By heaven! they'll have it up in spite of us!"

And, as he spoke, the trap heaved beneath their feet.

Then De Benham also sprang upon it, and the force with which this fresh weight came down, sent it into its place. Instantly he dropped upon his knees, slid the bar dexterously into the staple, and—the thing was done!

"Hurrah!" cried Archie, triumphantly. "That makes ten!"

"They'll be safer," said the captain, "when we've heaped on some of these cotton bales."

At that moment they heard a shrill cry up aloft, and saw the watch in the crow's-nest gesticulating to his shipmates on the after-deck.

"He has seen us," exclaimed De Benham.

"He's giving the alarm!"

"He's a lubber not to have done both long ago," said the captain, drawing his revolver. "Arm yourself with that handspike, Mr. Blyth. I shouldn't wonder if these fellows show fight."

The seaman in the crow's-nest dropped like a bird, and snatched an iron stanchion from the bulwark. The watch on deck drew his cutlass. The helmsman, not daring to let go his wheel, raised a shout for help.

Captain Hay went up, revolver in hand.

"It's no good shouting, my men," he said. "The ship is ours. The starboard watch, the prizemaster, and the rest are all our prisoners. Will you lay down your weapons, and surrender?"

Still standing on the defensive, the two

seamen fell back a step, keeping close together, but answering never a word.

Then the captain stamped his foot upon the deck, and swore a tremendous oath.

"Quick!" he said. "We want no bloodshed; but if you resist, by the Lord! I'll shoot you down like vermin."

At that moment, a swarthy face emerged from the engine-room hatchway—emerged unseen by the three Englishmen, whose backs were turned that way; but not unseen by the three Yankees. It was the face of the guard placed over the engineers below.

With one swift glance fore and aft, he took in the whole bearings of the scene—hesitated for an instant, as if uncertain whether to attack the enemy in the rear or release his comrades in the fore-castle—then, with his revolver in one hand and his drawn cutlass in the other, he crept along by the gunwales, swiftly and stealthily, towards the fore-deck.

A flash of triumph shot from the eye of the helmsman. Archie, following the glance, caught sight of the retreating figure and, with a loud cry, rushed in pursuit.

In one second they were all at the other end of the boat, three against three, wrestling together in a hand-to-hand struggle over the fore-castle-hatch.

CHAPTER XLVII.—THE PERILS AND DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

SHORT and sharp was the struggle over the fore-castle-hatch; the Americans directing all their efforts to force it open—the Englishmen, to keep it fast. Archie flung himself desperately upon the bar, defending his position gallantly with the handspike. Then the Americans rushed in—each closed with his man—blows fell thick and fast—a shot was fired—the captain and the engine-room guard rolled together on the deck—De Benham, being gripped by the throat, dragged his assailant up against the bulwarks, and there jammed him back till he was fain to loose his hold and call for quarter—while Archie, though hard pressed, still kept the third Yankee off the bar.

Suddenly a new actor appeared upon the scene. Grimy, smoke-blackened, armed with a huge engine-room poker, one of the assistant firemen came rushing to their aid.

—Came just in time; for Archie had lost his footing, and was getting the worst of it. The Yankee's knee was on his chest—the Yankee's hand approached the fatal bar. . . .

Down on that Yankee's head descended the terrible poker, and stretched him senseless on the deck! Then Archie flew to De

Benham, who was pinning his man down by main force, and could not loose his hold. In another moment, the Americans were all three disarmed, and the struggle was over.

Then Captain Hay summoned the helmsman to surrender, asking him whether he would be willing to help navigate the vessel into some neutral port. The man hesitated; but only for a moment.

"Wa'al," he said, "you'll dew it, I calc'late, whether I bristle my back, or whether I don't."

"I'd do it," replied the captain, "if I'd only one pair of hands to help me."

"Then I cave. Guess I may as well hev my libbaty."

To open the cuddy and relieve the pilot of his irons; to lock up the three prisoners in his place; to heap cotton-bales over the fore-castle-hatch, was the work of the next few minutes.

Then, shaking himself like a water-dog just landed, Mr. Zachary Polter looked round with a grim smile, and said:—

"I reckon I'd hev been more obliged to yew if yew had turned that thar key a bit sooner, and let me go shares in the fun. Don't you think, cap'n, we'd better put her head about and steer for Bermuda?"

Charts were at once brought out, and a hurried council was held. The boat was found to be about thirty miles due east of Cape Hatteras. To resume their interrupted course and make for Nassau, skirting the blockaded coast the whole way, was now out of the question. It was therefore anxiously debated whether they should steer for St. George's, Bermuda, or adopt the more daring course of running direct for the Azores.

Polter, who was perhaps unwilling to go very far afield, inclined for the Bermudas. The captain and De Benham voted for the Azores. Each alternative had much to recommend it. St. George's was a British port, and lay within some five hundred and fifty miles of the point at which they then found themselves; whereas the nearest of the Azores was more than four times that distance. But then, to go to St. George's, they must in some measure run back upon their course in a south-easterly direction, just keeping in those waters where the American cruisers swarmed thickest; while by making for the Azores, they would be steering almost E.N.E., nearing home, and leaving the American coast and all its perils farther and farther behind at every turn of the screw.

Then there was the cotton! They could not take it to Nassau now; yet it must go to

England, somehow. And then there was the refitting of the *Stormy Petrel*, which could be done better and cheaper at Liverpool than by Mr. Wilbur H. Sakem at Victoria Creek, Nassau.

The time for deliberation was short; but this plan of shaping their course for Europe seemed on all accounts so much the best that it resolved itself at last into a mere question of coals.

They were now in Lat. $35^{\circ} 15' N.$ and Long. $76^{\circ} 08' W.$, and hence, supposing no accidents, it would take them with their one efficient engine, from twelve to fourteen days to reach the port of Horta in the island of Fayal, 2,270 miles away. Had they fuel for so long?

The chief engineer was sent to examine the state of the coal bunkers. He came back, looking somewhat grave.

"Well, Mr. Davis," said the captain, "shall we hold out for fourteen days and nights?"

"We can hold out, sir, for just nine days and nights, and about eight hours over," replied the engineer.

The captain bit his lip.

"All right, Davis," he said, after a moment's pause. "Go a-head. We'll put a hundred miles between ourselves and the coast first; and to-morrow we'll hoist fore and aft sails, and eke out your coals that way." Then, turning to De Benham, he added, grimly smiling, "If it comes to the worst, Mr. Supercargo, we must burn a few bales of your cotton."

And so the matter was decided.

The engineer then made his scrape, and the *Stormy Petrel* was put upon her course for the Azores.

De Benham beckoned Archie aside.

"I'm afraid we've half-murdered the Mexican," he said. "Hay dealt him a blow on the head that might have killed an ox."

"Never mind the Mexican," said Archie. "Suppose we attend to this wound of yours first."

"Wound!—what wound?" And De Benham, who had no idea that he was hurt, looked down, and saw for the first time that his shirt was full of blood. To unbutton his waistcoat and tear the shirt open was the work of a moment.

"I saw the fellow's knife glitter," he said; "but I never felt it touch me. It's nothing of a cut, I fancy."

"Do you call it nothing?" said Archie. "Why, it's four inches long—but I don't think it's very deep. It seems to have glanced

off the ribs and struck upwards. Don't it hurt awfully?"

De Benham laughed.

"Not yet," he said. "I didn't even know I was scratched. But there!—'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a barn-door."

"The sooner it's seen to," said Archie, "the better."

And then he insisted on calling in the aid of the captain, who being, like most naval commanders, a bit of a surgeon, bound up and strapped the wound together; not perhaps very skilfully, but somehow.

This done, they hastened to De Benham's cabin to see after the master's mate.

They found him, however, recovered from the blow; his eyes rolling; his face and throat purple from the efforts he had made to burst his bonds; and the india-rubber pad nearly bitten through. So they clapped him into the double-irons, from which the pilot had just been released, and marched him off into solitary confinement in a little dark closet by the captain's cabin.

And now an anxious time began—a time of great toil and hardship, when there was much to be done, and but few to do it. Of their whole crew, the American (upon whose good faith it would have been unsafe to rely implicitly) was the only able seaman. De Benham and Archie were "green hands;" the firemen, if taken from their regular work, were not much better; and the chief engineer was bound to his engines. To make the most of such inadequate material called for the nicest management. Hours and duties had to be parcelled out with the greatest exactness, allowing the minimum of rest to each, and taxing to the utmost the endurance of all.

It was arranged, therefore, that the captain and pilot should take the command by turns and the helm by turns; only entrusting the wheel now and then to the American, while one of them snatched a brief hour for sleep. This American, however (whose name was Rawle), was chiefly employed about the sails and rigging; while to De Benham and Archie was assigned all the drudgery of the voyage, such as the cooking, cleaning up, and so forth. By night, they took it in rotation to do two hours' stoking and stand a two hours' watch; so relieving the assistant firemen, and getting each four hours for sleep. On these two devolved also the duty of attending to the prisoners. This might have proved a service of danger, but for De Benham, who solved the problem by cutting a hole in the fore-castle-hatch, and lowering the men's food and water

in a bucket. This hole, which was only just big enough for the purpose, they closed over between whiles with a cotton bale. The others, being confined by twos and threes, were more easily managed; and as for the prizemaster and mate, they had the honour of taking their meals under the charge of an armed guard, with the additional advantage of two aids to digestion in the shape of a pair of six-shooters held close against their heads all the time they were at table.

Toiling thus by day and night, haggard, unshaven, unkempt, black with coal dust, and smeared with grease and tar, the two green hands—one of whom was weak and feverish from loss of blood—had the hardest berth of all.

On the first day—that is, the day when they re-captured the *Stormy Petrel*—they sighted several vessels, mostly to windward, and cruising, apparently, close in shore. But these they evaded, almost without alteration of their course. Then came the cover of night; and still prodigal of their coal, they pressed on at the utmost speed of which, in the crippled state of her machinery, the vessel was still capable. By dawn, they had left Cape Hatteras one hundred miles astern.

The second day, about noon, the wind being in their favour, they hoisted fore and aft sails. All that day, and all the next, aided by wind and steam, they went on with unabated speed. By this time they were justified in deeming themselves tolerably safe against all danger of pursuit from United States' cruisers.

In the meanwhile De Benham bore up, doing his work unflinchingly, and refusing to admit, even to himself, how much he suffered from his wound. Yet there were times when his limbs failed under him, and his brain swam, and the sky and sea seemed to turn red, like blood. The wound, in fact, had never been properly dressed; and now, weak as he was, he would not spare himself in any way.

"I'm sure you're ill, old fellow," Archie would say from time to time. "You've lost an awful lot of blood, depend on it. Now just go and lie down, and let me take your work for an hour or two."

But De Benham always protested that he was well and strong, and able to take Archie's work as well as his own.

As the afternoon of the third day wore away, the wind began shifting more towards the westward; irregular troops of thin copery clouds were seen to scud fitfully across the horizon; and the sun went down in a wild mist of crimson and gold.

On the morning of the fourth day, the wind veered round to the W.N.W., and the barometer began to fall.

By noon the sky was densely overcast; the wind was freshening and the sea was getting up. Then Captain Hay ordered the hatches to be battened down, the hole in the fore-castle hatch to be boarded over, the sails to be furled, and the cotton bales (such of them, at least, as remained on deck, not having been flung overboard in the chase) to be made fast amidships.

Meanwhile the barometer fell to 29.00.

And now sudden gusts of rain swept up from time to time; the sea-birds darted, screaming, along the crests of the waves—the sky came down blacker and lower like a pall—the breeze rose to a gale—the ship's course was altered in such wise as to keep the wind and sea upon her quarter—the gale rose to a hurricane; and by five bells in the afternoon watch (*i.e.*, 2.30 P.M.) the full fury of the storm was upon them.

Then the sea became one sheet of boiling foam; and the wind raged and thundered, as if there were again war in heaven.

To the two "green hands" it seemed as if the sea and sky were coming together. Blinded by the salt spray, deafened by the roar of the elements, they held on, as it were, for the bare life, clinging to anything that offered, and expecting to be carried off their feet with every fresh gust.

The barometer was now down to 28.33.

"Send Wilson on deck and Blyth below, and bid Davis slow down the engine," shouted the captain through his speaking trumpet.

He was holding on by the binnacle at one side and De Benham at the other, with little more than an arm's length between them; yet the supercargo heard the words but vaguely, as from a vast distance. Wilson was one of the assistant firemen.

De Benham tried to make his way over to where Archie was standing backed up under the lee of the galley, trying to keep up a look-out through the mist and darkness; but he might as well have attempted to walk through a stone wall as face the direct force of that tremendous wind. It met him like a solid body, and almost felled him where he stood; so he tacked about like a ship, and, crawling on his hands and knees, crept round by the gunwales.

"Go below to the engine-room—send Wilson on deck—bid Davis slow down the engine," he shouted, repeating the captain's orders.

But though he gave out the words with all the power of his lungs, he could not make Archie hear them. It seemed to him that his voice was caught up and whirled away into infinite space as soon as it reached his lips.

At this moment a tremendous squall—swift, shrill, howling a wild war-whoop that seemed to cut the other thunders like a knife—hurled itself upon them from the North-West. The seas, checked in their running by this sudden shift of wind, struck the *Stormy Petrel* on her port quarter, and broke over her decks with a crash like the disruption of an Alp. The good boat heeled over—a shriek of terror burst from the lips of all on board—and Archie and De Benham found themselves rolling together in the lee scuppers, drenched and breathless and half stunned.

They had expected nothing less than to be washed away into that terrible ocean. They got up clinging to each other, wondering to find themselves alive, dreading to see the decks cleared of all but their two selves. But there, thank heaven! was Captain Hay, holding on by the five-rail; there were Polter and the Yankee still safe at the helm. But there was a ruinous gap in the port bulwarks where the waves had broken through, and the cotton-bales which they had taken such pains to make fast amidships were clean swept away.

Then holding Archie tight round the neck with both arms, De Benham put his lips against his friend's ear and once more shouted a repetition of the captain's orders.

Archie heard, and crawled away; but found the furnace sputtering and hissing like a reptile under torture, and the atmosphere one fog of steam and smoke. That overwhelming sea had poured like a cataract down the engine and fireroom hatches, and even through the ventilators; and the water was up already to the grate-bars of the furnaces. Another such sea, it was plain, must put out the fires and stop the engine altogether.

All this time, the prisoners in the forecabin and cuddy were in mortal dread, thinking they should go to the bottom under hatches and be drowned like kittens in a bucket. But in vain they hammered, and clamoured, and dashed themselves against the battened-down hatchways. Had every throat been of brass, and every cry a salvo of artillery, no echo of the sound would have been audible to those on deck.

De Benham thought of the poor fellows,

however, promising himself, should the vessel threaten to founder, that he would be the first to break open the hatches and set them free to fight for their own lives as best they might. Till then, he could do nothing. Yes—one thing he could do, and did. He found a large hatchet and hid it in a safe cranny close by, that it might be ready to his hand when the moment of extreme danger came.

And now, just as Archie had gone below and Wilson had come on deck, another frightful squall rushed up in the track of the first. This time, they heard the coming shriek, and so put the helm hard up, just in time to meet it.

Again the *Stormy Petrel* staggered and heeled over—again she shipped a sea. Each man there, seeing that huge, black, impending precipice, shut his eyes and held on to whatever was nearest, expecting instant destruction. But the flood burst, buried them, and passed, carrying with it the roof of the galley, and snapping the foremast like a reed; yet mercifully sparing those five gasping units.

The ship had now broached to, and was rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea, when Davis, the engineer, came crawling upon deck, and reported the fires out, the engine stopped, and three feet and a half of water in the engine-room.

There was now but one chance between them and destruction; and that one chance was to get the ship by the wind by means of some scrap of after-sail. The captain shouted, "All hands aft!"—himself flew to the after-mast; climbed it like a cat; and with Polter's help lashed a stout rope about the head and body of the already close-reefed sail. This done, the lower half of the sheet was set "goose-winged" and hauled flat aft—so bringing the ship to the wind, and getting the sea upon her port bow. She now rose, with a long steady lift, to the waves; the steersman recovered command of the helm; and all hands were ordered to the pumps.

And now, cleaving the dreadful blackness like the sword of the destroying angel, came the first flash of lightning; but the thunder scarcely made itself heard above the din of winds and waves. For some twenty minutes—it seemed like two hours at the least—it went on lightening incessantly. And then the wind shifted back again suddenly to the W.N.W.—torrents of rain came down, hammering the decks like small shot—the terrible pall overhead became less dense—the barometer

began to rise—a faint, coppery light gleamed along the horizon ; and, compared with what it was in the crisis of its fury, the storm might be said to have abated.

And now, little by little, the clouds parted ; lifted ; rolled off, ragged and still threatening, before the wind—rolled off, as it seemed, in endless succession, ever coming up upon the one horizon and vanishing upon the other. And still the unwearied wind lifted up its awful voice, and the sea raged, and the rain came down in floods.

Meanwhile the *Stormy Petrel* was in perilous case ; her engines stopped, one screw disabled, her foremast gone, two-thirds of her slender crew at the pumps, and not a hand to spare to clear the engine-room and relight the fires.

Then Captain Hay bethought him of the two prisoners in the cuddy.

He went to them, and found them crouched close against the hatchway, in pitch darkness, with the floor one pool of water.

"Look here, my men," he said, "we've had a devil of a gale, and are short of hands. Will you help work the boat as far as the Isle of Fayal, or stop here doing nothing for the next eight or ten days?"

"Wa'al, cap'n, I guess we'll come out," replied the cook, with considerable alacrity.

Four days of black hole, ending off with the pounding and pitching of the last two hours, had already been more than enough. They would have shipped with the Prince of Darkness, rather than endure more of it.

"You must first give me your word of honour, both of you, that you'll attempt no rescue," said the captain. "For, look you, I'll scuttle this boat and sink every man of you, sooner than give her up a second time."

They promised eagerly, thankful for fresh air and liberty on any terms. So he gave them each a glass of grog (the first they had tasted for four days); sent them to the pumps; and despatched Davis and Wilson to the engine-room.

Gradually, as evening drew on, the storm wore itself out. The wind, though still sweeping up in wild, mournful gusts, no longer battled with the seamen for their lives. The rain came and went, as the clouds passed and parted. Only the sea raged on, crested and terrible, and sullenly roaring.

By and by, under a lurid arch, the sun went down. Then for a moment every cloud was flushed with purple ; every wave was tipped with fire. And then, suddenly, it was night.

By this time, the pumps had done their work ; the furnaces were glowing again ; the *Stormy Petrel* was getting her steam up ; and a jury-mast was being rigged in place of the foremast which they had lost in the gale.

Refusing to take a moment's rest, Captain Hay now sent Polter to turn in for a couple of hours ; himself looked to the prisoners ; set the night-watch ; and went round the ship, inspecting the damage done, and seeing that all was made snug for the night.

"You can patrol the fore-deck, and keep guard over the prisoners, Mr. Debenham," said he, when all this was done. "That is, if you are equal to two hours more before you turn in."

"I am equal," said De Benham, "to any duty you may assign me."

Saying which he went to his cabin, armed himself with revolver and cutlass, swallowed half a wineglassful of raw brandy, and hastened to his post.

But he over-rated his fast-failing strength. Till now, the excitement had kept him going ; but he had been on duty sixteen hours, and had done a heavy day's work before ever the storm came upon them. Since then he had been helping with the furnaces, preparing the men's suppers—doing with his two arms, in short, the work of six. But now he was at the end of his powers. Scarcely had he taken a dozen turns when he became deadly faint. The deck swam before his eyes—slipped from under his feet. He fell without an effort to save himself, and so lay, till Archie stumbled over him, fetched assistance, and carried him to his cabin. There they laid him on his bed, bathed his hands and forehead, and brought him to. Presently he fell into a feverish sleep that lasted till daybreak.

He was no sooner awake, however, than he insisted on getting up and standing his morning watch. He declared that, having slept, he felt well and strong, and so would not be dissuaded. All that day he kept up, doing his share of the work as usual. The weather was still rough and squally, and bitterly cold ; but he protested that he enjoyed the cold—that his wound gave him no pain—that he never felt better.

Meanwhile the *Stormy Petrel*, strained, and knocked about, and driven out of her course by the hurricane, made less way than ever. Two of the Americans, moreover, were found hanging about the fore-castle hatchway ; for which Captain Hay promptly consigned them to the cuddy, thus reducing his slender crew to its original numbers.

That night De Benham went to bed with his teeth chattering, his head and hands on fire, his feet like ice; and was dreaming, waking, talking, starting in his sleep the whole night through. The next morning his pulse was at a hundred and twenty, and his temples were throbbing like to burst. Still the indomitable will prevailed. He rose, prepared breakfast for the crew and the prisoners, and helped to get up a keg of meal, a bushel of split pease, and other provisions from the store-room. About an hour later he called Archie to his side, and said:—

"Archie, old fellow, I give in. I can't keep on my legs any longer. I suppose this confounded cut has been too much for me."

"You ought to have given in long ago," said Archie.

"Perhaps—but never mind. Now look here

.... my head's all confused I want you to remember that my books and papers are in the locker beside my bed. If I am too ill to take care of them myself, I place them under your charge."

"If you'll only be quiet and take rest till we get to Horta," said Archie, anxiously, "you'll be all right again."

"I don't know. At all events, Captain Hay is responsible for the ship and cargo as far as Liverpool. At Liverpool you, as supercargo's clerk, must not leave the boat till you have Mr. Hardwicke's instructions about the cargo. Now just help me into bed, and report me on the sick-list to the captain."

With a heavy heart, Archie did as he was bidden; and ere nightfall De Benham was in a high fever, and raving of the old student days at Zollenstrasse-am-Main.

STARS AND LIGHTS ;

Or, The Structure of the Sidercal Heavens.

V.—THE ARRIVAL OF HERSCHEL'S FAITHFUL ASSISTANT.

THE name thus naturally attached through kindness of feeling to the new planet, was not generally accepted by foreign astronomers. Perhaps it was felt to be incongruous with the mythological designation of the older planets. For a considerable time the name of the discoverer himself prevailed, and especially abroad. In England the planet was long known as the *Georgian*. But science is cosmopolitan in its issues and its aims, and it matters but little to mankind under what dynasty or in what country the accessions to its progress are made; and hence the designation of *Uranus*, recommended by its intrinsic insignificance, has been generally adopted.

On December 6, 1781, nine months after the discovery of the planet, Herschel was enrolled among the Fellows of the Royal Society. The honour was mutual; but it is a circumstance worthy of a passing remark that Wollaston is the only astronomer whose name is attached to the usual certificate. His name, however, occurs in worthy companionship with that of the celebrated Smeaton.

There can be no doubt that Herschel felt considerable anxiety regarding the angular measure which he and the professional astronomers had assigned to the planet's diameter, and which at first caused so much perplexity in the computation of the orbit. As soon, therefore, as he was settled at Slough, he commenced a re-examination of this important

element. It will here be necessary to give the reader some adequate notion of the thing proposed to be measured. It is the diameter of the image of the planet formed in the focus of the telescope: an impalpable dot of light hanging, as it were, in mid-air within the tube, in size about the six-hundredth of an inch as formed in the seven-foot reflector. Upon the knowledge of the exact size of this microscopic dot depends entirely our knowledge of the dimensions of the planet itself, provided always that we know the distance of the latter from the earth. The mode adopted at first was to place two parallel fibres of unspun silk from the cocoon, in exact contact with the circular dot of light hanging in the focus of the telescope. The two fibres are carried each in its own frame, and are then moved closer or further apart by means of two delicate screws, until, after many trials, the impalpable image of the planet exactly fills the interval between them. This interval is itself measured without any great difficulty, for the number of turns and parts of a turn made by the screws settles this point with great accuracy. It is otherwise, however, with regard to the *judgment* formed of the exactness of the fit; perhaps the judgment of no two persons would prove coincident, and, moreover, successive repetitions of the same process by the same person are often provokingly discordant. Such are some of the difficulties, and such are some of the infinitesimally small quantities, which it is the business of the astronomer to grasp.

In Herschel's paper of November 7, 1782, wherein he gives the account of his second series of attempts to measure the planet, he says that "almost every sort of micrometer is liable to some inconveniences and deceptions; it will, however, often happen that we may correct the errors of one instrument by the opposite errors of another." Accordingly this scrupulous observer devised another instrument, constructed on a different principle from the one described above. Like every other effective instrument, it is extremely simple in its conception; and being such, we shall not scruple to explain it to the reader.

Let him take any ordinary telescope or opera-glass that lies within his reach, and let him with his *right* eye look through it steadily at any well-defined object, remote or near. While thus looking through the telescope, let him look at the same object with his left and naked eye: to do this may require a little humouring and a little patience, but with patience success is certain. Now let him gently humour his eyes and his instrument until the two images overlap, or are apparently placed side by side, and he will then perceive that the telescopic image is much larger (and fainter) than the real object viewed with the unassisted eye. If the object be small and accessible, let him place a graduated scale, such as a two-foot rule, against it, and then, repeating the operation before described, he will be able to calculate the magnifying power of the telescope, because he will see the natural object and its telescopic image simultaneously projected against the same graduated scale. The courses of a brick wall, for instance, furnish at once an object and a scale of comparison for an *opera-glass*. It was in this way that Galileo, from the very first, ascertained the magnifying power of his new invention; and, in fact, there is no better. Now Herschel proposed to adopt the principle thus enunciated for measuring the angular diameter of the new planet. He prepared a set of circular discs of oiled paper, of various colours, thicknesses, and sizes. One of these he set in the front of a lantern, and thus obtained a bright circular disc at a known distance from his eye. He then patiently altered this distance, or the size, or brightness, or tint of the luminous disc, until, when viewed with the left unassisted eye, it exactly coincided with the image of the planet as viewed with the other eye through the telescope. When this coincidence was obtained, he could measure with accuracy the angle which the artificial disc subtended at his eye; and this, of course,

was the same as that subtended by the image of the planet in the telescope. A knowledge of how much this image was amplified by the telescope (which, by the way, he obtained as above described) then led him to the true unamplified or real diameter of the planet as seen by the naked eye of an observer on the earth. The knowledge of the distance of the planet from the earth finally leads to the true dimensions of the planet itself.

It will here, probably, interest the reader slightly to touch upon the peculiar difficulty which besets even a process so simple as that just described. It was found that increasing the brightness of one of these paper discs increased perceptibly its apparent size. Of two circles strictly equal, that which was the brighter appeared also the larger. We have an instance of this effect during the earlier phases of the moon. While the thin crescent of the young moon is shining brightly, by reflecting to us the light of the sun, the remaining and larger portion of it is feebly illuminated by light reflected from the earth; hence both portions are visible at once: the effect is to make the bright crescent appear the larger, and the old moon is said to be in the arms of the new. Until lately the cause of this effect, which is called *irradiation*, was very imperfectly understood: the reader who is curious may find a probable explanation of it in an article which appeared in the January number of GOOD WORDS, under the title of "Perceiving without Seeing." Herschel evaded this difficulty by an ingenious process. If the bright discs, or standards of reference, on a dark ground appeared larger than they actually were, then he argued that dark discs on a bright ground would appear just as much too small; so he adopted both these standards, and then took the average of the results. In this way he concluded that the magnified image of the planet appeared of the same size as a circular disc, having a diameter of three inches and six-tenths, viewed at the distance of sixty-seven feet. He divided this by 227, the magnifying power of the telescope, and thus arrived finally at the apparent size of the planet when viewed from the earth. Technically, this is *four seconds*, and consequently the planet might be viewed through the letter "O" on one of these pages, placed at the distance of 140 feet! But minute as is this dot of light, it represents a globe whose diameter is very nearly four and a half times that of the earth, taking M. Lalande's distance of the planet from the sun to be very nearly nineteen times that of the earth.*

* The distance, as deduced from the Nautical Almanack

Herschel stated his intention of pursuing these measures to a greater degree of exactness, waiting for the planet's nearest approach to the earth; but it must be borne in mind that astronomical precision is arrived at only after very many observations generally taken at distant intervals of time, and the Georgium Sidus, since its discovery, had only just completed one of his revolutions round the sun by the year 1855.

The question here naturally arises, and it did present itself to the mind of the discoverer, is this planet accompanied, like Jupiter and Saturn, by satellites? And does it, like the earth and all the other planets, rotate with a uniform diurnal motion round an axis within itself? Both these questions, on account of the distance and the feeble light of the planet, were exceedingly difficult to resolve. If there be any satellites, in all probability, on account of their excessive remoteness, they would be excessively minute and indistinct. There was also another motive which at the first deterred Herschel from pursuing the inquiry; the planet at the time of its discovery was situated in a portion of the heavens where small telescopic stars abound, and it would be all the more difficult to ferret out a moving satellite, when surrounded by a multitude of other points of light. In the month of January, 1787, it occurred to his mind to apply his largest telescope of twenty feet focal length, and more than eighteen inches aperture, to the work, now that he had by a new and ingenious contrivance greatly increased the amount of light which it reflected. The reader will probably be aware, that in a reflecting telescope, the large mirror would form an inverted image of the object viewed, at the focus, but before the rays of light meet to form this image they are turned aside by a small plane mirror, producing no other effect than that of enabling the observer to look in a direction perpendicular to the original course of the light. But then, by this second reflection at the small plane mirror, an additional quantity of light is lost, and the illumination of the image is enfeebled. If it were not for this turning aside of the rays, the head of the observer would be entirely in the way, and the intention of the instrument frustrated. When, however, William Herschel completed a mirror having the unprecedented diameter of eighteen inches, it was possible for him to *tilt* his large mirror slightly, so as to form the image of

the object just at the edge of the mouth of the tube; this image could then be viewed through a magnifying lens, without the interception of much light by the observer's head. This ingenious device was found to increase the light of the field of view to a very advantageous extent, especially when the object gazed at was feebly illuminated. This mode of using the telescope was called *the front view*. In January, 1787, Herschel applied this front view to a search for satellites to the Georgian planet. We cannot do better than describe the process and its result in the fresh and graphic language of the original memoir; the reader will thereby be able to form a conception of what serious astronomical observation means and involves:—

"The 11th of January, therefore, in the course of a general review of the heavens, I selected a *sweep* which led to the Georgian planet; and while it passed the meridian, I perceived near its disk, and within a few of its diameters, some very faint stars, whose places I noted down with great care. The next day, when the planet returned to the meridian, I looked with a most scrutinizing eye for my small stars, and perceived that two of them were missing. Had I been less acquainted with optical deceptions, I should have immediately announced the existence of one or more satellites to our new planet; but it was necessary that I should have no doubts. The least haziness, otherwise imperceptible, may often obscure small stars; and I judged, therefore, that nothing less than a series of observations ought to satisfy me, in a case of importance. To this end I noticed all the small stars that were near the planet the 14th, 17th, 18th, and 24th of January, and the 4th and 5th of February; and though, at the end of that time, I had no longer any doubt of the existence of at least one satellite, I thought it right to defer this communication [to the Royal Society] till I could have an opportunity of seeing it actually in motion. Accordingly, I began to pursue this satellite on February the 7th, about six o'clock in the evening, and kept it in view till three in the morning on February the 8th; at which time, on account of the situation of my house, which intercepts a view of a part of the ecliptic, I was obliged to give over the chase: and during those nine hours I saw this satellite faithfully attend its primary planet, and at the same time keep on, in its own course, by describing a considerable arch of its proper orbit."

We shall leave the reader to make his own comments on this *nine hours* of nocturnal chase. The second suspicious little shadow of a dot of light then required his attention: he soon came to the conclusion that if a satellite, its orbit was more contracted than the former, and he proceeded with patience to track its course.

"I had an opportunity," he says, "to see it [for the fourth time] for about three hours and a quarter, during which time, as far as one might judge, it preserved its course. The interval which the cloudy weather had afforded was, however, rather too short for seeing its motion sufficiently, so I deferred a final judgment till the 10th; and in order to put my theory of these two satellites to a trial, I made a sketch on

for July 1, 1869, is eighteen times the mean distance of the earth from the sun.

paper, to point out beforehand their situation with respect to the planet and its parallel of declination. The long-expected evening came on, and notwithstanding the most unfavourable appearance of damp weather, it cleared up at last. And the heavens now displayed the original of my drawing, by showing, in the situation I had delineated them, *the Georgian Planet, attended by two satellites*. I confess that this sight appeared to me with additional beauty, as the little secondary planets seemed to give a dignity to the primary one, which raises it into a more conspicuous situation among the great bodies of our solar system . . . I have not seen them," he adds, "long enough to assign their periodical times with great accuracy; but suppose that the first performs a synodical revolution in about eight days and three-quarters, and the second in nearly thirteen days and a half."

It is refreshing thus to watch the great philosopher in the very ardour of his pursuit: it is instructive to read how he represses, and yet how he cannot quite conceal, the emotions which possess him, but without which, we may rest assured, no philosopher can persevere in his lonely work: alone, yet not alone; for he lives in a world peopled with a thousand associations, brightened with the light of a thousand imaginings, animated with the settled conviction that the truth lies in his track, and that in due time he will find the truth. Happier still, if in his secret heart he sees these lines of truth all converging, in the far distance, to the mind of the Eternal Father.

William Herschel continued to prosecute this most difficult and troublesome line of research as opportunities occurred; and in the year 1797, ten years after the discovery of the two satellites, in a memoir addressed to the Royal Society, he announced a circumstance regarding their motions, which was hitherto without a parallel in the case of any other heavenly body permanently belonging to the solar system. It is well known that the planets, and their satellites, and such comets as permanently circulate round the sun or their primaries, move in one direction, from west to east. To the great surprise of all astronomers, Herschel announced that the two Georgian satellites moved in a contrary or retrograde direction—in fact, they moved *backwards*. Such retrograde or backward motion is also the case with certain comets, whose orbits are considerably inclined to that general plane, to the neighbourhood of which planetary motions are in general conformed; and it is a notable circumstance that the Georgian satellites move also in orbits which are very highly inclined to this general plane (the ecliptic) of planetary motion. There appears, in fact, to be some relation between the direction of the motions of the several bodies forming the

solar system, and the approximate conformity, or otherwise, of the planes in which they move. When we come to that hypothesis which, to a certain extent, explains the formation of the whole planetary system from a gaseous condition, we shall revert to this subject, and then lay before the reader what light the present state of our knowledge throws upon the question.

In addition to this apparent anomaly in the motions of the two Georgian moons, Herschel in this same memoir announced the probable discovery of four additional satellites, though he is not able to speak of them with absolute certainty. The truth is, that even in the very largest telescope, these specks of light are so microscopic in size, and so extremely feeble in their illumination, that even the light of the planet itself is sufficient to extinguish them when they approach their primary. For the same reason it is not probable that the Uranian astronomers, if such there be, have ever caught so much as a glimpse of our own earth: to them we, with all our Titanic constructions, are utterly extinguished in the superior light of the sun, though itself reduced to less than the 3-100th part of the lustre with which it shines to ourselves.

In the year 1815 Herschel, in another memoir, collected the results of all his observations on the Georgian satellites. He is still unable to assign *with precision* the periodic times of the four additional satellites, the existence of which he still very strongly suspected. With respect to the two originally discovered, he confidently assigns the respective periods of 8d. 16h. 56m. 5s. and 13d. 11h. 8m. 59s., periods which have received no material corrections from more recent observations. He also thought that he observed certain periodic variations in the light of these, to us microscopic bodies, indicating a rotation round their axes, similar to that in which all other heavenly bodies appear to partake.

Some conception of the difficulty attending the observations of these remote and feebly-illuminated members of our system may be formed from the circumstance that when Sir John Herschel, in 1834, repeated his father's investigations with similar instruments, he was unable to obtain any satisfactory results until he had kept his eye steadily fixed to the telescope for a full quarter of an hour, and then defending it from all extraneous light: Sir John (then Mr.) Herschel found no traces of any of the four satellites either seen or suspected by his father. M. O. Struve* dis-

* See *Monthly Notices*, R. Ast. Soc., vols. viii. & xii.

covered a third, with the magnificent refracting telescope at Pulkowa, and Mr. Lassell, with an instrument larger than Herschel's twenty-feet reflector, discovered a fourth at Liverpool; but neither of these is included in the four whose existence was suspected by the elder Herschel. Since that time Mr. Lassell has constructed a still more gigantic reflector with his own hands, and with it he, in the clearer atmosphere of Malta, has scrutinized the neighbourhood of the planet with great assiduity, and he speaks with much confidence of the non-existence of the four additional satellites suspected by William Herschel in 1797. All the four Uranian moons, whose existence is certainly known, move *backwards*, and in planes nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic.

We fear that we may have detained our readers on questions of no very general and great interest; but it appeared not unadvisable to give some notion of the exceedingly great difficulties which beset the philosopher in his inquiries nigh to the confines of the solar system, and to that exercise of the patient confidence which is absolutely essential to surmount them. We shall now turn to a theme which no doubt will meet with a deeper and more general sympathy.

For this seems a natural place for us to introduce to our readers a lady who was closely associated with William Herschel in all his labours, and without whose faithful and constant aid it is not possible that he could have brought them to a successful issue. We allude to his sister, Miss Caroline Herschel.

This most remarkable lady—we have here the advantage of writing from an unquestionable source of information—was born on March 16, 1750, in Hanover. In the year 1772, William Herschel visited his family there; and it was on this occasion arranged that his sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, should return with him to England, to take charge of his house at Bath, and assist him in his professional engagements. In the passage to England she narrowly escaped shipwreck, the vessel on which she had embarked having been dismantled and materially damaged in a storm.

When her brother commenced his astronomical pursuits, she also read such books upon the subject as came within her reach (Ferguson, for instance); and under his direction acquired a knowledge of geometry, trigonometry, and logarithmic calculation, sufficient to enable her to reduce her brother's observations by means of the mathematical formulæ with which he furnished her.

When William Herschel was regularly installed as private astronomer to George III.,

with a salary of £300 per annum, his sister was also formally recognised as his assistant, with a salary of £50, which she continued to receive until her decease in 1848. During the forty years of her brother's astronomical labours, whether at Bath, or Datchet, or Slough, she acted as his one and only assistant. She always sat up with him at night, writing down the observations from his verbal dictation as they occurred, and reading off and noting the clock at each observation requiring a register of the time. In such calculations she was perfectly indefatigable, and when she had not work enough to do for her brother, she struck out a course of calculation for herself. For example, in 1797, she re-examined all the original observations of Flamsteed, the first astronomer royal, and detected no less a number than 860 stars which had been omitted in the catalogue, which professed to contain the results of the Greenwich observations.

During her brother's absence from home on holiday trips or other occasions, she supplied his place; and on such opportunities, as well as whenever she could be spared during the progress of other observations, she would take her little Newtonian telescope, constructed especially for her use, and sweep the heavens in search of nebulae and comets. Of the former entities she discovered several, which had escaped even her brother's scrutiny, and of comets she could claim priority in the discovery of no less a number than five. But her most important work was the construction of a complete catalogue of all the nebulae discovered by William Herschel, reduced to the places in the heavens which they would appear to occupy on January 1, 1830. For this very valuable result of her labours the Royal Astronomical Society awarded her their gold medal in 1828. At that time her nephew, the present Sir John (then Mr.) Herschel, was president; and, in consequence, the speech which it is customary to make on such occasions was delivered by the late Mr. (subsequently Sir James) South. We can scarcely do better than quote one of the paragraphs from the speech itself:—

“She it was,” said Mr. South, “whose pen conveyed to paper her brother's observations from his lips: she it was who noted the right ascensions and polar distances of the object observed: she it was who, having passed the night near the instrument, took the rough slips to her cottage at the dawn of the day, and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the subsequent morning: she it was who reduced every observation, and made every calculation: she it was who arranged everything in systematic order; and she it was who helped her brother to obtain an imperishable fame.”

The reader will not be surprised to find the character of this most admirable lady summed up by one who had every opportunity of forming a judgment, as a person of singularly primitive habits and notions, idolising her brother with a singleness of mind and entire devotion which were most remarkable. Nothing seemed to her a sacrifice, or a hardship, or privation, if made in furtherance of his objects. But she never felt herself quite at home in England; and so soon as she lost her brother (in 1822), she at once returned to Hanover, where she remained until her death. It was after her return to Hanover that, true to her genius, she finally completed her great catalogue, for which she received the gold medal of the Astronomical Society. That same learned body conferred an equal honour upon themselves and on Caroline Herschel, by enrolling her name

among their associates—a distinction conferred on no other lady, with one honourable exception of Mrs. Somerville, who happily still survives, and whose name, we trust, will long continue upon the roll as the precursor of other distinguished members of her sex.

While at Hanover, Caroline Herschel naturally received many tokens of friendly and respectful recognition from the members of various royal houses on the continent of Europe; and there she died, at the ripe old age of *ninety-eight*. The Princess Royal of Hanover, as a touching mark of respect, sent a wreath of palm leaves to be laid upon the coffin, which contained that which was mortal of her remains.

It is by such labours that the world's great work of progress is carried on: it is for such self-sacrifice that mankind accord imperishable fame.

C. PRITCHARD.

IONA.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

SECOND PAPER.

FROM a rapid view of Columba's Time, let us pass to a closer inspection of Columba's Home. We have seen the place which his age occupied in the history of the world, and the character of those events in which he bore a part, or of which he must have heard the fame. Let us now visit the Island which is sacred to the memory of his illustrious life, and look upon the landscape which was familiar to his sight. Dr. Johnson, in a celebrated passage, has condemned the "frigid philosophy" which could regard without emotion the scenes which are associated with the triumph of piety or of learning; and yet in many cases those scenes are so wholly changed that nothing of identity remains except mere geographical position. The places where great men or great communities have flourished and decayed, and which now "know them no more for ever," would often be as little recognised by them, if they were to rise again from the dead. The learned historian of "Latin Christianity" speaks of the beauty of the situations which were invariably chosen by the Benedictine Monks for the monastic sites in England. But when the structure of a country is comparatively level, almost everything which is characteristic in the landscape depends upon features which change in the course of a very few generations. It depends on the progress of enclosures, on the distinctive colouring of cultivated and uncultivated ground, on the

disappearance of forests, on the new disposition of woods and trees. In such situations nothing that we see now may be as it was seen by those whose memory has brought us to the spot. With Iona the case is very different. We may be sure that what we now see is very much what Columba saw. Its distinctive features depend upon the enduring Hills, and upon the still more enduring Sea. To the eye of a geologist, indeed, I know very few situations where every outline tells so distinctly of the most tremendous agencies of change—of volcanic heat and of glacial cold, of upheaval and of subsidence, of rupture and of abrasion, and of the waste of time. But all these agencies, except the last, have been so long at rest that the human race has been slow to believe in their existence. It is, indeed, the most difficult of all things to form any distinct conception of the nature and the method of their works, or of the part which each of them has had in moulding and configuring the world we see. And, as regards the waste of time, not only all the centuries since Columba's birth, but all the centuries since the birth of man, are but "as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night." The Ocean has been called, by Hugh Miller, "that blue foaming dragon, whose vocation it is to eat up the land:" but the rate at which it eats up the Hebridean rocks is very slow indeed. The singular and beauti-

ful clearness of its waters round those shores is a sufficient proof how infinitesimally small is the amount of spoil. Nothing, therefore, can be more certain than that, when we look upon Iona, or when we range even the wide horizon which is visible from its shores, we are tracing the very outlines which Columba's eye has often traced, we follow the same winding coasts and the same stormy headlands, and the same sheltered creeks, and the same archipelago of curious islands, and the same treacherous reefs—by which Columba has often sailed. A few changes, of a very superficial kind, may have been brought about. Forests can never have flourished on those outward slopes which front the Atlantic blasts. But some shaggy brushwood has doubtless disappeared,—the introduction of sheep has made the pastures greener—to some extent the heather has given way to grass. But this is the whole amount of change. All the great aspects of nature upon and around Iona must be the same as they were thirteen hundred years ago.

What, then, are those aspects? To Montalembert they are all mournful and oppressive. He paints the landscape in the gloomiest colours. Its picturesqueness, he says, is without charm, and its grandeur is without grace. The neighbouring isles are all naked and desert. The mountains are always covered with clouds, which conceal their summits. The climate is one of continual mists and rains, with frequent storms. The "pale sun of the north," when it is seen at all, gleams only upon dull and leaden seas, or upon long lines of melancholy foam. Those who know the Western Isles know how unreal all this sort of language is. The appreciation of natural beauty in its various forms depends mainly upon association, very little upon knowledge or upon conscious thought. The scenery of the Hebrides is altogether peculiar, and to those whose notions of beauty or of fertility are derived from countries which abound in corn and wine and oil, the charms of that scenery can perhaps never be understood. And yet these charms are founded on a wonderful combination of the three greatest powers in nature—the Sky, the Sea, the Mountains. But these stand in very different relations to the early memories of our race. As regards the Sky there is no speech or nation where its voice is not heard; there is no corner of the world where the sweet influences which it sheds do not form, consciously or unconsciously, an intimate part of the life of men. But it is not so with the Ocean. There are mil-

lions who have never seen it, and can have no conception of the aspect of the most wonderful object upon earth. To many who have seen it, it inspires nothing but dislike. By the Prophet of Patmos,—although no image is more frequent in his visions as an emblem of glory and of brightness,—the Ocean is classed in a sublime passage along with Death and Hell, as among the Holders of the Dead (Rev. xx. 13). And so, in this character at least, we are told that it is to have no place in the New Heavens and the New Earth, where "there shall be no more Sea" (Rev. xxi. 1). The gentle spirit of Mrs. Hemans was troubled by the same aspect of the Ocean, and few more touching verses have been left us by her pen than those which she addressed to the "hollow-sounding and mysterious Main :"—

"To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head."

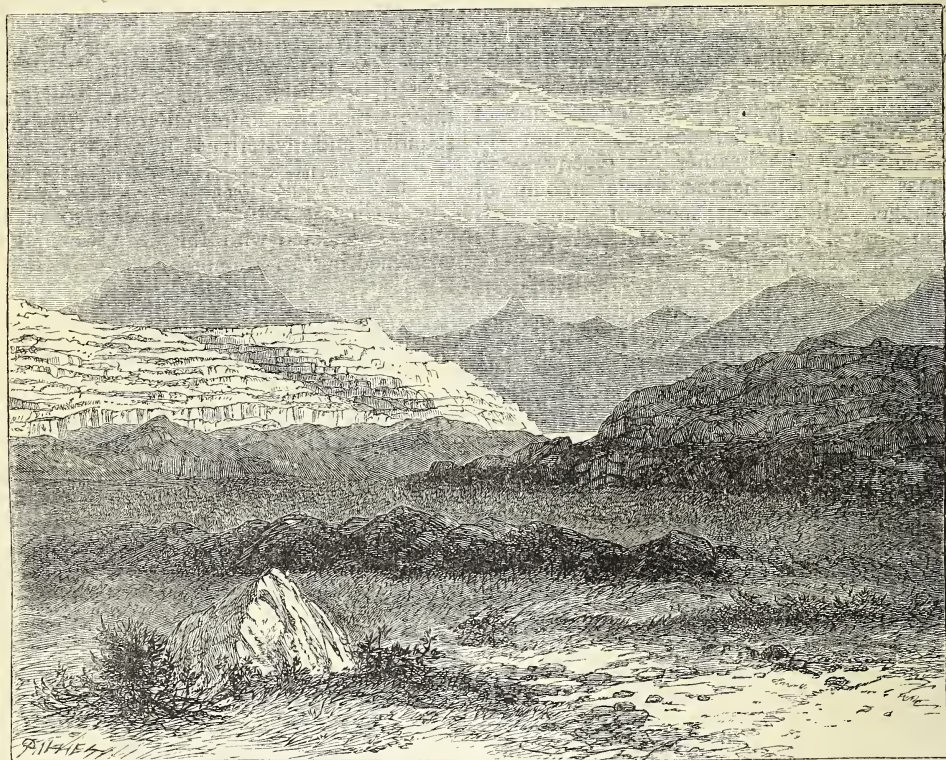
The feeling is natural, and, like so many others connected with the dead, we find it enshrined in "In Memoriam :"—

"O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems
To rest beneath the clover sod,
That drinks the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God,
Than that with thee, the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom deep in brine
And hands so often clasped in mine
Should toss with tangle and with shells."

But, after all, the Ocean is something more than a "vast and wandering grave." Its associations are not mainly with the Dead. Neither is it the only power which seems to dissipate beyond recovery this Tabernacle of the Flesh. The question, "With what Body do they come?" is asked more often of the Forms which have been returned to the dust of earth than of those which have been lost in many waters. To eyes that have been accustomed to rest upon the boundless fields of Ocean, there is nothing in nature like it. The inexhaustible fountain of all the fertility and exuberance of earth—the type of all vastness and of all power—it responds also with infinite subtlety of expression to every change in the face of heaven. There is nothing like its awfulness when in commotion. There is nothing like its restfulness when it is at rest. There is nothing like the joyfulness of its reflected lights, or the tenderness of the colouring which it throws in sunshine from its deeps and shallows. I am sorry for those who have never listened to, and therefore can never understand, the immense conversation of the Sea. It is a deplorable incapacity, but tolerable in them—if only they will hold their peace.

Of the third great power in landscape—of the Mountains—there is less need to speak. This at least is more generally understood. There are not many places in the world where those three great voices—"each a mighty voice"—the Sky, the Sea, the Mountains—can be heard sounding in finer harmony than round Columba's Isle. It is true that the climate of the Hebrides is a wet one; and hence the perennial verdure which flourishes to the very summits of the hills, in happy contrast with the absolute sterility of a great proportion of all the mountain ranges

in the south of Europe. Hence also the wonderful beauty of the skies. "Cloudland, gorgeous land," is a truthful exclamation of the poet. For nowhere is the face of heaven more various in expression than along that line of coast where the vapours of the Atlantic are first caught by the highland hills. Byron's famous lines, in which he touches on the difference between the sunsets of the south and of the north, give by no means an accurate idea of that in which the difference really consists. I have seen from Athens "morning spread upon the



Headland of Bourg, and Ben More.

Head of Loch Scriden, from Ross of Mull, near the Sound of Iona.

mountains" along the opposite range of Parnes, and the low sun streaming up the Gulf of Corinth upon the hills of the Morea. Those tints are certainly beyond measure beautiful. But the sunsets which are to be seen constantly among the Western Isles are not, as compared with those of the Mediterranean, "obscurely bright." It is true the colouring is darker, but it is also deeper—richer—more intense. Nothing indeed can exceed its splendour. And so of the Sea: its aspects around Iona are singularly various and beautiful. On one side is the open Ocean, with nothing to break its fetch

of waves from the shores of the New World. On the other side, it is divided into innumerable creeks, and bays, and inlets, which carry the eye round capes and islands, and along retreating lines of shore far in among the hills. Its waters are exquisitely pure—of a luminous and transparent green, shading off into a rich purple—where the white, sandy bottom is occupied by beds of Algæ. Into these greens and purples on the opposite side of a narrow Sound, dip granite rocks of the brightest red. Then there is the busy population of the teeming Sea—its shoals of fish—its great mammalia, which

are the hugest of living things—its snowy and its swarthy birds, with all the movement of their wings, the arrowy flight of the wild Rock Pigeon (the origin of all our domestic doves), and the occasional sweep of the Peregrine. Whatever a modern Frenchman—even a man of genius like Montalembert—may think of such scenes as these, there is every reason to believe that they were not repugnant to Columba. He was an Irish Celt. His own early home was in the wilds of Donegal, where the climate is not less weeping, and where a coast of far more frowning aspect fronts the Atlantic Ocean. Some poems in the Erse language have been handed down as written by Columba; and although they may not be actually his, they are at least very ancient, and represent the kind of imagery which was familiar to his race, and those aspects of nature in which they took delight. There is no melancholy moping over the Sea because it is not always blue, or over rocks and mountains because they are not rich in foliage.

"Delightful to be on Benn-Edar,
Before going o'er the white sea:
The dashing of the wave against its face,
The bareness of its shore and its border.

"Delightful to be on Benn-Edar,
After coming o'er the white-bosomed sea,
To row one's little coracle,
Ochone! on the swift-waved shore.

"How rapid the speed of my coracle,
And its stern turned upon Derry;
I grieve at my errand o'er the noble sea
Travelling to Alba of the Ravens.

* * * *

"Beloved to my heart also in the West,
Drumcliff, at Culcinne's strand:
To behold the fair Loch Feval,
The form of its shores, is delightful.

"Delightful is that, and delightful
The salt main on which the seagulls cry
On my coming from Derry afar;
It is quiet, and it is delightful.

Delightful." *

Columba may indeed have missed the "oaks of Derry," and that intense love of place which is a passion with the Celt doubtless made all lands but Erin appear to him as lands of exile. But if his eye rested with delight on the "dashing of the wave," and on the "form of shores," no spot could have been better chosen than that on which he lived and died.

Iona is situated at the southern apex of that long triangular tract of mountain-land which lies to the north-west of the great Caledonian valley, and which, stretching from Inverness on the one side, and from Cape Wrath on the other, terminates in the lofty summit of Ben More, in Mull. In approaching Iona along the south coast of Mull, the massive hills of igneous rocks which constitute the great bulk of that large

Island, subside somewhat suddenly into a long promontory of comparatively low elevation, at first with sharp and broken outlines, due to mica slate, and then with rounded knobs and knolls of granite, swept naked by the blast along the margin of the sea, but farther inland covered with sheets of moss and heather. Off the point of this long promontory, called the Ross, and separated from it by a Sound of shallow sea about one mile broad, lies Columba's Isle.

The causes which determined Columba in his selection of Iona are not mysterious. Some of them have been preserved in traditions, which are as poetical as they are probably true; whilst others are obvious on a moment's consideration of the position and of the character of the spot. In the first place, it was an Island; and islands have been always popular with the Monastic Orders. They give seclusion, and, with seclusion, they afford facilities for the enforcement of discipline. Is it wrong to conjecture, also, that they satisfy that sense of possession which lies deep in human nature, and which has made even hermits rejoice in some rock which they could call their own? And then comes that ground of preference which has lived in the memory of the place for thirteen hundred years, and which must be true, for it stands in unmistakable harmony with the earlier events of Columba's life, and with a natural character which was full of strong and fierce emotions. He had been the cause—and by no means the innocent cause—of war and bloodshed in his native land. It was the censures of the Church and the contrition of his own soul which drove him into exile and to the undertaking of some great labour in the cause of Christ. But the passionate love of an Irish Celt for his native Ireland seems to have burned in him with all the strength which is part of a powerful character. It is most true to nature—that which is related in the memories of his race—that he could not bear to live out of Ireland and yet within sight of her shores. On his voyage north in his boat of hides, he must have passed many islands—Islay first, but that, probably, was too large and too near; Jura next, but this also was no place for a hermitage, and the rocks of Antrim were still too close at hand. Colonsay, with its little outlying islet, Oronsay—here was an island of the fitting size. Columba landed; but, on his ascending the heights, the blue land of Erin was still above the Sea. On, then, northwards, once more; and, as the same old poem represents him saying—

* Reeve's "Adamnan," p. 285—9.

"My vision o'er the brine I stretch
From the ample oaken planks;
Large is the tear of my soft grey eye
When I look back upon Erin."

The next land he touched was the land which he has made his own. If he landed, as no doubt he did, at the spot which continuous tradition has pointed out, he cannot have known, or he must have missed, the entrance to the Sound. Passing through a labyrinth of rocks, his boat was received into a creek which to this day retains the name of the "Port of the Coracle"—a port guarded round by precipitous rocks of gneiss, and marked by a beach of brilliantly coloured pebbles of green serpentine, green quartz, and the reddest felspar. Again he mounted the nearest hill, and here at last the southern horizon was nothing but a line of Sea. And so this hill has ever since been marked by a cairn, which is known to the Gael as "Cairn cul ri Erin," or, the "Cairn with the back turned upon Erin." Farther exploration must soon have discovered to Columba that the Island on which he had now landed had other and more substantial recommendations. On the eastern side was the channel which he had missed, giving much-needed shelter from prevailing winds. Above all, it was—*pace* Montalembert—a fertile Island, giving promise of ample sustenance for man and beast. It is true Iona is a rocky island, the bones protruding at frequent intervals through the skin of turf. Even there, however, Columba must have seen that the pasture was close and good, and not far from the spot on which he first swept the southern sky, he must have found that the heathy and rocky hills subsided into a lower tract, green with that delicious turf which, full of thyme and wild clovers, gathers upon soils of shelly sand. This tract is called in Gaelic The Machar, or Sandy Plain. A little farther on, he must soon have found that the eastern or sheltered side presented a slope of fertile soil exactly suiting the essential conditions of ancient husbandry. At a time when artificial drainage was unknown, and in a rainy climate, the flats and hollows which in the Highlands are now generally the most valuable portions of the land, were occupied by swamps and moss. On the steep slopes alone, which afforded natural drainage, was it possible to raise cereal crops. And this is one source of that curious error which strangers so often make in visiting and in writing on the Highlands. They see marks of the plough high up upon the mountains, where the land is now very wisely abandoned to the pasturage of sheep or

cattle; and, seeing this, they conclude that tillage has decreased, and they wail over the diminished industry of man. But when those high banks and braes were cultivated, the richer levels below were the haunts of the Otter, and the fishing places of the Hern. Those ancient plough-marks are the sure indications of a rude and ignorant husbandry. In the eastern slopes of Iona, Columba and his companions found one tract of land which was as admirably adapted for the growth of corn as the remainder of it was suited to the support of flocks and herds. On the north-eastern side of the Island, between the rocky pasturage and the shore, there is a long, natural declivity of arable soil, steep enough to be naturally dry, and protected by the hills from the western blast.

And so here Columba's tent was pitched, and his Bible opened, and his banner raised for the conversion of the heathen.

The ancient ecclesiastical buildings which are now slowly mouldering to decay, and which are all grouped within a short distance of each other, mark beyond all question the few acres of ground on some part of which Columba's cell and church were built. And yet the first thing we must do in standing on the spot is to imagine it denuded of all these buildings. They have their own interest, and their own beauty. But one and all of them belong to a very different age from that in which Columba lived. One of them—the least and the most inconspicuous, but the most venerable of them all—St. Odhrain's* Chapel, may possibly be the same building which Queen Margaret of Scotland is known to have erected in memory of the Saint, and dedicated to one of the most famous of his companions. But Queen Margaret died in A.D. 1092, and therefore any building which she erected must date very nearly five hundred years after Columba's death; that is to say, the most ancient building which exists upon Iona must be separated in age from Columba's time by as many centuries as those which now separate us from Edward III.!

But St. Odhrain's Chapel has this great interest—that in all probability it marks the site of the still humbler church of wood and wattles in which Columba worshipped. There are some things for which tradition may be safely trusted. The succession of generations among men has been compared to leaves of the forest; but, unlike forest-leaves, which all die about one time, and reappear at another time after a long interval that

* Pronounced, and now usually spelt "Oran."

cuts off the seeming continuity of life, the generations of mankind are renewed from day to day and from year to year; so that the young hold fast the memories of the old, and that which was dear to the fathers is dear to the children also. And so it is difficult to conceive that the site of Columba's church could ever have been forgotten. It must have been always a sacred spot. Nor it is probable that when Queen Margaret built, she would leave the place which was hallowed by associations so dear to her. We are indeed expressly told by the annalist from whom our information in this matter is derived, that Queen Margaret's work was a restoration of St. Columba's church, which had fallen into decay.* But if there be any doubt as to the identity of that spot, there is none as to another spot which is close at hand. This is the "Reilig Odhrain," the ancient burying-place of Iona. Among the tenacious affections of the Celt, there is none more tenacious than that which clings to the place which is consecrated to the Dead. Here, during more than a thousand years, were carried Kings and Chiefs, even from the far-off shores of Norway, with other men of high and low degree, that their bodies might mingle with the dust of the Holy Isle. And close beyond the Reilig Odhrain, a little to the north-east, and nearly opposite to the western front of the cathedral church, there is a natural hillock of rock, but covered on most sides by turf, which is perhaps the most interesting spot upon Iona. From its isolated position—from its close proximity to St. Odhrain chapel, and to the ancient place of sepulture—from its rising beside the old path which runs along the foot of the rocky hills, and divides them from the cultivated grounds—from the splendid view it commands over the sacred objects close at hand, over the sloping fields, the Sound, the opposite coast, and the distant mountains,—this knoll must have been a favourite resort of all the generations of men who have lived and worshipped on Iona. Tradition, too, has faithfully preserved in its Gaelic name the identity of the spot. It is called the "Torr-Abb," or the "Abbot's Knoll." I cannot doubt that it is "the little hill" respecting which Adamnan tells us, perhaps, the most remarkable anecdote in his account of Columba's life. On the last day of that life, being now very infirm, Columba, we are told, ascended a "little hill" (*Monticellulum*) which overlooked the Monastery; and here, standing up for a short time upon the top, and lifting up both his hands, he blessed his now

long-adopted home, and he pronounced this prophecy on its fame: "Unto this place, albeit so small and poor, great homage shall yet be paid, not only by the Kings and people of the Scots, but by the rulers of barbarous and distant nations, with their people also. In great veneration, too, shall it be held by the holy men of other churches." Considering that this prophetic benediction was recorded within the lifetime of men who had seen Columba, and considering the long course of later centuries through which it has been literally fulfilled, we cannot doubt that this is one of the many instances in which men who have left their mark upon the world have exhibited a proud and grateful consciousness of the life they were yet to live when dead, in the memory of mankind.

Standing on this old rocky mound, we can re-animate the scene with very tolerable correctness, as it must have appeared in Columba's life. It is certain that the buildings of his time were all of wood. Probably some external plaster covered the timbers and the wattled walls of which they were constructed. Like all other works of man, the edifices in which we live, and those also in which we worship, have had their forms determined by a process of development—that is to say, by gradual modifications of rude and early types. It is exceedingly probable that in the very old and ruined stone chapels of the Highlands we see something not unlike the shape and proportions of the wooden structures of the Columban age. The form is that of a low and simple quadrangular building with steep roof. The brethren of the community lived each in separate huts or "cells," constructed of the same materials. There was some provision for strangers, who often, though not probably in great numbers at one time, were attracted to the place. There was a refectory for the common meal. Columba's own abode was erected on a rising ground above the rest. Some brethren attended to the cattle, to the milking of cows on distant pastures, and to bringing home the produce in closed wooden vessels carried upon horseback. Others tilled the soil for the raising of oats and barley. There seems to have been an abundant dairy, a well-stored granary, and by no means a deficient larder. The island now supports upwards of 200 cows and heifers, 140 younger "beasts," about 600 sheep and lambs, 25 horses, and some three-score of the pachyderms so dear to all the children of Erin. It grows also a considerable quantity of grain. But even these resources, ample as they might seem to be,

* Reeve's "Adamnan," p. 410.

were not enough for the growing number of the Columban monastery. Very soon royal grants of neighbouring islands made them tributary to the sustenance of the Abbot and his brethren, and foremost among these came the productive corn-bearing soil and the rich pastures of Tyree. Fish were abundant and could be obtained at all seasons. The large flounders of the sound of Iona are still an important item in the diet of its people. The rocks and islets all around swarmed with Seals, and their flesh seems to have been a favourite article of food. Their oil, also, doubtless supplied the light with which, during many long winter evenings, Columba pored over his manuscripts of the sacred text, or performed midnight services before the altar. With all these various occupations there must have been constant life and movement both on land and sea. Nor must we forget Columba's own frequent embarkations—sometimes only in little boats to cross the Sound, or to visit those adjacent islands, some of which were soon colonised from the parent Monastery; sometimes in larger vessels, starting on some distant expedition, to preach among the heathen Picts. Columba and his brethren must have been skilled and hardy seamen. How often from this very hill must the monks have watched for their Abbot's returning bark—rounding the red rocks of Mull from the southward, or speeding with longer notice of approach from the north. From the same spot, we may be sure, has Columba often watched the frequent sail—now from one quarter, now from another, bringing strange men on strange errands, or old familiar friends to renew the broken intercourse of youth. Hither came holy men from Erin to take counsel with the Saint on the troubles of clans and monasteries which were still dear to him. Hither came also bad men red-handed from blood and sacrilege to make confession and do penance at Columba's feet. Hither, too, came Chieftains to be blessed, and even Kings to be ordained—for it is curious that on this lonely spot, so far distant from the ancient centres of Christendom,

took place the first recorded case of a temporal sovereign seeking what appears to have been very like formal consecration from a minister of the Church. Adamnan, as usual, connects his narrative of this event, which took place in 547, with miraculous circumstances and with Divine direction in his selection of Aidan, one of the early Kings of the Irish Dalriadic colony in Scotland.* The fame of Columba's supernatural powers attracted many and strange visitors to the shores on which we are now looking. Nor can we fail to remember, with the Reilig Odhrain at our feet, how often the beautiful galleys of that olden time came up the Sound laden with the Dead, "their dark freight a vanished life." A grassy mound not far from the present landing-place is known as the spot on which bodies were laid when they were first carried to the shore. We know from the account of Columba's own burial that the custom was to wake the body with the singing of psalms during three days and nights before laying it to its final rest. It was then borne in solemn procession to the grave. How many of such processions must have wound along the path that leads to the Reilig Odhrain! How many fleets of galleys must have ridden at anchor on that bay below us, with all those expressive signs of mourning which belong to ships, when Kings and Chiefs who had died in distant lands were carried hither to be buried in this holy Isle! From Ireland, from Scotland, and from distant Norway, there came, during many centuries, many royal funerals to its shores. And at this day by far the most interesting remains upon the Island are the curious and beautiful tombstones which lie in the Reilig Odhrain. They belong, indeed, even the most ancient of them, to an age removed by many hundred years from Columba's time. But they represent the lasting reverence which his name has inspired during so many generations, and the desire of a long succession of Chiefs and warriors through the Middle Ages and down almost to our own time, to be buried in the soil where he had trod.

ON THE COLOUR OF AERIAL BLUE.†

It may be supposed that in considering the conditions upon which, as it seems to me, the aerial blue of the sky and landscape depends, I ought also to refer to such collateral subjects as the colour of blue in the sea, or in the region of clouds; but this I must do very briefly, as, in both these cases,

colour is dependent upon many circumstances, the consideration of each of which would require to be entered upon separately, while it is not so with the colour of blue in the sky and the landscape, the occurrence in

* Reeve's "Adamnan," p. 197-2, and notes

† Read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

these latter cases being uniformly referrible to the same cause.

Such bodies as rain, mist, escaped steam, or aqueous vapours, do not meet the conditions under which the colour of aerial blue is formed, but smoke of the more gaseous kinds, and free from sooty admixture, being to a certain extent transparent, does so, and, as we shall see, is fitted to serve as an illustration, though imperfectly, of the subject of the following remarks.

What light is, has not, I believe, been fully discovered, but whence it is derived we know in so far as our system is concerned. Streaming from the sun, it travels unseen through space, dark as night, until coming in contact with matter, it is revealed in its power to illuminate—to generate and support life—and as the agent by whose potent ministry is produced all that we now rejoice in as pleasant to the sight and good for food.

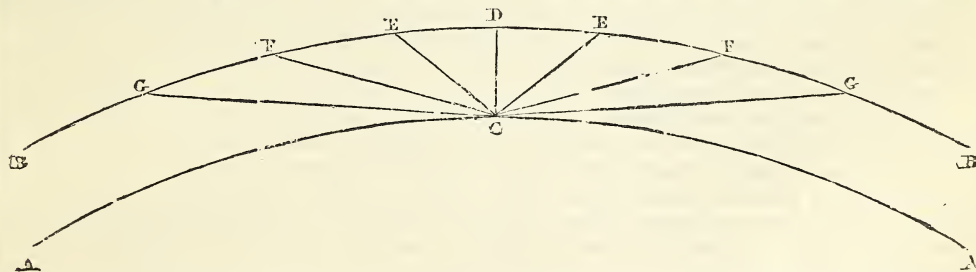
Light is the source of colour, and when decomposed is seen to consist of three elementary constituents, namely, red, blue, and yellow, the infinite variety of local tints which we see in the world around being but modifications of these three as they more or less influence each other, singly or in combination.

No surface in the absence of light possesses colour, and the complexion of any substance when exposed to the sun shows

what amount of power it has to absorb or reject certain rays: where this power is great we have intensity of colour, where it is weak we have paleness; and were there no other element influencing the aspect of external nature we should find ourselves in a world hard and sharply defined, having objects in the most distant parts pronounced in all their details of form and colour with equal force to those which are near; and the whole devoid of that sweetly modifying middle tint which we see prevailing everywhere, harmonizing all, and so gently soothing to the mind and eye. This beneficent quality we possess in our atmosphere, constituted as it is to transmit light pure and white as it comes from the sun.

Atmosphere, without vapour, and with the sun at noon, is full of white light. Various examples show this. If, for instance, we range our eye from the zenith to the horizon, the azure blue, so deep overhead gradually becomes paler as the eye moves downwards, until, in the extreme distance, it has merged nearly all its colour in whiteness. Were the blue of the sky resident in our atmosphere, we should expect to find that where the atmosphere was most compressed—which it is on the surface of the earth—the colour would be deepest; but the reverse of this is the case, as the blue nearly all disappears from it as it nears the horizon.

The accompanying diagram will show this



more clearly. Suppose A A to be a section of the circumference of the globe, and B B the overlying atmosphere. A spectator standing at c, and looking up towards D, looks through the most limited portion of air—forty or fifty miles—as viewed from that point; but turning either to the right or left in the direction of E F G, the lengthening lines indicate the increasing amount of space filled with light through which his eye ranges, and, to which has to be added, the increasing density of the atmospheric medium as it approaches the earth's surface.

Again: Directing our view to a range of mountains capped with snow, and distant twenty, thirty, or forty miles—such as the

Oberland seen from the terrace at Berne—we find that, though the space through which we look is so great in extent, and composed of the densest part of our atmosphere, the white of the snow when the sun shines upon it seems entirely unchanged in its purity, while the parts of the mountain range uncovered with snow, and the shadows on the snow-clad parts themselves, are of an azure blue.

Further: No white object, seen at whatever distance, is, with the sun-light upon it, at all affected in its purity as white, while every other colour in the same relation is more or less so, we are thus led to the conclusion that, as white alone remains unchanged under the conditions we have stated, the atmo-

spheric medium through which all things are seen must be white.

Alpine climbers tell us that the higher they ascend toward the mountain-top the deeper the colour of the sky becomes, until, arriving at a height where respiration has become difficult, they find that the vault above, which at the base of the mountain seemed of so lovely a blue, now appears to the eye of an oppressive black, the change being due to this, that, the higher the traveller ascends the less is the amount of atmosphere interposed between him and the absolute darkness outside this thin veil encircling our globe.

The colour of azure blue is not peculiar to the region of the sky, as the same cause produces the same effect through the whole of external nature, giving rise to those sweet gradations and harmonizing tints, which—like charity in the relations of life—bring all discordant things into a softened unity, seen by all, and felt by all, though as a cause, recognised perhaps by few.

Let us look to yonder mountain-range we left but a few hours ago, after wandering over steps of trap, and among braes of heather and fern, where the musical stream sings in the deep gorge its song to the wakeful aspen; and what do we see there? Nothing but a mantle of blue enveloping those varied features which in the morning gave such a charm to the rough hill-side, while we wandered over it. Now, however, twenty miles of atmosphere intervene, and the change we see is due to this cause. Suppose we travel back and examine the gradual unrobing. First, as we return, shortening our distance, comes out from the mantle of blue the lightest of the local colours—grass withered on the steep slopes, and bleached rocks lightened by the sun. Next, as we advance, those of a more positive kind; the purple heather, the bright orange of the withered fern, the decomposed rock with its hues of russet and chrome, while the grim trap, and the darkly shaded ravines maintain their hold of their azure investment until we reach within a mile or so, when, gradually, they too are unveiled, and we wander once more among lichen-covered rocks, and crisp oak woods, with all that charm of rich and varied under-growth which gave us so much pleasure before. From this stand-point let us cast our eyes along the long range of retreating hills, with their edgy crests and softened bases, and, as they retire, mark the gradually increasing shade of blue tinging the darker portions of their rugged structure; the scarps, and clefts, and shady hollows, until, in the distance, the

whole has mellowed into one uniform hue, and dark mountain masses are seen to assume the colour, and the filmy impalpable look of the bright blue sky, rivalling, sometimes, the latter in its cerulean lustre. Suppose we leave the mountain spur on which, in thought, we now stand, and fancy ourselves transported to those blue hills seen far away. What shall we find there? Nothing but surfaces jagged and rough, and clothed in all respects like those we have left, while, seen from thence, these latter have assumed in their turn the radiant hue of the bright blue sky.

The darker the local colour of the landscape is, the more speedily and decidedly is its colour affected by the interposing air. In the Isle of Skye, for example, the range of the Cuchullins shows this strikingly in the black hypersthene formations composing the mountains in that wild district. Standing at Scurm-a-Gillean and looking towards Blabhein, the dark, rugged mass of the latter appears of the deepest blue. Two hours' walk transfers the point of view to Blabhein, from whence looking back towards Scurm-a-Gillean, we find that this has now assumed the azure tint; the intervening eight miles of air being sufficient to change, in either case, the black corrugated mountain mass into a form of deepest blue.

In countries where the air is dry, and free from vapour, the vault above looks vastly expanded, while objects below look hard in their outline, and very delusive as to their seeming distance. The pure air being thin in body, is comparatively weak in overcoming the darkness of far-off space, or modifying the sharp details of forms on the earth beneath.

This other appearance may be often seen. A grey, unbroken cloud, over-arching like a roof, stretches away into the distance, throwing the remote mountains into deepest shadow, which the intervening air and sun-light beyond change into intense aerial blue. Such an effect is not unfrequently seen from the castle at Stirling. Looking across the level plain towards the Grampians, the picturesque range from Benlomond to Benvoirlich seems, in such circumstances, a belt of blue clipped from the summer sky, while in the lift above no blue is to be seen, but below and between, the undulating land has the look of the billowy sea, each dark retreating curve having its quota of relative blue, until merged in the flickering, palpitating bases of the shadowy hills, thirty miles away.

The blue of the sea is due mainly to the cause we have been considering, though perhaps also to others in particular circum-

stances. Still, as a rule, it will be found that the colour in this, as in the instances we have referred to, is to be attributed not to the colour as residing in the water, but as an effect produced upon the water's surface under the conditions I shall now specify.

When undisturbed by wind, the face of the sea is simply a mirror reflecting the aspect of the sky at the time, but, when broken up by a passing breeze, the consequent rippling motion is composed of an infinite number of waves, or wavelets, each having several distinct facets, with some of which it reflects the light and colour of the sky, while in others the light is refracted so as to show a tint darkish in hue, and deepening towards the crest, where it becomes sharply black. The infinite multiplicity of these tiny and varied forms diffused on the broad surface of the ocean appear to the eye one uniform shadow, increased, sometimes, by a passing cloud, and when seen from the coast margin,—the horizon in this case being limited, as to distance, from the dip of the sea,—the colour is merely a bluish grey; but when the horizon is extended by increasing the altitude of the point-of-view, this bluish grey becomes more distinctly blue, and if seen from a still greater height of a tender azure, the increase of intervening air through which the eye now looks being sufficient to produce these various results. The level horizon of the sea has not the range of space which mountains towering above this level possess; consequently we seldom see, even when looking from an elevated position, the colour of the sea so blue as that of mountains farther removed when under the same conditions of air and weather.

In the region of clouds this colour likewise prevails; not, however, in the burnished cirri, nor in those of diaphanous texture, with the light shining through, is it seen; but on the shady side of the massive cumuli when the evening sun-light falls slanting upon their snowy and seemingly solid forms. The gorgeous shapes of cloud-land—gigantic cliffs, castles in the air—grotesque suggestions of sublunary things, fluctuating and fleeting, receive light and give shadow with the apparent compactness of substance belonging to their prototypes on earth; each shadow having, according to its depth and distance, its amount of relative blue; and as layer after layer retires into the distance, so great in proportion does the likeness in hue and tone of the shadow become to that of the sky itself.

Analogous to this, but with smoke as a medium, we find similar results proceeding from less perfect causes, namely, a dark body

seen through a white and semi-transparent one, producing in sun-light the colour of aerial blue. Observe this smoke,—not the murky discharge from the coal-fires of busy factories, offending the sight and polluting the air with clouds of unconsumed carbon,—but the gaseous exhalations rising on quiet moorlands, when the cottager's fire of wood or of peat has been lit for preparing the morning meal. As it rises from the chimney embowered in its dark greenwood, the smoke seems white and partially opaque; but, gradually diffusing itself in filmy expansion, it becomes bluer and bluer as its body becomes thinner, until, widely spread, it covers as with a veil of azure gauze the softened texture of the landscape. Look also for a moment at this fire smouldering on the moor itself, and mark what takes place. While the smoke has for its background the dark brown turf, it is blue; rising higher, it is seen against the white-washed wall of a cottage, and it is of a palish brown. Then, again, as it mounts upwards and is seen against the dark hill-side, the blue is restored; and, finally, the sky, against which it is ultimately seen, brings back the delicate brown.

Here the smoke rises against four separate backgrounds, two dark and two light; against the dark it seems blue, and against the light a delicate brown, while the smoke itself remains unchanged in everything except its relation to the foil, or background against which it is seen.

Without multiplying examples which might easily be adduced, we come to the conclusion that this intangible aerial blue, which forms our sky, and is so important an element in giving harmony to the landscape, is a *relative colour*, owing its existence, not, like those which are local and positive, to the breaking up of the sun's light and appropriation or rejection of certain portions of its rays, but, as it seems to me, solely to the mingling of the whiteness of light with the darkness of space—of the deep blackness of the latter as seen through the clear transparency of the former. These two elements, thus simply combined, reveal to our loving gaze the body of heaven in its clearness—the sapphire radiance enveloping the throne of Him who dwelleth in light, and who hath made all these things.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

GEORGE HARVEY.

CARMINA NUPTIALE.*

PART I.

WEDDED LOVE.

THIS little spring of life, that feeds the root
 Of England's greatness, giveth, underground,
 Bloom to the Flower, freshness to the Fruit ;
 Then wells and spreads, with golden ripples round,
 In circling glory to a sea of might,
 Embracing Home and Country of our love :
 Half-mirroring the beauty beyond sight—
 Taking some likeness of the abode above.

THE WEDDING.

All Women love a Wedding! old
 Or youthful ; Mother, Widow, or Wife :
 It lights with precious gleam of gold
 The river of poorest life :

For one, the gold is far and dim ;
 For one, a glimpse of things to be ;
 But here it sparkles, at the brim
 Of full felicity !

And they will cluster by the way ;
 Crowd at this Eden-gate, with eyes
 That run, and pray that this pair may
 Keep their new Paradise.

Green is the garden, as at first ;
 As smiling-blue the happy skies,
 Where float the bubble-worlds that burst,
 And leave us smarting eyes.

They seem to think that these *must* clasp
 The jewel turned to dew or mist :
 The glamour they could never grasp,
 Tho' wedded lips have kissed ;

That this gold Apple of promise, crown'd
 With redness on the sunny side ;
 Will gradually grow ripe all round ;
 That this new Lover and Bride

Must reach the breathing Magic Rose
 Such cunning Spirits hold in air,
 On which our fingers could not close,
 Even when we knew 'twas there !

This nest of hopes shall bring forth young
 Unto the brooding heart's low call—
 Not merely pretty birds'-eggs, strung
 To hide a naked wall !

Al! many start thus, hand-in-hand—
 Few only reach the blessed goal ;
 But *these* shall surely see the land
 Hid somewhere in the soul ?

And delicate airs creep sweetly through
 Old bridal-chambers dusty and dim :
 Down from a far heaven warm and blue,
 The mellow splendours swim.

The Woman's eyes grow loving wet ;
 They dazzle with the morning ray :
 The Woman's longing will beget
 Her own dear wedding-day !

In his network of wrinkles, Age
 May veil their virgin beauties now ;
 Faces be furrowed—a strange page
 Of writing on the brow :

The smiling soul cannot erase
 The sad life-lines it shines above ;
 Yet, imaged in the dear old face,
 You see their own young love !

The sleeping Beauty wakes anew
 Beneath the touch of tender tears ;
 The Flower unfolds, to drink the dew,
 That seem'd dead for years.

All hearts are as a grove of birds
 Spring-toucht and chirruping every one ;
 And each will set the Wedding-Words
 To a music of her own.

Some withered remnant of old bliss
 Flushing on faded cheeks they bring,
 Telling of times when Love's young kiss
 Was a fire-offering ;

And spirits walk in white, as starts
 This bridal-tint that blooms anew ;
 And so, with all their Woman-hearts,
 They fling Good Luck's old shoe !

SERENADE.

'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake !
 And waiting to be gracious for thy sake !
 All night I saw thy fairness gleam afar
 With fresh, pure sparkle of the Morning-Star :
 Awake my Love, and let the veil be drawn
 From Beauty bath'd at the springs of Dawn.

'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,
 And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.
 A touch upon some silver-sounding string,
 As all the harps of bliss were vibrating
 Within me, woke me, bade me rise and say
 "Awake, my Love, this is our wedding-day."

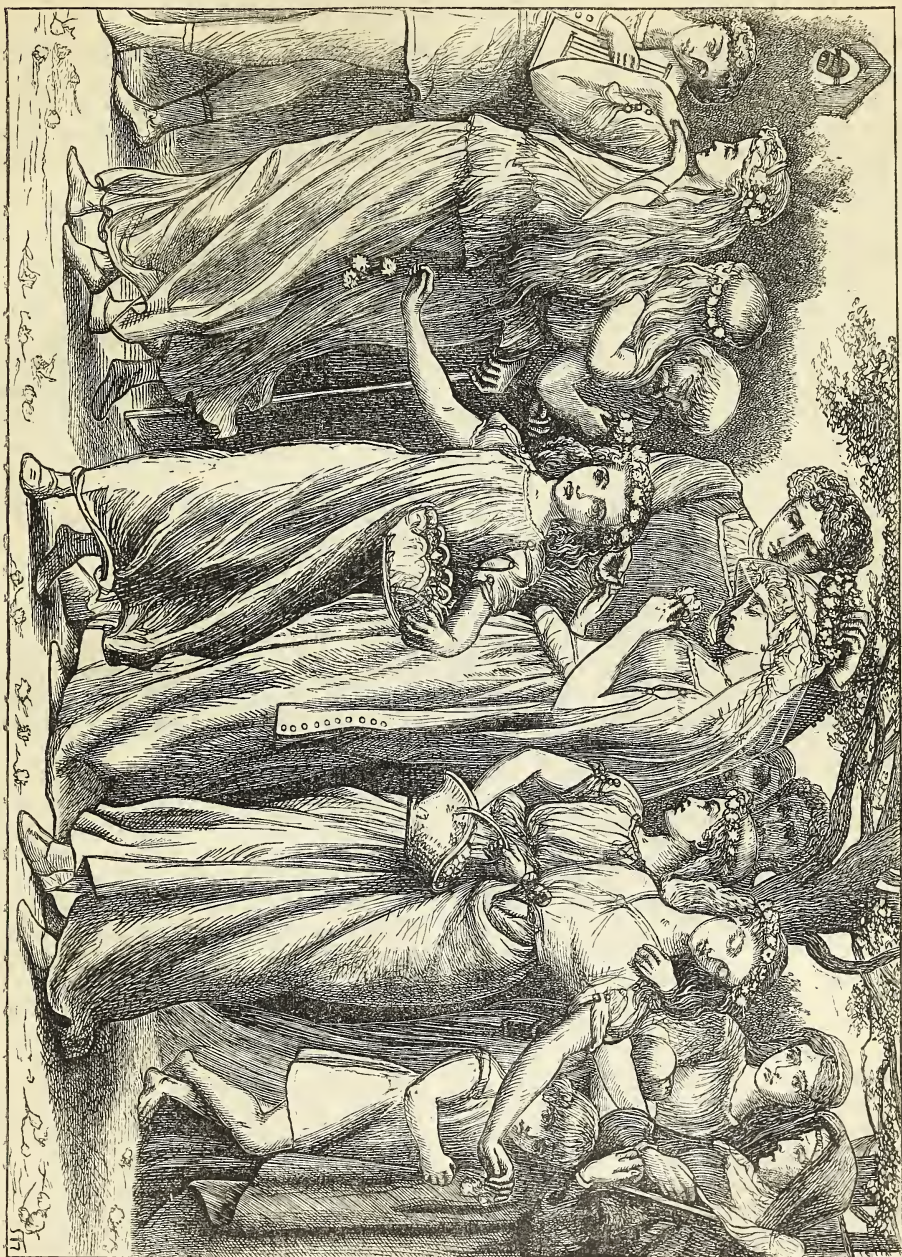
'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,
 And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.
 It is the tender time when turtle-doves
 Begin to murmur of their vernal loves :
 Spirits that all night nestled in the flowers
 Shake perfume from their wings this hour of
 hours.

'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,
 And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.
 To feel thee mine my faith is large enough,
 And yet the miracle needs continual proof !
 One minute satisfied, the next I pine
 For just one more assurance thou art mine.

'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,
 And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.
 Thy presence sets my cloudland round about
 Glowing as heaven were turning inside out.
 And all the mists that darkened me erewhile
 Are smitten into splendours at thy smile.

'Awake, sweet Love, for Heaven is awake,
 And waiting to be gracious for thy sake.
 Our great sunrise of life begins to glow,
 And all the buds of love are ripe to blow ;
 And all the Birds of Bliss are gaily singing,
 And all the bridal-Bells of Heaven are ringing.'

* These lyrics—forming part of a sort of Musical Marriage Service—is from a forth-coming volume, by Gerald Massey ; to be published by Messrs. Strahan & Co.



HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

VIII.—MOSES.

"It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light" (Zech. xiv. 7). The working of God in Time is evermore, from generation to generation, the fulfilment of this promise. It is when the hour is darkest, when sorrow is heaviest, when hope is dying, when the clouds are thickest, and the hollow moaning of the voice of despair is beginning to awake upon the dull night breeze—it is then that He interferes to whom Time is not, save as the setting wherein He has been pleased to place His work.

So it was, eminently, when Moses was born to be the deliverer of the children of Israel. The darkness of the clouds which veiled their sky hardly could gather into a deeper blackness. They had long lost the peaceful security of the land of Goshen. There they had multiplied with the unusual increase God had promised to their great forefathers, until they became a terror to the jealous people among whom they tarried. The fame of the great Vizier of their race, before whom Egypt had bowed, had passed away. The internal troubles of the land, the changes of dynasties, and the vicissitudes of events had almost swept away his memory, and long ago another king had arisen who knew not Joseph. What if these Syrian herdsmen were to join with some Arab tribe and subjugate the whole land? This was the ruling terror, and it must be guarded against with all the subtlety of Egyptian policy. One of these guards was found in depressing them to the rank of slaves; in breaking up their sense of independence and nationality, and thus bowing the neck betimes. Another resource was to reduce their numbers by the slaughter of their male children. Both were practised. To the eye of sense the old promise seemed dying out. The fertility of which it spoke had brought their doom upon them, whilst a slavish heart was rapidly being bred within their bosoms. The leeks and the cucumbers, the flesh-pots and the abundance of their store—for these they were growing to long; and their softened, debased spirits bowed to the oppressor's rod, and did, with an abject obedience which their rugged ancestors would have spurned, the foreign tyrant's bidding.

There is no harder task for any man than to rouse up again into life such an expiring

national spirit. Woe to him who attempts it, and wavers or fails in his endeavour—the oppressor's utter hatred, and a timid and treacherous abandonment by those whom he has stirred only to bring on them a heavier servitude, is his inevitable end.

This was to be the work of the son of Amram; for this he was born of the family of Levi; for this God's electing purpose had from eternity designated him; for this, in time, God's providence wrought in secret ways to fit, furnish, and perfect his servant. He to whom all things are open, saw that the time was come in which His promise to Abraham should begin to stir towards its fulfilment. He knew that the character of the reigning Pharaoh was that which, by the mingling of obstinacy and fear, was tempered to be the passive instrument of His high designs, and so provided in Moses the fit agent of His will. As under Joseph the family had grown into a tribe, so under Moses the tribe was to be raised into a republic. The formation of such a character as was needful for the fulfilment of the leader's after-work required a long and most varied fashioning—we may read it in the lines of the prophet's life.

Saved from the destruction of the male children of his tribe by an incident familiar to Egyptian life, and a caprice characteristic of an Eastern woman, Moses is brought up as the son of Pharaoh's daughter. For forty years this was his life. In the simple record of his own narrative it is compressed into fifteen verses of the second chapter of Exodus. In the great argument of St. Stephen (Acts vii. 20—29) his brief history swells out into striking facts as to which his humility kept him silent. Thus we read, besides the simple and exquisitely pathetic record of Exodus, speaking across the chasm of three thousand years in whispered words to which every mother's heart still responds, "She saw the child, and the babe wept, and she had compassion on him," that he was "exceeding fair;" thus we read, too, that "he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds."

If we turn from this brief narrative of Holy Writ to what Jewish, Moslem, Heathen, and even Christian legends have recorded of these forty years, the story, keeping the same

general outline of fact, expands again marvellously on every side; tradition, according to its wont, playing halo-like in many-coloured hues around the single point of truth. Thus we are told that on the night of his birth all the idols in Egypt were cast down (Weil, "Bible, Koran, and Talmud," p. 96), and that this portent roused the Egyptian priests to seek to destroy the new-born deliverer, of whose advent and mighty deeds they had been already warned by prophetic intimation. "One of the slaves of the daughters of Israel," so ran the warning, "will bear a son, who shall hurl thee and thy people unto the lowest abyss" (Weil, 92). Thus again, to the Scripture record of the beauty of his infant countenance, described both in the Acts and in the Epistle to the Hebrews by a word applied to none beside himself in the New Testament, Josephus adds that it was such that those who met him on the road were forced to turn again, leaving their business behind them, that they might gaze upon him, whilst yet beyond this is added the account that the Pharaoh's daughter who looked at him in the ark was cured at once of the plague of leprosy from which she had long suffered, and the single cure is expanded into that of three of the king's daughters. Then when he is rescued, he refuses the milk of the Egyptian nurse his foster-mother had provided. For "shall the lips which are to speak with the Shekinah touch that which is unclean?" (Weil, 101).

Who, in Egyptian history, the Pharaoh's daughter was it is not easy to decide, though an ingenious threading together of hieroglyphs and history leads Mr. Osburn to believe that she may be identified with Thouris, daughter of Sesostris, king of Upper Egypt, married by her father, from ambitious motives, to Siphtha, the infant king of Lower Egypt, in whose name she administered the kingdom. Her going down to the sacred river was to fulfil certain sacred rites which her position required at her hands; her ready adoption of the beautiful Hebrew infant a natural result of the childlessness of her enforced wedlock. Thus the "being called the son of Pharaoh's daughter" involved for Moses more than a mere introduction into the royal palace of old Egypt. It was the design of the foster-mother to breed him up as her successor in her royal dignity.

Wilder legends yet paint the Egyptian life and exploits of the future lawgiver. His youth, spent in the midst of dangers from the caprice and jealousy of Pharaoh, grows up into a manhood of early power, and even

glory. Not only is he learned in all the lore of the then centre of the old world's civilisation, but he becomes at Heliopolis, Oarsiph, the Priest of On, and leads successful armies into Ethiopia.

This reach of his life terminates, in sacred history and legendary lore, at about the age of forty years, and with events generally alike, at least in outline.

He was great, learned, and powerful. There lay before him a future of unlimited earthly splendour. He had the burning aspirations which belong to genius. What would be his course? All the purposes of God for the family of Abraham, all the mighty promises for man which hung on that election, seemed to tremble on the issue of his choice. If he yielded to the temptations of a worldly ambition and chose the throne of the Pharaohs, Israel would become, as other tribes already had become, incorporate with Egypt, the separation of the family of God lost, and the evil world triumphant. But so it was not to be. Already, as a typical fulfilment of a yet greater calling, it was to be accomplished in Moses, "Out of Egypt have I called my son." The Spirit of God brooded on the heaving waters of his yet unenlightened heart. His natural ambition took, under that mysterious moving, a higher tone. Faith in his fathers' God began to struggle within him for the mastery. Was he, a son of Abraham, the friend of the personal God, to sink down into the defiling superstition of Egyptian idolatry? Was he to forget the holy seed, and mingle himself altogether with the family of Mizraim? Was the bond that held him to his princely foster-mother as strong as that which bound him to the seed of Israel? So the Spirit of the Lord whispered to his inward ear, and he hearkened to it. "He went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens." The old hieroglyphics help us to realise the scene. In them we see fixed in yet remaining figures, the hard and bitter toil of the enslaved sons of Jacob toiling in the brick-field beneath their Egyptian overlookers, who are armed with rods of chastisement, and are exacting without pity the labours which were designed quite as much to bow the spirit and even reduce the numbers of the serfs as to add to the riches of their masters.

It was a great and noble choice that he was led to make when he "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Herein, doubtless, that divine germ of faith, which was struggling for its birth within his great but as yet unpurged heart, was reaching forth far beyond his own consciousness. Already as it was read by the All-discerning Eye to which all things future are ever present, he was, like another great spirit after him, "counting all things but loss that he might win Christ;" for "he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." No treasure cities, with all the countless stores which the magnificence of old kings had heaped up in them, could compare, in a soul once touched by God, with the possession of Him as its portion, to whom already, in all its darkness, its every aspiration pointed. Yet in that heart, chaotic strivings still wrought together with an undirected violence. There had been formed within it great volumes of power: he was thoroughly conscious of their presence; and as he mused upon the debased condition of his people, he felt himself impelled to be their deliverer. The breath of the divine impulse fell upon him, mingled with, or for the time seemed lost in, the storm of a mere earthly ambition. Uncalled, uncommissioned, unstrengthened, he yields himself unconsciously to the divine leading, consciously to the impulses of his own great heart. The favoured son of the servile race goes out from his palace ease and mingles himself with the sorrows of the oppressed. He has but a doubtful welcome. Slavery is an utterly debasing element in human life—debasing both to the master and to the slave. Fear, suspicion, jealousy, meanness—these are bred, as evil creatures breed in filth and darkness, in the slave's heart. They dare not, they will not understand their champion; and when he rescues even by violence a suffering brother from the tyranny of the Copt, and in doing the act of liberation with the inherited vehemence of a son of Levi, slays the Egyptian, he only awakes against himself the murmurs of his tribe, and is driven by their narrow-hearted and obstinate rejection of their prince to fly from Egypt.

That flight from Egypt had in it the elements of faith. For it was "by faith he forsook Egypt; not fearing the wrath of the king, for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible" (Heb. xi. 27). "By faith," beginning to teach him that not by his high place in Egypt, that not by his learning, that not by his power or might or resolution, but that by God's arm, in God's way, at God's time, the deliverance he longed to work, but

had so failed in working, should be accomplished. He left the mighty unfulfilled design, which with too great human heat he had sought to accomplish, in the hand of God, and at the leading of His providence abandoned all his high designs to bury himself afar from all the stir of Egypt's life in the life of a wanderer and an exile. He seeks a shelter in the land of Midian amongst the Abrahamic tribes sprung from Keturah, and instead of the busy life of a courtier, a politician, and a tribune of the people, he associates himself to the pastoral pursuits of the dwellers on those Sinaitic ranges, which would support no larger animals than the flocks of their innumerable sheep. The natural sinking of that bounding spirit must have been profound. Hopes suddenly dashed; high desires burnt out and choked in the deadness of their own ashes, the sadness of separation from his brethren, the aimless uselessness of what he had dreamed of making a more than imperial life, all lay heavy on him. The name of his first-born son still mourns on our ear, charged with the record of this utter sorrow. "Zipporah bare him a son, and he called his name Gershom (Banishment), for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land" (Exod. ii. 22).

Yet it was not all sorrow. It was a sharp discipline through which he was passing, but it was the discipline of God. We may even read its progress in the name he gives to his second son. There is a certain tinge of bitterness in the "Banishment" which breathes through the name of Gershom; but in Eliezer, the second, "My God is an help," we may measure something of what he had learned whom God was training. That fiery Levite spirit was being duly tempered; that longing to use for the redressing of wrong the arm of flesh was being curbed; that lofty estimate of what his natural powers, his high attainments, and his pride of place might enable him to accomplish, was being brought down to the far stronger basis of a self-distrusting humility. What a training it was:—with the half-stranger wife, unable even to the end to enter with wife-like sympathy into his deepest life and greatest hopes;—following the almost self-guided steps of the flocks of Jethro;—mounting with them as the summer heat increased from the lower valleys high up into the roots of the great peaks of that stony range;—listening to the unceasing voice of the crumbling rocks as in that silent air their roaring fall echoed through the stillness of

the day ;—communing with his own heart and with his God ;—hardly daring to look back at the past, and having before him no revealed future ; his life suddenly shut in by bars as close as those with which the ribs of the mountains closed the ever-narrowing valley ! Had it been his own rash, impetuous zeal which had led to such an issue ? Might he not have stirred to fiercer heat the Coptic jealousy and hatred towards Israel ? Might he not by this uncommanded act of violence have put back their deliverance, and checked the present development of the merciful purposes of God for them ? Dark thoughts like these, heavy-faced and threatening in their presages, would close in upon him in the waste places of the wilderness, and threaten to bow down utterly his spirit. What a discipline it all was ; what a preparation ; what a strengthening of the will ; what a beating down of self ; what a realisation of God ! How in after years, when again he trod the same paths, but with the thousands of Israel to guide instead of the few sheep in the wilderness, must he have looked back on those days ! How would every familiar mountain scene, with its marvellous power of imbibing and returning to us the long-past life, remind him of those years of meditation, prayer, and silence, and again and again amidst the murmuring of the stiff-necked people how must it have animated his fainting heart for new acts of faith, patience, and daring !

In the midst of this life which had spread its level, unvarying outline over forty years, the call of God suddenly aroused him. For four hundred years that voice had not, it seems, been heard within the chosen family. Since the death-bed of Jacob, prophecy had been dumb. The family of promise grew, multiplied, abounded, but no voice from God visited them, no breath of heavenly inspiration stirred the sleeping chords of their tribal being. In the wilderness of Midian, at the foot of that great mountain of Horeb which was to be hereafter “the mount of God,” the old dry river-courses filled again with the heavenly stream ; the old voice which had called Abraham, and directed Isaac and comforted Jacob amidst his many troubles, woke up to give his great commission to Moses. The strange sight of the thorn-tree of the desert, instinct with fire and unconsumed, at once invited the curious investigation of the man to whom Egyptian science had opened all the then known secrets of nature. “I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt” (Exod. iii. 3). But as he draws

near to gaze, a greater wonder than any which nature could display arrests his inmost spirit. Whether it was then given him to read the riddle of the sign we know not. Whether it was still to him but a burning bush, or whether in the dwarf thorn amidst the forest trees he read the form of suffering Israel, penetrated everywhere by the living fire of their fathers’ God, purifying but not consuming the race He was searching with His judgments and upholding in His love—whether then or afterwards his eye read that parable of providence, we know not ; but from that bush we know that the voice spake to him, called him by name ; bid him put aside in humble adoration the shoes from off his feet, and filled him with such a sense of holy awe that he sank astonished at the manifested presence of the God with whom these forty years he had been walking. He whose educated gaze had known no fear in looking at the strange natural phenomenon of the burning, unconsumed thorn, trembled to the centre of his being at this revelation of the nearness to him of God ; and “he hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God” (Exod. iii. 6).

Then to that awe-struck spirit was given the commission which with mere earthly heat he had reached out his hand to seize some forty years before. Now the sufferings of Israel were accomplished. God had heard their groaning, and looked upon them, and had respect unto them (Exod. ii. 24, 25). What words of wonder embodying, what stores of consolation for all after-generations of suffering humanity, until the last task-master is cast out, until the last son of Abraham is made free of all his inheritance, until Egypt has given up to Canaan the last weeping exile, are those of the deliverer’s commission !—“I have surely seen the affliction of my people—I have heard their cry, I know their sorrows” (Exod. iii. 7). This was the utterance of his fathers’ God to him who long ago had dreamed of delivering his brethren. And now the dream was to be fulfilled. For now had come the moment for which the manifold discipline of a life prolonged to eighty years had all along been preparing him. He was passing through that great crisis which every life that yields itself consciously to God must in some mode or other experience. With him it was gathered up unto an awful suddenness of act and sharpness of feature. Doubtless he had known from a tradition, which four hundred years could not destroy, the being and the name of the God of Abraham. Doubtless,

through his wandering in Midian, his spirit had been learning the secret of communing with its unseen Lord. But all this had been as the twilight to the sunrise. He had heard of his God by the hearing of the ear, but now his eye saw Him—the “I Am.” The “I Am,” the everlasting, self-existent, Almighty God, stood beside him; called him by his name; stood beside him a person by a person; manifested Himself by words of wonder, by signs of power, by revealed purposes of love. Moses passed through that awful crisis, and he was another man. The sage learned in all Egyptian lore; the great soul mighty in word and deed; the deep philosophic intellect furnished with all transmitted wisdom, trained in all school subtleties, practised by the often-handling of great affairs, ripened into mellowness by solitude, nature, and self-converse—these remained; but on them all had passed a mighty change. Just as there settles down upon the mountain’s brow the wreath of the morning mist, investing every peak and pinnacle and crag with the glow and the glory of the molten sunlight which has drenched its folds, so on them had settled down the glory of the Lord, transmuting the earthly into the heavenly, raising the intellectual into the spiritual, making the man of power into the man of God, the noble philosophic patriot into the prophet of the Lord. His soul’s eye had, indeed, seen the King, the Lord of Hosts. He receives at once his commission: and how different now from what it once had been is the voice of that trained heart! Instead of “supposing,” uncommissioned, that “his brethren would have understood how that God, by his hand, would deliver them” (Acts vii. 25); now, even with the direct commission which interpreted to him and authorised all the long-cherished aspirations of his soul; with the “Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt” (Exod. iii. 10)—he shrinks back with a humbled sense of his own unfitness for being God’s instrument. “Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?” The long training had done its work. The heated iron of his natural impetuosity had been hardened in those cold waters of his banishment, and the tempered steel was fitted for the mighty enterprise for which God would wield it. The path by which he is led is wonderful even to himself. The name of God has been revealed to him; the promise of God’s presence has been made

sure; his bashful self-distrust turns into a growing confidence in his God; and at last, as one who trembles at the venture, and yet fears still more to disobey, he accepts the high commission, and prepares to be and do and suffer whatsoever the Heavenly Wisdom shall have ordered for him.

One other merciful assistance is granted to him before he is called on to endure the last appalling trial of his courage—his standing before Pharaoh. Having left his wife, with her children, at his Midianitish home, he sets out from Jethro’s house, as forty years before he had come to it, a solitary man. But at the roots of Horeb he meets his elder brother Aaron, the future partner of his mighty cares. What a meeting it was! The great prophet lawgiver and the great high-priest of the future—with that gap of forty years in their lives to bridge over with long histories of the past, with the loving greetings of the present, with so much to tell and so much to hear, with such recitals of the wonders God had wrought already, such hopes from His great promises, such fears from the threatening aspect of the darkened sky, with its canopy of cloud, and all that it might contain for them in the unknown future. So they travel into Egypt, lonely wayfarers, with high resolves, with Egypt’s and Israel’s and the world’s future waiting on their course.

How simple is all truest greatness! Here is the whole record of that pregnant march: “Moses returned into the land of Egypt, and he took the rod of God in his hand” (Exod. iv. 20). “The rod of God”—what mysteries that name summed up! How did the presence of that rod mingle itself with all the chiefest wonders of the next forty years; with Pharaoh’s chastisement and death, with Egypt’s plagues, with Israel’s passage through the Red Sea, with the overthrow of Amalek, with the feeding of the multitude throughout the desert, with the water-springs which the rock of mystery should yield, with the prophet’s greatness and his fall, with Israel’s entrance into Canaan and the great leader’s exclusion from it! Surely here are mysteries connected with that rod greater than all which legend has babbled, though it has well-nigh wearied itself in its stories of that sign and instrument of power; tracing it up to man’s unfallen state in Paradise; recording its creation on the sixth day, its gift by God to Adam; bringing it with Adam through the gates of Eden as he passed a weeping exile under the flaming sword; and then carrying down the mystic

gift through Enoch, Shem, Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph, to the house of Pharaoh; and thence carrying it with Jethro, then one of the king's chief magicians, to the wilderness of Midian, and so at last into the hand of Moses.

Thus he enters Egypt. The first work there is for the brothers to call together the heads of the family of Israel, and announce from God their coming deliverance. The suffering people hear with thankfulness that their God has remembered them, and "believe; and when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that He had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped" (Exod. iv. 31).

The next message of the prophet-messengers is to Pharaoh himself. Without reserve or fear they speak their summons, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go." The king's reply is the natural answer of an irritated self-will to such a summons. "Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice?" At once, from those lately stammering lips of the messenger of the King of kings, the voice of a sovereignty asserting its supremacy far above the throne of the haughty Pharaoh, spake out its warning, "The God of the Hebrews hath met with us,—let us go, lest He fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword." And now the strife between Jehovah's messenger and the great earth king was indeed begun. So far as Moses was concerned, it would have been ended in an hour, if Pharaoh had dared to drown the prophet's voice in his blood. But such an act was prevented by the state of Egypt. It was shaken to the centre by the power of the Canaanitish population which had settled in it. Between these and their brethren across the desert there was such a living sympathy, that every great movement of the one vibrated through the other. Fear of the power of Israel, should it join in one of the many insurrections which had raised and subverted the Mizraim dynasties, had first led to the cruel oppression through which they might be bowed and subdued. To provoke them to immediate rebellion by violence towards their chief would have been a dangerous policy. For they might be succoured by the Syrian tribes who still, as the seed of Abraham, retained some ties of affinity with the children of the eldest branch of their now wide-spread family. Pharaoh therefore spared the life of Moses, but sought to alienate the children of Israel from him by making their yoke heavier, so that they might rise against him as having by his interference

only increased their sufferings. To a great degree the deep device succeeded. The suffering people groaned to their deliverers, "Ye have made us to be abhorred in the eyes of Pharaoh, and of his servants, to put a sword into their hand to slay us."

Here was for Moses the first experience of that utter unthankfulness in his brethren which so often in the forty years which followed made his life a burden to him. Yet this time so true was the complaint that he returned unto the Lord and said, "Wherefore hast Thou so evil entreated this people? Why is it that Thou hast sent me? for since I came to Pharaoh to speak in Thy name he hath done evil to this people, neither hast Thou delivered Thy people at all." To this intercession, as to so many afterwards from the prophet's mouth, the Lord hearkened; He renewed his promise: He raised the fainting spirit of His faithful servant, and He bared His arm against the persecutor.

Then began that series of ten plagues by which at the last Egypt and her king were bowed and conquered. They began, as all God's judgments do begin, in the muttered and distant thunder of the voice of warning; they passed next into the crash and peal of instant sentence: this, in its first execution, touched but lightly those who would not be warned; next it hemmed them round in ever-narrowing circles; until at last, in the death of the first-born, it closed indeed in blackness and desolation upon the very heart of Egypt.

Never once throughout this awful strife of the great earth king with the unseen Lord did His prophet faint or falter; condemned at first, then flattered and cajoled; then threatened, and at last driven with violence from the Royal presence, he, with a hand which never shook and with a voice which never trembled, stretched forth the rod of power and spake the word of judgment.

But when the conflict was over and the victory won, and Pharaoh and his host drowned in the depth of the sea, the trials of the great messenger rather began than ended. To lead forth indeed, as it was given him to do, a mob of slaves, debased as slavery only can debase humanity; sunk below the dead level of pagan Egyptian civilisation; to form them into a daring army, a free commonwealth, and a believing Church; to be exposed to all the ready and violent vicissitudes of their desires, and hopes, and fears, and so to have to suffer their manners in the wilderness; to have them upbraid him for their very deliverance when their sensual natures lusted after the

flesh-pots of Egypt; to have them talk of stoning him when the wells were dry; to have them dispute with him for his command, and rebel against his rule; to have them break their covenant with Jehovah, and turn to the sacred calf of their old Egyptian oppressors—all this was such a burden as was never laid on any other. It was at times too heavy to bear: it was such that even from his deep-enduring, princely heart, when he "heard the people," in their grovelling sensuality because the heaven-sent manna was not flesh, "weeping throughout their families, every man in the door of his tent," it extorted the passionate cry unto the Lord, "Wherefore hast Thou afflicted Thy servant . . . that Thou layest all the burden of this people upon me? . . . Have I begotten all this people that Thou shouldst say unto me, Carry them in thy bosom?" (Num. xi. 10, 11.)

Yet such had been his training, such was the grace given to him, that but once throughout these weary forty years of daily-renewed trial and vexation did his faith fail. Most full of warning to those less tried by uttermost temptation is the history of that one fall. It suggests to us how the peculiar taint of our fallen nature may linger on, with an unsuspected presence, ready on any unwatchfulness to break out. The ignorant idea of Moses, formed upon the mistranslation of a word, calling him the meekest instead of the most enduring of men, is in direct contradiction of the whole character set before us in the Pentateuch. Impetuous ardour, asserting itself in even ill-considered action, is evidently the basis of his character, who set unsent about the task of delivering Israel, who slew the Egyptian, and put to flight the shepherds of Midian. Under this strong temptation his natural heat of spirit for once broke through the long-established control under which it had been brought. This is spoken of as the root of his offence. The ceaseless provocation of the rebellious people "angered Moses at the waters of strife, so that it went ill with him for their sakes: because they provoked his spirit so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips" (Ps. cvi. 32, 33). When anger ruled his heart, even his firm faith faded. The people were mad with thirst. God had bidden him speak unto the rock before their eyes, and promised that at his word it should give forth the needful supply of water. But for once he distrusted the command of God. He had known before this that the rod of God could bring forth water from the rock. Merely to speak and call for the hidden

springs was a new and a yet stranger act of power. He looked upon the wild faces of the angry people; he felt the general murmur rising into a roar of madness; he heard the fierce cry of the leaders, "Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt into this evil place, where there is no water to drink?" and for once his lion-heart sank within him. "What," unbelief whispered, "what if thou shouldst call, and call in vain?" And so, half doubting, and yet half believing, instead of speaking to the rock, he smote it twice with the rod, the power of which he had already proved. The faithful God would not forsake His servant even in that hour of his weakness. The waters in their deep spring-head obeyed the uncommanded summons, and gushed forth in abundance, and the people drank and were filled. But the sentence of the righteous Lord was spoken, "Because ye believed me not . . . therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them."

And so he, the greatest of the whole prophetic line, he to whom God spake as He spake to no other—he too fell. One only on the whole stalk of humanity unfolded into the perfect flower; one only, "the intercessor" for Moses, as Moses interceded for Israel, could say to the Father, "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath NOTHING in me."

Of that one Righteous Man amongst all the prophets, Moses was the chiefest type. The voice of God Himself declared his pre-eminence over all the prophetic line. "If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream. My servant Moses is not so. . . . With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches, and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold" (Num. xii. 6—8). All the deep meaning of this wonderful declaration it is impossible for us to fathom. It was fulfilled when, on the summit of Horeb, the cloud which shrouded the insupportable brightness of the Divine Presence, and out of which came "the Voice" declaring the name of the Lord, swept solemnly by the longing, shrinking prophet. Then doubtless there was an immediate manifestation to his spirit of all that it was possible for fallen man to sustain of the majesty of God.

So, again, it was, in the long sojourn in the Mount; in that dwelling in the brightness of God's glory which left a lustre on his own countenance; in those mysterious communings in the separated tent, the entrance to which the pillar of the cloud had closed to all beside

him, and where the separate directions of the law were given to him, as on the Mount, had been showed to him the patterns of the tabernacle worship. Language cannot rise above the words of wonder in which these last communings are described—"As Moses entered into the tabernacle, the cloudy pillar descended and stood at the door of the tabernacle, and the Lord talked with Moses. And all the people saw the cloudy pillar stand at the tabernacle door; and all the people rose up and worshipped, every man in his tent door. And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend" (Exod. xxxiii. 9-11).

A most fit emblem, moreover, was he of the one great Prophet, in his intercessions for Israel,—intercessions based upon his renunciation of himself for his brethren. In all of these most descriptive lines of his figure, we may trace the forecast shadow of "that Prophet that should come into the world" (John vi. 14), of Him of whom the promise, which waited fourteen hundred years for its accomplishment, spake in the days of Moses to Israel—"I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth" (Deut. xviii. 18). In the view of all this greatness, it is the direct record of inspiration, "There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face" (Deut. xxxiv. 10).

Here, as in so many other instances, we may note that the highest prophetic gift is not the mere predictive faculty (though that, too, played around the lips of Moses in his blessings and his songs), but the bearing the message of God to man; the being the witness to the fallen race of the presence, care, righteousness, truth, and love of the Almighty King.

Such a witness Moses bore for forty years, throughout the long wanderings of the wilderness, to that stiff-necked generation. He gave them Jehovah's law, he instituted for them their appointed worship, he lived before them the prophet lawgiver of Israel, he fulfilled his mission, and then the time came that he should enter on his rest. "Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated" (Deut. xxxiv. 7). What a life it had been, as the old man cast back that clear eye through its tale of years! That early rescue, that courtly sojourning, that grand mastery of the world's learning; those vast vistas of imperial greatness which had opened before his manhood's prime, to

be consciously abandoned; that burning patriot-zeal, and its hasty, uncommanded outbreak; those long solitary exiled years; that growing commerce with his God; that crisis of the revelation to his spirit of Jehovah's personal presence; the struggle with Pharaoh; the great deliverance; the people's murmurings and strivings; the ever-renewed, ever-increasing communings with God, which kept his heart firm and his spirit faithful, amidst all the innumerable trials and troubles of his "much enduring" life (Num. xii. 3). He looked back upon it all as, a lone and solitary man, his feet began the last ascent of the mountain Abarim. The solitariness in which all great spirits are wrapped, was cast eminently around him. Miriam was long since dead. He had closed the eyes of Aaron when they had climbed together the Hill of Hor. Two only of all who had come with him out of Egypt survived—both still young men beside the aged prophet. One wish only of his heart remained to be accomplished, and that was denied him. He would fain have led the people into the land of their possession. But the word of the Lord had been spoken, "Get thee up into the Mount Abarim, and see the land which I have given unto the children of Israel. And when thou hast seen it, thou also shalt be gathered to thy people as Aaron thy brother was gathered. For ye rebelled against my commandment in the desert of Zin, in the strife of the congregation." Meekly was that reverend head bowed to the will of God. One prayer only remained to be breathed up for Israel, "Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a man over the congregation . . . that the congregation of the Lord be not as sheep that have no shepherd" (Num. xxvii. 12-17).

And then began the ascent. Tradition, with its magnifying haze, has gathered round the aged man the weeping people, crowding round him for a last farewell, up to the mountain's base, the senate keeping him yet further company; the high priest, Eleazar, and Joshua, his successor, still talking with him as the cloud received him out of their sight (Jos. Antiq., Book II. cap. viii. § 48). But grander far is the simplicity of the Scripture narrative—written in prescience, as Josephus hands down the tradition—"Lest men should say because of his extraordinary merit that instead of dying he went to God" (Jos. Antiq., IV. viii. 48). In the record of the Book of Deuteronomy, he mounts alone at God's bidding, and with His sole companionship, from the plains of Moab unto the top of Pisgah. Thence the Lord showed him all the land, and

said unto him, "This is the land which I sware unto Abraham . . . I will give it to thy seed. I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." And now, the last prayer breathed, his work done, the last sight seen on that mountain-top, far above the sounds of earth, the solitary man lies him down, in stillness and in light, to yield up to his Creator and Redeemer the great spirit which he had so richly trained through manifold discipline and unequalled heavenly communings. No hand of man closed those sinking eyelids; no tool of man dug that unknown grave, or traced over it an earth-born memorial. From first to last, God and he were alone together. "Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the

Lord. And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day" (Deut. xxxiv. 5, 6).

Let us sum up his character and life in the words of another grand and ardent soul, subdued, like his own, by the marvellous dealings with him of the Highest:—"This Moses, humble in refusing so great a service; resigned in undertaking, faithful in discharging, unwearied in fulfilling it; vigilant in governing his people; resolute in correcting them, ardent in loving them, and patient in bearing with them; the intercessor for them with the God whom they provoked—this Moses—such and so great a man—we love, we admire, and, so far as may be, imitate" (Aug., *Conf. Faust.*, vol. viii. 162).

SHORT ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

SEVENTH INSTALMENT.

THE BEARING-REIN.—It was observed to a poor man, a good-natured man in the main, but somewhat cynical, and apt, when he was in a cynical mood, to use strong language, that all knowledge, but that of heraldry, is worth something. To which he replied, "Do you think it nothing to be able to discern somewhat of the characters of the principal personages who constitute the upper ten thousand in London?"

It was admitted that this knowledge was of some value.

He then went on to say, "Whenever you observe a horse, or horses, in a carriage, which horse, or horses, are suffering from a tight bearing-rein, you may surely conclude that the owner is utterly unobservant of what he ought to observe, or very ignorant of what he ought to know, or pompous, or cruel. He must be very unobservant, or he would see that his horses are suffering from this bearing rein. He must be very ignorant, if he does not know that a horse loses much of its power of draught and cannot recover itself so well when it stumbles, if it have a tight bearing-rein. He must be very cruel, if, observing and knowing these things, he does not provide a remedy. He must be very pompous, if he prefers that his horses should be made to rear their heads on high, and to rattle their trappings about (which is a sign of their exceeding discomfort), to their being dealt with humanely and reasonably.

"Well, then, I observe the equipages where

this irrationally tight bearing-rein is used. I then look at the arms on the carriages; and I know who are the greatest fools in London in the upper classes.

"The be-wigged brute and idiot of a coachman" (our cynical friend, you see, used strong language), "of course, thinks it a very fine thing to sit behind these poor animals with their stuck-up heads; but his master ought to know better."

It was allowed by the cynical man's friends to whom he addressed this speech, that he had somewhat justified his study of heraldry. And then they bethought them of how the bearing-rein had been tightened most injudiciously in many other greater matters; how, in a family, the bearing-rein is sometimes so tightened that all freedom of action and of development is repressed, and, ultimately, prevented. They then thought how monarchs and statesmen had made such severe use of the bearing-rein, that the people, whom these monarchs and statesmen governed, had almost lost the power of stepping out for themselves. And it was observed that England had so dealt with her sister Ireland in putting on the severest bearing-rein, and preventing that sister from occupying herself in manufactures, that she, England, must now pay for all the incapacity and poverty which she has caused by her injudicious and cruel mode of harnessing.

Amongst this company the simple words "the bearing-rein" became a phrase; and

when they met one another, and when the subject of any injudicious restraint or restriction was discussed in their presence, they had the habit of merely nudging one another, and saying, "our friend's bearing-rein, and we need not the knowledge of the Heralds' College to tell us who is the foolish person that has harnessed his horses in this most injudicious manner."

One is seldom more impressed, or at least one ought seldom to be more impressed, with the great achievements of man, and what a wonderful creature he is, than after listening to and seeing an opera.

Think of the exquisite skill of the composer, who has written a separate score for each instrument, and how all these various sounds blend into delicious harmony.

Observe the skill of the scene-painter,—how nicely he has adapted his work to the distance from which it is to be viewed.

Give some credit, too, to the poet who has invented the novel or the drama, from which the opera is taken. Nor is the man who has adapted the graceful fiction to meet the necessities of operatic performers to be without his meed of praise.

Note the mechanical contrivance which is everywhere employed, and how smoothly it all goes.

Consider the skill with which the building has been formed, both with regard to sight and sound.

Again, observe—and this is sure to have gained your observation—what skill is shown by the actors and actresses. Those thrilling notes have not been produced without immense study, labour, and reflection.

Lastly, do not fail to take note of the admirable organization which brings all this thought, and labour, and skill into a mirror, as it were, of representation.

And yet there are some people who would persuade us that the creatures who have done all this are to perish like the beasts of the field. Humanity is to make continuous progress, but the individuals are nought, and will be nought. I cannot believe it.

After all, what attracts us most in animals are their demerits. The fox has ceaseless interest for us, both in fact and in fable, from his wicked versatility of guile; and the cool, demure selfishness of the cat is not without its charm to the lovers of the feline

race. Is there anything similar to this feeling in our regard for human beings? I think there is; but then the demerits must not be such as to annoy us much, and so to ruffle our tolerance for them.

Certainly, the lover is no lover, or but a very small-hearted one, who does not see much beauty in the faults of the mistress of his affections.

Mushrooms, in their resolute growth, will lift up large slabs of stone—such is the force of *parvenus* in the vegetable world.

There is nothing so easily made offensive as good reasoning; and men of clear logical minds, if not gifted at the same time with tact, make more enemies than men with bad hearts and unsound understandings.

Always win fools first. They talk much; and, what they have once uttered, they will stick to; whereas, there is always time, up to the last moment, to bring before a wise man arguments that may entirely change his opinion.

No man, or woman, was ever cured of love by discovering the falseness of his or her lover. The living together for three long, rainy days in the country has done more to dispel love than all the perfidies in love that have ever been committed.

There is certain work that had better be done roughly: indeed which loses all its best effect, if not done roughly. The way-side crosses and "Christs" to be seen in Catholic countries would have little interest for us, if they were finished works of art. In their roughness lies their touchingness.

One of the blackest things in human life, and one which gives occasion for most pain of a most continuous kind, is the practice of teasing. It has been wittily said that if

three persons were on a desert island together, two of them would combine to make the third a slave. I do not know how this may be; but I am sure that the two would combine to tease the third, and to ridicule all his ways and peculiarities.

Whenever you come to know well any little knot of human beings, whether in a family, a school, a court, an office, a ship's company, an officers' mess, a factory, a workshop, or any other assemblage, you generally find that there is some poor creature who is perpetually made a butt for the arrows of the poor wit of the assemblage, and whose life is made considerably miserable thereby. This is one of the most cowardly propensities in human nature, and deserves to be treated with the utmost severity.

The victim is often victimised for his good qualities, and especially on account of his differing in some important particulars from the people around him.

A great man said to me the other day, "The boy at school whom we ridiculed most, and despised most, for his many faults and oddities, has turned out to be the best of us. It is he who, as a Christian missionary, has gone out to distant lands, and who has sacrificed everything for the spiritual good of the heathen. He was the boy of greatest soul and mind amongst us; but we did not know it, and we led him a very hard life."

—

"Portions and parcels of the dreadful past." The poet, I think, means the past in an individual's life; but what I think of is the past for the whole human race. Soothe the present as much as we may; look forward as hopefully as we can to the future, still the dreadful past must overshadow us.

The Oxford edition of Gibbon consists of eight volumes with four or five hundred pages in each volume. The exact number of pages is 3,860. The fondest admirers of Gibbon cannot say that it is light reading. Evening after evening goes by, and, if the reader is conscientious, and does not skip, it is a long time before the work is read. Indeed, in these degenerate days I doubt whether there are many persons in the world who can say that they have read their Gibbon right through. One becomes a little wearied of sentences like the following: "His abject courtiers, pretending great value for his life, might accuse the emperor of a like impetuosity, whether he headed his troops in full retreat, or pursued his flying and de-

fenceless enemies with indomitable vigour." It takes some time to appreciate in sentences like these the studied ambiguity, and to enjoy the full flavour of the relentless sarcasm. In a word, the reading of Gibbon is no slight task, even for a student. Thinking once of what these pages contain, I came to a rash and hasty conclusion, that they chronicled about a thousand deaths by violence for each page.

Resolving to test the accuracy of this conjecture, I went through sixty pages in the volume I had lately been reading, and found that the deaths by violence recorded in those pages amounted, on an average, to about 9,000 per page. But then the historian was narrating the result of some trifling religious differences upon subjects relating to points of doctrine which no man has ever comprehended, and which probably no man ever will comprehend. We can hardly doubt that had these pages been devoted to an account of great wars, or of the irruptions into fair Italy of Vandal, Goth, Hun, Frank, or Visigoth, the average would have been still higher. Then, if turning from the history of that which may chiefly be considered European, we turn to the story still more cruel and bloody in the East, we might find in any such historian as Rollin a still higher average of slaughter for each astounding page.

The past, therefore, as I said, fairly overshadows our minds, make what we may of the present and future.

I may mention, too, that if those which were wounded in past times are at all in the same proportion as in modern times, the victims of such wounds that might be inferred to have existed in Gibbon's pages would, if placed on beds of three feet in width, have encircled the globe four times.

Though, as I have said, the past must overshadow us, yet it is with the present and the future that we have to deal. These ugly wars go on. It is true there is not quite the barbarism of former days, but there is an amplitude of slaughter, which shows us to be worthy descendants of Frank, or Hun, or Visigoth, or Norman. There is not the open and distinctly expressed desire for conquest, but, to use a modern phrase, the nations drift into war; and, when once in that maelstrom, find it as hard as ever to steer into calm waters.

Does anything remain to be done? Nations will not consent to arbitration; and the ideas of glory, of national honour, of the right of each race to exist by itself, and to govern for itself, are as strong, or stronger,

than ever. An enthusiast, however, might maintain (and enthusiasts rule future generations, even when they provoke the ridicule of their own time) that something might be done to avert these wars, for most part so purposeless. There might, he would say, be a Peace Party in each nation, which should have intimate correspondence with similar parties in other nations, and thus form a great Peace Federation throughout the world. It is easy to ridicule such a proposition; it is also quite as easy to ridicule the present state of things. For what, after all, as it has been observed, is the end of most wars? Nothing but this, that a number of elderly gentlemen meet together in an official room; and, sitting round a table covered with green cloth, quietly arrange all that might just as well have been arranged before the war began.

The multiplication of small rules of practice is one of the greatest evils of a high state of civilisation. Some great thing is to be done—some act of justice to be carried out; some privilege to be obtained; some right to be maintained—and you attach to it some small formality, which proves to be the greatest hindrance.

Acts of Parliament abound in these dangerous and needless formalities. For instance, such a paper is ordered to be laid before the House of Commons forty days. The consequence often is, that the paper being laid on the table a short time before the end of one session, no action can be taken upon it until some time after the ensuing session. Instances might be given by the hundred in which these small rules and regulations have a truly fatal effect, not only in small affairs, but in great affairs. The smaller the rule, and the less obvious its necessity, the greater is the chance of its not being attended to.

I will give another curious instance of the mischief of a small regulation. There are Acts of Parliament in which it is enacted that certain judges shall be appointed at a certain time, and all at one time, to consider certain classes of cases. The trouble and difficulty which such a regulation has created are immense. A case, we will say, is to be heard three months hence. Who can pledge himself that he will be at liberty enough, or well enough, to hear a case three months hence?

The truth is that the framers of these small rules and regulations should be men of the highest imagination in order to imagine every

possible variety of circumstances connected with the rule or regulation; whereas the said framers are often the most pedantic of mankind.

Disfranchisement—I use the word in the largest sense, and not merely as applying to votes—follows inevitably upon the creation of many rules and regulations for the gaining of the franchise in question.

There certainly is a great deal of compensation in the world.

Now the melancholy man, who has the least hope, and takes the worst view of his own prospects and of everybody else's, is much to be pitied. But then there is this compensation—that whatever evil happens to him, though he may be depressed by it, he cannot be surprised or disappointed.

A man I knew being about to take some great office, or to be married, or to take some perilous step or other in life, being of a superstitious turn of mind, resolved to try what direction the *sortes Shakesperianæ* would give him. He opened his Shakespeare at random, and his eye fell upon the line, "Though nothing sure, yet much, unhappily."

This wise prognostication is one which all melancholy men have already turned up in opening at random the book that chronicles the conclusions of their own minds.

An ox, feeding, as the manner is of oxen, upon grass, and being, therefore, of a placid nature, was much shocked at the conduct of a serpent of its acquaintance, when it saw the serpent first stare at, with its baleful eyes, and then proceed to swallow, a poor frog. "How could you be so cruel?" said the mild-eyed ox. "My dear friend," replied the subtle serpent, "if the frog had hopped one hop away from me, or made a single croak, I would not have eaten it for the world; but, as you saw, it had not the slightest objection, and there is no injury where there is consent."

The ox, though a thoughtful, is not a swiftly-thinking animal. It had browsed for some time, and the serpent had slipped away for its noontide sleep of digestion, before the ox bethought itself of the reply that it might have given to the serpent—"Yes. Fear is often mistaken, or pretended to be mistaken, for consent."

A horse, who had overheard the conversa-

tion between the serpent and the ox, made a much shrewder remark; but, with the shrewdness that is gained from suffering, he made it in soliloquy, as is the custom with that patient creature, the horse—"That is the way with my master. Because I am silent, he thinks, or pretends to think, like that hypocrite of a serpent, that I do not suffer when he is cruel to me."

An astronomer and his wife went out walking together. Presently they came to a cottage where there was a well before the door. On the other side of the road there was a little pond.

This well was known to be very deep, and the astronomer looked down into it, hoping to see, as he did see, the stars overhead reflected in it; for the stars do shine into the deep well, even in the day-time.

"Come here, husband, you can see yourself here in the pond," exclaimed the wife. But he had not come out to see a reflection of himself, and he said, "Wife, you are like the rest of the world: when you look at the most beautiful thing in Nature, your first thought is whether you can see yourself in it."

They say that when one has a clear idea one is always able to express it clearly. I rather agree with this doctrine, but am inclined to think that there are exceptions. Now, for instance, I have an idea in my mind, and have had it for a long time, but I find great difficulty in expressing it. I try to do so metaphorically, but always find that the metaphor halts, or is insufficient, or breaks down. However, I will attempt to give the reader my idea, which I know will at first seem to him so simple that he will think there is nothing in it. But I know and feel that there is a great deal in it.

My idea is this—that we should make the greatest progress in art, science, politics, and morals, if we could train up our minds to look straight, and steadfastly, and uninterruptedly, at the thing in question that we are observing. This seems a very slight thing to do; but, practically, it is hardly ever done. Between you and the object rises a mist of technicalities, of prejudices, of previous knowledge, and, above all, of terrible familiarity. You really do not look at the object which ought to be looked at, but at other things which have been said, written, or done about it. To look hard and closely

at the object, is, you may depend upon it, one of the rarest and highest efforts of the human mind.

Now consider some of the great abuses which have prevailed in human affairs. I will take four of them. (1) The trial of a cause by battle. (2) The belief in witchcraft. (3) The application of torture as a test for eliciting the truth. (4) The modern duel.

The moment any man looked at any one of these horrors and absurdities straight, steadfastly, and uninterruptedly, of course it faded away and fled before him. Whereas even a Bacon, not looking at it in this way, but only looking at phantoms and idols which were between him and it, was dominated by it, and believed in it.

Scientific discovery almost always depends upon a man's looking at something in the dry light of the intellect, and isolating himself from the previous thoughts both of himself and other men about it. What is called "absence of mind" has always been noted in great inventors and discoverers. Of course this absence of mind only means intense presence of mind directed to the matter of which the great man is thinking. The power of giving supreme attention to one thing is the principal qualification of the greatest men.

The spirit of his age is a thing which often prevents a man from looking straight at his object. How potent the spirit of the age is, may be inferred from a proverb, which, strange to say, was made by the Arabs, who say that *a man is not so much the child of his father as the child of the age in which he lives.*

There is a subject which I wish to touch upon, and which can be best illustrated by a conversation which took place amongst certain persons known in fiction as "Friends in Council," and who, perhaps, have their prototypes in real life.

Milverton. I had a very bad night last night, for I could not get out of a certain train of thought which prevented sleep.

Ellesmere. Weak-minded man! I can always put myself to sleep by reading history, or doing a long sum. But what was the nature of your lucubrations?

Mil. I was thinking how it is that there are certain characters which are apparently most repugnant to us, and yet the company of those persons who have these characters is

most pleasant to us. You can see what a large field this question opens; and how the great questions of congeniality and uncongeniality, of the effects of similarity and dissimilarity, flowed in upon me and prevented sleep.

Ell. I quite understand what you mean, and it is not always that I do understand what you mean.

Mil. There is Alpha, for instance. I like to take the Greek letters of the alphabet, because if you put any English initial, people are sure to connect that initial with some living person.

Well, then, Alpha's mind is apparently most repulsive to mine. Most of his thoughts, opinions, and judgments are thoroughly different from mine. Even when our conclusions agree, he seems to have arrived at his conclusion in some roundabout, or crooked, or sinister way, which is most unwelcome to me; and yet I like the man exceedingly and desire his company. He is a charming person.

Sir Arthur. It is exactly my case with Beta. If there is anything in the world I dislike, it is a uniformity of harsh judgments upon other people. Now, as you know, Beta is almost always harsh, rugged, and severe; and yet, to use Milverton's words, I like the man amazingly: and he is to me a charming person.

Ell. The instance I shall give is still more striking. If there is anything in the world I like, it is clearness. I would like to write a clear handwriting, to talk clearly, to speak distinctly, and to compose sentences of such clearness, that he who runs may not only read, but understand what he reads. Well, you all know Gamma. Do you recollect that novel of Walter Scott's, in which Dugald Dalgetty is the principal figure? I have forgotten the name, though I know the book almost by heart.

Mil. "The Legend of Montrose."

Ell. You remember the Children of the Mist? I always say that Gamma belongs to that tribe, and is a Child of the Mist. I read his books—once, twice, nay, even thrice; but I am as bewildered after the third reading as after the first. His talk, too, produces very hazy weather in my mind. Yet his company to me is most delightful; and, to use Milverton's misssyish phrase, he is a charming person to me.

Mil. It may be a misssyish phrase; but it is a very good one. Charming is the exact word to represent what I mean.

But to give another instance. There is Delta. He is, to use a phrase once used

very aptly in *Punch*, an "argufying beggar." Now I do not in general like "argufying beggars." Then he is always pouncing down upon you for your small inconsistencies. You are putting on your great coat in a hurry, and you say, "Confound these railways! What a nuisance it is that one is obliged to be so punctual! In the good old coaching times one could always give oneself an extra ten minutes or quarter of an hour." Delta tries to remind you, at this most inappropriate time, when your arm has gone into your coat at the wrong angle, that you said the other day that "the punctuality of railways was delightful."

Ell. I know him well. There is nothing, however small, that he will not correct you in. He told me the other day, when I was dining with him, that I did not know how to hold my fork, and he showed me what was the proper way to hold a fork. Moreover, after dinner, he informed me that I spoilt his chairs by not sitting in them properly—which is not a pleasant thing for a host to say to a guest. Then, he is impeccable himself. Nobody can ever find him out in doing anything wrong, either as regards the highest forms of virtue, or the meanest forms of the world.

Sir A. An odious fellow; perfectly odious!

Ell. Nothing of the kind. He is a charming fellow, if Milverton insists that I must use the word charming; and he rejoices in an unusual number of attached friends.

Mil. I agree with Ellesmere. I always say, "*Gratior it dies*," when Delta comes to see me, though he puts me horribly to rights.

Sir A. I should have thought such a man would have been detestable to both of you, especially to Ellesmere.

Mil. Now how do you account for this phenomenon, or rather, these phenomena?

Ell. Oh! by contrast. We like those people whose characters form a pleasing contrast to our own, and whose opinions differ from our own.

Mil. That will not account for it in my case. It may in yours, Ellesmere; for you must admit you are a contentious animal. For my part, I am always disposed to like the people who agree with me.

Ell. Yes, you do. It is a very notable weakness of yours.

Sir A. I am the medium between you two. I don't dislike a man on account of his differing from me in character, or opinion; but I certainly do not like him on that account.

Mil. It remains for me to give the explanation. It is, in my judgment, this:

You must allow me to talk metaphorically. I can only explain what I mean by a metaphor, taken from geology. There is some stratum in the man's character that is exquisitely pleasing to you, because co-incident with some stratum in your own. It is generally the sub-soil stratum. I breathe better on a chalk sub-soil; you, perhaps, Sir Arthur, on a gravelly sub-soil; Ellesmere, upon a sub-soil of clay.

Ell. That's right; always assign to me whatever is unpleasant.

Mil. Well, what comes up on the surface is comparatively of little account. To keep up the metaphor, I am not particularly fond of the things which grow upon a chalky sub-soil; but the air is fine and pleasant to me.

Now, to drop metaphor, and to take our friend Delta, for example, he is one of the most affectionate of men. That very fussiness and tiresomeness and love of management of his proceed from affection. He is wildly desirous that you should do whatever is right and becoming. He does not want to set himself up. You soon perceive this (no man can for long disguise his real nature), and you can't help liking him, though he may sometimes worry you.

Now, it was not only last night that I thought over this important subject. I have

endeavoured, dozens of times, to come to a right conclusion about it, to ascertain why it is that people like one another; and I am convinced *that it is likeness, and not contrast, which produces this liking*—likeness, mark you, in some essential particular, in some sub-stratum, as I said before, in the mind, which liking is not overcome by considerable dissimilarity upon the upper surface.

This, I know, is a very bold saying; but, take it away with you; examine likings with my view of the subject in your mind; and tell me in a year's time—if we all live till then—whether you are not disposed to agree with me.

To go back for a moment to Delta. Why does Ellesmere like him? Because Ellesmere, with all his many faults, is a singularly affectionate person, and likes affectionate people and affectionate animals—dogs, for instance. That is also a strong point with me. I can put up with anything in a man, if he is a loving man. Hence, we both like Delta hugely, not from contrast, as I said before, but from similarity. I declare, the more I think of this subject, the more convinced I am that I am right, and that I have made somewhat of a discovery in human character in pronouncing rather for likeness, than for contrast, as a bond of sympathy.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

VIII.—IN MADRAS.

THE "Griffin," or newly arrived European, hardly perceives any difference between one native and another, as they move along the crowded thoroughfares of an Indian city. Yet those acquainted with the various races and castes easily observe marked distinctions of feature and expression among the thinly clad and barefooted Hindoos. Some typical specimens of these* we set before the reader (p. 648) without any special description beyond what is suggested by their trades. For each trade or calling is, as I have indicated in my former papers, a distinct *caste*, with whose specific work no other caste dares to interfere.† Madras, however, is rather a

mongrel city in respect to castes. This is chiefly owing to the number of Eurasians, most of whom have Portuguese blood in their veins. There are upwards of 14,000 of such Indo-Europeans in Madras. These furnish a large number of servants to the English and others. The Madrassee speaks a little English, and probably a little Hindostanee. He is generally a Roman Catholic. We had two Madrassee servants, and found them very attentive, honest, and kind. The necessity for such attendants in India arises chiefly from the fact that in every private house, as well as in every hotel, no servant save your own will attend to you at table. Each has his own work, and will do no other.

But one of our *cartes de visite* is really worthy of special examination, and that is the Brahmin. In this man you see the highest in rank throughout all India. But it is *spiritual* rank only, like that of the Pope, who would still be the head of the Roman Church,

* I am indebted to the kindness of Colonel Allan Scott, of the Madras Army, for the photographs from which these illustrations are engraved.

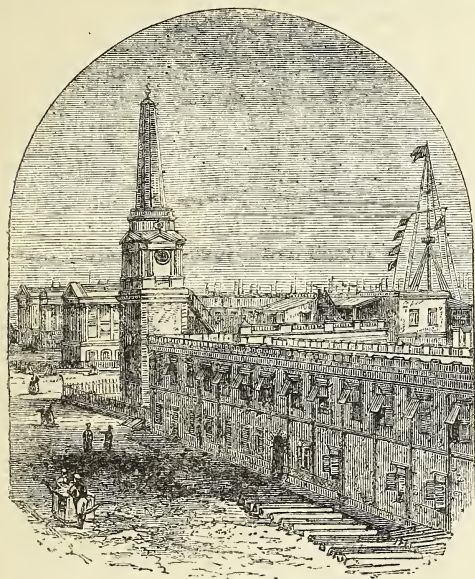
† This is the general rule, although there are exceptions, as different castes may be employed, in special and rare cases, in the same work, or the same caste employed in different kinds of work. But to classify such exceptions, in the highly complex, and, in late years, changing conditions of native society, is impossible.

and as such would, in spiritual things, demand the reverence and obedience of monarchs belonging to that Church, although he was as poor and ill-dressed as the dignitary now before us :—for as to dress it would be more misleading in India than in the Vatican to be guided by Carlyle's doctrine of clothes as indicative of spiritual rank or power.

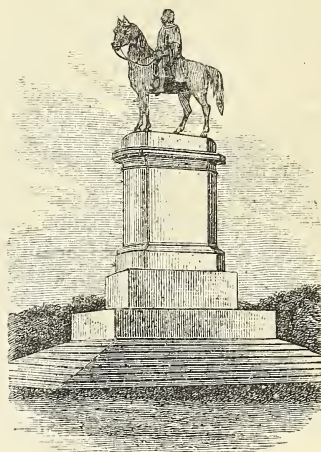


St. Andrew's Church, Madras.

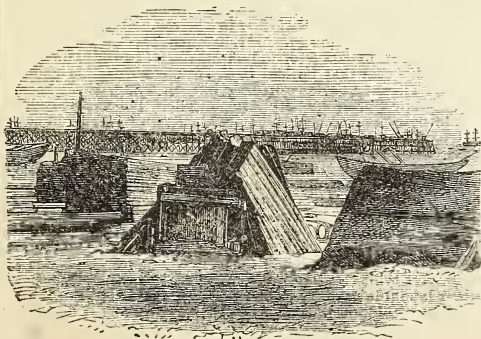
The Brahmin has been the ruling spiritual power in India, since the Christian era began, and long before it. Yet he does not belong to a priestly class who attend only to the temple and its worship. He may follow any trade or profession he pleases. The Rajpoot Brahmins, for example, as we have known to our military glory, and



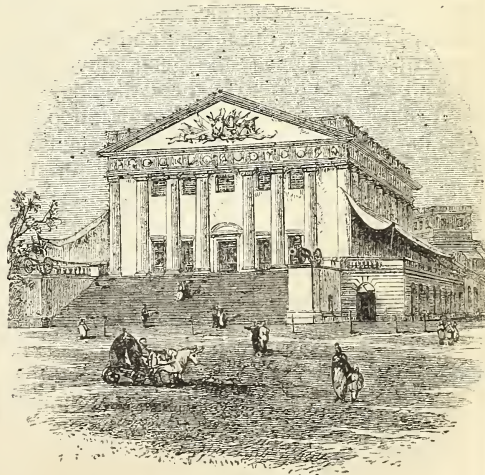
In the Fort, Madras.



Sir Thomas Munro's Statue.



Madras Pier.



Memorial Hall, Madras.

to our sorrow also during the mutiny, filled the ranks of our Bengal army. The Brahmin as a soldier would, while on duty, obey a low caste man as his officer; but off duty, he would say to him, "Stand back, I am holier than thou!" Nor is the Brahmin separated from ordinary society, for he has his wife and family, and is employed in business, from the most common up to that of administering the political affairs of a native state. In ceremonial usages only is he, like the priest or Levite of old, peculiar; for he will neither eat meat nor drink wine; nor will he permit any other caste to cook for him, while, on the other hand, he can cook for all. Nor can he be polluted by contact with what other castes eat or drink, or "touch, taste, or handle." Yet this thrice holy man—this purest emanation of Deity—may be a vile compound of greed, falsehood, and foulest corruption—a very Borgia—without his authority being called in question. His power has thus been so great and so universally acknowledged by the people as of divine origin, that we cease to wonder at his clinging to it with a grasp as for life. Nevertheless, his condition imposes many burdens upon him from his youth upwards, until in the later years of his earthly probation, he is expected to withdraw himself as much as possible from all things material, and by meditation, prayer, and rigorous ascetic exercises emancipate himself more and more from his lanky limbs and defleshed frame. The secret of the Brahmin's power is the fact of the Hindoo religion (of which he is the authoritative exponent and guardian) being a system which professes to reveal and prescribe to man all the details of his varied life. Every art and science—medicine, agriculture, astronomy, the craft of the mason and of the carpenter, jurisprudence and geography—each and all form a portion of the "theology" or "religion" which, according to Hindoo belief, has been revealed to man through the Brahmin, committed to the care of the Brahmin, to be explained authoritatively by the Brahmin. Now this kind of revelation is of great advantage to the Brahmin. Every new work in which a man can engage, indeed every event in his life, requires the presence or aid of a Brahmin, in order that it may be blessed, and be made acceptable to Deity by the proper ceremonies or "pooga" being accurately performed. *For this the Brahmin is paid*, by a tribute which is *rigorously* exacted with pains and penalties, involving caste privileges, which he alone can settle, and which to the

Hindoo are of more importance than life itself. The system originated with the Brahmins themselves. At first the order probably included all the learned classes, and as such would feel itself justified in punishing and fining ignorance for the benefit of learning. It was, accordingly, made lawful for the Brahmins alone to acquire a knowledge of Sanscrit, the language in which their holiest books are written. They thus hold in their hands, and as by divine authority, the temporal and eternal destinies of their fellow-men. It is equally impossible to denude themselves of this power, or to share it with any other caste; for the wealth of the world could not purchase that which flows from deity alone.

Now look at the Brahmin! He is well worth consideration. We have more to do with him than with the Czar of all the Russias. His power extends over 140,000,000 of people. The battle we have to fight with him is one not against guns or rifles, nor against flesh and blood, but against spiritual principalities and powers, and it can only be fought in the strength of Him who is man's living head and brother—the light and life of humanity, and the only centre of real unity. To Him the Brahmin and his teeming millions of followers are more dear than to all of us. Sympathy with our Master in this love is our stronghold.*

Madras is not a city with many "sights," beyond those which are more or less common to other cities in India. The *Fort* has nothing attractive in it, although it is not without its associations. The contrast between past and present is forcibly suggested by the fact that at the time we were beating Prince Charles

* As these pages are passing through the press, we notice the following in the *Morning Star*, which affords additional proof of the revolution now taking place among even the Brahmins:—"The Brahmins are prohibited, under pain of the forfeiture of every social privilege which they hold dear, from crossing the sea, which they therefore, not without reason, designate *kala bannee*, or 'black water.' According to the *Times of India*, only six Brahmins of the highest caste have ventured upon this experiment, and they have paid the penalty of the Hindoo law. Time, however, works wonders, and the Brahmins are beginning to discover that there is a good deal of absurdity in their superstitious horror of the melancholy ocean. Mr. Moljee Thackersey visited England several years ago, and on his return to India he soon learnt to his cost that he had been expelled from his caste. But Mr. Thackersey did not fling himself under the wheels of Juggernaut, or even retire into solitude. He simply exercised faith in his own rectitude, and in the ultimate common sense of his countrymen. The result is that he has revisited this country, accompanied by six or eight of his brethren of the strictest sect of Brahmins. But this is not all. When Mr. Thackersey and his companions went on board the steamer they were cheered by hundreds of "castemen," who have learnt the folly of superstition, and its incompatibility with the superior claims of modern civilisation. Another fact which is in its way equally significant, is that two native ladies have applied for admission into the entrance examination of the University of Calcutta. We hope that they may succeed in their laudable attempt to distinguish themselves in a field of intellectual labour quite new to the inmates of the zenana. It is clear, from many facts which are now transpiring, that Hindooism is passing into that stage in which reformers, if they are courageous and enlightened enough, will find their work comparatively easy."

Edward out of the Highlands this fort surrendered to Bourdonnais, who demanded its keys in the name of the French King; and, also, that exactly a century ago, Hyder Ali, with his Mahratta horse, dictated terms to its governor. In its old quaint buildings, too, a clerk once filled up his ledgers, and, with a mind somewhat liable to disorder, twice snapped a pistol at his head, hoping to blow his brains out—a clerk who afterwards was Lord Clive. The other public buildings in Madras, such as the Memorial Hall, the Cathedral, and St. Andrew's Scotch Church, are most creditable to the city. The statues of Cornwallis, Munro, and Neill, who commanded the Madras Fusileers, also "deserve attention," as guide books express it, although were I to give them the attention they deserve, my readers might not be disposed to follow my example.

There is, by the way, a connection worth noticing between Glasgow and Madras in the history of two of its governors. These are James Macrae, "unknown to fame," and Sir Thomas Munro. A short account of Macrae was given in GOOD WORDS for 1866, p. 611. Born in Ayr, the son of a poor man, he mysteriously disappeared when he was a boy. But he returned many years afterwards a man of great wealth and ex-governor of Madras (1725-30)! He behaved in the most generous manner to the friends of his youth, and to poor relations, two of whom, after having been highly educated and endowed by him with large properties, were married to men of rank. One was Lady Glencairn, an admirable woman, the mother of the Lord Glencairn who won the admiration and gratitude of Robert Burns. The governor in 1730 generously presented a statue of King William III. to the city of Glasgow, and it stands at "the Cross" until this day, with an inscription by the donor as "Ex-prefectus Madrasii."

Sir Thomas Munro was born in Glasgow, of respectable parents, and received a good education. He began life as a clerk in one of the oldest commercial houses in the city, that of Messrs. Somerville and Stirling, afterwards Stirling Gordon.* He obtained a cadetship; but, through losses sustained by his father, he had, for a part of the voyage at least, to work his way out as a common sailor. He had no wish to return to Glasgow; for when a poor lieutenant, and "half starved for a dozen years," he was yet full of hope, "and never ceased to look with

great confidence for some signal piece of good fortune."* As to his retiring from the service and settling in Glasgow, what would he do there, he asks? "I should be tired in all companies with disputes about the petty politics of the town of which I know nothing, and anecdotes about families in whose concerns I am in no way interested. Among the merchants I should be entertained with debates on sugar and tobacco, except when some one touched upon cotton, which would give me the opportunity of opening my mouth and letting the company know that I had been in India and seen one species growing on bushes, and another on trees taller than any that adorn the Green. . . . In a place filled with nothing but sectarians of some kind or other, I should search in vain for any rational entertainment; and instead of congratulating myself on having been able to return and live in my native country, I should look back with regret to the society and interesting wars in India." When fifteen years afterwards he visited Glasgow as Colonel Munro, it is interesting to notice with what pleasure he recalled his early days, and wandered among scenes on the banks of the Kelvin, now covered with streets and crescents. "I stood above an hour at Jackson's dam looking at the water rushing over, while the rain and withered leaves were descending thick about me, and while I recalled the days that are past. . . . I don't know how it is, but when I look back to my early years I always associate sunshine with them. When I think of Northwoodside I always think of a fine day, with the sunbeams streaming down upon Kelvin and its woody banks."

Why has Glasgow never added a statue of Sir Thomas Munro to those of her other illustrious citizens?

We were most hospitably entertained by the present Governor, Lord Napier, at Guindy, his beautiful country residence, some miles out of town. I need not say that there is always *some* pomp and ceremony at every "Government House." But instead of this being diminished, it ought, in my opinion, to be increased. Two aides-de-camp, a small guard, and a military band, do not worthily represent the only representative of majesty known to the natives of a kingdom like the presidency of Madras, larger in extent than Great Britain. The fact is, we should invest with far greater

* I quote from his delightful Biography, written by the Chaplain-General of the Forces, a small and cheap volume, as well as charming one, which I cordially recommend to all who feel an interest in Indian history.

* It is a remarkable fact that Sir John Malcolm was also a clerk in the same office.

pomp all our great Indian Prefects, as well as the Governor-General. Such appearances cost comparatively little, and have great value in the eyes of the natives. Our handsome entertainment was followed in the evening by a large party and an excellent concert, in which the well-known professional, Mrs. Bishop, who was on a tour in the East, was the leading performer, while several of the ladies present, one especially, played and sang with the highest art. Young Lord Huntly and some noble friends, who were on a sporting excursion to India, were present. Such meetings in India impress a stranger in many ways. One hardly knows where such a number of gentlemen and ladies have come from to fill these handsome rooms, considering that the European element does not meet the eye when driving through the town. Perhaps the reason is that there are no idlers in India, every one being busy and confined to his desk or office. With such a host and hostess we spent a delightful evening.

And yet—yes, I must confess it—I was almost as much struck by the absence of others as by the presence of those who made up this large party of high-bred gentlemen and ladies. Where were the natives? I asked myself. Of course I knew the replies which could be given to this question—replies in no way implying any blame to this or that governor. And we can at least echo back the saying of the natives, "It is our custom!" But after we have satisfactorily, as we say, accounted for the fact, and shown how caste principles on the one hand, and European prejudices on the other, to some extent operate against anything like complete social fusion, the tremendous fact itself still stares us in the face, and impresses us more at first than perhaps any other in India. There is a gulf which separates the rulers from the ruled—the European from the native. It is hardly possible to take this in fully, so strange and unnatural does it seem; and all the more as it cannot be helped or remedied. Although it has been noticed and descanted upon a thousand times, yet my feeling of wonder at it was not diminished in India, nor, I must add, were my anxious questionings the less earnest as to what it could mean, what purpose it was in God's providence intended to serve, and what the end thereof must be?

The causes of separation between the two peoples are many and powerful. There is first of all the element of race. We have there blacks and whites, Englishmen and Hindoos; and what such antagonism may develop into we have all learned from history, and latterly

in a special manner from that of America. I dare not affirm that such antagonism is to the same extent *characteristic* of British India; yet I am sorry to say that it does exist. I have myself heard an excellent and high-bred English lady, the wife of a high official, deprecate as strongly as any Southern could, the idea of a native woman being in any sense *her* sister, or of "one blood," accompanied too with something more than hints as to the desirableness of the continuance of the separation between them. "A nigger is not a man," is an axiom not wholly extirpated from Indo-European thought—the weakest kind of it at least; while the *prejudice* of race is as strong in India as, alas! it is generally throughout the world. And then, not to speak of the separation between the European and the native, which the knowledge as yet possessed by the educated native has but very slightly bridged over, the manners and customs of the two are wholly different. To eat together is impossible, because of the laws of caste; and even were it not so, what fellowship could there be when every native, however high in rank, eats as his forefathers did, squatted on his carpet, with his fingers plunged into his dish of curry?

As to female society in India, how different it is from European! By whatever standard her countrymen may measure a Hindoo lady her position in her own family is to us almost inexplicable. No Hindu wife would ever dare to eat in the presence of her husband, nor speak to him before any of his relations, or address his mother, his elder brother, or uncle! In rare cases alone, and only when under European influence, would she be taught to read or write. She has no domestic freedom, but is at all times under the strictest surveillance of the old lady, or *Takhoor Ma*, who rules the whole patriarchal establishment with a rod of iron.* How wide, then, has hitherto been the separation between Europeans and natives in social life! And to make matters worse, there is this additional fact, that the governing classes are being constantly changed. The European tree transplanted to India is, indeed, always

* The following law regarding the behaviour demanded from a Hindoo wife I extract from Halhed's translation (published 1781) of the "Code of Gentoo Laws:—" "If a man goes on a journey his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor shall see any public show, *nor shall laugh*, nor shall dress herself in jewels and fine clothes, nor shall see dancing, nor hear music; nor shall sit in the window; nor shall ride out; nor shall behold anything choice or vain; but shall fasten well the house-door, and remain private; and shall not eat any dainty victuals, and shall not blacken her eyes with eyepowder, and shall not view her face in a mirror; she shall never exercise herself in any such agreeable employment during the absence of her husband. It is proper for a woman after her husband's death to burn herself with his corpse," &c., &c. (p. 253). So much for the ancient "rights of women!"

green, but its leaves are always changing. The ship is always full, yet she is ever full of strangers. No European settles, or can settle with his family, in India. The young white-faces who are born there, must leave it to save their lives. Accordingly no native, except perhaps a nurse, ever beheld European domestic life. The Hindoos never saw a family, met, as we in our colder climate say, "around the fireside." That intercourse between the old and the young, between parents and children, and the general mixing of friends and relations, so familiar to us and so beautiful withal,—the natives may have heard of, but have never seen, far less mingled in. On the other hand, we are just as ignorant of their domestic life and its varied relationships, except from information received from themselves. And strange it is to think that, so long as human constitutions remain as they are, Eastern and Western races can never amalgamate without a loss to both. The Indo-European is inferior in power to either of the races from which he has sprung. The governing power is not in him! Providence has so willed it, and we must seek, as taught by experience, to ascertain its purpose. In the meantime we may see that, with our fresh European blood constantly renewed, and our gifts of mental and physical power, with all the results, direct and indirect, of European civilisation inherited by us, we can govern India better than the natives. But it should never be forgotten that our government must be *for* the natives, and, as far as possible, *by* them. And never, verily, to any nation under heaven since time began, was such power given, or for a nobler end! These thoughts have been suggested by one of the pleasant parties which one is so often able to enjoy in India.

In the olden time, when such society was comparatively unknown in India, except, perhaps, as in this instance, at the Government House, it must be allowed that the Europeans were much better acquainted with the natives and with female society than now; for the zenana was not confined to Orientals. Europe was then practically four times further from India than it is now. Intercourse with it was difficult. Long residence by our Europeans in the East was the rule. The society of European ladies was rare. Little wonder that habits and customs then existed which could not be suffered now. And if it be said that these enabled our countrymen to acquire a knowledge of the natives,—of their language, their habits, their opinions and feelings,—greater perhaps

than is possible in these days, yet it cannot be doubted that this was done by demoralising the European, and indeed *Hindooising* him. An illustration of this was given to me by an eminent medical man who had attended one of those "old Indians," dying in pain. No man knew the natives better than this old Indian did; for he was himself almost, if not altogether, a Hindoo. Accordingly, when dying, he invoked alternately Jesus and the Hindoo gods, and finally requested that his "body might be burnt at Holy Benares!" Our present separation from the natives, however much it is to be regretted, cannot verily be bridged over and remedied by any such compromises as these!

I had a long and interesting conversation with two educated native gentlemen occupying high official positions. They were not Christians, but, like many of their educated countrymen, wished to put the new wine of Christian morality and Theism into the old bottles of an idealised Hindooism. Among other subjects of conversation, we happened to touch upon one which becomes hackneyed to the "inquiring traveller"—the feelings of the natives towards us and our rule.

"The English are honest, just, powerful, and marvellously united," remarked my intelligent informer, "but they are proud and contemptuous, and have little capacity for sympathising with us, who have lived all our lives in a different world from them, and with different ideas and ways."

I expressed the hope that "none of his countrymen, far less a Hindoo gentleman like himself, ever had offensive epithets applied to them such as, to our great disgust, we were informed at home had at one time been not unfrequently used by Europeans."

"These are not yet abolished," he answered with a bitter smile; "for only the other day I was travelling from Bangalore in a first-class carriage, when an officer looked in at the window and informed his brother officers that 'a black fellow had *boned* the seat,' and on this another repeated the information in a loud voice, that a 'nigger was in the first-class.' This language," he said, "was confined to the military, and chiefly to the young, and to those among them who were probably without brains, and certainly without manners."

I am sorry to add that the information which I received in India as to the insolent treatment of the natives, and the ill-usage of the native servants, all went to blame European military officers chiefly, if not wholly.

Of all ordinary offences this should be visited with the swiftest and most marked punishment. The insolence of one puppy may tell on the loyalty of a whole Presidency.

My informant acknowledged that since the mutiny an immense change for the better had come over the government of India; he believed that lessons had then been taught which would not be forgotten. This he attributed, not to fear on our part, but to our sense of justice being strengthened, and to wiser conclusions having been arrived at as to the proper way to treat the natives and native states. He was, of course, loud in his praise of education; but he added—

“I lament much that the aristocratic classes in the country are not taking greater advantage of it, or that special efforts are not made to induce them to do so. The old outlets, good or bad, for their energies in connection with their native states have been almost all closed, and they will either sink down to the dead level above which you strangers raise your heads, or the lower classes alone will become educated and take the lead and fill up all important places. That they should do so is fair and good in itself, but it is not the *most* desirable state of things in governing this country.”

I paid a visit to the School of Industrial Arts in Madras. This institution was begun in 1850, and has been carried on ever since, by the enthusiasm and energy of a good Scotchman who has fortunately made it his specialty—Dr. Hunter, Surgeon of the Madras Army. There is certainly not much art visible in the building itself, which consists chiefly of a number of sheds suited to meet the practical demands of each department of art. The “artistic,” for example, includes engraving on wood and copper; drawing of every kind, photography, modelling, &c. The industrial department embraces a wide range, such as the making of bricks, water-pipes, cooking apparatus, and every kind of ornamental lamp, vase, balustrade, &c. In this as in the case of everything else, the natives labour and study almost solely for their own pecuniary benefit. “Will it pay?” in India as at home is the great question. And because the native youth find that the school—which was begun by a European *not* for the sake of pay to himself—pays *them*, and pays them well in many a city and native court, it is accordingly attended by large numbers, I feel persuaded that the genuine benevolence of its superintendent will itself exercise an admirable and permanent influence on the pupils.

I have but little more to relate, calculated

to interest the general reader, on the subject of Christian missions—the great object of our journey—as these exist in Madras.

We had a long and interesting conference with some of the representatives of the various English missionary societies who are labouring in Madras and South India. Messrs. Hall and Corbold, of the London Mission; Mr. Fenn, Mr. Royston, and Mr. Symmons, of the Church Mission; and Mr. Burgess, of the Wesleyan Mission, kindly attended. All had the same story to tell—the slow but certain breaking down of Hindooism and caste; the transition state of nothingism, modified by such an amount of success in disseminating Christian truth as strengthened their faith and gave them confident hope in the coming of a brighter day for India. At the same time there were great lamentations over the Church at home on account of its contributing so comparatively few men to the great work of educating India, and on account of the indifference of some Europeans, and the opposition of others, to the spread of the Gospel, both by life and word. This is indeed a source of unmingled sorrow.

We also had the pleasure of meeting fourteen ordained *native* pastors, who are labouring in connection with the various missionary societies. Some had been ordained nearly eighteen years ago—among them being the Rev. Rajahgopaul, of the Free Church. He had visited this country, and preached often in Scotland. Had I heard him speak only I should not have been able to distinguish him from a Scotchman. The accent, caught from his teachers, was unmistakably from beyond the Tweed. The meeting with these native brethren—their intelligence, their culture, frankness, and earnestness—was deeply interesting to us. They had all, I think, been reared in Hindooism. Some were high caste men, and had passed through the severe and terrible ordeal consequent on their baptism. There was nothing in the information they gave regarding the state of their countrymen which was new to us; but they were unanimous in admitting the remarkable changes which had taken place in the general feelings of the people regarding those who professed Christianity. Caste prejudices and the old fanaticism had immensely diminished. It was impossible to converse with these brethren, and witness the same experience repeated in other parts of India, without feeling, on the one hand, the impossibility of Christian men of such culture becoming Hindoos, and, on the other, that the Christianity which these men had received,

in which they rejoiced, and which had revolutionised their whole being for good, was equally adapted to meet the wants of every soul in India, and capable of producing the same effects.

As far as I could learn few immediate or permanent Christian results have been produced upon the caste races in Madras any more than elsewhere. Even among the poorest, little has been effected by mere preaching, however assiduously prosecuted by the ablest of the native preachers. But whatever may be its immediate results, it is wise and right to keep up a witness for the truth in this form by those especially who are also engaged in teaching. As I have before remarked, it casts abroad the seeds of truth and leads to discussion and the *ventilation* of truth, in a country where a breeze is always beneficial; and of course the more those who have school education increase, the more will audiences increase who can understand the preacher. Thus sooner or later it is the native preachers of power and moral earnestness who will at once test the sincerity and the actual beliefs of the people, at the same time hastening and taking advantage of the turning of the tide when masses are prepared to renounce caste. They too will ultimately reap the harvest from what has been long sowing by the slower process of Christian education. The Missionaries in Madras have, therefore, very wisely made the school an essential and all-important part of their agency.*

We visited Dr. Patterson's medical mission in Blacktown. Whatever can be accomplished for soul or body is done with great skill and warmth of heart by Dr. Patterson.

The native house in which Dr. Patterson has his dispensary afforded me an opportunity of studying the domestic architecture of the Hindoos, and of seeing the marvellous simplicity of their internal arrangements, as well as of their furniture. The street door opens into a small room where all visitors can be received without their having to

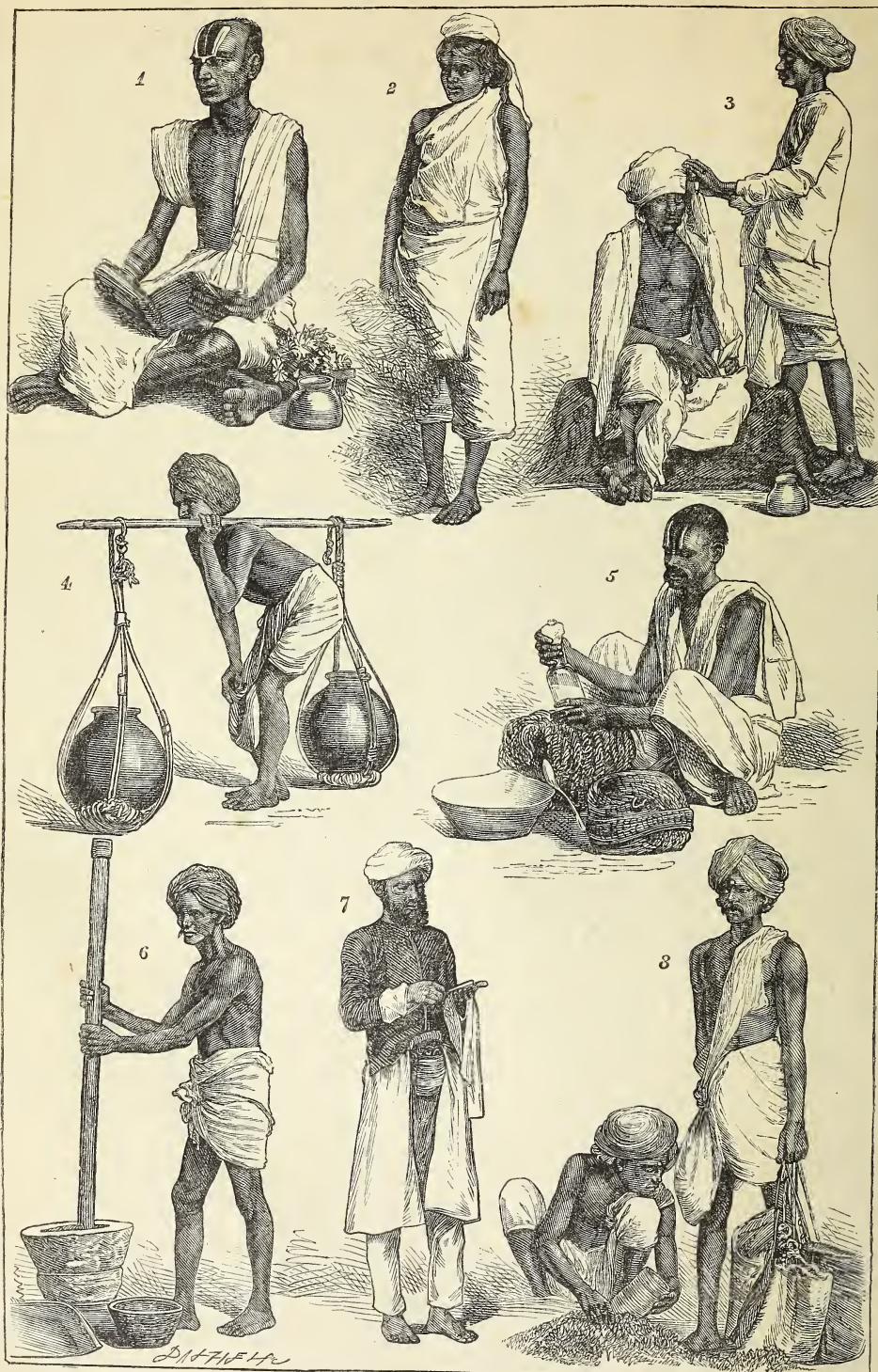
go into the more private apartments. From this room the interior is reached by a door, which communicates with a small inner square court. The court is open to the sky, but surrounded on every side by a deep verandah, from which the small dark sleeping apartments of the family enter. As far as I remember, there is another court beyond this again, but without a verandah—a receptacle for what we would call all sorts of odds and ends. Now what furniture is needed for such a house as this? Tables, and chairs, and beds, are not required, where a carpet alone suffices for all these. Fingers supply the place of knives, forks, and spoons. Thin muslin robes require no wardrobes; while shoes and stockings are unknown. The cooking utensils required for curry, with melted butter, fish or vegetables, are few; and the sweetmeats which may grace the feast are purchased in the Bazaar. The tanks connected with every temple serve for ablutions, which are thus sacred as well as sanitary, and help the soul as well as the body. No wonder, then, that the Hindoo house can accommodate a great number of inhabitants, and that a "fitting" from it for any cause whatever is always easy and expeditious. In Dr. Patterson's dispensary about seventy persons were squatted; for no people under heaven can pack themselves so closely as the Hindoos. Their thin bodies, thin clothing, and mode of folding themselves up like foot-rules, enable them to arrange themselves side by side like portfolios.

The doctor, or some native preacher, daily reads a portion of Scripture to the patients, and gives an address on some topic bearing directly or indirectly on Christianity, thus preparing the way for the future, if not producing marked changes for the present. There is a subduedness of manner and teachableness in sufferers, which is always touching, and words of Christian sympathy and kindness, as well as medicine, cannot but do them good. What lips among their own countrymen could say to them, "After this manner pray ye, Our Father which art in heaven?"

One of our most pleasing missionary meetings was with our own native church, under the teaching of the Rev. Jacob David, whose father was a catechist in connection with the Tinnevely mission. He himself is not "a convert," having from his childhood known the Holy Scriptures. He has about two hundred persons in his congregation. We received a hearty welcome from them in a social gathering held in the school-house;

* I regretted much that it was vacation time in the Free Church Mission School, which is one of the largest, oldest, and most successful in Madras, and taught by my able friends, Mr. Miller and Mr. Stevenson, and others. It has six branch schools, with five ordained European missionaries, and two native ones—in all forty-two Christian agents, twenty-three being natives. There are about one hundred natives in connexion with the native church, with two thousand in average attendance at school, of whom forty-six are undergraduates at the university. Sixty-three females attend the Anglo-vernacular, and six hundred and seventeen the vernacular schools.

One of the best schools in India was many years ago opened in the Madras Presidency at Vizagapatam, and conducted by Rev. W. Noble, of the Church Missionary Society, a man of learning and singular devotedness of life. An interesting and instructive memoir of him has been published by his brother, a clergyman in the church of England, which should be in every mission library.



1. Brahmin.
2. Grass-cutter.

3. Turban-tiers.
4. Water-carrier.

5. Butter-making.
6. Rice-pounding.

7. Barber.
8. Horsekeepers.

and although our addresses had to be translated into Tamil, yet this did not diminish the interest of meeting these our Christian brothers and sisters. On Sunday morning early we joined about one hundred and seventy in partaking of the Lord's Supper, after the simple Scotch form,—the sacramental table having been spread in the chancel of St. Andrew's Church. We hope that before this time Mr. David's interesting congregation are worshipping in their own new church, a free site for which has been given by Government, and the funds for building it raised partly in Madras and partly in Scotland. Immediately after the meeting, I had the privilege of preaching in the handsome Wesleyan chapel in Blacktown. There was a good congregation, including missionaries belonging to different societies, all of whom afterwards partook of the Holy Communion. This was characteristic of the catholic spirit which pervades all missionary bodies in India, to a degree unknown in this country.

I cannot close these brief notes on mission-work in Madras without mentioning the name and labours of my friend, Mr. John Murdoch, from whom I had received many valuable hints before leaving Scotland, and whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Madras. His name deserves to be honoured by all who wish well to India. He knows more of mission-work in Hindostan and Ceylon, from direct personal observation, than any man living, having visited every district north and south very many times. He has also written the best handbook for missionaries which exists, and for some time he published admirable "Year Books" of India, each being a summary of the chief events in the year connected with every department of Indian public life. He is at present the agent for a most valuable institution, the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India;* and I am glad to have this opportunity of expressing my sense of the debt which the Church of Christ owes

to this Christian layman for the long, patient, and most successful labours, in which he thinks of every one but himself.

I have no more to say about Madras, although I have said so little, and that perhaps to so little purpose. It is difficult, thus writing, as I now do, once more in the Highlands, and under the shadow of Ben Cruachan, which lifts its bold peak in the sky before me, to realise those Indian scenes. There is little connection between Bengal and Bunawe, or between the Presidency of Madras and the parish of Muckairn, in which I am now enjoying a holiday among wild birch and purple heather. And yet I confess to the weakness of detecting some analogies between the two countries, which, after all, may be but vain imaginations. I, for instance, fancy to myself what the Highlanders and their chiefs would have felt had the Russians, ignorant of their language, and, at best, wretched speakers of Gaelic, taken possession of their country, and carried with them into Lochaber or Skye the ideas which had been stereotyped on their minds at Moscow or Tobolsk—ignoring the old chiefs, the old traditions, the old dress, music, everything national, and Russianising all! Justice there might be in greater measure, and protection of person and property to a greater extent than was ever known. Rents might be less, and battles fewer, and personal freedom greater, than were ever known under the local dominion of Lochiel, Glengarry, or any other chief. But who can realise better than a native Highlander the want which the people would feel of that indescribable sympathy with local feelings, ideas, crotchets, opinions, and customs, rude and barbarous though they might all be, which nevertheless unite men by the force of fancy, imagination, and the thousand tiny threads which, however unreasonable, yet make up the most powerful bonds of union? From where I now write, I see the summits which line the mountain gorge by which Bruce entered the Highlands to coerce its clans; and to this day the people are proud of their own Lord of Lorne, who met and fought him! Yet Bruce was a native sovereign. I see, again, a ridge of hills, immediately beyond which is Glencoe. The story of the massacre there is yet narrated with horror in the "bazaars" of every Highland village. Fort-William itself, and its neighbour Fort-Augustus, were built by the Sassenach, about the time the battle of Plassey was fought, to put down our native tribes, and no doubt with success. But these forts are

* This society was founded in 1858 as a memorial of the mutiny. Its object is to establish everywhere in India schools in which the masses may be instructed in secular and religious knowledge through the medium of their own mother tongues. For this object it trains native Christian teachers, in four central institutions, and provides school books very carefully prepared. It endeavours also to take under its care, for improving them, and conveying Christian instruction to them, heathen village schools. No less than one hundred of these, with five thousand children, have already accepted of this arrangement. Three millions of school-books, and two hundred and fifty different publications, have already been supplied to schools in every district of India. It also publishes magazines, tracts, &c., with which to follow up the school instruction. The society is not connected with any Church, but has the confidence and receives the support of all our Protestant Churches, and of their influential clergy and laymen at home and in India. The office is 7, Adam Street, Strand, London; and I mention this as some of my readers may wish further information regarding its operations.

looked on as badges of Highland subjection, albeit erected by a native monarch, in whom were united the crowns of Scotland and England. Why then should we think it strange that chiefs and their retainers in India should abhor the English? It is all very nice to speak of security of property, and the like, which sounds so well in our ears, but I can understand a Highland, like a Hindoo cateran of the olden time—say the “Dugald Cratur” of Rob Roy—moaning over the days of pillage and free life of the past! I picture Dugald as he sits by his peat-fire discoursing on the glories of the olden time, when he could kill all sorts of game without hindrance; brew his own whiskey *ad libitum* without a license; make a raid upon the cows of the Lowlanders without the law or the Lowlander being able to reach him in his mountain retreats; fight with any other clan, and fight it out, without any one interfering between them; free to draw broadsword or dirk in a private quarrel, and to kill his enemy if his enemy did not first kill him; owning no king but Rob Roy, and no right but might! Glorious times! But now! alas for law, and sheriffs, and the tyranny of the Sassenach!

Now all this we admit was quite natural for a savage native of the olden time like a Highland or Hindoo Dugald. But, on the other hand, when gazing on the fertile fields before me, and seeing the smoke of a steamer on the loch, and a coach with four horses rolling along a good turnpike, and rows of wooden posts connected by telegraphic wires, and a post-office with a savings-bank, together with churches, schools, and perfect security to life and property, and Highland chiefs in Parliament, and Highlanders in every kind of situation from the North to the South Pole, sharing all honours with the English, and proving an honour to their common country, what can one think of the changes from the past? And what would the people, from the humblest cottier to the wealthy farmer, think now if they were obliged to live in Dugald's paradise? What comfortable artizan would exchange his life for that of any one who inhabited those ruined keeps, which are the fittest emblems of the olden time, and of the native rule sentimentalists mourn over because they know nothing about it!

In the meantime I must leave Madras.

“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”

An English Story of To-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A DAWNING SUSPICION.



NE spring day, when Phoebe was pluming herself on soon seeing the lilies in blossom in the court, and the daffodils in the Brockcotes woods, and on having to clothe herself anew in Hoyie's printed calicoes and summer muslins (nothing half so beautiful!), she encountered Lord Wriothsesley at the Wellfield gate, where he had waylaid the twelve-o'clock post. He told her that all

the family were coming home directly. His mother was nearly convalescent; and there was his sister's marriage to see to, besides some business of Fairchester's to be settled beforehand.

“What good news!” cried Phoebe, joyfully; “summer is coming, and everybody is coming with it. If only Lady Dorothea would not go away again. But what a stir there will be at Brockcotes for the wedding! I am to help to dress the bride, and she is to get us as good places as she can in the chapel. She is so thoughtful, you know, she will not forget us. I am sure you are delighted, Lord Wriothsesley.”

“If you are sure of my delight, Miss Paston, I need not indulge in ecstasies before you,” he said.

Phoebe was struck with something in his tone—a strain of effort, an absence of alacrity, and an almost smothered accent of reproach which did not sound like the unqualified pleasure of a young fellow welcoming his own people round him again.

The two were standing below the syc-

more, now budding, and hanging over the cold iron in the tenderest green brushed with delicate brown, as the first instalment of its deep, sober summer livery. Phœbe had been on her way to ask Mrs. Chenevix for some feathers from the foreign game birds which Mr. Paston wished to see; but she was so startled and perplexed, although nothing tangibly amiss had been said or looked by Lord Wriothlesley, that she thought no farther of her intention, and turned to go home, with Lord Wriothlesley walking by her side. She went back to Wooers' Alley as she came, in a kind of stupid panic.

Till to-day, Phœbe in such circumstances would have said, that if Lord Wriothlesley were going into the town, she would gladly return with him. Till this moment, she would have said that she would be very proud of Lord Wriothlesley's company.

But now, for the first time, in a sudden fit of strange shyness, and consciousness of what she would not even admit to herself as yet, Phœbe did not desire Lord Wriothlesley's attendance. She stopped, that he might part from her. Then he said, gravely, as if on an afterthought—

"I am very thankful that my mother is so much restored, and that this banishment has done all that could be expected from it. I believe, too, that all the benefit to the constitution does not show at once, so that we may hope for continued improvement. Pray tell them all about it in Wooers' Alley."

Accepting Phœbe's cue, his Lordship fell back, and proceeded by a short cut across the park to the kennels. Phœbe felt relieved and thankful to a degree that she could not account for—why should she? Why should there be any mixed feelings about Lord Wriothlesley's release from his temporary burden of government and its loneliness? He could not have become so enamoured of them, when they had nearly cost him his health, unless, indeed, he was keeping to himself farther news, and there was some foundation for the muttered mystery of trouble to Lord Fairchester. Again, why need there be any awkwardness in his discussing with her the arrival of the family, because of trouble to Lord Fairchester?

Phœbe went home in that state of dawning suspicion, which dyed her cheeks crimson with excitement and agitation. At the same time, she tried with all her might to hush it down as preposterous—an incorrigible, distracting fancy. Meeting her father at the door of his painting-room, she apologized, her cheeks flushing a deeper red.

"Papa, I am so sorry that I have not got the feathers. I met Lord Wriothlesley at the gate, and he told me there had been letters from Germany, and the family are coming home immediately. I suppose that put the feathers out of my head, or I did not like to speak of them, lest he should think himself bound to stay and hunt after them. He will have a great deal to do now, in seeing the Earl's last commissions executed, and making preparations for the family."

Mr. Paston received the explanation as a matter of course. "Very well, Phœbe, the feathers will do another time; indeed, I think I have managed to get the shade of golden-brown without them. I am happy to hear the time is fixed for Lord and Lady Exmoor's leaving Germany. You said the time was fixed, I think?"

"Yes, they are coming home immediately," said Phœbe, who was already at the door, and without looking round.

But when Phœbe told Mrs. Paston, she started up, throwing down her knitting.

"Oh, dear, dear! I hope there will not be a great row, Phœbe. I do so hate rows—they frighten me out of my wits."

"Why on earth should there be a row, mamma?" responded Phœbe, in a mixture of vexation and general discomposure.

"Oh! because, you know, Lord and Lady Exmoor mayn't approve of Lord Wriothlesley's having come about us so much in their absence," Mrs. Paston explained with furtive wistfulness out of her weak blue eyes, hesitating and equivocating, and looking at Phœbe. "Although they let Lady Dorothea come, they mayn't like it so well in him; they may think it is idling in a young nobleman."

"Why did you not say this before, mamma? If the Earl and Countess think Lord Wriothlesley has been idle, they must be very unreasonable. Why, he has been almost as busy as Lady Dorothea, without frittering away his time on too many things; for I always say Lady Dorothea will do too much with her own brain, if not her own hands. If we had not let Lord Wriothlesley come here of an evening, he would have worked himself into a fever. He could not go up to town, and get distraction at his club or the opera. I should think, when it comes to this, we are fitter company for him than Mrs. Bald or Mr. Clarges."

"I don't know, Phœbe," argued Mrs. Paston, with a faint fluttered cough. "Mrs. Bald, besides being a very genteel woman, always wearing silks, is trusted by the Countess with

everything—not that she has anything to do that I know of, except to go into every room at Brockcotes once a day, and lock and unlock the linen-presses—and she is old enough to be his mother. For Mr. Clarges, I am sure he is next to the Earl, or, any way, to Lord Wriothlesley.”

“I don’t know, mamma,” objected Phœbe, with a little sparkle of laughter on the surface of her disorder. “There is Mr. Simmons, not to mention Mr. Richardson, to dispute with Mr. Clarges the post of second father to Lord Wriothlesley. Yet confidential and faithful as they two, and Mrs. Bald, and Miss Thorpe are, they are his servants, after all, and we are not strictly so; surely, then, we are more on an equality with Lord Wriothlesley.”

“That is just it, Phœbe,” burst in Mrs. Paston; “you have been made so much of—made quite a friend and companion by Lady Dorothea.”

“Mamma! what have I to do with it?” cried Phœbe, flaming up, brown cheeks and all.

“Oh! nothing,” professed Mrs. Paston, uncomfortably. “He might have gone to Mrs. Adelaide Coke, only there would have been still greater equality, and it might have been still worse. They are such tip-top great people, the family at Brockcotes.”

“They are great people,” assented Phœbe, with somewhat more steadiness and sense of consolation; “and as such perfectly exceptional—no more to be measured by small people in their actions, and the consequences of their actions, than kings are to be measured.”

But Phœbe was not at rest; and when in the evening Lord Wriothlesley came as usual, as if to make good to the last the entrance he had secured, she could not, do what she would, be quite the same easy, companionable friend she had been to him.

Lord Wriothlesley was also different. He had not recovered the dispersion of a mirage of which he was the half-guilty creator. There was a sense of something on his mind, of a terribly serious fact which self-questioning had made vividly clear and undeniable.

No wonder he looked supremely serious, and solemnly in earnest, when he came through the still biting east wind of the spring, with his evening coat buttoned across his chest, and his thin boots, damp and soiled. What might in one light be regarded as a great misfortune, almost as great as any that could threaten Lord Fairchester, had so risen up and confronted Lord Wriothlesley, that he

could no longer refuse to realise it. The single point of standing ground he had—and he took care to occupy it immediately—was that *that* could never be rightly termed a misfortune which made a man of him. In his first brush with it, and in the midst of perfect comprehension of all that was disastrous in it, his instant well-nigh heroic acceptance of it appeared to lend a motive power to his nature, and cause it to spring forward to manhood at a bound.

The ostensible reason for Lord Wriothlesley’s gravity—and the reason was superficial enough—was that he was there to say good-bye. He was going up to town to await Lord and Lady Exmoor.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—MRS. PASTON REVIEWS THE SITUATION.

MR. PASTON was not in the drawing-room when Lord Wriothlesley arrived, nor during his stay. The effect which his Lordship’s announcement produced on her mother was one which keenly vexed Phœbe. Mrs. Paston, grown familiar through time with the heir of Brockcotes, improvised what might almost be termed skittish charges against him. He was going into the gay world. Every Christian knew that it was close upon Easter. Miss Thorpe had often told Mrs. Paston what London was after the Easter recess. He would forget them among so many fine folk like himself. It was only to be expected he should do so; it was the way of the world; but it was a little hard on their quiet family party, which his Lordship had done so much to enliven with his presence during the spring.

“Lord Wriothlesley will have something better to think of, mamma,” interposed Phœbe, impatiently. “He is not to have the family parties at Wellfield constantly on his mind. Wellfield is his own place, and we are his own people, whom he will remember and see again times without number. But I cannot conceive what he has to do troubling himself with the thought of us in the meantime.”

“You are both wrong,” said his Lordship, with conviction. “I shall have my own people with me again, and I shall no longer belong so much to myself—so far as calling my time my own, and making my own engagements are concerned. I don’t say I am altogether glad of this, or of being more in the way of being swallowed up among the shoals of other people. However that may be, I shall never forget you and the happy evenings you have given me. You have made me like a son of the house, Mrs. Paston, and you must permit me a son’s

feelings in the future. Wooers' Alley will always be remembered, and I shall never cease to view you all as holding the very first place in my regard. I wish I could feel as certain that the Wooers' Alley people will retain me in as faithful remembrance."

Phoebe felt that there was more than met the ear in this asseveration, strong as it was. It silenced her; it silenced him also after he had made it. It seemed as if he could say no more. After the usual offers of executing commissions, and carrying messages to the family, and one or two more lingering, wistful looks, Lord Wriothlesley said that he would venture to intrude on Mr. Paston in order to take leave of him, and that he could find the way for himself. Phoebe agreed with him, but Mrs. Paston would not suffer Lord Wriothlesley to run the risk of losing himself in the limited labyrinth of the old rectory passages; so he parted from Phoebe with a simple "We shall meet again soon, Miss Paston."

Phoebe was left alone. She sat with her work in her lap, staring before her, as if she were puzzling out the pattern in a square of the Holbein green carpet, illumined by the Pompeian lamp.

What had she to recall? Nothing but Lord Wriothlesley's coming night after night to spend the little leisure which hung heavily on his hands, and being the very spirit of courtesy and kindness, in the gladness of his expansion, when he was with them. He had fallen a good deal to her share, because they two comprised the young people of the circle. He was Lady Dorothea's brother, and she was Lady Dorothea's friend, and her father and mother were more or less occupied. But Lord Wriothlesley had not deserted other engagements or other friends for them. Once, indeed, he had driven home early from Cholmondley, and come in for a moment to tell them that he had hurried back on purpose to let her mother and her know that the Bishop was really to deliver an address at Nannton the next day, and to ask them if they should like to hear it; and to inform her father that Sir William Cholmondley would be charmed to put at his disposal the new President's work in Lady Cholmondley's portrait.

Phoebe remembered how bright and eager Lord Wriothlesley had looked that night, and how her mother had begged the cluster of azalea he had worn in his coat, and received it from him. But they had not interfered with any other of Lord Wriothlesley's friends' claims, or with any of his duties.

His Lordship had only made one offering to the family in Wooers' Alley, and certainly it had been made to Phoebe, and had promised such happiness that she had not stopped to think before accepting it. She stood up stoutly for it at this moment, and would not regret that she had been made happy by it. He had brought for her acceptance a little terrier, telling her that it ought to have been a turnspit, as ugly as sin. But he hoped she would forgive it for being merely a pretty little creature, parcel blind from the long hair which hung over its brown eyes, and rejoicing in no more quizzical title than the homely one of Bess. She doted on Bess, and in her infatuation maintained that it had special attractions. Her affection for her pet was no fine lady's pretence to please the noble donor, as some of the natives of Wellfield gratuitously supposed. It was the simple God-given love of animals, which existed in as great strength in her enemy, Mrs. Wooler, as it existed in her.

By the time Phoebe arrived at Bess in her summing-up of Lord Wriothlesley's relations with Wooers' Alley, she had been fain to cheat her own agitation and alarm by arresting Bess, and telling it that it was a naughty, thoughtless dog, and would get its own poor mistress and poor Lord Wriothlesley into dire disgrace.

Mrs. Paston interrupted the accusation and the defence with her cap hanging to one shoulder by one string, and her hands busy fiddling with the other. Her faded complexion was rosy again, and her blue eyes bright. She looked almost young, and foolishly pretty, as when Mr. Paston thought her prettiness and folly worth all the wisdom in the world. She poised herself on a corner of a chair, at the imminent risk of overbalancing herself, as she cried in shrill exultation—

"Phoebe, have done with that silly trifling with a brute beast, when you have so much more to think of. I wonder at you; you are not worthy of the lots in life you've had to pick and choose from. Not that I intend to scold you any more for your sauciness; perhaps you knew all along what mighty finer things were in store for you; so you were right after all."

"Mamma," said Phoebe, "what do you mean?"

But Mrs. Paston simply pursued her own line of reflection.

"Oh, Phoebe! I wonder you've had the daring. I should never have had a two-penny worth of your spirit, though I was thought an aspiring girl, for as soft as I was.

This quite scares me to think of; and if it should come to pass, child, I believe I shall be in danger of dying, just of not knowing what to do, and how to contain myself. Oh, la! great promotion is not without its drawbacks."

"Mamma," said Phoebe, at last, springing up in despair, "you are dreaming, and must forgive me for saying so. You should not let yourself do it, for it is so mad a dream, and so wrong a one in any of us. I know how innocent you are, mamma; but there are such nasty tongues in the world, even in Wellfield, that if their owners had a suspicion of your words, you do not know what a horrid use might be made of them. And, indeed, mamma, you should not say this kind of thing to me; for although I know it is the greatest nonsense—and I do not wish it to be anything else—if I know myself,—still I am but a girl, a silly girl, as you often say," pled Phoebe, piteously, "and I don't want to be tried by so great a temptation."

Mrs. Paston was too extravagantly elated to be put down to-night by Phoebe's remonstrance. She even protested against the child's boldness in standing up and contradicting her. At the same time, there was stealing into Mrs. Paston's manner—what Mrs. Medlar had described—a proud, anxious deference to Phoebe, which proceeded from a sort of awed, impressed vanity.

Now that the wondering Phoebe began to perceive its origin, the homage provoked and pained her, while she could not altogether keep from being diverted by it. "As if I could ever be anything else to mamma than Phoebe," she said to herself, "or as if mamma could ever be anything less to me than my own dear mother." "But oh! mamma," she exclaimed aloud, "small blame to papa for growing sarcastic."

But Mrs. Paston was determined on having her say out at last.

"Nonsense to yourself, child," she urged. "I will speak my mind to my own girl. I have long suspected what is going on, and it has come to this height, that there is no farther use in making any bones about it. Lord Wriothsley must mean something, if he is worth his ears, or has any of the honour and honesty you are always clamouring that the Latimers are choke full of. Why, any worthy young fellow—that I should class a young lord under such a head, but I don't disparage him, do I, Phoebe, when I class him so? I am sure I don't want to disparage him, and not to you, my dear, above all."

"Mamma, I really wish you would not speak so," persisted Phoebe.

"I know better than speak indiscreetly, Phoebe; I shall mind my words, you need not be afraid. But, as I was saying, any worthy young fellow would think twice before he went on occupying such a footing as he has had here for good two months and a half. He would think half-a-dozen times before he said such words as I heard Lord Wriothsley say with my own ears about not forgetting us in any circumstances, not for a day—about feeling like a son towards us, and our having the very first place in his regard. Then again to Paston—about Paston's being under the necessity of knowing what his Lordship felt, and trusting to him. His Lordship can mean nothing less than making up to you when he can get Lord Exmoor's permission, or when his father is dead; and you know the family are not long livers."

"Oh! mamma, mamma! to count on that, and to speak of Lord Exmoor's permission, or indeed to reckon at all on such vague words of gratitude and good-will! You don't know these people, mamma."

"Well, I do think, Phoebe, that you might consider your mother's being rather an older woman than you, and having been always called on by Lady Exmoor, though I don't pretend to have been made a crony of by the Countess. As for that matter, I believe she has no cronies out of her own family; and that even Miss Thorpe, though she came home with Lady Exmoor when she was married, and has been about her all these years, is not taken into her entire confidence. You will be one of the family; I don't wonder that you are set up a bit. Yet goodness knows, girl, I don't envy you altogether being taken in among these cut-and-dry, high-flying grand people, however caressing they may be. It is a mercy, after all, that you have a spirit and a mind of your own."

"It is a mercy, mamma, were it only to qualify me to argue with you, and to persuade you to dismiss this craze from your mind," declared Phoebe, setting herself to shake her mother's faith. "When did a Latimer make a low marriage? And how low this one would be! He is destined for nobody below Miss Dugdale or Lady Anna Maria Dudley, as Lord Fairchester was for Lady Dorothea."

"He may have been destined for fiddlesticks, Phoebe; that don't make him take them in hand. If all that's said be true, the dogs may run through Lady Dorothea's fine

match yet. I don't care though the Latimers have never entered into a low marriage before; that may be the very reason for their beginning now when other people have done it: but I think I have heard something like that of one of them; only my poor head ain't filled with flummery like a girl's, at my time of life. It is not so low a marriage as others have come to. When a girl is thought good enough to be the sister's companion and friend, she is not so down in the depths that she may not be exalted into being the brother's wife. Haven't I been careful for my own only girl?" asserted Mrs. Paston, triumphantly. "I have made out there is no law against you, or any maid-servant at Brockcotes, marrying Lord Wriothesley, now that he is of age, as there is against your marrying the Queen's sons; while there is both law and justice to prevent even the Latimers having you and Paston and me seized, carried out of the country, shut up and hidden somewhere, when the family get word of the heir's intentions. Everybody has always said that Lord Wriothesley is an uncommon young man, and is to do something uncommon in his generation. Who can tell but his stooping to you is the thing he is going to do?"

"A pretty thing! Mamma! what can I say to you? And papa will be wild if he hear you talking such treason against the Latimers."

"Not so bad as you would think, Phoebe," nodded Mrs. Paston; "for of course I had it out with him the moment Lord Wriothesley was gone. I was in the painting-room convenient, so I had Paston, and he could not escape me. I've known him saviour: you see he had been staggered beforehand by his Lordship's address. When I said he had better give me the back of the door at once, that brought him round in no time, for his bark is worse than his bite, is Paston's, that I will say. Though, to be sure, it was 'You'll not breathe a syllable of this moon-struck madness to Phoebe.' 'But that I will, Paston,' I answered him instantly. 'Do you think such a great thing would be likely to happen, and I should not talk it over with my own daughter? What do you take me for, Paston?' I put it to him; 'we shall be separated far enough when she is my lady countess.' He groaned at that, as you are doing, Phoebe; for you are your own papa's image, except that I think you must have something of me in you too, with all your brownness and bluntness. Have I not told you how the great people coming to

Brockcotes used to admire my freshness and fairness, when I was the daughter of the poorest attorney's clerk in the place? Who knows what might have happened, if I had had my chance like you, by being educated as we have done our parts by you, and being made a favourite of by some Lady Dorothea? It was my misfortune that the late lord had no sisters near my age."

"But what did papa say when you told him you would speak of this to me?"

"He said something polite about a safety-valve for me, else I should burst out with my discovery in the public street. I told him that I hoped I knew manners, although he did not; that it was Lord Wriothesley's part to speak, of course; and that until he did it (though he should not be able to come to the point for years, you were young and could wait), I should not breathe a syllable of your conquest."

"Didn't papa lament the mischief and misery such an unsufferable story would make between him and his first and best patron?"

"Well, Phoebe, I imagine Paston gave value for the patronage; and I believe he can stand alone now, else he has made little of his art. But even if he could not do without Lord Exmoor, do you think he is such a selfish wretch that he would stand in his child's light, or that I should let him if he were so left to himself? He said something of 'reprisals,' that it had been his destiny to make fine reprisals."

Overflowing as Mrs. Paston was, she did not tell Phoebe that when she spoke of her daughter with an extravagant boast as the Countess of Exmoor, her father had declared that he did not know but that it might be happier for Phoebe to be laid in her coffin than to live to be called Countess of Exmoor. He had proposed for her a different fate, where she would have received true honour and love, and given as much as she got—where she would have discharged an old debt, and not incurred a new one, so deadly heavy that no virtue or grace of hers could hope to wipe it out.

Mrs. Paston was very glad now that Phoebe had been so saucy to Barty Wooler, and was guilty of the small guile of keeping to herself Mr. Paston's "out of reason regrets."

CHAPTER XXXV.—NOTES OF WARNING.

At this period Mrs. Edgumbe came from Summerley on a visit to the Ingrams. Borrowing the mail Phaeton Lady Lucy had set up, she drove into Wellfield one day, and called on Phoebe Paston.

"It is Miss Paston I want to see," Mrs. Edgumbe said plainly to the maid who opened the door; "so you need not announce me to Mrs. Paston. Has the child any den of her own to receive visitors in?"

"Well, ma'am, none as I can think on," answered the maid; "she allays see visitors in the drawing-room, 'cept I've known her to do it in the painting-room once when Mr. Paston wasn't at home."

"She has none? Very well, then, I shall walk back to the carriage, and you go up and present my compliments—Mrs. Edgumbe's compliments to Miss Paston—and I

shall be glad if she will come down and find me about Hornby's the bookseller's, and take a little drive with me."

And on this the maid went up-stairs to deliver her message.

"I cannot stand that whether-or-no woman's mewling," Mrs. Edgumbe said to herself; "cipher as she is, one can't open one's mouth before her. Bless you! half the mischief in the world is done by ciphers; they are always pitchers, and they go on filling till they run over, without knowing when to flow, or when to stop."

Phœbe would have excused herself from



Page 653

the drive, but the old lady had been kind to her. Moreover, she was so formidable an old lady, that Phœbe had very little doubt, that if she did not go down to Mrs. Edgumbe of her own will, Mrs. Edgumbe would think nothing of sending up to fetch her down by force.

When Mrs. Edgumbe had received Phœbe, and seated her beside herself on the box-seat, she drove off with the assurance that there was not the smallest cause for nervousness, since she had learnt to drive a drag in Chin Bagot's day. And

although she was an old woman now, she would say her wrists were still a match for young Lady Lucy's soft fine bones. Phœbe was not frightened of being overturned; but she did not quite like making a spectacle of herself on her elevated perch. She might be destined for elevation; but if she had got her choice, she would not have chosen to make her first appearance among the quality, after the change in her prospects had begun to transpire freely, with old Mrs. Edgumbe.

Neither did Phœbe like the curious way in which Mrs. Edgumbe looked at her

with eyes, still commanding and lively, over the shrivelled cheeks.

"Where shall we drive to, my dear?" asked the old lady, managing her pair of horses skilfully, and looking Phœbe full in the face; "shall we go up one of the Brockcotes avenues, or just a little bit along the high road?"

"I think the high road would be better," answered Phœbe, colouring in spite of herself. "The servants at Brockcotes might think we were some of the family."

"So we are," declared Mrs. Edgecumbe, briskly; "I am a cousin of the Latimers, whom they have not yet shaken off, and you are at home up at Brockcotes, I understand, Phœbe. The only question would be whether I should take you under my wing, or you should take me under yours, eh?"

"I should not think of going to Brockcotes under anybody's wing, if Lady Dorothea were not at home," asserted Phœbe.

"Very well, I daresay you are right. But although I have always thought you a pretty girl, I am not going to let you have a beauty's privilege of sulking yet awhile."

"I am not sulking, Mrs. Edgecumbe," cried Phœbe.

"Aren't you? hum! Then I don't know what a taste of sulking is like. Let me look at you, Phœbe, and see if you are improved since the race-time."

"Don't you think you are putting me to a hard trial?" appealed Phœbe, turning round on Mrs. Edgecumbe.

"No; besides, you must get used to being tried. I don't think you are improved, Phœbe, though you are not gone off. You are just the brave-spirited little rustic I found you. Now you won't mind me calling you a rustic. There is always a pastoral charm in rusticity, and when there is some real education and natural intelligence, rusticity, with its freshness and humanity, is about as dangerous a quality as I know. But allowing all this, there is something more about you, Phœbe, which I am not able to fathom. You have reasonable, modest eyes, child, an open forehead, a trustful mouth—you look horribly innocent and true."

"Mrs. Edgecumbe," Phœbe burst out, laughing, "have you been reading 'Little Red Riding-Hood?' and are you the wolf wanting to eat me up?"

"Many people would say I was a wolf; and the best they could say of me was that I was not in sheep's clothing. But I don't want to eat you up, let them say what they will. I want to help you if I can, for you

took my fancy, as you have taken other people's fancies since then. Have I been reading 'Red Riding-Hood?' Pray, have you been reading 'Clarissa Harlowe?'"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Edgecumbe?" Phœbe urged. "You used to be good to me; you would not bring me out with you to insult me; that would be wanton;" and on this Phœbe rose up in the carriage.

"Phœbe Paston, if you don't sit still, I'll not answer for Queen of Hearts. Don't you see how she is pricking her ears at your bouncing? After all, my wrists are not so tough as they have been. What a girl you are to fly off in high dudgeon because Clarissa Harlowe is named to you! It is like poor old King George—Turnip George we called him at one time—taking down Shakespeare. What! are you to sit in judgment on poor sinners whose hard lines you have never dreamt of, you young pharisee?"

"If I am a pharisee, I am not a hypocrite, Mrs. Edgecumbe. You said you were not a wolf in sheep's clothing; and though I may be a pharisee, I repeat I am not a hypocrite. What I say is, that it is a crying sin and shame in a girl to run open-eyed into temptation."

"Now, you are not so bad, Phœbe; but the French are right when they say it is the young who are severe—that is, among honest, good people. What do you call running into temptation, if not accepting the addresses of a prince, as Cinderella did? Wo-ho! Queen of Hearts."

"I have accepted nobody's addresses, Mrs. Edgecumbe; but if I had, should I be bound to tell you or anybody?" Phœbe was badgered into retorting.

"Then he has not paid them? So much the worse or the better for you—*cela dépend!* I don't know about being bound to tell me. You might do worse. I think you ought to take into account that I have come, for your sake, out of my way, not simply to Wellfield, but to pay a visit to my airy young Madam at this dull season in the country. Then here I am, trusting to Queen of Hearts and Marigold—not only my neck, but Squire Edgecumbe's happiness. He would be lost without me, poor old squire. Nobody else would understand his merits. The world has grown a great deal too proper and virtuous for him, poor dear. The *haute noblesse*—the best of the upper houses—are loyal to their order, and genuinely noble. But their excellences are bound up ineradically with their faults, and one of the most unmistakable of these is a refined sort of pride, in its refine-

ment the very essence of the article. These aristocrats are so many christened and consecrated Lucifers."

"Can Lucifer be christened and consecrated?" inquired Phœbe.

"I hope he can, for you know I am his cousin; but we have been told how hard it is."

"I fear you are growing profane now, Mrs. Edgcumbe, and what is worse, making fun of the profanity."

"No, no, Phœbe, I am not profane; I am in thundering earnest, as Edgcumbe says: and it can be done. You must know you are not, and have no title to be a Lucifer. Very well, when I have seen girls like you come in contact with Lucifers, why they got burnt up—that was all. But come, you must bear with me and listen," Mrs. Edgcumbe said, taking note that Phœbe was again waxing restive. "I have turned the horses' heads, and in a few minutes more will also have turned the heads of the good people of Wellfield by the renewed spectacle of the wolf and the lamb—or the eagle and the dove, shall it be?—driving a mail-phaeton together. I shall set you down unharmed at the entrance to Woovers' Alley."

"I suppose you mean to be kind, Mrs. Edgcumbe; but I could wish you understood me better."

"Well, have I not said already that I do not understand you, Phœbe, with your pretty spirit, your brave front, your modest eyes? No more do I understand Wriothlesley, though he has got a few drops of my blood in his veins, wandering so wide of his path. Times and persons are changed, for a mercy, I own that; but they are not so much changed that the Exmoors, who destine Wriothlesley for a prime-minister before he dies, will take to their hearts the daughter of a painter, however honourable his fame, and however high her deserts, not even though she is Lady Dorothea's friend—and I grant you Lady Dorothea could not have a better. They will not singe a hair of your head, these Lucifers; but will they not smother you—throw you into deadly sickness, poor Phœbe! with the fumes of their pride? It has very much of the nature of brimstone yet, though it is doubly refined."

Phœbe was just about to rise with renewed protest when Mrs. Edgcumbe went on again—

"Nay, you shall hear me out, Phœbe; for I am more your friend than you think. Sit you still, for Queen of Hearts must not be trifled with. I was going to say that if they

are so cooled down by virtue and Christianity that they will not strike a light at all, will they not hold you at arm's length and send a chill into your bones by their coldness? They may keep you in the outer court of the Gentiles waiting,—waiting till the world be turned upside down, which will not be till you are withered and blighted. They are as obstinate as bull-dogs, these stag-hounds of Latimers. Was there not word of another suitor for you, Phœbe—a man of your own degree, a clever painter like your father, and a fortune in your rank? What is the weighty objection against him that his solid advantages do not outweigh the *ignis-fatuus* of Wriothlesley's attachment? which is so vastly romantic, ridiculous, and disastrous, that I must tell you, Phœbe, it is in the mouth of the whole county. Everybody is wondering and grieving for the Exmoors and the Exmoors' order, shaking their heads over Wriothlesley, surmising about you. My poor girl, it may take a long time and a long trial before you can live down gossip and scandal, whether you abide by the old love or go off with the new."

Phœbe had sat silent, pressing her lips together, for the last half-mile, but when the phaeton stopped in the High Street she could not refuse to take Mrs. Edgcumbe's hand, and say to her, "I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Edgcumbe;" for, though she had shocked and offended her, she sought to do her a service.

Not that Mrs. Edgcumbe's remonstrance was of the smallest use. Phœbe and she were like two planets whose orbits were radically different, so that though the planets might be brought together, they would never amalgamate.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A SURPRISE.

THE summer was advancing. The Latimers, contrary to expectation, remained in London, until it did not seem worth while to come down and celebrate Lady Dorothea's marriage till the end of the season. It was no disappointment to Phœbe, but a reprieve. She did not long for another look of Lord Wriothlesley, and she was even piteously sensitive to the fact that she had always wished and wearied for the coming of the family and Lady Dorothea.

Then Phœbe had other engagements. On the first of June her cousins, the Halls, paid a long-promised visit to Wellfield. Though it was only of three days' duration, on account of the Halls being on their way to the seaside, where Jane—Mrs. Connel—had been

ordered to recruit from an illness, it had the effect of relieving somewhat the even tenor of Phœbe's days.

Phœbe was glad that they had come to Wellfield when the family at Brockcotes were from home. Yet how should she feel now at going up to the great old show-place, and making a display to her cousins of the relics and the magnificence which might one day be hers, in which she had already a breathless interest, and when she was not sure if it were not sacrilege in her to approach them? How should she request permission, as if to spy the land, from Mrs. Bald, with Mr. Clarges looking stonily at her, and feeling that common civility to her and her kindred was nothing short of treachery to the powers that be—to the Earl and Countess, to Lady Dorothea, to Lord Wriothlesley even?

Phœbe was still gladder that the Halls had arrived at an epoch when her mother, unable to stand alone, and receiving no support from her father and her, was suffering from reaction. She had fallen from a state of exultation into one of despondency, when she could do nothing save hear Folksbridge news, and deliver fitful, feeble moralisings on the uncertainty of human affairs, the deceitfulness of men, the sauciness of girls, and, above all, the folly of putting reliance on the great.

"I suppose Aunt Paston is vexed because you have contrived to lose sight of Barty Wooler," argued Olive Hall, who was the clever woman of the family. "I don't wonder that she is displeased by that performance, Phœbe; for most mothers would take it to heart, and most daughters would live to regret it. Of course, I hope you may be the exception, though I gave you good advice the other way, you perverse puss. Kate, with all her fine-lady feelings and fancies, is not half so perverse."

Naturally it was not particularly agreeable to Phœbe to be reminded, at this date, of the inequality of her companionship with Lady Dorothea, but she would a thousand times rather have it so than that Olive or any of the Halls should have the faintest inkling of the real state of matters. She could not be sufficiently thankful that Frank, who had a lawyer's acumen for a secret, had not accompanied his sisters to Wellfield.

Without Brockcotes, Phœbe would have found it a little difficult to entertain her cousins. They were accustomed to the stir and variety of a large town. Olive was energetic, and testified her dissatisfaction by restlessness and uncertainty of temper. Jane and Kate

suffered from languor and ennui. Olive was clever, once. Phœbe had thought Olive almost as clever as Frank; but a wider experience of cleverer, more original people, in Barty Wooler, Lord Wriothlesley, and Lady Dorothea, had shown Phœbe that three-fourths of Olive's cleverness consisted in a strong will, some power of application and comparison, together with a quick capacity for detecting errors, and a ready sense of the ridiculous. But Olive was certainly warm-hearted, more so than Jane and Kate; and Phœbe, who had lived a year and a half at Garnet Lodge, had yet to learn that this warmth of heart was limited like other gifts of Olive's, and that it might degenerate into family selfishness, which is but an extension of personal selfishness. Kate Hall, on the other hand, was not clever, and was without any claim to mental superiority, but she was a much prettier woman than Olive, and had more taste and more pretension to accomplishments. She had even some natural grace and elegance. She had a talent, as all the family knew to their cost, for music and drawing.

Phœbe was in the court with the Halls, receiving the somewhat damping opinion from Olive that all the Wooers' Alley roses, carnations, and heartsease were worth nothing, with the additional depressing information, that to get and keep fine specimens such as they had at Garnet Lodge, called for an ample outlay of money, and at least one trained gardener. At the same time Phœbe was trying to divert Kate from pulling idly at the whole of the salvia for a bouquet, when Mrs. Connel came running out to them with an important piece of intelligence.

"See how Jane can run when she has got something in her head," commented Olive. "I declare she looks as animated as she used to do before her marriage."

"You may be glad Walter Connel did not hear you say that," corrected Kate.

"I don't think I may. I mean no reflection on Walter. He cannot be always putting things into Jane's head. That is just what a married woman loses—expectation of change, diversion, excitement; and Jane cannot bring herself to lose anything—not even our lounging-chair or our preserved ginger."

Mrs. Connel interrupted Olive.

"Come into the house, you three," she summoned the others breathlessly. "There is a visitor, and who do you think? Lord Wriothlesley. He came down from town

yesterday. I heard him say so, and that the rest of the family are coming to-morrow. If we are to see Brockcotes it must be to-day; and if you wish to see him you had better be quick, for he was shown into the drawing-room beside Aunt Paston and me at the very moment when I was letting her see how we arranged our table-napkins; and, of course, I cannot tell how long he may stay."

"Oh, do make haste!" Kate urged, as poor Phœbe blushed and hesitated. "I should like above all things to be in company with Lord Wriothlesley. I suppose there is no etiquette against your introducing us while he is making a morning call?"

"I wonder to hear you, Kate," exclaimed Olive, quickening her own steps. "What an unsophisticated idiot you are representing yourself! as if Lord Exmoor's son were a hero or a monster, or as if you were a country girl, who had never seen 'a real live lord' before! Lord Holderness and Lord Aylmer were at the last volunteer-ball, and Lord Aylmer was at the bazaar, and bought your scrap-book, and from yourself, too. He said its contents were beyond any attempt of Lady Hester Crawford's."

"Oh! but it is something different to meet Lord Wriothlesley in private, and sit and talk to him like an ordinary mortal. You must grant that, Olive."

Since Lord Wriothlesley was come in the vanguard of the family, Phœbe did not wish to prevent his meeting her cousins. The sooner he knew every one belonging to her, and all about them, the better, if there were ever to be a necessity for his knowing them. And he might know worse people than the Halls. But she did earnestly desire that her mother might not mention to Lord Wriothlesley their project of going up to see Brockcotes.

Instead of this escape, Phœbe and her cousins found Lord Wriothlesley and Mrs. Paston already deep in the arrangement, his Lordship offering, with the greatest courtesy, to escort the cousins himself, and Mrs. Paston inviting him to stay and join the family party at luncheon previous to starting, all on the most friendly footing. This was too much of a good thing, and more than Phœbe had bargained for.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—ANOTHER ORDEAL.

PHŒBE found it very trying to set out for Brockcotes by the High Street of Wellfield, either carrying Lord Wriothlesley in her train, or being carried in his. Every well-informed native they met stood agape at the

familiar faces of Lord Wriothlesley and Phœbe Paston seen in conjunction and in company with the Halls. The forty Miss Medlars flew in all directions with the news, causing Miss Rowe to tear the night-cap from her head, since she happened to be in bed owing to an inopportune attack of jaundice.

Mrs. Connel and the Halls were in their stylish sea-side costume of yachting jackets, sailors' ties and caps, bearing the badge of the yachting-club to which Mr. Connel belonged. It was a very nice dress for the sea-side, though not now strictly appropriate, any more than a bathing-machine would be to an inland town like Wellfield. Mrs. Connel had volunteered to be everybody's matron; so that Mrs. Paston was not required to break the even tenor of her way by the unusual exertion of walking out for any purpose except that of paying visits.

The group soon arrived at the Wellfield gate, where they scandalized the rigid propriety, and fairly transfixed the nimble tongue, of Mrs. Chenevix. Phœbe had fancied that the great ordeal of the expedition would be over for her when she had got through Wellfield High Street. But she found that her troubles were only beginning. Lord Wriothlesley was walking on first with Olive Hall. Phœbe ought to have been engrossed with her labour of love in directing Jane's and Kate's attention to the extent of the Brockcotes park (seen even from an avenue), to the side of the larches and the sycamores, the perfection of the American garden, and the grand pile of building coming into view as the crown of the gentle ascent. But poor Phœbe's mind was sorely distracted by speculations on the topic of conversation between the couple before her. It was scarcely speculation. Phœbe was morally certain that Olive would be applying the principles of landscape-gardening, as exemplified in the four acres of ground round Garnet Lodge, to the disadvantage of the park at Brockcotes, which was more than double the number of miles in circumference. Further, Olive would be giving Lord Wriothlesley the benefit of her opinion on woods and forests in general, and the game laws as a statute in connection with them.

The great gateway did not fall and crush the party. Mrs. Bald, whatever might have been her bearing to them under other leadership, deferred to the presence of the son of the house. She came out to receive the visitors, followed by a housemaid to carry the keys and a footman to shut the doors behind her. Mr. Clarges hovered between



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

the doors of the buttery and his private apartments, not coming too prominently forward, yet not denying Lord Wriothesley's right to command his attendance should he also be wanted.

Mrs. Bald was a handsome, middle-aged woman, large in every way, and with the double-chin which is becoming in a housekeeper and a hostess. She could have tucked up the Countess like a baby in the skirt of her brown silk (Lady Exmoor did not insist on a black one); and her respect for the Countess, who did not stammer above a sentence once a week to her housekeeper, was unbounded.

Mr. Clarges wore his hair in the old-fashioned tufts at the side, and the style of whiskers adhered to by the Earl; only Mr. Clarges's hair was much more luxuriant. He dressed, too, very much as the Earl did of an evening. But although Mr. Clarges was a gentlemanlike, elderly man, with something of a military carriage, he had never been mistaken for his master in his life. He would have looked daggers of scorn at the man who should have been foolish or insolent enough to have made so gross a mistake, or pass so scurrilous a jest.

The going over the great house, suite by suite and corridor by corridor, began. Then Olive's inquisitiveness and self-sufficiency, and the ignorance of all the sisters, became conspicuous. Not that any one of the Halls was exceptionally ignorant; only the knowledge which was Brockcotes knowledge was strange to them. The language spoken there, whether or not it was a shibboleth, was foreign in their ears. Olive, especially, had a fundamental want of reverence in her mental constitution, which caused her to see nothing in the old guard-room and banqueting-room, beyond musty apartments which were so many feet in length and breadth. She "loved to be particular" in ascertaining dimensions, in order that she might tell the party that the Queen Anne's parlour was not an inch bigger than the back drawing-room at Garnet Lodge. She was strong on the superiority of modern accommodation. How could people have lived in such dark rooms, with such hard seats and bare boards? What a rude, uncouth life it must have been! Why, a modern mechanic's cottage was better in many respects.

"Do you not think one's ancestors could endure a few hardships in the centre of this, Miss Hall?" suggested Lord Wriothesley, pulling aside the faded window-curtains and looking out on the wide park, with the

spreading oaks and sweeping beeches, and the open bountiful country beyond.

"I daresay they never looked at it," declared Olive, "though they hunted its deer and ate its beeves. What did they hear of the beauties of nature and of scenic effect?"

"Not hear—but feel. Don't you think so, Miss Paston?" maintained his Lordship.

"Oh, if you appeal to Phœbe, she was brought up under the shadow of Brockcotes, and in the faith of Brockcotes—down even to caring more for that little puppy dog of hers which came from Brockcotes, than for all the men and women past the pale of cousins in Folksbridge. She is as bigoted a Tory as—you could find," Olive wound up, changing the natural end of her sentence, conscious that she was venturing a little too far.

But Lord Wriothesley only laughed lightly. "I accept the inference. I am quite willing to be counted a Tory and a tyrant, if only Miss Paston will abide in the faith of Brockcotes; though I foolishly thought we were Whigs, and that I was the whiggist member of the family, and, upon my word, rather a fellow of the period."

But Olive, undaunted, proceeded as if she were taking stock of Brockcotes, and putting down at the lowest figure worn Turkey carpets, faded satin couches, with "*fleur-de-lys* in black velvet and gold." After all, she showed her trade extraction by her keen interest in judging the market-value of every article, and in tacitly proving to her own satisfaction, that although there was a great collection, there was nothing (unless the pictures, the books, the china, the plate, and the jewels, of course, and a few cabinets and caskets) which was intrinsically worth a larger sum of money than the rich merchants of Folksbridge—the Clays, for instance—could pay for their fancies.

Phœbe tried to awaken Olive to the real interest of many of the treasures, and Lord Wriothesley did not fail in his duty. He brought out a fragment of the translation from the Greek Gospel of St. John, in Princess Mary's own handwriting.

Olive impugned the authenticity of the manuscript, standing out stoutly and brandishing her thorough acquaintance with the out-works of history. Bloody Mary help a Protestant version of the Bible—certainly not. She could not swallow that. There was no use in telling her that the same Mary had also supplemented the Dutch Reformer, Erasmus, in the Psalms. She was as fully convinced of her superior correctness in annals appro-

prize to some spoils of the Civil War, with which her unexceptionably founded and digested information would by no means fit in.

"I believe the Boscobel Papers favour our story," Lord Wriothlesley hinted modestly.

Olive had not happened to hear of the Boscobel Papers, and directly said so, with a dogmatism in her tone, which signified that, in consequence, they did not deserve to be heard of. And later down in the ages, Olive was still more at fault. She was fretted by this; and Jane and Kate were wearied of wandering through labyrinths. The inspection of the pictures was hurried over,—and Phoebe was glad of it. None of the Halls—not even Kate, who drew indifferently well, nor Olive, who had a halting ambition after art—could admire a picture except for the merest feat of execution, for glaring effects and sensational strokes, or for stereotyped pasteboard picturesqueness. Phoebe had suspected it before by seeing her father wince under her cousins' comments, especially under their commendations in his painting-room that morning.

The Halls, in virtue of their woman's nature, revived a little when, in the charter-room, not charters, but jewelled collars, richly-set swords, silver-gilt basins and ewers were submitted to their inspection. The ladies consented to do homage to the great glittering drops of the Exmoor necklace. But even here, the abbreviations and the allusions which Lord Wriothlesley innocently made, were a mystery to them. The SS collar was anything to them but the collar of the Golden Fleece; green velvet bags did not necessarily refer in their minds to secretaries of state; or white wands to grand chamberlains; or gold keys to lord high treasurers. Even red and blue ribbons were not, without fail, allied to the Star of the Order of the Bath, and the George of the Garter.

"Weren't you always told that it was low to employ nicknames?" whispered Kate to Phoebe, in considerable confusion. Kate was connecting the SS collar and the white sticks with the Coos, the Bullies, the black Finches, the white Hares, starvation-Dundas, and single-dance Lady Bell, whom Lord Wriothlesley had glibly cited in illustration of their contemporaries among the family pictures.

But Phoebe only said, "Haven't you an idea now what it is not to have a grandfather?"

"We all have the gardener Adam to fall back upon," interposed Lord Wriothlesley, who

had been within hearing of Phoebe's answer. "Indeed, we are a little nearer gardeners. You noticed 'Charming Nancy' Lady Exmoor? She was Nancy Reeves, the home-bailiff's daughter."

Then there had been one low marriage in the Exmoor family. Phoebe opened her eyes.

"I have heard of 'Charming Nancy' Lady Exmoor, but I did not know she was a bailiff's daughter," Phoebe observed.

"We don't speak of her as such," Lord Wriothlesley replied readily. "We have preferred to incorporate her with ourselves, and to count her charms to our own credit. You observe we don't forget the charms, Miss Paston, but are proud to own them to this day."

Mrs. Bald could hold her tongue no longer.

"That was only a story, my Lord, got up by our enemies," she remonstrated, with a toss of her head. "If it ever did happen, which I don't say it did, it was in the days of some of them troubles, I forget which, when the man Reeves rendered important assistance to my Lord as then was."

"When are there days without troubles, Mrs. Bald?" Lord Wriothlesley questioned, to tease her. "I am sure I don't know such days, or days when assistance is not wanted. I daresay, now, Reeves took in my great-great-grandfather when he was a little sick of the trouble of living, and of himself, as the greatest trouble of all. I have a notion old Reeves brought old Exmoor into contact with fresh goodness, and so did him good. Naturally Lord Exmoor would not forget the source of the goodness, but would want to have it, and would have it too—what should hinder him?—as a perennial spring in his heart and house. Depend upon it that was the story, Mrs. Bald."

"What affectation these fine gentlemen have, one way or another!" Olive took occasion to say aside to Phoebe. "What a piece of make-believe it is for Lord Wriothlesley, born with a gold spoon in his mouth, to speak of the trouble of living, as if he knew anything about it!"

"Don't you find it a trouble to live as you ought, Olive; and you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth?" Phoebe retorted, taking Lord Wriothlesley's part behind his back. "Isn't it a Christian's life to have a battle to fight?"

"Oh, yes! if you are going to put it in that way," protested Olive. "But, of course, he meant nothing serious."

"Why nothing serious? The Exmoor

family are the most in earnest of any people I know, unless it may be papa in his art."

"My dear Phoebe, you are infatuated about the Exmoor family."

At that home-thrust, and in horror lest Lord Wriothlesley should hear more like it, Phoebe was silent.

The work of seeing Brockcotes was so heavy, that Mrs. Bald's unquestioning provision of tea, fruit, and wine, in the library, was not only acceptable, but, as Mrs. Connel thought, imperatively needed. Olive's spirits rose too. Not that she was physically exhausted, but that the tea was Twining's tea, neither more nor less, which the Halls always used. There were slices of ordinary bread-and-butter, Mayduke cherries and strawberries. The fruit was not so much better and earlier than what the Halls could produce at Garnet Lodge. There were certainly ices on the table, and the Halls would not think of sending for ices on a moment's notice, though they lived within half a mile of their confectioner. Olive did not pretend to be a judge of claret and madeira, but she understood that very light wines were in ordinary circulation in a house like Brockcotes, and she believed Lord Wriothlesley made the most of these before the company by calling the one his father's claret and the other his mother's madeira.

Olive's lynx eyes detected club-books in common bindings on the table; so that, notwithstanding the dignity of oaken book-shelves round and round, tier on tier, and Russian leather stamped with the Latimer crest, she was relieved and gratified to think that the Exmoors had their literature from public libraries like other folk.

She proceeded to put Lord Wriothlesley—who, she owned, was good-natured and civil in doing the honours of his house—through an examination on the pursuits of his family. Was Lady Dorothea very musical? Did she play on the harp as well as the piano? Was she a fine player? She asked almost wistfully, aware of her own defects of ear and taste, but remembering that she had Kate's proficiency to fall back upon.

"Well, I can't say," his Lordship answered, with strange uncertainty. "Would you say Dora was very musical, Miss Paston? She likes the opera, I know, and is always wanting a fellow to see her to her box; but then she likes the theatre, too, when Kean or Fechter or Helen Faucit makes a house. But as to playing on the harp, I'm sure of that, for she could never be taught to tune it. She has not much time to play on the

piano. After all, you know when she is desperate for music she can get far better performers, professional artistes, than ever she could be as an amateur."

Olive experienced a sense of consolation, and, at the same time, she felt bewildered, for although she did not confess it exactly, she had been accustomed to associate personal proficiency in music and the fine arts with refinement. She recovered herself by declaring decidedly, "She cannot have any musical talent; if she had, she would find time for its development. She must have her time at her own disposal."

"Has she, Miss Paston? Poor Dolly! She has got all the women's part of the family correspondence to keep up, since mamma's wrists have failed; and the heaviest end of the company in the house and of the visiting to carry on. She has to hear one-half of the appeals of refractory subjects, and to attend to three-fourths of the requirements of applicants and pensioners. She says herself that the height of the London season is comparative rest to what she must be up to in the country. She may have grown fat at Wiesbaden, but I expect that her hair will be grey before she goes to do Fairchester's business."

"You will excuse me for saying it, Lord Wriothlesley, but there must be a great deficiency in organization and management somewhere, and a great waste of time in this house," said Olive, as she smiled on him condescendingly. "Yes, my good woman, there must," she went on, nodding to Mrs. Bald, who stood confounded at this mercantile young lady's unutterable conceit and impudence. "You must believe that we have company—see a great deal of it, in fact, at Garnet Lodge. I take an interest in my clergyman's religious and philanthropic schemes. I assure you we are not heathens in Folksbridge. I am a member of several societies; indeed I am the secretary of one, besides being a district visitor. But we get through so much by method and system. I am afraid Lady Dorothea must fritter away her days playing at being the Lady Bountiful of her parish, which is apt to be the fault of country ladies."

"I daresay we should all be the better of lessons from Folksbridge," answered Lord Wriothlesley, meekly; "but is there not something to be said for our influence being peculiar, and for the advantage of personal contact?"

"I don't see it," said Olive. "As for riding with the Earl, and driving with the Countess, these are family arrangements; but

cannot Lady Dorothea trust her father and mother alone? Are they not fit to take care of and entertain themselves?"

"To hear you, Olive, one would think that you had no natural affection; yet what daughter could have been more devoted than you were to Aunt Hall in her bad illness two years ago?" urged Phœbe, desperately, by way of diversion.

"When mamma or papa is ill, that is another matter," observed Olive, carelessly.

When Phœbe thought of it, she was forced to admit to herself, that the young Halls, without any radical want of duty or attachment, had drifted away from their father and mother in their pursuits and tasks. Mr. Hall was a very indulgent father, but it bored rather than pleased him to have his daughters' company in his carriage to and from his office.

"Is Lady Dorothea a first-rate artist?" cross-questioned Olive, returning to the charge; "I mean does she draw and paint well,—for you call musicians artistes?"

"No, not a bit first-rate," proclaimed Lord Wriothlesley, frankly. "She sketches with wonderful speed and satisfaction to herself; but as to the correctness—I say she should have damages from Paston."

"Did you ever hear anything so rude—to say that before Phœbe?" whispered Mrs. Connel to her sister Kate.

"But I don't think he can mean it," replied Kate, with a bright idea; "for he and Phœbe seem quite good friends, though they hardly say a word to each other."

"I wish Walter were here," exclaimed Mrs. Connel aloud, as she threw herself languidly back on her chair. "I am ready to die with fatigue. I really think I should not have come."

"I really think you should not," acquiesced Olive, dryly. "It is a pity that you did not discover that in time, Jane, as well as in the case of the other blunders you have made in your life."

Jane possessed but a moderate amount of self-restraint at any time, and little or none when, as now, she was in a state of physical exhaustion. She became almost hysterical in openly rebutting what she took to herself as Olive's intended sarcasm.

"Now, Olive, you mean my marriage with a poor man, and what I gave up when I accepted Walter Connel. You need not contradict me. And I will not be spoken to in this way. Nobody can say that I repine at the step I took. Did you not hear me wishing Walter were here? and really it is high time he were here, when his wife is so spoken to by her own sister."

"It is time we were going home with you, Jane; that is what it is time to do," asserted Olive, with exasperating superiority and coolness. "We must give up the gardens on Jane's account, as usual."

Phœbe was only eager to end a scene which was covering her with mortification. Olive and Jane did not dream of her feelings amidst this little revelation of the weakness and asperity in which they were in the habit of indulging.

Phœbe was unsuspecting of another obligation which was to be incurred. Lord Wriothlesley would see her and her friends home, and, in consideration of Jane's invalided condition, he found it no more than common humanity to offer her his arm. Half recovered by the elation of leaning on the arm of the son and heir of a great peer, she chattered all the way of her sufferings, her feelings, and her sacrifices in exchanging Garnet Lodge for Pembroke Crescent. The cavalcade thus retraced its way after Mrs. Bald had had herself put to bed with rage, shame, and "a bad head;" and after Mr. Clarges had gone out riding to recover his composure and set his appetite to rights for the second table and its whist in the evening. The Wellfield gate and Mrs. Chenevix's twinkling hostile eyes at length were passed. The stares cast at the group in the Wellfield streets were encountered and surmounted. Phœbe and her cousins were in Wooers' Alley, at Mr. Paston's door, with Lord Wriothlesley lifting his hat, and taking courteous leave of them, while he promised himself the pleasure of sending over to inquire for Mrs. Connel before she should leave next morning. And Phœbe had no care to spare on inquiring what her cousins thought of Brockcotes, nor any desire but to hide her diminished head.



DEBENHAM'S VOW.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—"HOME, SWEET HOME."



L A R G E steamer—one of the Royal West India mails plying between Liverpool and Colon—steamed up the Mersey one drizzly, foggy, unprepossessing afternoon in the month of December, 1861, and before going into dock, stopped at

one of the landing stages to discharge her passengers. No sooner was the gangway laid down than there set in from the shore an influx of expectant friends, hastening to welcome their travellers home again; and from the ship, an efflux of those travellers who, having none to welcome them, desired only to land and get off to their several destinations as quickly as possible.

Among some of the first to leave the vessel were two young men; the one fair, bronzed, joyous-looking, and dressed with a sort of semi-nautical smartness that bespoke the landsman bred and born; the other dark, thin, pale, his step feeble, his hands white and wasted, evidently an invalid, and hardly strong enough to support himself without the arm of his friend. They had very little luggage, and they drove at once to the London and North-Western Railway Station. Here they learned that a first and second class train would leave for London in half an hour's time.

"And the next after that?" asked the invalid.

"The limited mail, sir, at eleven," replied the porter; "getting into London at four thirty-seven in the morning."

"The first is too soon, and the second is too late," objected the other traveller. "You ought not to go on without proper food and rest; and a night journey is out of the question."

X—46

"I can go on quite well in half an hour," replied the invalid. "At what time does the next train reach Euston Square?"

"Half-past ten, sir—punctual."

"See that! Half-past ten—I shall be home by eleven."

"Far better go to the Waterloo for to-night, and take an early train in the morning," urged his friend.

"No—no—no. I will go home at once. I shall save twenty-four hours by it."

"Say fifteen, at the outside."

"No, twenty-four. Ten to one but Mr. Hardwicke would be gone before I could get down to the City, if I waited till to-morrow; and now I shall be at Prior's Walk as early in the morning as himself. And then, you know, I've not seen my mother for seven months!"

"'Wilful man must have his way.' Come to the refreshment room, at all events, and get something to eat; I'm famished."

So De Benham and Archie—for, of course, it was De Benham and Archie—went to the refreshment room, and had some soup and a chicken before starting. By five o'clock it was quite dark, and they were speeding towards London by the dim light of the carriage lamp. Then De Benham lay down at full length on the seat (for they had secured a compartment to themselves), and Archie covered him with coats and railway rugs, and he fell asleep.

It was now seven weeks since they recaptured the *Stormy Petrel*, and De Benham had been dangerously ill. They took him into the port of Horta, as they then thought, only to die. But the crisis of his fever passed over, and he lived. Here he was removed to a quiet lodging on the outskirts of the town, and attended not only by the local physician, but by the surgeon of a large English steam-ship then lying in the harbour. Aided by a sister of mercy from the neighbouring convent, Archie nursed his friend faithfully day after day, night after night, scarcely leaving his bedside for an hour till the doctors pronounced him out of danger.

Meanwhile the captain of the *Stormy Petrel* had enough to do to bring the steamer into port, and could ill afford to have one of his scanty crew down with fever, and needing constant attendance. He did bring her in, however, in the course of the twelfth day

after the storm; and a sorry spectacle she presented—one screw disabled, one mast gone, her galley roofless, her bulwarks carried away in two places, her crew haggard, exhausted, with beards of sixteen days' growth, and features so begrimed, that their own nearest friends would scarcely have known them.

Once fairly anchored in neutral waters, Captain Hay's first act was to give the prize crew their liberty. They went ashore for the most part quietly enough; but Lieutenant Kissick refused to shake hands at parting, and the Mexican, whose *repertoire* of invective was apparently inexhaustible, left the ship calling down strings of the most frightful imprecations upon the head of every man on board. Having put them ashore, Captain Hay left them to shift for themselves as they best could, till some United States' vessel should touch at Horta, and pick them up.

The *Stormy Petrel* then lay in port for the space of a week and a day, during which time all was done that could be done in a temporary way to repair damages and fit her for the rest of her homeward voyage. A new foremast was rigged up, the bulwarks were replaced, the galley roofed in, and a skilled diver employed to clear the starboard screw from its entanglement of rope and bagging. Here, also, Captain Hay engaged as many fresh hands as might bring his crew up to its proper complement; and here Mr. Zachary Polter went ashore, waiting to go back to Nassau by the next West-India steam-packet.

Then, having taken in coal, water, and fresh provisions, Captain Hay assumed the responsibility of delivering the cargo; left Archie to take care of De Benham; and, satisfied that the supercargo was by that time out of danger, weighed anchor, and put the good boat on her course for England.

Thus it happened that when Archie and De Benham arrived in Liverpool this dreary December afternoon, the *Stormy Petrel* had preceded them by nearly three weeks, and was at that moment lying over on her beam-ends, undergoing a thorough refitting in one of the Birkenhead dockyards.

About half-way to London, De Benham woke and sat up.

"And this is England again!" he said. "I can scarcely believe that only seven months ago, I was hurrying down this very line to join the *Stormy Petrel*. It seems like two years."

"You have lived two years in seven months, old fellow," replied Archie. "That's why. I feel something the same way myself."

"I have lived ten years since that time on the Wye," said De Benham. "And that was—how long ago?"

"About seventeen months."

De Benham sighed wearily.

"I suppose I am greatly changed since then, Archie?" he said, after a pause.

"Well, yes; I suppose you are—rather," replied his friend, somewhat reluctantly.

"For the worse, eh?"

"You're—you're become more a man of the world."

"That is to say, I have become worldly."

Archie hesitated.

"Every man, I suppose," he said, at length, "has a right to make money, if he can."

"Why, then, should it be more worldly in me to make money than it is in any other man of business—in Mr. Hardwicke, for instance?"

"I have not said that it is so," replied Archie.

"You imply it."

"No, I don't," said Archie. "I am not accusing you—you are accusing yourself. I have not even said you are worldly."

"Worldly!" echoed De Benham, impatiently. "Good heavens! if you only knew... It is not for my own sake. It is for my mother's sake—for the sake of the dead—for the sake of the past!"

"I wish you wouldn't excite yourself," said Archie. "You forget how weak you are."

But De Benham went on, getting more and more vehement with every word.

"For money, simply as money, I do not care one straw," he said. "Do you suppose I want to be rich that I may enjoy the common pleasures of wealth? That I may have horses to ride, servants to wait upon me, rich dishes to eat, rare wines to drink? Is that what you think? I tell you, then, you mistake me utterly. I desire none of these things. I could be content to trudge on foot, and eat bread, and drink water, all the days of my life."

Archie looked at his watch.

"Only one hour and forty minutes more," he said, turning the conversation. "Don't you think you'd better lie down again?"

"No, no. I do very well as I am."

"Mrs. Debenham has no idea that you will be home before to-morrow, has she?"

"Not the faintest. But do, for heaven's sake, Archie, remember to call us by our right name!"

"I beg your pardon," said Archie, good-humouredly. "Mrs. De Benham, I should have

said. But you only told me of it yesterday, you know; and it's so difficult to change all at once."

"I hope not," replied De Benham; and in all he said there cropped up the latent irritability of an invalid. "I hope not. It is a vile corruption of a noble Norman name."

"Were the De Benhams ever noble?" asked Archie.

"Undoubtedly. The prefix alone is evidence of signorial rights."

"It's a fine thing, after all, to inherit a good old name," said Archie. "I can't think why you ever put up with the corruption."

"Because I didn't know that it was a corruption till—the summer before last."

"Then why didn't you change back to it at once?"

De Benham shook his head.

"I was a penniless beggar then," he said. "I was not going to bring discredit on the name."

"It is no discredit to be poor."

"That depends on the sort of poverty. A man may be in the army, and have nothing but his pay and his sword, and yet be no whit inferior to the first nobleman in the land. But he cannot claim to be a gentleman, or the equal of gentlemen, if he plays the organ at a little City church for twenty-five pounds a year, and gives music-lessons to the children of leather-dressers and meat-salesmen."

"I should have thought music was more gentlemanly than trade," said Archie.

"In the abstract, regarded as one of the fine arts—yes. But in the concrete, as the means of eking out a shabby livelihood—no."

"And your dream of becoming a great composer—a second Meyerbeer or Mendelssohn—is that over for ever?"

"For ever? Ah, no—I hope not. It depends . . . if ever I am rich enough—if ever I leave off this life of work and win my way to a life of leisure . . ."

"Rich enough!" interrupted Archie. "Why, I should have thought you were 'rich enough' already."

But again De Benham shook his head.

"I am getting tired," he said. "I must lie down again. How these carriages shake!"

So he lay down; and Archie covered him again with rugs and wraps, and gave him some sherry from a flask.

"Perhaps you can sleep a bit more, old chap," he said.

To which De Benham replied that he would try; and so closed his eyes, and spoke no more till they reached London.

Arrived at the Euston Square terminus, Archie saw after their luggage, called a cab, and went up with his friend to the door of his own home.

"You'll come in and see my mother," said De Benham, waiting to be let in.

"No, that I won't," replied Archie. "She shall have you all to herself to-night; and I'll be off at once, before the door opens."

In another minute the wanderer was in his mother's arms, welcomed, wept over, adored.

"But you have been very ill!" she said, when the first moment of meeting was over. "I see that you have been much more ill than you told me!"

"Darling *Mutter*, once the worst was over, where would have been the good of telling you?"

"The worst! Ah, what was the worst? Tell me all, my darling."

"Well—we didn't get back the ship, you know, without a struggle; and I got a slash just here, in my left side, from one of those confounded Yankees" . . .

"Wounded! oh heavens!—and then?"

"And then I had a bout of brain fever."

Lady De Benham uttered a cry, and took him in her arms again, and kissed his forehead, his eyes, his hair. Brain fever! He—her boy—her own, one treasure had brain fever, and she not there to watch and tend him! She could scarcely believe it. It seemed too terrible to be true.

"And for what," she said, bitterly, "for whom have you suffered? In what cause have you risked your precious, precious life? For neither honour nor fame. For trade. For a few wretched cotton bales and a little ignoble gain. For the benefit of that man in the City, whose wages you condescend to accept. Oh, Temple! oh, my son!"

"Dearest mother," replied De Benham, laughingly, "be sure that for Mr. Hardwicke's benefit alone, I would not take the journey from Canonbury to St. Paul's. I am not so benevolent. What I have done, I have done for my own sake—and yours."

"Not for mine!" she said, shuddering. "Oh, no! Do not say that you were wounded and ill for my sake!"

"Well, shall I say for the sake of what you call my 'ignoble gains'?"

"You treat it lightly enough," said Lady De Benham; "but what should I have done if . . . if I had lost you?"

"But you have not lost me, *Mutterchen*! You have not lost me, and . . . I HAVE MADE SIXTY THOUSAND POUNDS."

CHAPTER XLIX.—A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

DE BENHAM came back to find himself famous. The story of the re-capture had made its way long since into all the papers, and he and Captain Hay were the heroes of the tale. A spirited woodcut of the *Stormy Petrel*, sketched by an artist despatched to Birkenhead for that special purpose, had already appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. Two wonderful fancy portraits, in which both captain and supercargo were represented in the costume of bold buccaneers and the likeness of hair-dressers' dummies, graced the pages of a popular pictorial penny serial, and were to be seen in the windows of every petty newsvendor's shop and on every kitchen table in the metropolis. A grand romantic, sensational, nautical drama in six *tableaux*, entitled "Stars and Bars; or, the Blockade-runner of the Western Main," was announced for immediate representation at one of the transpontine theatres. Throughout the clubs, for one whole day, the story was in every man's mouth. Down at the docks, at Lloyd's, at Trinity House, in the Long Room at the Custom House, and the like, it was still the prevailing topic of conversation. The provincial papers fell upon it *en masse*, dished it up in a dozen different ways, and fed their readers upon it for a week. In short, Captain Frank Hay, being a plain man with no relish for display and a horror of speech-making, was so disturbed by the warmth of his reception, by the dinners he had to eat, the questions he had to answer, and the bows he had to make, that he fled from his own notoriety at the end of the first week, and took refuge among his relations down in the wilds of Cornwall.

And now De Benham came, and of him the world was disposed to make even a greater hero than it had made of Captain Hay. He was young; he was gentlemanly; he was good-looking. Above all, he had been wounded; and he was still suffering from the consequences of his wound. What more could a sensation-loving public desire, except to persecute its hero with dinners and speeches, testimonials and addresses; to waylay him on staircases; pin him up in corners of drawing-rooms; pester him for biographical materials; for his autograph, his photograph, his monogram, and everything that was his; and lionise him within an inch of his life? All this they would have done, if De Benham could have been brought to submit to it; but he was, in his way, as intractable as Captain Hay. To the compilers of penny-press biographies, he turned a deaf ear. To the young ladies who

wrote pretty imploring notes begging for his *carte de visite*, autograph, and so forth, he got Lady De Benham to indite civil refusals. To the public companies, naval associations, ship-owners', ship-brokers', and other societies which desired to entertain him, his present condition of health supplied a sufficient and satisfactory excuse. He was, in fact, too proud to accept all this miscellaneous hospitality, and too anxious for the preservation of his *incognito* not to try by every means in his power to divert public curiosity from himself, his antecedents, and his family history.

"I have no mind," he said, talking it over with his mother, "I have no mind to appear before these commercial bodies in the character of a meritorious young man who has done his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him, and therefore deserves encouragement. I don't choose to be shaken hands with, and praised, and patted on the back by them. They mean to be very complimentary, I have no doubt, and very condescending; but such civilities need to be accepted in a grateful spirit—and my spirit would not be grateful."

Proud as she was, Lady De Benham could not quite partake in her son's scorn of his own popularity. The incense that these people desired to burn before him, even though it was tainted with the things of trade, would have smelt sweet in her nostrils. Despite her better taste and her better judgment, she could not help feeling that it would have been pleasant to sit in the ladies' gallery, and see him fêted, and hear his health proposed, and listen to the speeches made in his honour. As for the deed that he had done, and the notoriety he had achieved thereby, these were circumstances that went far, in truth, towards reconciling her to the career he had chosen. Living in seclusion as she lived, reading no newspapers and hearing no gossip, she had begun by scarcely appreciating all the gallantry of the first, and by knowing nothing of the extent of the second. But now, finding that the world at large (and especially that narrow, grasping, selfish, commercial world, which she had hitherto held in such contempt) was disposed to regard her idol as a hero, Lady De Benham's views underwent some modification. She ventured so far now as to admit that even in the course of trade, brave and honourable things might be achieved; and (which was still more wonderful) be not only achieved, but appreciated. She would have been far happier, of course, if the whole thing had happened in the Royal Navy instead of in

the merchant service ; if, for instance, her boy had recaptured an English ship in time of war. That would have been glory unalloyed ; but even "glory obscured" was, for his sake, worth the having.

Stand aloof as they might, however, there was one entertainment organized in their joint honour, from accepting which neither Temple De Benham nor Captain Frank Hay found it possible to excuse themselves ; and this was a dinner of ceremony at Strathellan House.

Now De Benham, it may be remembered, had once before been invited to dine at Mr. Hardwicke's table, and had declined the honour. That was in the earlier days of their connection, when the young man returned from his journey to St. Petersburg ; and Mr. Hardwicke then proposed that the party should consist of Archibald Blyth, Mr. Timothy Knott, and "one or two City men."

But the aspect of affairs had greatly changed since that time. Nothing was now to be spared that might do honour to the hero of the occasion—for though the captain of the *Stormy Petrel* came in for his equal share in these demonstrations, still Temple De Benham was in the eyes of most people, and above all in the eyes of Mr. Hardwicke, the hero *par excellence* of the events they met to celebrate. So there was now to be a dinner of ceremony followed by an immense reception in the evening ; and the grand service of silver-gilt plate was to be used for the first ; a supper was to be furnished by Gunter for the second ; the hall, staircases, and supper-room were to be lined with the choicest exotics ; and the greatest of living violinists was to be engaged for the entertainment of the guests.

"He takes you down, of course, Claudia," said Mr. Hardwicke across the breakfast table. It was the morning of the day of the dinner-party, and they were discussing the final arrangements.

"The man of lowest rank present !" said Miss Hardwicke. "It seems preposterous."

"Not when the whole affair is held in his honour. Read an account of any dinner given to any public character—say, for instance, to a *Times* correspondent—and you will find that he takes precedence of all the nobility in the room."

"Well, granting that point—the place of honour belongs, I should imagine, in this case, to the captain. This young man is only the supercargo."

"This young man originated the whole enterprise, to begin with, and has put upwards of four hundred thousand pounds in my pocket," replied the merchant, warmly.

"And this young man not only conceived the daring scheme by means of which the ship was saved from confiscation ; but fought, and was wounded, in the act of carrying that scheme into execution. If ever one man deserved precedence more than another, young Debenham deserves it to-night."

"As you please," said Miss Hardwicke, indifferently. "I shall be very glad when it is all over."

And so that knotty point was settled.

The dinner-hour was fixed for half-past eight ; and by a quarter past, the carriages began setting down. At three minutes to the half-hour, De Benham drove up in a Hansom.

The visitors were all assembled, and the general expectation had risen to its height, when, last to arrive, and exactly punctual, the hero of the evening was announced.

Mr. Hardwicke went to the drawing-room door to meet him. Captain Frank Hay had been there more than a quarter of an hour already ; and, embarrassed by the introductions he had to go through as each person arrived, stood turning over the engravings in a portfolio, and scarcely opening his lips. Every one was disappointed in him ; and every one, not unnaturally, concluded that the supercargo would prove equally *gauche*. When, however, De Benham made his appearance on the threshold, an audible murmur ran round the room.

"Mr. Debenham—my sister," said the merchant, going through the ceremony of introduction.

De Benham bowed profoundly ; Miss Hardwicke extended the tips of her fingers.

"I think we have met before," she said, with some attempt at graciousness.

De Benham bowed again.

"I do not forget that I have had that honour," he replied, smiling ; but the smile had in it something equivocal, and there was a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

Then Mr. Hardwicke presented him to the rest of the guests, among whom were Lord Stockbridge ; a dapper little colonial bishop, with very neat legs ; an Honourable of tender years from the Waste-Paper Office, whose life was consumed in the effort to screw a glass into his right eye ; a dilapidated dowager in diamonds, whose complexion was a miracle of art ; one Sir Philip Mostyn and his wife, from some British consulate abroad ; a certain Colonel Calderon, who wore the Star of India ; two or three members of Parliament, with their wives ; a serjeant learned in the law ; a popular author with a huge beard, who was openly sulky because he was

not the lion of the evening ; a Commissioner of something unpleasant—lunacy, or bankruptcy, or sewers ; and one or two others, clergymen, barristers, and the like. A large party—twenty-two in all—and the “aldermanic element,” as Miss Hardwicke called it, carefully excluded.

Then dinner was announced, and the company went down. The table was gorgeous with *plateau*, and vases, and *candélabre* of costliest design ; the plates were silver gilt ; the sideboard was a sight to see.

“Gentlemanly-looking young fellow, egad!” said Lord Stockbridge to his next neighbour, as the soup went round.

Next neighbour—banker ; M.P. ; railway director ; fabulously rich—looked up, nodded, and replied :—

“Ah ! supercargo ? Yes, very much so indeed.”

“Was positively an organist, you know—almost starving only two years ago, at some place in the City. And Hardwicke took him in hand ; picked him out of the gutter, by George !—literally out of the gutter.”

“Good gracious !” said the banker.

“Ay, such is life ! He has made his own fortune since then, and, they say, has pretty nearly doubled the fortune of our good friend at the foot of the table.”

“Ah ! never believe in those rapid fortunes myself,” said the banker.

“I believe in this one,” replied Lord Stockbridge, “because all the facts go to prove it. You’ve read about that affair of the *Stormy Petrel*, of course ?”

“*Stormy Petrel* ? Oh, ah !—yes, to be sure. Very extraordinary. Good sherry, this.”

“Capital ; but Hardwicke’s wines are always good. By the way, that’s a famous tap of Amontillado at the club.”

And then they talked of the cellar at the Erechtheum, and of a certain wonderful filly in Prince Tchernikoff’s stables, and of a race that was run the week before at Sartory ; and no more was said of De Benham or his adventures.

Others, however, were discussing him freely round the table. The Dowager on Mr. Hardwicke’s right, and Lady Mostyn on his left, plied their host with questions ; and the lady who had been assigned to Captain Frank Hay—a pretty, bright-eyed, blood-thirsty little woman in a cloud of *tulle* and tarleton—gave that worthy seaman no peace.

“But is it really true, sir,” she said, “that he killed three Americans with his own hand ?”

“It’s the biggest lie, ma’am, that was ever invented,” replied the captain, bluntly.

“Oh dear ! you don’t say so ?” she exclaimed. “Then didn’t he kill anybody ?”

“No, ma’am.”

“And didn’t you kill anybody ?”

“Certainly not, ma’am—God be thanked.”

“Really, now ? Well, I am *so* disappointed ! But he was wounded, sir, was he not ? The newspapers all say he was wounded.”

“Yes, ma’am. He got a stab in the side, which laid him on his beam ends for a fortnight, raving with delirium.”

“Raving with delirium !” echoed the lady in *tulle*, with infinite relish. “Dear me, how very dreadful !”

And then she indulged in a long stare at De Benham through her eyeglass.

Meanwhile, the Bishop, and those immediately about the upper end of the table, were making him talk, sorely against his inclination, about the recapture of the *Stormy Petrel*.

“I have nothing to add,” he said, “to the newspaper narratives. I know less about it, indeed, than any man on board ; for I was ill and in bed the last few days of the voyage.”

“Your position would not have been particularly pleasant, if the attempt had failed,” said the Commissioner. “The American courts would have tried to bring it in piracy on the high seas.”

“I am not at all sure, even now, that it was not piracy,” replied De Benham.

“I don’t think you need be uneasy on that head,” observed a gentleman a little farther down the table. “The blockade itself is only legal so far as it can be enforced ; and, *ceteris paribus*, the recapture of your vessel would only have been piracy if it had failed. It is just one of those cases where might makes right.”

“The question, at all events,” said De Benham, “is one that I have no desire to consider too curiously.”

“What became of the Yankees whom you out-manœuvred ?” asked the author with the beard. “According to the *Shooting Star*, you made them walk the plank ; but I presume that’s a slight exaggeration.”

“We left them to amuse themselves at Fayal till the next United States’ vessel should happen to put in. I trust they are safe home by this time.”

“Are you of opinion, Mr. Debenham,” asked the Bishop, “that the war is likely to be renewed in the spring ?”

“It will be renewed, my Lord, and maintained,” replied De Benham, “while there is an ounce of lead in the South, or a dollar in the north.”

"Confounded bad look-out, that, for one's American securities," said the banker.

Lord Stockbridge laughed.

"Egad!" said he, "there's the advantage of being a poor devil like myself. The money-market may turn itself inside out, like a zoophyte, without causing me a moment's uneasiness."

Miss Hardwicke, sitting at the head of the table and speaking only a word now and then, heard most of the conversations that were going on. At these words of Lord Stockbridge's, a faint something which was scarcely a smile flitted across her lips. Presently, the wine having travelled once round the table, she looked across at the Dowager. Then followed a general stir; a gathering up of gloves and fans; a simultaneous rising of all the company. Mr. Hardwicke held open the door—the ladies rustled out in order of precedence—the gentlemen were left alone.

Mr. Hardwicke then took his plate and glass, and moved to the head of the table; one or two of the others changed places; and all closed up nearer the host.

Half-a-dozen separate conversations were at once set going, and the wine began to circulate more freely. The parliamentary men talked politics; the Serjeant and Commissioner discussed an interesting case that happened to be "on" just then in one of the law-courts; Lord Stockbridge and the banker, still deep in sporting matters, brought out their memorandum-books and compared entries; the Honourable from the Waste-Paper Office and a young barrister named Jopling, talked across the table of the decline of the ballet; the author listened to all, and drank his claret in gloomy silence; and the Bishop, who was intelligently interested in the question, continued upon the subject of the American war.

The prevailing opinion in England at this time (especially among the upper classes, whose sympathies, for the most part, inclined towards the cause of the South) was that, however bloody and protracted the struggle might be, the Confederates must eventually succeed in establishing their independence. It was an opinion that De Benham had found himself so often driven to dissent from, that he had endeavoured of late to avoid the topic. To-night, however, such avoidance was not possible; for it proved to be, above all others, the one subject upon which those around him desired to hear him speak.

"I am credibly informed," said Colonel Calderon, "that less than one-third of the men in the Federal regiments are genuine

Northerners; and that their ranks, being recruited from the back slums of Boston and New York, are chiefly made up of English, Irish, and German emigrants. If this be so, must not the chances of victory necessarily lie with those men who fight on their own soil for their own liberties, and the liberties of their wives and children?"

De Benham shook his head.

"The strength of the North lies in that very fact, that they can recruit their ranks unlimitedly," he said. "The population of the South, on the other hand, consists of only masters and slaves. There exists no middle class whatsoever. Hence it follows that in a Confederate regiment every soldier is a gentleman. I have myself seen a Charleston regiment, one thousand strong, recruited entirely from among the landed gentry and the learned professions. Granted that the enemy has money, perseverance, and an immense lower class to fall back upon, the ultimate fate of a country so defended is inevitable. Let them fight as bravely as they will, these gentlemen-soldiers must be outnumbered at last. They fall, and fall, and by-and-by there are none to succeed them."

"So that, in fact, it is resolved into a mere question of time," observed the Bishop.

Here Lord Stockbridge put up his memorandum-book, and joined in the conversation.

"According to my creed," he said, "one gentleman is equal to a score of mercenaries."

"But not to five hundred. Besides, you cannot call the Federal soldiers mercenaries. They are naturalised emigrants."

Some question then arose as to the original peopling of the States, and De Benham pointed out how, in Mobile and Charleston, he had come upon families perpetuating to this day (in some instances, without even a variation in the spelling) the old Royalist and Huguenot names of the first settlers—Lowndes, Rutledge, Hampton, Laurens, Prioleau, and the like.

"I observe, by the way," said Mr. Hardwicke, "that you have spelt your own name differently of late, Mr. Debenham."

"I divide it," said De Benham; "but I do not alter a letter."

"It is an alteration that gives the name a Norman air," said Mr. Hardwicke.

"The name is Norman," replied De Benham. "I have only restored it."

Lord Stockbridge looked up, with his hand on the claret-jug.

"Are you going to change your name, Mr. Debenham?" he asked. "So many people

change their names now—there seems to be quite a fashion in it.”

De Benham hesitated. He was annoyed by the turn the conversation had taken, and would gladly have diverted it into some other channel. Meanwhile Mr. Hardwicke replied for him.

“Mr. Debenham was just explaining to me that he has not altered, but only restored his name,” he said. “He now writes it—De Benham.”

Lord Stockbridge repeated the name.

“De Benham!” he said. “There was but one family of De Benhams, and they are extinct.”

It was not a civil speech, and it was not spoken civilly. De Benham looked down, displeased and silent. Mr. Hardwicke smiled uncomfortably.

“Apparently not, my lord,” he said, “since we here find the name surviving.”

“But it is impossible that it should survive,” said Lord Stockbridge, persistently. “I knew the last Lord De Benham—knew him well; and he was the last of his name and race. Look in Banks’ Extinct and Dormant Peerage, and there you’ll find it.”

There was silence now round the table. Every one was listening. De Benham still said nothing.

Mr. Hardwicke murmured something about the possibility of a “mistake,” and proposed that they should change the subject.

Lord Stockbridge laughed—a short, disagreeable laugh—and shrugged his shoulders.

“Egad! there *is* some mistake,” he said; “but not on my part. I knew De Benham of Benhampton as well as I know you, Hardwicke; and better. And a precious scamp he was—ran through everything before he was of age, and died like a dog, somewhere abroad.”

De Benham rose in his place, pale to the very lips.

“I must request Lord Stockbridge to retract those statements,” he said, in a voice that vibrated with suppressed anger. “He is speaking of my father.”

The insolent smile vanished from Lord Stockbridge’s face, and he set down his glass untasted. De Benham, looking at him fixedly, went on.

“My father was a man of honour. He paid his debts with his last acres. He died at a little inn near Capel Carig in North Wales; and he was buried in the vaults of Benhampton Church, among his own people.”

Lord Stockbridge became purple with embarrassment.

“Is this possible?” he stammered.

“I have simply stated facts,” said De Benham.

“Gad, now, I never was so taken by surprise in my life—never, by Jove! De Benham married—name and title surviving—I can hardly believe it!”

He paused, and while he paused there was dead silence. De Benham, still looking him in the face, remained standing.

Then Lord Stockbridge, knowing that something more was expected from him, resumed his self-possession, left his seat, and went round to the other side of the table.

“Young gentleman,” he said, “if you are the son of De Benham of Benhampton, I beg your pardon. I did not mean to imply that your father spent his fortune dishonourably;—if I seemed to say so, I am sorry for it. I was a spendthrift myself in those days, and I’m afraid time hasn’t improved me. But your father was a good fellow—an open-hearted, open-handed fellow—and I’m glad to make the acquaintance of his son. Lord De Benham, I hope you will do me the honour to shake hands with me?”

So De Benham bowed, and shook hands with him, and they resumed their seats.

Great is the art of making an apology gracefully. This little speech was spoken so easily, so frankly, that Lord Stockbridge made capital of the transaction in the laying up of golden opinions.

“Stockbridge?” said the Commissioner, hearing him doubtfully spoken of a day or two after. “Oh, dear! no. A most gentlemanly, candid person; undoubtedly a man of honour. Don’t believe a word of it!”

And of those who were sitting round Mr. Hardwicke’s table that evening at Strathellan House, there was not one, thenceforth, who would not have been ready at any moment to endorse that Commissioner’s opinion.

CHAPTER L.—IN THE LIBRARY.

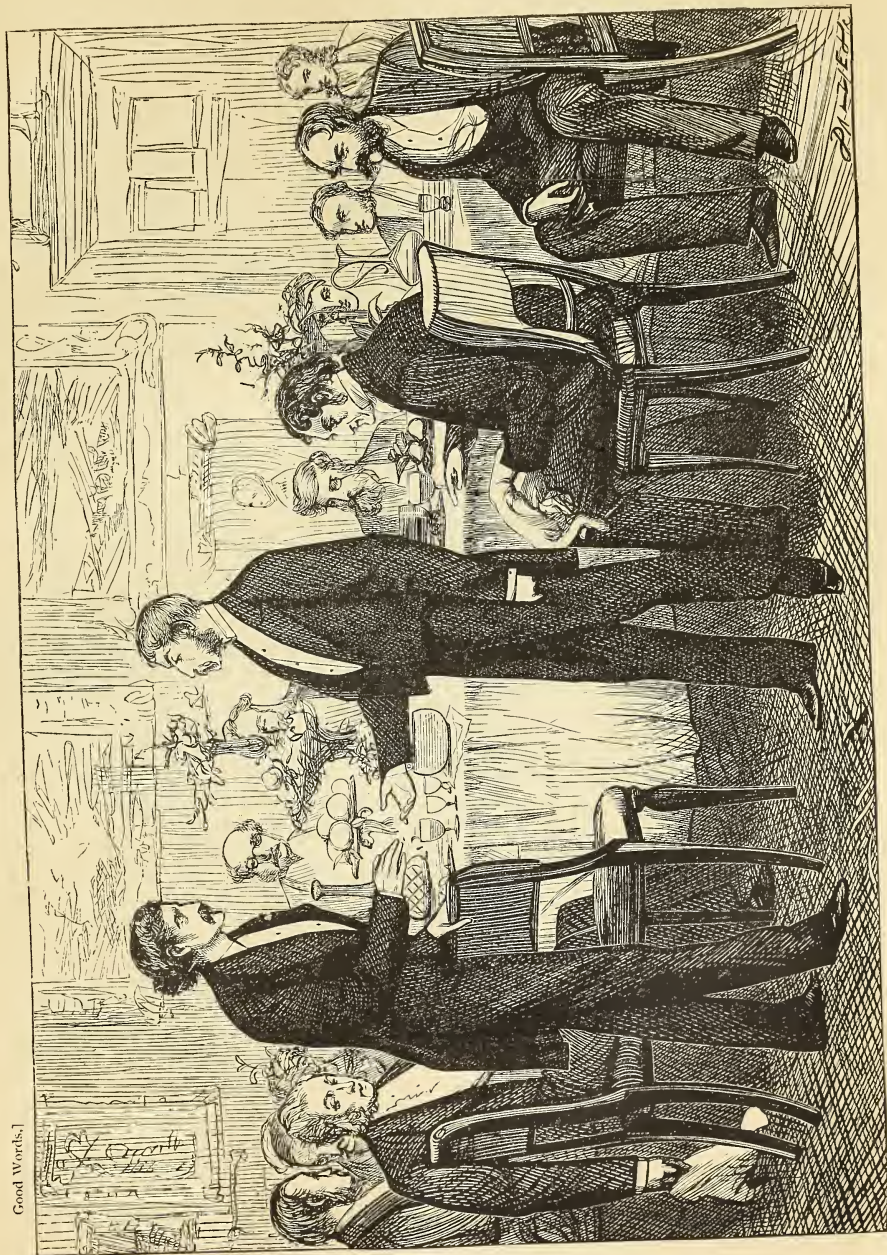
WHEN the gentlemen went up-stairs, the rooms were already filling fast. Mr. Hardwicke went to his sister and told her of the revelation that had been made in the dining-room.

“A lord!” said Miss Hardwicke, incredulously.

“Yes, a lord—positively a lord! His title, Sir Philip tells me, is one of the oldest in the peerage; and he holds some great hereditary foreign rank as well; I don’t exactly know what. And to think that he has been acting all this time as my supercargo and foreign agent

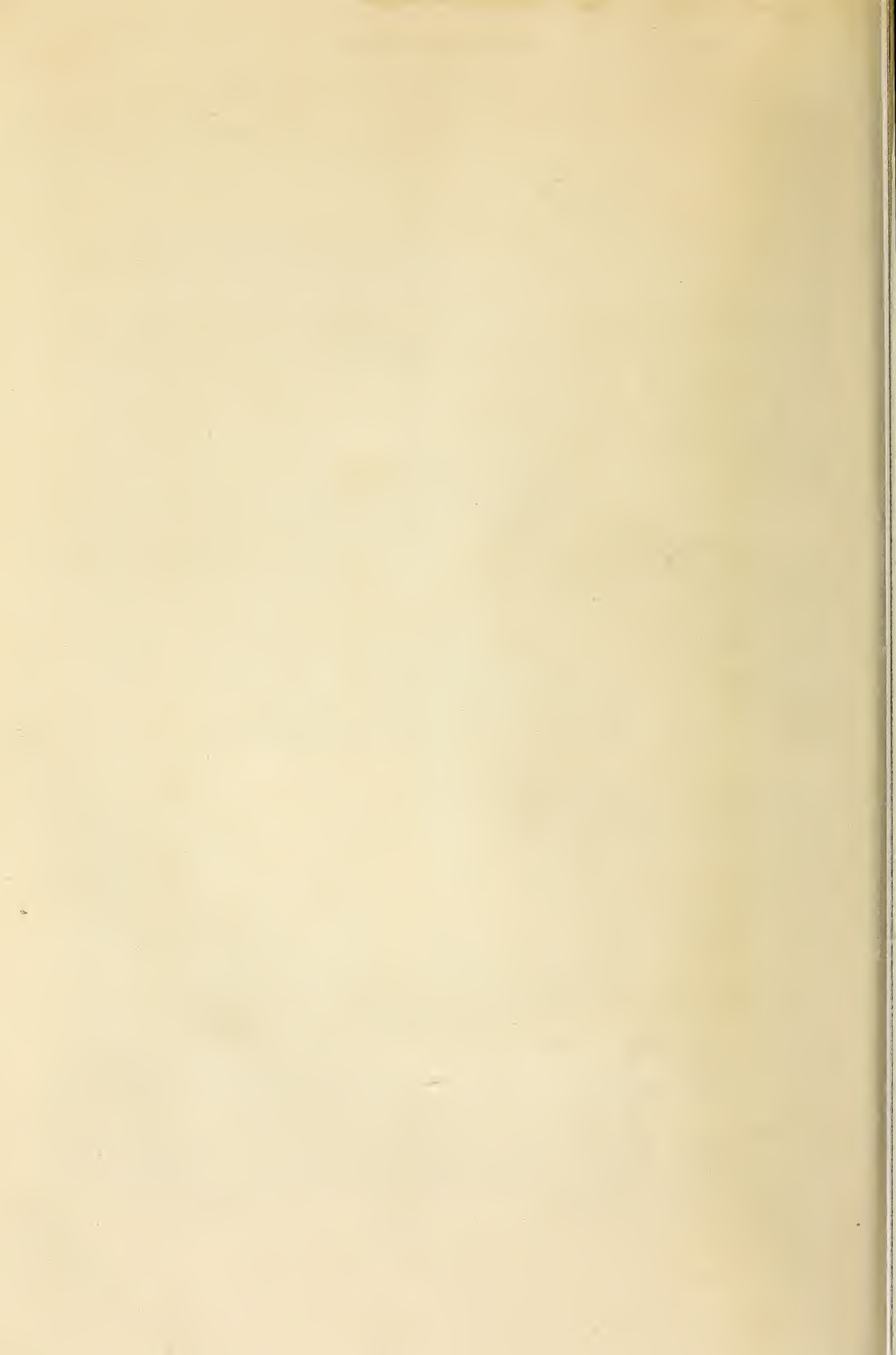
[October 1, 1869.

Good Words.]



"DEBENHAM'S VOW."

Page 672



.... it sounds like a chapter out of a novel!"

"Why has he concealed it so long?" asked Miss Hardwicke.

"Because he was poor. The last lord ran through everything, and this young man has had to work for his bread."

"Well, he is not poor now," said Miss Hardwicke. "Did you not tell me that he had made sixty thousand pounds?"

"Yes; but that's no great capital for a man of his rank. Fancy his having been our organist at St. Hildegard's!"

Miss Hardwicke looked across the room at De Benham with some appearance of interest.

"It is a strange story," she said. "It will be all over London to-morrow."

"No doubt; but he would not have told it, if circumstances had not forced him to



Page 673.

speak. If he means to stick to business, it will be very awkward for him. It is awkward for me. He is in my employment at this moment. Our relations are most anomalous—most anomalous. There's Choke—I wonder if he has heard anything about it!"

And away hurried Mr. Hardwicke to retail the news to the rector of St. Hildegard's, who retailed it presently to a dozen others, who

went on retailing it all the evening. Before midnight there were three hundred people assembled; and not one of those three hundred had been five minutes in the rooms without hearing and marvelling over this romance of a penniless peer, who began life as a musician, went into trade, and made a fortune in six months by blockade-running in time of war. As for Captain Frank Hay,

they seemed to forget that he had borne any share in De Benham's later adventures. He was hopelessly eclipsed; and, luckily, preferred to be so.

Meanwhile, Miss Hardwicke felt that it was imperative upon her to make some allusion to these events, when, in the course of the evening, De Benham chanced to be near her.

"Lord De Benham," she said, "I am anxious to express my brother's regret, and my own, that you should have been compelled, in our house, to speak upon topics which you would have preferred to avoid."

De Benham bowed.

"It is a matter of very slight importance," he said. "I have only published to-day facts which it was my intention to publish hereafter."

"Still, you may have intended that hereafter to be long distant."

"I had intended it to be as soon as I was in a position to—to carry out certain projects," replied De Benham; "and I had hoped that it might be during my mother's lifetime. On the whole, there is nothing to regret."

"I understand from our cousin Archibald, that you reside with your mother," said Miss Hardwicke. "Do you think Lady De Benham would allow me to have the honour of sending her some of our hot-house flowers?"

De Benham bowed again, somewhat coldly.

"You are much too kind," he said.

At that moment, the great violinist began to play, and the conversation broke off abruptly.

Among the evening guests, in the meantime, came Archibald Blyth. The first persons he encountered on entering the room were Mr. and Miss Alleyne, and the American journalist, Washington Flack. Mr. Hardwicke, always glad to leaven the mass of his guests with a certain proportion of artists and literary men, had sought this opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of the painter of "The Athens of Pericles;" and Mr. Alleyne, equally glad to cultivate his new patron, had accepted the invitation for his daughter and himself. When Archie came upon them, they were standing just within the entrance to the first drawing-room, and had apparently but that moment arrived. While Archie was in the act of shaking hands with them, the Transatlantic Exterminator, who was just going away, seized him by the button-hole.

"You close Coon!" said the man of letters. "You mute Opossum! you undecipherable

old Hieroglyphic! why didn't you behave to me like a friend, and tell me all about it?"

"All about what?" said Archie, not altogether relishing the great man's playfulness.

"About this celebrated unknown of yours—this peerless peer—this counting-house aristocrat of limited means and unlimited pedigree! Why, I'd have given anything to put the *Exterminator* a week ahead of the other papers!"

"I declare I haven't the faintest idea of what you are talking about," said Archie.

"I am talking of your Lord De Benham."

Archie looked from Mr. Washington Flack to Miss Alleyne, and from Miss Alleyne back again to Mr. Washington Flack.

"Lord De Benham!" he repeated, in blank astonishment.

"You don't mean to say that you weren't in the secret? That I, Washington F., from across the broad and briny Atlantic, am the first to tell it to you? Now, by the Nine Gods! This is delicious."

And so, in a few serio-comic sentences, the American told as much as he knew of De Benham's story, ending off with:—

"There, you down-trodden Helot of a bloated aristocracy! there's the history of the coronetted viper you've been warming in your unconscious bosom! Good night."

Whereupon, with a wave of the hand, Mr. Washington Flack went his way, to tell the same story, with all kinds of variations, at three more evening parties, and a club-supper in Covent Garden, before going home to bed.

"Can this be true?" said Mr. Alleyne.

"I don't know—it may be," stammered Archie.

And again he looked at Miss Alleyne; but she turned her face away, and was silent.

At that moment came up two gentlemen, friends of her father; friends also of Mr. Hardwicke; who, knowing the house and its ways, carried Mr. Alleyne off to see certain Stanfields and Danbys in the down-stairs rooms; and then, for some minutes, Miss Alleyne and Archie were left alone.

"Mr. Blyth," she said, tremulously, "is he here?"

"Temple?—certainly. He has been dining here—he and Captain Hay; and no end of swells invited to meet them. You didn't know that?"

"I—I did not know it," she faltered.

Archie saw her colour come and go, and his heart filled with compassion.

"He is certain to be in the farthest room," he said, dropping his voice; "and he is not

likely to get out of it before supper. You needn't see him at all unless you choose: and he's sure not to see you if you don't go beyond the middle room. I beg your pardon. Perhaps I have no business to say this."

Miss Alleyne looked at him gratefully, and forced a smile.

"Thank you," she said; "I will stay here."

Then, after a few moments, she added:—

"I should like to see Miss Hardwicke."

"My cousin Claudia? Oh, certainly. I will introduce you."

"I don't wish to be introduced. I only want to see her—to look at her. I hear she is very beautiful."

"She is very beautiful," replied Archie; "there is no mistake about that."

And then he hesitated. Miss Alleyne divined the cause of his hesitation.

"We might go just near enough to see through," she suggested.

So they made their way across the middle room, and as far as the entrance to the third drawing-room, where they stood back behind a crowd of people. And there, not far from the piano, they saw De Benham and Miss Hardwicke. It chanced to be during the moment of their brief conversation. Miss Hardwicke was just expressing her regret, and De Benham was assuring her that such regret was unnecessary.

"There she is," said Archie; "the lady in violet velvet."

The colour rushed in a crimson tide to Miss Alleyne's face, and then ebbed suddenly, leaving her paler than before.

Presently, Miss Hardwicke made her offer of the flowers, and made it with a smile. They saw the smile, and they saw the bow with which De Benham replied.

"By Jove!" said Archie. "She's not often so gracious as that."

Then the violinist began to play, and De Benham moved aside, to give place to some ladies. Miss Alleyne shrunk back trembling.

"Let us go, Mr. Blyth," she said. "He is looking this way—pray let us go!"

Archie gave her his arm to the outer room, and placed her in a chair near the door.

"Ought you not to go home?" he asked, seeing her pale and shivering.

"Not yet. We have only just come."

"But you are ill!"

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "Not ill, only tired . . . besides, papa has not yet seen Mr. Hardwicke . . ."

And then her voice broke, and Archie could see that her eyes filled with sudden

tears. He clenched his teeth, and ground his heel into Mr. Hardwicke's velvet-pile carpet.

"By heaven!" he growled, "it is too bad. It makes one hate him."

"Mr. Blyth, I will not let you say that of your friend."

"Why should I not say it, when it is true? It is the most heartless . . ."

Miss Alleyne laid her hand on Archie's sleeve.

"Hush!" she said. "I will not hear a word against him. I understand it all now. Many things are clear to me to-night which were not clear before. He has other ends, other duties . . . it is far better as it is."

"But a mere selfish . . ."

"Dear Mr. Blyth, if I do not blame him, why should you? Believe me, I would not have it otherwise if I could. And now, if you please, we will not speak of this subject again."

Archie drew back, silenced; but as soon as the artist rejoined them, repeated his suggestion that Miss Alleyne should go home.

"But, my dear child," said her father impatiently, "you look quite well. You were quite well when we started."

"And I shall be quite well now, papa, if I keep away from those hot rooms beyond," replied Miss Alleyne. "It is Mr. Blyth who insists that I am ill."

"Then, my love, let Mr. Blyth take you down to one of the lower rooms—to the library, for instance, where it is delightfully cool and quiet. You will be quite alone there; and can take a book, till I am ready to fetch you away."

To this proposal Miss Alleyne replied that she should like it above all things; so Archie, who was sufficiently at home in his cousin's house, took her down to the library, wheeled an easy chair to the fire, and fetched her a cup of hot coffee from the tea-room.

"And now, Miss Alleyne," said he, "I suppose I must not stop here—so I will go home."

"But you have not even been through the rooms," she said in some surprise.

"I've had enough of it; and—and, to tell you the truth, I don't care to meet De Benham to-night. They say he's a lord, you know; and I'm not used to lords. Perhaps I shouldn't know how to be quite civil enough. Good night, Miss Alleyne."

"Good night, Mr. Blyth; but—there is one thing you must promise me."

"What is that?"

"That you will not quarrel with your friend."

Archie laughed, and shook his head.

"Oh, no!" he said; "I will not quarrel with him."

"Nor be unkind to him—nor avoid him."

Archie paused.

"I am sure I can promise not to be unkind," he said; "but I think it likely that De Benham and I will see less of each other for the future. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. Now that his secret is known, he must assume his place in society; and the difference in rank will separate us, if nothing else does. I own I am feeling angry with him at this moment; but that has nothing to do with it. He is as much lost to me now, Miss Alleyne, as he is lost to you."

"I hope not," said Miss Alleyne. "With all my heart, I hope not."

Then Archie once more wished her good night, and they shook hands.

"May I call to-morrow," he said, "to ask if you are better?"

"By all means, if you are in our neighbourhood, and have nothing better to do. But I am quite well now."

Whereupon Archie protested that he should call all the same, and so took his leave.

It had been a foggy day and evening, and when he got out into the hall, he found that the fog had turned to rain. The avenue, however, was full of carriages, and the guests were still arriving; so that he had to go some way along the inner-circle road before finding an empty Hansom. Having found it, he paused for a moment with his foot on the step, and looked back towards the lighted windows of Strathellan House.

"By Jove!" said he to himself, as he jumped in and pulled down the glasses, "what man in his senses would throw over such a sweet little girl as that? And she called me 'dear Mr. Blyth!' 'Dear Mr. Blyth!'—suppose it had been 'dear Archie!'"

CHAPTER LI.—A BUSINESS INTERVIEW.

IF Temple De Benham's brain had been less busy and his mood less restless, during this first fortnight of his return to England, it is possible that he would sooner have recovered his looks and his strength. But he would not, or could not, dismiss from his mind those projects and anxieties which had now become as the life of his life—which impaired his sleep by night, dogged him like his shadow by day, and constantly impelled him to overtask his physical powers. Only himself knew how persistently he did overtask those powers—how, while poring over accounts, writing letters, and going to and fro about the City, he was all the time en-

gaged, either latently or actively, in a mesh of speculation regarding his own personal affairs—how he was always pursuing two distinct trains of thought; living earnestly in the present, yet projecting himself no less earnestly into the future; weighing probabilities, balancing risks, forecasting issues. These were facts of mental labour known only to himself.

But they were facts that told upon him heavily in many ways—that kept his pulse feeble, and his hand tremulous, and his eye unnaturally bright—that filled his mother's heart with apprehension, and caused even Captain Frank Hay to shake his head and look doubtful when any talk arose of the next expedition of the *Stormy Petrel*.

"If, as you say, the young man is really a lord, it ain't in reason that he'll go out again, sir," said Mr. Timothy Knott, discussing this point with his employer the morning of the day after the party.

"That will be for himself to decide," replied Mr. Hardwicke thoughtfully; his eyes fixed upon a letter that lay open on his desk.

"It's my opinion that a man is bound to keep in his own station," said the head clerk. "A lord is a lord—a supercargo is a supercargo."

"He is the best supercargo I ever had in my employment," said Mr. Hardwicke.

"But it ain't becoming in him to fill the situation," urged Mr. Timothy Knott. "I might as well clap on a star and a blue ribbon, and push my way into the House of Lords!"

Mr. Hardwicke shook his head gravely.

"Becoming or unbecoming," said he, "there are few things I should regret so much as the loss of his services. He is to be here, however, at eleven, and then, I suppose, the matter will be decided. By the way, Mr. Knott, let there be no staring or whispering in the office when he comes through."

"Staring or whispering!" echoed the head clerk. "Bless me, sir, how am I to prevent it? The young men will stare and whisper, if they choose."

"And let him be shown in without announcing him by name. It will be less awkward, under the circumstances."

Mr. Knott retired, muttering; and Mr. Hardwicke, having glanced at his watch, went on with the examination of his morning letters. Of these, a goodly pile was lying beside his desk. Some he dismissed with a glance—some he read through twice over—some he flung into the waste-paper basket—some he carefully selected and put aside for future reference. But that particular letter which was before him during his conversation

with the managing clerk, he placed under a paper-weight, apart from the rest.

At eleven, true to the clock as a man of business should be, De Benham was shown in.

Mr. Hardwicke received him with a curious mixture of *empressement* and embarrassment, and placed a chair for him near the fire. De Benham, shivering, stretched his hands towards the flame; and Mr. Hardwicke saw that he looked pale, and that his hands were thin and transparent.

"It is a bitter morning, my lord," he said.

"Bitter, indeed," replied De Benham.

"But we are in December, now; and winter should be wintry."

"Just so," said De Benham, dreamily.

And there the conversation dropped. Mr. Hardwicke coughed; fidgetted; stirred the fire; knew not what to say next. Presently, De Benham looked up.

"There is one point, Mr. Hardwicke," he said, "upon which we had better understand each other at once. After what took place last evening at your house, there will, of course, be occasions when I must take my father's title and do my best to sustain it worthily. But here I am plain Temple De Benham—your supercargo—at your disposal, and subject to your commands."

"Then your lordship proposes to go on . . ."

"To go on with the career I have chosen? Undoubtedly."

"And to venture out again with the *Stormy Petrel*?"

"Probably. But it is upon that subject that I have come here to consult you to-day."

"It is the one subject I am myself most anxious to discuss," replied the merchant, taking from under the paper-weight the letter he had previously laid aside. "Do me the favour to read this, my lord. It is from my agent in Liverpool. He tells me that the *Stormy Petrel* will be ready to put to sea again in about a week."

De Benham took the letter, read, and returned it without a word. Mr. Hardwicke looked at him anxiously.

"It will, of course, be an immense satisfaction to me," said he, "if you decide to go. I should no longer have any confidence in the speculation if you were to withdraw from it."

De Benham, gnawing the ends of his moustache, as was his wont when thinking earnestly, paused before replying.

"Mr. Hardwicke," he said at length, "I will be plain with you. The one thing necessary to me above all other things is—

money. Without it, I can do nothing. With it, I can do much that is to me of the highest importance."

"Naturally—naturally," murmured Mr. Hardwicke. "A nobleman must have means to keep up his rank in society."

"I am not thinking of society," said De Benham, with a flash of scornful impatience; "nor yet of my rank. I am thinking of an honourable name to be rescued from oblivion—of a ruined home to be rebuilt—of old territorial rights to be repurchased. For these things I must have money—more than I may hope ever to earn as supercargo on board the *Stormy Petrel*."

Mr. Hardwicke smiled a doubtful smile.

"Your lordship, I think, has not hitherto had much to complain of," he said. "There are not many occupations in which sixty thousand pounds may be made in six months without employment of capital."

"True—but I am now a capitalist."

Mr. Hardwicke looked grave.

"I had hoped," he said, "for permission to offer your lordship the benefit of my experience in the matter of investments. You could not do better, for instance, than repurchase old family property—or worse than embark your first gains in any kind of hazardous speculation. For myself, I have always regarded speculation in the light of an expensive amusement; and speculation in earnest as simple insanity. When, for example, I embarked in our late enterprise, I was prepared to lose fifty thousand pounds. But had that sum constituted the whole, or nearly the whole of my capital, I would as soon have gone through the Bankruptcy Court as risk it in the *Stormy Petrel*. But I beg your pardon, my lord. I am offering unsolicited advice."

"You speak like a friend, Mr. Hardwicke, and I am grateful to you."

"At all events, I speak candidly."

"So candidly, that I will be equally candid with you. It is my present intention to buy up, if possible, so much of the Benhampton estate as comprised originally the home farm, the park, the church, and the castle ruins. I hope I may strike this bargain for about fifteen thousand pounds. Having tied up so much of my capital, I think I am justified in speculating with the rest."

"I would earnestly recommend your lordship to consider the matter very fully first," said the merchant.

"Good heavens! what else have I been doing but considering it, day and night, for months past?" exclaimed De Benham, get-

ting up impatiently, and walking to and fro about the room.

"I think, my lord, you said you wished to consult with me on this subject," said Mr. Hardwicke. "If so, will you give me some idea of your plans?"

"I have no actual plans as yet," replied De Benham. "I have projects—which are, however, dependent on the results of my visit to Benhampton. And I have a proposal to make to you."

Mr. Hardwicke declared his readiness to listen to any proposal that "his lordship" might make; so De Benham resumed his seat and proceeded, very clearly and earnestly, and at some length, to explain his wishes. He began by reminding Mr. Hardwicke that his (De Benham's) capital was as yet but partially realised. Of the two last cargoes of cotton only a small quantity had hitherto been sold; and the rest, in accordance with his own advice, was being held back till such time as there should be a still further rise in the market. Twenty thousand of his gains—perhaps more—were therefore locked up in Mr. Hardwicke's Liverpool warehouse; so that, supposing he invested £15,000 in the purchase of land, he would have only £25,000 in present money to risk in speculation. He then explained that there were two ways in which he had thought that he might possibly conduct his speculations—one way being entirely to separate his interests from those of Mr. Hardwicke; to buy, or hire, a small swift steamer (numbers of which were already being built for this very work on the Mersey and the Clyde); and go on running the blockade at his own exclusive risk and profit:—the other way being to associate himself with Mr. Hardwicke on equal terms; become a joint proprietor in the *Stormy Petrel*, and carry on the trade for their mutual benefit.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to point out the advantages or disadvantages that might result to yourself, Mr. Hardwicke," he said, "from this last arrangement. Entertaining it, you would ensure the benefit of my past experience; and your loss, in case of capture, would be diminished by one half. On the other hand, you would doubtless find no difficulty in securing the services of an able supercargo, and your gains would be double. It is for you, as a man of business, to balance the *pros* and *cons*, and make your election."

Mr. Hardwicke leaned back in his chair, half closed his eyes, and deliberated.

"When do you propose to go down to Benhampton, my lord?" he asked.

"This evening."

"You will not remain there very long?"

"I propose staying the whole of to-morrow, and returning either by a night train or by some very early train the following morning. Would you like to take till then, Mr. Hardwicke, to consider my proposal?"

"I should. And, in the meantime, I will also consider whether some less hazardous and laborious road to fortune might not be open to you."

De Benham shook his head.

"I think I have exhausted conjecture on that score," he said. "This is a golden opportunity—such a golden opportunity as none of us need hope to see again; and we must make the most of it while it lasts."

And then he rose to take his leave.

"Will you dine with us, my lord, the day of your return?" said Mr. Hardwicke. "I will take care that no one else is invited, and then we can talk these matters over in the evening."

To this invitation De Benham replied that he should be happy to do so, unless detained in Monmouthshire; in which case, however, he would telegraph to Mr. Hardwicke at Strathellan House.

"By the way, my lord," said the merchant, "I have, as you desired, opened an account for you at my banker's, and lodged on deposit in your name the sum due to you on our last division of profits. I have also placed the sum of £2,500 to your current account—as a testimonial, if you will permit me to say so, of the gratitude and admiration with which I regard your gallant conduct in the recapture of the *Stormy Petrel*."

"Mr. Hardwicke!"

"This is your pass-book," continued the other. "You will find your deposit receipt in the pocket."

"But it is impossible that I should accept this present."

"Pray do not say so; do not even call it a present. It is entirely your due—a pure matter of business on both sides."

"You are most generous," said De Benham, "but indeed I cannot take it."

"My lord, I am not generous. I am only doing what any other ship-owner would do under similar circumstances. I have laid aside £5,000 for this purpose,—half of that sum I consider should be yours; £1,500 I have presented to Captain Frank Hay; and the rest I divide between the engineer and firemen. It seemed to me that this was an equitable partition of the sum."

"And your cousin Archie, who bore his

own full share and, when I was ill, part of my share, in all the work and the danger?"

"I have not forgotten Archibald Blyth, my lord," replied the merchant somewhat stiffly. "I have raised his salary."

"Give him this money, or some share of this money which you offer me," said De Benham. "He deserves it, Mr. Hardwicke, as much as any man on board; and he could take such a gift from your hands without any of those scruples which compel me to refuse it."

"Perhaps if I were to offer my testimonial in some other form, you would regard it more favourably," said the merchant.

"No, Mr. Hardwicke, I should not. I had a direct personal interest in the cargo of the *Stormy Petrel*, and in assisting to recapture the ship I was protecting that interest as well as yours. I deserve no reward, and I will accept none."

Mr. Hardwicke bowed.

"I have no alternative but to submit to your refusal, my lord," he said, "however widely I may dissent from your premises. I hope I have not offended you."

"I should be ashamed of myself if you had."

"With regard, however, to Archibald Blyth. Would it give you the least gratification if I made him a sharer in this testimonial?"

"It would give me great gratification, Mr. Hardwicke."

"Then I will put him down for five hundred pounds."

De Benham was delighted. He would have been still better pleased had the sum been doubled; but he was delighted all the same, and said so openly and warmly.

"I wish you every success in Monmouthshire, my lord," said Mr. Hardwicke, "and shall look forward to the honour of your company at dinner on Thursday."

"Many thanks," said De Benham, already at the door.

"But I should hardly have thought you were yet strong enough to travel by the night train."

"Strong enough, Mr. Hardwicke? Oh yes! I am strong enough to go from London to Soverato again without stopping!"

And then they shook hands, and De Benham went away.

Arriving at home after a long round, some two hours later, he found the little parlour blooming with flowers like a summer garden, and on the table a basket of hot-house grapes and pines.

"Why, *Mutter!*" he exclaimed, laughing, "has Jupiter descended upon us in a shower of camellias?"

"They are from your Miss Hardwicke," said Lady De Benham.

"So I conclude. What fruit for a painter!"

"I wish she had not sent it."

"Nay—it is meant civilly."

"I know that; but . . ."

"But what?"

"I wish for neither her gifts nor her acquaintance."

"My dear mother, the flowers and fruits are here, and you cannot help taking them; but there is no reason why you should make Miss Hardwicke's acquaintance unless you choose."

"Accepting them, I am bound to call upon her," said Lady De Benham; "and how can I do that? I, who have visited no one for more than thirty years?"

"I will call for you, and leave your card."

"Oh, dear! she will then be at liberty to return the visit."

De Benham smiled.

"But, *Mutter*," he said, "Miss Hardwicke is a lady."

Lady De Benham sighed, and shook her head.

"A City madam," she said; "over-dressed—purse-proud—ostentatious. I know exactly the sort of person she is before I see her."

"No; Miss Hardwicke is none of those things. She is distant; but, I think, neither purse-proud nor ostentatious—certainly not over-dressed. Mind, I do not like her; but I am bound to say she is a lady."

"But the card, if I can find a card, should be left to-morrow; and you are going away, my son, to-night."

"Then I will go round to Paddington by the Regent's Park, and leave it this very evening."

So Lady De Benham sought, and with some difficulty found, a visiting card—yellow, antiquated, the last of its race; one of those she had in use during the first years of her married life—and Temple, without entering the gates, left it with the lodge-keeper at Strathellan House that evening, on his way to the station.

CHAPTER LII.—A HOUSE OF MOURNING.

BENHAMPTON in December, with a leaden sky over head and a bitter east wind blowing, put on its dreariest aspect for the traveller who came in the next morning tired and shivering, after a long night in the train, a comfortless breakfast in Monmouth, and a drive of twelve miles in a jolting country fly. He had not gone down to the village on the occasion of his first visit; and now,

as the driver whipped on his spiritless beast through the long, straggling street, and pulled up at a dismal little inn, called the "Three Bottles," De Benham thought he had seldom seen a more unpromising locality. He alighted, however, at the "Three Bottles;" bade the flyman take out his horse and prepare to wait some hours; and then proceeded to find his way up to the castle on foot.

The village, as he walked back through it, impressed him even more disagreeably than at first sight. The cottages were dirty and dilapidated; the road was full of ruts and pools and heaps of garbage; the two or three women whom he saw standing at their doors, and the half-dozen squalid children playing at the corners, looked sickly and sullen; and the low stone bridge which he had to cross, in order to strike up towards the castle hill, spanned a sluggish rivulet, foul and fetid as an open sewer. All this, he told himself, showed how much a great proprietor was needed in the place. Spend-thrifts and courtiers and absentees, the De Benhams of the Georgian era had, doubtless, been bad landlords, one and all; so that not even a tradition of better times would probably be found surviving among these poor folks. But there had been better times—there must have been better times—when the lord of the soil lived among and for his tenants, and was beloved and honoured by them, as a fine old English nobleman should be. It would be a grand thing, a thing worth working and living for, to bring those days back again—to pull down these miserable hovels; to build; to drain; to plant; to establish schools; to pay good wages; to make the people healthy and happy!

Dreaming thus, De Benham scaled that windy height, on the verge of which, shattered and straggling, the long line of ruined battlements lifted its grey profile to the wintry sky.

He climbed slowly, for the hill on this side was steep, and he soon became tired and out of breath. Having reached the level of the walls, he felt he could go no farther without resting; so, cold as it was, he sat down for a few moments under the lee of a projecting buttress. Decidedly, he was not as good at a hill as he would have been two months back!

All this hill-side, it was plain to see, had once been included in the park; and yonder, in the direction farthest from the village, the boundaries had evidently extended for some distance along the valley. Stately clumps of elm and beech, now leafless, were scattered

over the ground: and some three or four very ancient oaks—as old, perhaps, as Herne's oak at Windsor, or Elizabeth's oak at Hatfield—still with gnarled and knotted roots, clung painfully to the soil. The approach to the castle was on the other side, and there had once been an avenue; but of this only a few trees now remained. De Benham, while resting those few minutes, planned a new road that should wind round the base and across the slope of the hill; planted it with young trees; and saw, in his mind's eye, the red deer browsing once again in the summer shade.

Presently he rose and went round to the front, entering the castle precincts by what had once been a grand old Norman gateway. Hence his way to that side of the keep in which the family lived lay through the yard; past the stackyard, which was full of stacks; and the barns, which were fast shut and padlocked; and the sheds in which the great blue and red waggons were drawn up side by side, like boats on a sea-beach.

De Benham looked round, half expecting to see Farmer Bowstead's burly figure emerging from some of the out-buildings; but, instead of the master of the place, he saw only a few cocks and hens scratching about the gate of the stackyard, a large mastiff half asleep in his kennel, and an old man tottering towards the stables with a load of straw upon his back. Altogether there was an air of great quiet—a look almost of Sunday, about the place. Everything seemed at rest, as it were, and put away. The very dog just lifted up his nose and laid it down again—too lazy to bark at the stranger.

Wondering somewhat at the stillness, De Benham then crossed the inner quadrangle, went straight up to the smart green door, and rang the bell.

The door was opened almost immediately by a tall young woman in black, who, being asked if Mr. Bowstead was at home, drew back hastily, called some one from the parlour, and went up-stairs with her handkerchief to her eyes.

A big, hearty-looking man, also in black, then came out, bowed gravely, and said:—

"My brother is dead, sir. He was buried yesterday."

De Benham, shocked at the question he had asked, apologized for his intrusion.

"It is no intrusion, sir," replied the big man. "Will you be pleased to walk in?"

"I had no idea that I was coming to a house of mourning," said De Benham. "I ought not to come in."

"Oh, yes, sir—come in by all means. Are you from Monmouth?"

"I am from London. I came down by the night train."

The big man looked at him somewhat curiously, and preceded him into the parlour, where two more young women in deep mourning were seated by the window at some kind of black needlework.

"A gentleman from London, my dears," said the uncle.

They both rose, and curtsied. De Benham took off his hat.

"And now, sir," said the big man, "what will you take?"

De Benham protested that he needed nothing, having breakfasted at Monmouth.

"Mine," he said, hesitatingly, "is purely a business visit."

One of the Miss Bowsteads had already placed an arm-chair for him by the fire, while the other brought out wine and cake from the sideboard.

"Business or pleasure, sir, it's all one," replied he who acted as host. "You're bound to want a snap by this time. What! no more than that? Well, we dine at once."

The two girls now gathered up their work, and prepared to leave the room. The elder said something to her uncle in a low voice, as she passed his chair.

"What I have to say can be said anywhere," urged De Benham, uneasily. "Out of doors, if you will take a turn through the ruins?"

"You are not in the way here, sir. My nieces are now going up to prepare your room. What have you done with your things? Are they down at the 'Three Bottles'?"

This old-world hospitality—so free—so trustful—so biblical in its unquestioning simplicity—proffered as heartily in time of trouble as in time of joy—and proffered, moreover, before ever the stranger had told his name or mission—struck De Benham with a sort of delightful wonder. He excused himself, however, by declaring his intention of returning to London by the night train; whereupon the Miss Bowsteads retired, leaving him with their uncle.

"I ought to begin," he said, "by introducing myself. My name is De Benham."

"Not one of the old De Benhams of this place?"

"Yes—I am a descendant."

"Really, sir? Well, now, I thought there wasn't one of those old De Benhams left."

"I was down here one day the summer before last," continued the young man. "Your brother took me all over the ruins. I think

you said the late Mr. Bowstead was your brother?"

"Yes, sir. Matthew Bowstead was my elder brother. I am Mark Bowstead—at your service."

"And my object in coming a second time," De Benham went on, "was to learn whether Mr. Bowstead would be inclined to part from the property."

"To part from it?" echoed Mr. Mark. "Do you mean—to sell it?"

"Yes. To sell it."

"Humph! And the purchaser?"

"Myself."

Mr. Mark Bowstead fidgeted in his chair, and stared hard at the fire; but De Benham detected a gleam of satisfaction on his face.

"May I speak to you on this subject, regarding you as your brother's representative?" asked De Benham.

"Certainly. I *am* Matthew Bowstead's representative. I am one of his trustees and executors, and the guardian of his girls."

De Benham then proceeded to explain how, being a descendant of the old proprietary family, he had long desired to buy up the castle and adjoining lands; but that it had not hitherto been in his power to come forward with any proposal to that effect. Being now, however, in a position to offer any reasonable terms of purchase, and being, moreover, on the point of leaving England, he was anxious to learn whether such proposals were likely to meet with a favourable reception from the present owners.

Meanwhile Mr. Mark Bowstead's countenance went on brightening and expanding; and when De Benham paused for a reply, he looked up and smiled. He said at once that he would be glad to dispose of the place, if, by disposing of it, he could do better for his nieces. That they should continue to live there alone was impossible. That the land should continue to be cultivated for their benefit was difficult and undesirable. To let it was what had been proposed; but even to letting it—considering that the proprietors were three young girls, likely, perhaps, to marry and have divided interests—there were many objections. Not the least of these objections lay in the fact that he, Mr. Mark Bowstead, was himself a steel-pen manufacturer at Birmingham, wholly ignorant of agricultural matters, and incapable, so far as his own personal knowledge was concerned, of exercising any kind of general supervision over farm property. To sell the estate "right out," as he expressed it, would, in fact, be a considerable relief to his own mind, and

would also, he did not doubt, be satisfactory to the young ladies themselves. He then went on to say that he had spent the previous evening in looking through some of "poor Matthew's" books and papers; and that, although his brother seemed to have purchased the property at a moderate valuation, he had (according to certain statements left in his own handwriting) found the land in an impoverished condition. Hence large sums of money had since that time been expended upon surface-drainage, guano, and the like; all of which would have to be considered in the price paid by the next buyer.

Thus, in discussion and deliberation, the morning went by; and at one o'clock De Benham shared the plentiful hospitality of the farm-house table. The Miss Bowsteads (not even in bereavement unmindful of the good-looking stranger) appeared in their best crape and paramatta, and were not a little fluttered to find that their guest was a De Benham of the ancient De Benham line. Had they not, for their amusement and pleasure, rummaged the old coffers and dipped into the old family records, till, as their father once said, it had made "regular antiquarians" of them? And were they not as well informed about the glories, achievements, and alliances of those headless and noseless barons out yonder in Benhampton Church, as if they—Emma, Isabella, and Matilda—were not Bowsteads, but themselves De Benhams "of that ilk?" All this they knew; and profound in proportion was their reverence for the name and race.

"He says he was here a year and a half ago," said Miss Emma that night, after the visitor was gone. "I remember it well. We

never saw him; and poor dear father was so vexed that he wouldn't come in to tea."

"Yes; and father said he wasn't a bit of a gentleman!" exclaimed Bella. "But he's a most perfect gentleman—quite a Pelham; or an Ernest Maltravers!"

"It's my belief that he's heir to the title," said Matilda, the youngest of the three.

But at this the others only laughed. Matty, they said, was so romantic—Matty was always dreaming of heroes in disguise.

"Hero or no hero," said Miss Bowstead, "he looks dreadfully delicate. I'm sure he's not strong enough to be travelling again all night in the train."

Some three days later, however, there came to Benhampton Castle a square-shaped business letter, written on Bath-post paper in a clear, engrossing hand—a letter purporting to come from an eminent legal firm in the City, wherein it was set forth that, acting in the interests of their client, Lord De Benham, Messrs. Balfour and Black would have the honour to send their junior partner to Monmouth on a certain day, there to meet and confer with the solicitors and executors of the late Matthew Bowstead, Esquire, respecting the sale and purchase of such portion of the Benhampton estates as had passed into the hands of the said Matthew Bowstead, and also to inspect the title-deeds of the same.

"There now!" exclaimed Miss Matty, triumphantly, "didn't I say he was a lord?"

But the eldest Miss Bowstead only clasped her hands, and said:—

"Oh, good gracious! And to think that we had only a roast loin of pork and a pair of chickens, and not even the best dinner-service on the table!"

SHORT ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

EIGHTH INSTALMENT.

THE expression, "dumb dogs," is not a mere phrase, adopted by the Puritans of old, to describe those preachers who did not pronounce, with sufficient virulence, against some particular doctrine in theology. There are such creatures as dumb dogs, and very pleasant creatures they are. They may be seen in the prairies sitting at the doors of their houses, or rather at the holes of their burrows, or flitting from burrow to burrow to interchange visits. These dumb dogs live with their wives and families in delightful village communities.

It happened that an ordinary dog—that is, a dog who could bark, and who lived with men—met a prairie-dog with whom he had some slight acquaintance, and was telling him how much he, the ordinary dog, was respected; what good society he kept, living entirely with a superior animal called man, who walked on two legs; and how everything in his friend's house was put under his charge. The dumb dog could make no distinct reply, but wagged his tail respectfully, while listening to the self-praise of his own friend.

A fox, who happened to be passing by, stayed to listen to this conversation; and, from his stealthy way of movement, his presence had been unknown to the dogs. Now, foxes do not like the dogs that bark; and the fox was not sorry to have an opportunity of putting down this clamorous friend of man. He said to the town dog, "The noise you make, must ever prevent your living happily with other dogs, or with your wife and family; and, as for your fine friend, man, it is well known that the noisiest animals always please him most. He does not make a friend of me, the wisest of all the animals; and, in his own species, it is the public speaker, and not the wise man, to whom he gives lordship over him. He is far too foolish to know the merit that there is in a dumb dog."

The town dog made a hasty bark of farewell to his prairie friend, and returned to the city, with his tail between his legs; for he knew that the words of the fox, though spiteful, were true; and he himself had been jealous of the noisy men who seemed to have so much power over the man friend with whom he lived.

Most terrors are but spectral illusions. Only have the courage of the man who could walk up to his spectre seated in the chair before him, and sit down upon it: the horrid thing will not partake the chair with you.

The chemistry of conduct in life has not yet met with accurate expounders; and probably never will meet with them.

Vast differences of thought between the ancients and the moderns—not to the advantage of the moderns—are expressed in this one fact, that the ancients wrought ornament into, or upon, what was useful, while the moderns take great pains, and apply the choicest materials, to fashion something which, though it have the form of usefulness, is never to be used, and is purely ornamental. This idea is fully exemplified when you see a drinking vessel, or a vase, set up on a bracket, never to be removed, except for the purpose of being shown as an ornament.

Two things, which cannot be brought to perfection, unless they are learnt in youth, are music and decisiveness.

Decisions are carried by momentum. For example, it is not altogether the thing said, but the time at which it is said, that may constitute the greatest part of its potency. A suggestion of itself weighty, if uttered at the beginning of a debate, may not equal a much less weighty suggestion which is made after a long time has been spent in debating. Again, the success of any particular counsel often depends as much upon the reputation and position of the councillor, as upon the counsel given. The longer arm of the lever may make the smaller weight prevail.

There is in most minds a moment of regret and reaction immediately after a decision has been arrived at; and the arguments "on the other side" never appear so forcible as when you have just resolved, and have proclaimed your resolve, to act in contravention to them.

All the other passions condescend at times to accept the inexorable logic of facts; but jealousy looks facts straight in the face, ignores them utterly, and says that she knows a great deal better than they can tell her.

Jealousy is often so absurd that, in climates where the sun is a constant presence, you might almost expect that the jealous would seriously complain of the beloved person being always followed so closely by his or her shadow.

The benefactor always retains some affection for the person whom he has benefited. No extent of ingratitude succeeds in utterly effacing this kindly feeling on the part of the benefactor.

Now, no doubt, a Swift or a Rochefoucault would, in his cynical way, give a very unpleasant reading of this patent fact. But, in reality, it is a beautiful arrangement of Nature, or, as we ought to say, of Providence. The benefactor, just in proportion as he has done his work lovingly, has his "exceeding great reward" in an increase of lovingness; for there cannot be a doubt that it is a far happier, and, if we may say so, a more divine thing, to love than to be loved.

There are some things which it is almost impossible to over-estimate. One of these is the indifference of men to all affairs but those which touch them nearly, or which relate to things that are about to happen to them immediately. A full belief in this indifference would often prevent agonies of shame and terror. Even the murderer, in some flagrant case of murder, who imagines that the whole world is thinking of him, would be astonished to find how a small and transitory attention is given to him, so busy and preoccupied are all men about their own affairs.

To take an interest in many things, is one of the greatest of felicities. This interest may be encouraged by education, may be extended by culture; but it is a gift of nature, and one of her best gifts. "My mind is an inhabitant of many things," said the myriad-minded Lord Bacon; but there are poor peasants who may lay claim to a similar largeness and variety of mental lodgment. You will find in all classes, from the highest to the lowest, men who take an interest in things which have no relation whatever—at least no relation which they can discern—to their own welfare; while you find others, who, similarly situated, never hardly let their thoughts and their cares budge very far from their own firesides.

It is a grand thing for the English language that there is no word for "*ennui*." If the creation had been drab-coloured; if there had been no horses, dogs, water-rats, or dragon-flies; if science and art had been intuitive; if religion had been clear; if all men's condition had been equal; if men and women were always amenable to reason, and boys were always quiet—then the world might have been somewhat dull: there would then have been a justifiable word for *ennui* in all languages; at present *ennui* is simply inanity or stupidity.

There was a beautiful river; but the river was very discontented, and made even of its beauty a source of discontent.

It had a sore grievance. There was a canal which, for a long way, went almost side by side with the river, and at such a little distance from it, that, on placid evenings, when even the fluttering of winged insects makes a gentle noise of joy, the river and

the canal could hear one another speaking.

"This straight hideous thing," exclaimed the river, "why do men forsake me for it, stealing the water from me to feed its frightfulness!"

"I may be hideous," replied the canal, "and I certainly am straight; but then you see I am always of the same depth, whereas you brawl along, in a shallow way, over the stones here; while, at the further reach, you are deep enough to drown a giant. Now men, and they are not to be blamed for it, like what is of even depth and always serviceable."

The river murmured to itself something about its unrecognised beauty and merit; but did not make any distinct reply to the canal. For it could not.

Some persons, instead of making a religion for their God, are content to make a god of their religion.

Patience is even more rarely manifested in the intellect than it is in the temper.

"It amuses me," said A., "to hear you all give out your wonderful schemes of education—how science is to be combined with literature, and art be superimposed on both. I do not know how it may be in other countries; but in Great Britain the first rudiments of education are, for the most part, unknown. Show me the man who can read well, write well (I mean the mechanical part of writing), talk well, speak well, and who has good manners. I have not met with him yet. I own I have met with men who can do some one or two of these things very well; but where is the Admirable Crichton who can do them all well? Mark you, I have not said anything about ciphering well, nor about English composition.

"Wait a minute. Let me go to my desk, and I will bring you four or five letters to illustrate what I mean about the mechanical part of writing. Here they are: I have kept them together as curiosities.

"The first is from a man holding nearly the highest position that any subject in Europe can hold. I will defy you to make out even the signature of the letter, though I have given you a hint as to who the man is." (*We could not read the signature.*)

"The second is from a great official person who has dozens of letters to sign in the course of the day. The body of the letter is written by a clerk—how I pity that poor clerk if he has to decipher his chief's minutes! Can you say whose signature that is?" (*The letter was handed round, but no one could make out the signature. It was generally thought to resemble the first step of a centipede after it had crawled out from an ink-bottle.*)

"The third is from a great historian—a man whose works the world delights to read, and justly so. How I pity the poor printers who have to decipher his manuscript! I think you will make out the first sentence." (*The letter was handed round. B., who prides himself upon mastering handwriting, got through the first sentence rightly, and the second sentence. The third he said was a jungle, which he could not see his way through.*)

"The fourth letter is from an eminent peer, who takes a great interest in education. I submit it for your interpretation."

B. "I think, if I could have half an hour's time over this letter, by myself and with a magnifying glass, I could make it all out; but it is an abominable handwriting."

"The fifth letter—the most remarkable of all of them—is from a most distinguished person. He is a poet, a novelist, a statesman, a philosopher. Can you make out any of it?" (*B. made out the words "My dear," at the beginning of the letter, and several other words in the course of the letter; but was not able to give us a single sentence complete.*)

A. "There is a curious story connected with this letter. It treats of a most important subject, and embodies much of the wit and wisdom of the writer. The man to whom it was addressed called in the aid of a government clerk who was said to be very skilful in deciphering handwritings, and he gave in writing his version of it. That version seemed to be very clever and very deep. Further investigation by other persons showed that the government clerk's rendering was totally wrong. For instance, he had rendered a certain scribble as 'ideal,' when the word was in reality 'inherent.' The letter, therefore, according to the latest views of interpretation, and, as I believe, the right views, gave a new construction—also a very plausible one.

"Then came some acute fellow and said, 'The second reading of the letter is the right one, but the first evolves a very grand theory. To whom does it belong? Not to the writer of the letter, for he never intended it. Not to the government clerk, for he was

a plain practical man, who knew nothing whatever about the subject. Not to us, who have thus had a beautiful theory put before us which we could not fail to understand, but which we certainly did not invent or initiate. It is a grand metaphysical theory evolved by chance out of bad writing.'"

But, seriously speaking, what a disgrace it is to these eminent men to write in such a way! What half-educated men they are! One does not like to say anything rude to such men; but one ought to suggest to them to go to school again, or, at least, to take private lessons of some good writing-master.

A. "Well, then, how few men can talk distinctly and clearly! With how many persons, especially the young of this generation, is their talk a moan, a lisp, a mutter, a mumble, and a groan! How many times in the course of a conversation amongst English people do you hear the question, 'What did you say?'

"Then, as to reading, I put it to this intelligent company:—Do you know among your numerous friends and acquaintances ten persons who can read well? You are silent.

"Then as to public speaking, how few have attained to any proficiency in this art, which, however, is not a very difficult art! It is a thousand pities that there are not more proficient in this art; for, if there were, it would not have so exorbitant a value put upon it; and, men, who are proficient in it, would not occupy so great a position in the State as they do. The man who can do a thing well, is often the last man who can speak about it, or talk about it, well.

"Lastly, I come to the question of good manners, about which the extra twopence is to be charged at schools. For the last thirty years, with one or two remarkable exceptions, the most distinguished men in politics and in public life have been deficient in winning manners. Though most agreeable men when you come to know them in private life, when you come to know them "at home" (as we used to say at school), they have manifested a shyness, an awkwardness, a reserve, an abruptness of demeanour, or a sphynx-like impenetrability, which has often separated them from those who would have been their most devoted friends.

"Have you ever seen an owl kept in a cage? How it abhors the light? how it shuffles into the most remote corner of its cage? Its ways of going on have often put me in mind of theirs.

"And now, have I not shown you that, before you make such a bother about art, science, and literature, you had better see

that the first rudiments of education should be more attended to, and made more account of, than they are at present in Great Britain.

"Think what an accomplished man he would be, who could read well, hand-write well, talk well, speak well, and who should have good manners."

It is well meant, but it is probably a cruel thing of parents to discourage vanity in their children; for, after all, what comfort can there be in life equal to vanity? Vanity is the only thing which keeps most men's tempers tolerably sweet.

Moreover, vanity is of such a versatile

nature that it will accommodate itself to all ages, fortunes, and circumstances. Hope grows old; aspirations become middle-aged; and even strong affections fade away. But vanity knows none of these foolish changes, and remains as unwrinkled as the sea. It is like the insect which always takes the colour of the leaf it feeds upon, and always finds a leaf to feed upon.

There are direct opposites to almost every affection of the mind but vanity. For hope, there is despair; for joy, sorrow; for pleasure, pain; but there is no direct opposite in language to vanity. In fact we refuse to contemplate the possibility of there being a man so miserable as to possess the opposite quality to vanity.

CARMINA NUPTIALIA.

PART II.

ARGUING IN A CIRCLE.

*'When first my true Love crowned me with her smile,
Methought all Heaven encircled me the while!
When first my true Love to mine arms was given,
Methought that I encircled all of Heaven.'*

LEAVE-TAKING.

When the wings are feathered,
The birds forsake their nest;
So the Bride will leave her Home
Leaning to her Lover's breast.
The tear was in her eye,
But the soul was smiling through,
Brimful of sunshine
As a drop of summer dew.

AS THEY PASSED.

Within Love's chariot, side by side,
Sweetness and Strength did never ride
More perfectly personified:
One of the dearest Angels out
Of Heaven, the Bride was, beyond doubt;
And his a Manhood fit to be
The mortal Mansion of some deity.
All eyes, like jewels, on them hung,
Glowing with precious life;
As at her Husband's side she clung,
The nestled, new-made Wife.
Glad were they in the happiness they gave,
But in their own proud pleasure they were grave.

EVOË.

In the presence of Spring, *our* beautiful Spring,
Bliethe bird of the Bosom! the heart will sing.
A Spirit of Joy in the oldest breast
Is stirring, and making it young as the rest:
Wakes a new life to leap in each limb,
And laugh out of eyes that were wintry and dim;
So the old Wine stirs in his winter gloom,
And wants to waken, and climb, and bloom,
As he used to do in the world outside,
When grapes grew big in their purple of pride.

He would laugh in the light, he would flush in the foam;

In a care-drowning wave he would rosily roam;
For his blood is so mellow, so merry, so warm,
Into spirit of joy it would fain transform,
And in human life keep holiday—
Rioting ruddily, ripple and play;
Break on the brain in a luminous spray,
Tinting with heaven our earthly clay;
In a fiery chariot mount on its way,
With spirit-company, lordly and gay,
And pass like a soul that is lost in day.
So the Spirit of Joy in the oldest breast
Is stirring, and making it young as the rest;
Wakes a new life to leap in each limb,
And laugh out of eyes that were wintry and dim;
Bliethe bird of the bosom! the heart will sing
In the presence of Spring, *our* beautiful Spring.

A FACT THAT FLOWERS DOUBLE.

English John Talbot, Shakspeare's terribly brave
Great Fighter, lay in his forgotten grave.
It was but yesterday they found his dust,
The sheath of that old Sword all gone to rust
In English earth; his burial-place recover
In lands owned by a certain Lordly Lover.
And, lo! a Rose hath sprung from out his tomb,
And climbed about this Lover's life to bloom:
A peerless flower of the old Hero's stock—
The tenderest gush from that heroic rock.
Not oft doth Fate vouchsafe so plain a sign,
Prefiguring the lives that are to twine.
All sweetness to this wedded life be given;
Its root so deep in earth, its perfect flower in heaven.

A WAYSIDE WHISPER.

*'Seven years I served for you,
To Love, our lord of life,
Ere he made me a Master
And I won you for my wife,—
So faithfully, so fondly,
Through a world of doubts and fears,
Seven long years, Beloved!
Seven long years.'*

*'Seven years you beacons me,
My leading, crowning star,
To climb the Mount of Manhood,
And you drew me from afar:
You made my grey hours golden,
You glittered through my tears,
Seven long years, Beloved!
Seven long years.*

*'Sometimes you shined so near me—
Far as we dwelt apart—
I hardly sought you with my arms,
You were so safe at heart!
Sometimes you dwined so distant,
I bowed with solemn fears;
Seven long years, Beloved!
Seven long years.*

*'I built my Arch of Triumph
For you to ride through;
I kept my lamps all lighted
That the warring winds out-blew:
I worked and I waited,
And I fought down my fears,
Seven long years, Beloved!
Seven long years.*

*'Now the perils are all over,
And the pains all past,
My Fortune's wheel full-circle comes
In your dear eyes at last!
For such a prize the winning
Most brief and poor appears,
Yet, 'twas seven long years, Beloved!
Seven long years.*

THE WELCOME HOME.

Warm is the Welcome! 'tis our way to grasp
The hand in love or greeting till it ache;
But, to a tender heart our love doth take
The happy pair it doth so proudly clasp.

And very tender in its love To-day
Is every heart toucht with a thought of Him,
Low-lying in the Cypress-shadow dim,
From which we come to waft you on your way,

And the still face, that looks from Ashridge towers
With smile more regnant in its touching ruth,
And sad hoar-frost upon the dews of youth,
And Widow's weeds to mix with bridal-flowers.

Through Him we lost, we have more love to give.
As some fond Mother yearningly hath breathed
Her life out in the new life she bequeathed,
Our dearest died that this great love might live.

These darling Violets, eloquently mute,
Are rich in sadder bloom and sweeter breath,
And that pathetic sanctity of death,
Because our buried joy was at their root.

These Roses blush with a more vital glow
Of crimson—like pale buds, whose tips are red
As tho' the flower's heart, in breaking, bled—
Because of looks so lately wan with woe.

These are our Jewels! tears that purged our sight
Like Euphrasy; they lay above the Dead
All drear and dim; but the sad drops we shed
Now live with precious lustrous in Your light!

The love that darkly wept at heart hath risen
Transfigured. Lo! its sunburst in each face!
As Earth, with all her flowers, smiles embrace
To Spring, rejoicing from her wintry prison.

These Voices, mounting merry as Larks up-spring,
But now were praying on the low, cold sod:
The night is past—they soar in praise to God;
They make the old English greeting rarely ring.

We lean and look to You, thinking of Him.
Warm welcome for the sake of One that's gone;
Warm welcome for your own! Pass on, pass on;
We wave our hands, and shout till sight grows dim:

And, ere the shouts cease ringing in your ears,
We drink a health—all standing—drink to you,
While in our eyes the tears are standing too:
Old tears, that wanted to be wept for years:

But keep a holy hush 'mid all the noise,
To match the silent music your hearts make:
Pass on into your faery heaven, and take
Our gentlest blessing on your wedded joys.

The Dawn *will* rise, tho' golden days be set;
The birds sing merrily, in spite of Death:
Young hearts will love while lasts this human
breath;
Rainbows bridge Earth and Heaven for eyes tear-
wet.

Pass *gaily* on in glory through the gate
Of your new life, beneath this Bridal Dawn;
And when from future days the veil is drawn,
All happy fortunes for you lie in wait!

And, looking on your bliss, with proudest flush
May the dear Mother's face be glorified.
We, now the sound hath ceased, will stand out-
side
Your Portals—all hearts praying 'mid the hush.

THE BONNY BRIDELAND FLOWER.

In the Brideland sleeping,
Nestled Beauty's Flower;
Came the Lover peeping
Into her green bower;
On her face hung tender
As a drop of dew;
With her virgin splendour
Thrilling through and through.

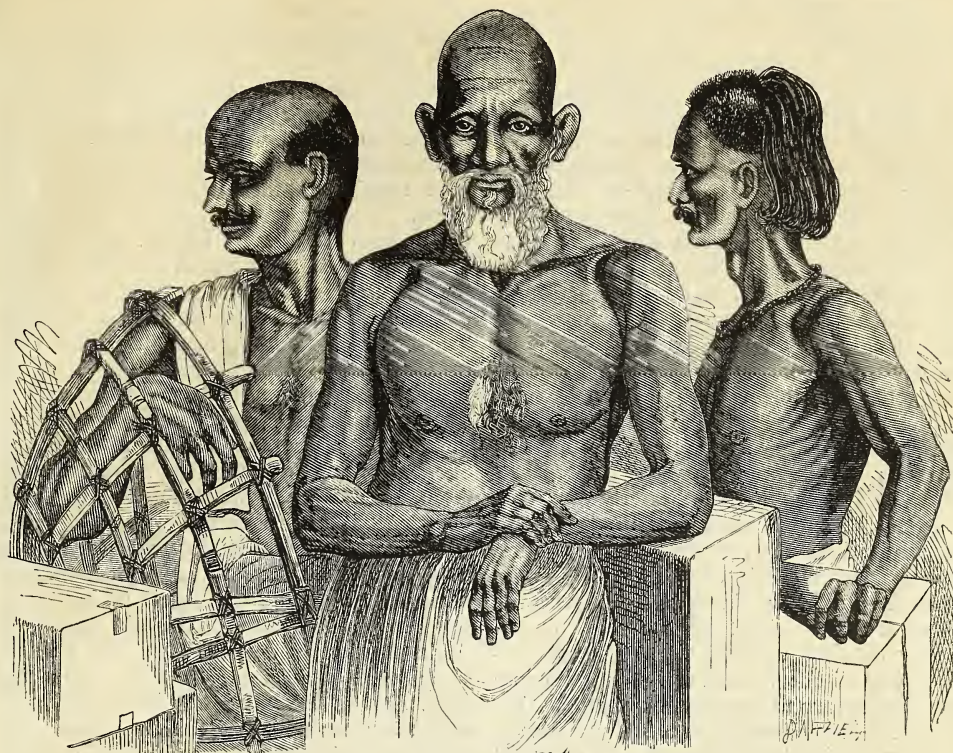
Now, the shy, sweet maiden
Softly droops her head;
All her heart is laden
With his coming tread!
Now, the new dawn breaketh
In a blush of bliss;
The Beloved waketh
At her Troth-love's kiss.

In our dull grey weather
We have seen her bloom;
Fain as Exiles gather
Round some flower from Home
Seen the face that never
Fades away, but gleams,
With its still smile, ever
Though the land of Dreams.

Fair befall the bonny,
Bonny Brideland flower!
All things dear and sunny
Bless her bridal bower!
Truest love e'er given
Feed her new life-root;
And, thou God in heaven,
Crown the flower with fruit.



"CARMINA NUPTIALIA."



Coolies.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

IX.—CALCUTTA.

THE boom of a gun from the offing of Madras informed us that the steamer from Ceylon *en route* for Calcutta had anchored. We had therefore to prepare for embarking. With much gratitude and regret, I parted from my good host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Scott. My co-deputy Dr. Watson had been the guest of our excellent chaplain, Mr. Liston, who had been our constant companion during our sojourn. After bidding many farewells, Mr. Liston and our missionary, Mr. Thomson, together with Jacob David and others, accompanied us to the steamer. On our way thither, we passed our beautiful mission buildings, their verandahs echoing to the roar of the ceaseless surf, and we looked with profoundest interest at the scene of our Christian work, which henceforth would be to us a constant memory. We passed down the long wooden pier which juts out into the restless ocean, where there is neither promontory nor island to form a harbour.

On the shore, high and dry, lay the Mas-sowlah boats and catamarans. This is the only rest they enjoy. There is no repose for them at sea, as they never anchor, but keep on plunging through the breakers. Indeed there is little rest for the ships either, even when they lie at anchor. They rock to and fro with ceaseless motion; for no dead calm ever visits this uneasy roadstead.

We were soon once more on the deck of a Peninsular and Oriental steamer, and met a good countryman in the captain of the *Mongolia*. Our berth, six feet by six, was intended to accommodate all our necessary luggage, as well as ourselves, and made us again wonder how so much space is required at home, and so little at sea, to form a sleeping apartment. "The fresh air makes the whole difference," say sanitary worshippers of the elements. But why should not this universal commodity of air be obtained on shore as well as at sea? Windows are as easily opened as ports, and do not require

to have dead-lights screwed over them in a strong breeze.

There was a large party on board; and among others we found, to our delight, one of the most distinguished civilians in India, Sir Richard Temple, to whom we had been introduced at Lord Napier's. Another passenger who much interested us was the widow of Sir John Franklin. Though seventy years of age, this was her third voyage to the East during the latter and sadder years of her life. She had visited China, Japan, and India, in former voyages, having found the climates highly restorative; and, no doubt, unconsciously to herself, the very movement and change of scene must have helped to relieve her mind, which had suffered so much during her terrible anxieties. She was accompanied by her niece, and seldom—if I may take the liberty of saying so—have I had the pleasure of meeting with ladies who impressed me more by their rare intelligence and high character. We were gratified by Lady Franklin's kindness in telling us much about her husband, confirmatory of what we all know of the character of one of the bravest and best men who ever did honour to the flag of England. We had not the happiness of meeting these friends again in India; but we heard that they had seen all the "sights" in Calcutta, even climbing to the top of the Ochterlonie Monument, (from which my all too solid flesh shrank back!); and that they had travelled up the valley of the Ganges, returning by the Indus to Bombay. Here were pluck and energy which might put young and timid travellers to shame! We were also glad to find on board ship our friends Dr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, who were going to Calcutta in connection with Dr. Duff's mission. Dr. Mitchell had been long a successful and distinguished missionary in Bombay, and was full of information on the subject which most deeply interested us. In Sir Richard we had an inexhaustible mine of wealth on all that pertained to India. He was most communicative, and the time seemed short in his society. Our acquaintance with him was renewed and continued in Calcutta, to my great advantage, and forms now one of my most gratifying reminiscences of India.

We left Madras on Friday afternoon, and on Monday morning were in the muddy estuary of the Hoogly. Not a breeze all this time had ruffled the surface of the sea. We steamed on through glassy gleaming waves. Soon the pilot brig was picked up. These brigs are manned by a goodly number of

pilots, who receive large wages as they advance in the service. Most of them are high class men, of excellent manners and superior education. It is wonderful what these little brigs come through. They encounter all sorts of weather, from the gales of the monsoons to the cyclone which makes men tremble in their strongest houses on shore. They brave the heaviest seas which roll in from the Bay of Bengal, tossing their heads in fury as their march is obstructed by the sandbanks and waters of the Ganges. Yet when great ships go down, and are "never heard of more," these brigs hold their own, and are ready to send pilots off to board any ship when it is possible for men to do so. With us there was fortunately no difficulty. We anchored in the afternoon off Saugor lighthouse to wait the morning's tide. At nine next morning we steamed up the river, between flat banks, dotted with palm trees, and low huts. My thoughts, strange to say, were not about India itself, but wandered into dreams of the thousands of my countrymen who had gone up this old stream, to begin their work in Hindostan, with honour, glory, and riches full in their eye; and alas! also of the much diminished number who had returned along the same path, with the homes of England and the hills of Scotland, health and old friends before them, and yet the grandest, though perhaps the saddest, memories of their lives behind them!

We reached our moorings about sunset, amid a forest of ships' masts, and black funnels; with crowds of smaller craft, by which we were speedily surrounded. Then amidst a crush of passengers—servants with luggage struggling to get on shore, and streams of people with sun-topees struggling to get on board—steam screeching, boatmen roaring, passengers shouting and luggage whirling about, we found our hands grasped by friends who had come to welcome and receive us, and somehow or other we got on shore, and found ourselves in Calcutta.

Soon after landing I was in the hospitable home of my old friend Mr. Craik, the son of an older friend still. Once more, though for a short time only, I was parted from my "better half," Dr. Watson, who "put up" at the house of Dr. Ogilvie, the principal of our mission college.

In driving through the streets for the first time with my host and hostess, the impression made upon me was that Calcutta is in every respect worthy of being the capital of British India. No other Eastern city can be compared with it—the river making it differ in

appearance from any other city I have ever seen. Unlike Bombay and Madras too, it has, among other good streets quite European, one, old Court-house Street, so fine and wide, and with shops so brilliant, that no part of London would be ashamed of it. None of the streets are paved, however, and but for those water kelpies the "Bhesties" would be intolerable from dust. The European residences in Madras, which, so far as outward appearance goes, are a great advance upon the bungalows of the wealthy merchants of Bombay or Malabar Hill, are in turn surpassed by those of Calcutta. The Madras houses may in some cases be as stately, but they are fewer in number. Moreover, they are so scattered and isolated in their small wooded parks and gardens as to produce no general impression on the eye. But in Calcutta the splendid mansions, each within its own compound—self-contained, as we say in Scotland—form a noble line of street. The breadth of the great thoroughfares, the size and the imposing style of the residences which line them, the arrangements necessitated by the climate,—which demands air and shade, and makes necessary a garden also, with its flowers and verdure—all tends to spread the European portion of Calcutta over such extent of ground as no other capital can display. There is no packing or jostling one against another. Every house seems to say to the other, "Keep off, I am hot—let me breathe—let me have air! Besides, I am English, and wish to be as much as possible by myself, without the unnecessary intrusion of neighbours, even in a city." Yet, I must add in passing, that these palaces seemed to me to have a certain sadness and dullness about them in spite of the brilliant sunlight which steeps them in its lustre. This feeling was not occasioned by the thought, in some respects a sad one, that, like public hotels, they had often changed their inhabitants. What probably contributes most to impart this dull and dead appearance is the style of blinds on the windows, whereby those eyes of the home are darkened; although it must be admitted these green *goggles* are necessary to shut out the heat. Then there is besides the dilapidated look of the walls, which being built of *chunam*, or plaster, are full of blotches and stains, and have a weather-beaten look, occasioned in great part by the climate with its monsoon rains and summer heat, thus giving an impression of want of repair or of neatness.

But the glory of Calcutta is the *Maidan*, or Park! (See p. 696.) In shape it is a large paral-

lelogram. At one end of it stands the Government House, stately and imposing, and near it the Townhall, Treasury, and High Court. Opposite is Fort William—occupying the centre of the plain, which is a mile and a half in length—and beyond, the fine steeple of the Cathedral, piercing the sky. Along the one side is the long and noble street, or range of Chowringhee, with its princely dwellings; while parallel with and opposite to it flows what was the greatest sight to me—a noble river, such as is not to be found in any other city in so close proximity at once to the Park, the fashionable drive, and fashionable homes. And, moreover, this river is the Hoogly branch of the old Ganges.

We drove along its bank in the evening when "all the world" was sharing the same enjoyment. Carriage after carriage rolled along with their native drivers and native footmen—without shoes or stockings, cool if not comely. The Viceroy's carriage and four was among the rest, with the fitting state of outriders, and splendid-looking Sikh body-guard. These last were well mounted, with high boots and scarlet uniform, and bore lance and pennon. Native gentlemen—but never ladies—of every hue and rank, from the prince, the *rahah* or rich merchant, down to the most ordinary and common-place Oriental, rolled along in carriages and dress corresponding to their respective rank or wealth. Fine horses cantered along, some burdened by youth and beauty, others by uninteresting obesity, or by the sombre weight of old Indian experience and authority: but all contributed, as in Rotten Row during "the season," to the liveliness of the scene. I could see no gentlemen on foot; for such exercise, if taken at all, is at early morning. Flowing beside all this busy, restless stream of human life is the grand old river, itself a very embodiment of Indian life, past and present. On its banks can be seen at any hour, and near to the busiest haunts of the commercial city, dying creatures, half immersed in its sacred waters, breathing their last, and dead bodies in process of burning. But at this point, alongside the fashionable park, its broad tide has sights more agreeable. The finest ships of the commercial navy of all nations, lie here silent and motionless at their moorings; and there are no ugly wharves or uglier buildings for storing goods, to spoil the beautiful picture. The river-banks are pure as those of the upper reaches of the Thames, and the waters which lave them have nothing to offend either eye or

nostril. The East meets the West by adding to the shipping its own strange-looking picturesque craft of every kind, some acting as "lumpers" to the vessels, and others carrying produce; with many which have come from far-off inland cities, floating for months along some of the innumerable streams which, flowing originally from the great range of the Himalaya, at last find their way in a mazy network, to join the Ganges.

The minor ornaments of the Maidan are the Ochterlonie column (certainly not the *least* of these); memorial equestrian statues; and the flower garden and ornamental grounds in front of Government House. The want of trees both as to size and number is at once felt. But the cyclones which drive vessels' rigging like feathers through the air are not favourable to arboreal growth. The Park has in this respect suffered much, its banyans, palms, tamarinds, and cocoa-nut trees having been cut down in the terrible storm battle of 1864. Without wishing to depreciate the glorious river, it did seem to me that water—that Eastern god—might be turned to yet better account in the Park, if not for profit, at least for pleasure. The tanks in it have no more beauty than stupid-looking mill-dams. Why has it no *jets-d'eau*? There are none of them in Calcutta or in any other city in India. The very sight of one, flinging its spray around it, would be cooling; while it could be utilised for communicating, though possibly to only a small extent, more "glory to the grass," which is yet wonderfully green. This has been successfully accomplished on a great scale in Paris and in the Bois de Boulogne, where formerly the grass was brown and dry as dust. Nay more, why is it that water has never been made use of within Eastern European houses, or in their courts, as is done in the grand old houses in Damascus and in the marble palaces of the Mahommedan Raj in Agra and Delhi? Surely some cunning architect could construct at least one retreat, in which streams of living water might be so disposed amidst plants and flowers, as to afford a cool and beautiful spot of luxurious and healthful repose. But apart from these thoughts—inspired perhaps while writing on a day of great heat among the Highland hills at home, as well as by the remembrances of still hotter days abroad—I still think the Maidan of Calcutta worthy of this "city of palaces."

Turning now to the Indian side of Calcutta, we find that it is quite as characteristic of its Eastern inhabitants as the other is of

its Western. In our drive we passed through a long, broad thoroughfare—I forget its name, or even that of the city district in which it is situated—whose houses looked, when compared with what I had already seen, very much as the poorest and worst portion of the poorest and worst Irish village would do if transported to somewhere near Belgravia. Miserable-looking huts were huddled together, with no appearance of order. Cows, buffaloes, goats, naked children, lank and lithe natives, roved all about, giving motion and life to the scene. Between this native portion of the city and the road along which we drove there was a deep ditch, that seemed no better than an open sewer. A plank here and there crossed it, by which alone communication was kept up between the opposite sides. There are about 60,000 of such huts in the city. Yet, after all, he who remembers the low parts of our crowded cities in Europe, and the squalor, the filth, and the dens and cellars which are the abodes of poverty and crime, will cease to wonder at these homes of the natives, in a country where heat soon evaporates moisture, consumes all smells, reduces the necessity of clothing to a few rags, and the covering for a roof to a mere shelter or temporary retreat. And then it must be remembered that Calcutta, with its crowded suburbs, contains nearly a million of inhabitants, and covers an area of sixteen square miles.

The native town covers six square miles, and contains upwards of 400,000 natives, exclusive of those in the suburbs. The streets are generally narrow, and the dusty brick houses which line them have not a single picturesque feature. The bazaars would be equally uninteresting, were it not for the dense crowds who move through them. One sees at a glance that these belong to different races. They wear turbans of various shapes, sizes, and colours, giving the impression of a moving bed of tulips. The shops in the native streets have little to attract, but if one leaves his carriage, he on his part becomes an object of great attraction to the shopkeepers, who follow after him and give him the amplest information as to the variety, excellence, and cheapness of their goods. I noticed one most pleasing feature in some of these streets. This was a small stream of water conveyed in an open channel and elevated two or three feet above the roadway. It runs along the elevated platform on which many natives squat at their work or off which their small shops open. This rivulet of Ganges water has value both for soul and body. But it is a gift of yesterday,

and has not come down from "the good old time." Much is being done, I may add, and done successfully, to obtain good water and good drainage for Calcutta. This, I fear, will extinguish the poor Bheestie with his water skin on his back, who at present moistens the dusty streets with so much diligence. It was quite an ethnographical study to watch the specimens of the swarthy aboriginal races. They are as different from the Bengalees as from Europeans. Like our Irish labourers, they were excavating the trenches for the water-pipes. A German missionary, puzzled as to the best field of labour, was led to visit the Santhals through conversing with one of them here, and the result has been that 12,000 of them are now gathered into the Church, or are under Christian instruction at Nagpore!

After my first afternoon drive in Calcutta, and before night was over, I had acquired additional experience of the jackals, of whom I have before made honourable mention. Yet, such is my horror of them, that I cannot resist the temptation to devote a few more lines to them, *in memoriam*. The sun sets, as all know, with remarkable suddenness in the East. There is no twilight, but only a momentary pause, or quiver in the eye of day before it suddenly closes for the night. It is pleasant at such a time to sit out in the verandah, in the interval between sunset and dressing for an eight o'clock dinner. It is then that the jackal music begins, with which no other portion of creation can compete. In a moment, sudden as the first crash of an orchestra when the conductor gives the signal, the howl strikes the astonished ear. In this case, it was as if some demon led the choir of a thousand other demons fierce and ferocious, until in an instant, when darkness fell, the whole horizon resounded. Waa!—waa—waa! waap!—whoo—ooo!—whap—whop—waee—waa! Never on earth can there be heard anything more unearthly! Have these wretches any object? Are they in revenge let loose nightly in pursuit of some foul spirit for his destruction? Does a wild mania seize them, and are they devouring one another? Whatever is the history of this demoniac race, I feel that their wild yells can never be equalled or approached, even at a contested election in "the Isle of Saints," when it culminates with the shrieks of Irish freemen round the hustings. But these creatures—I mean the jackals—are not fierce. Nor are they ever seen in the day-time: then they retire into sewers, and dens

of the earth. It is said that they have their hole and corner levees even under the Government House! Sanitary philosophers alone rejoice in them as consumers of garbage and as unpaid scavengers.

The hour of dinner in India is generally eight o'clock, in the cool of the evening, after the labours of the day are over. This would be an excellent arrangement, were it not for the Eastern habit of rising early to enjoy the cool of the morning. But it is rather trying for a stranger who is entertained hospitably every evening, and who consequently retires late to bed, and probably feels the heat very much, even in what is provokingly called by the acclimatized "the cool and delicious season," to have what seems his first sleep broken by the card of some distinguished and kind official being handed to him about daybreak! It is no consolation at such a moment to be told that an early rise is at once delightful and necessary for health.

As to dinners in India, I may state that among the many means of securing good health, a spare rice diet did not strike me as being included. Breakfast and lunch are as substantial as in northern climes, distinguished, too, by rich curries and other equally tempting condiments, none of which are a vain show. It is alleged, indeed, that the European constitution requires to be thus "kept up;" and there must surely be some truth in it, since ladies as well as gentlemen not only assent to the doctrine, but practise it as conscientiously. And judging from their good looks and very pleasing manners the results seem to justify the wisdom as well as the agreeableness of their convictions. Yet I must repeat that the unacclimatized Western who, in ignorance or innocence, follows these bright examples of good living day by day, must make up his mind to suffer for it night by night.

Probably the first sound which greets one on waking at the dawn of day is the *kirr kirr* of the kite. These birds are protected as aide-de-camps to the grosser jackals in destroying noxious things and creatures. When the bedroom windows are opened for fresh air, one is sure to see them flying about in the still sunlit air and cloudless heaven, swooping down and wheeling round the compound and uttering their peculiar cry. Another marked object in the morning is your Oriental servant. He has, probably, been squatting at the door watching for your waking, or may not unlikely have been walking about the room on his bare feet, like a ghost, arranging your things, and so quietly as not to

attract attention. But the moment you cry "Boy!" he suddenly appears, like one of the genii in the fairy tale, and with the instantaneous responsive cry of "Sahib!"

Our first duty, after having rested for a day at Calcutta, was to present our letters and pay our respects to the Viceroy. I had the honour of making his acquaintance when he visited Scotland some years ago, so that I did not meet him as an entire stranger; but had I done so, all who know his urbanity and kindness would anticipate the nature of his reception, even for the sake of the mission which had brought us to India. We were ushered into his private waiting-room. He was alone. We were welcomed with the cordiality, nay, the affection of a friend; and this was but the beginning of a series of most considerate attentions. I like to record my recollection of these, however inadequately I can express my sense of them.

I shall never forget my first impressions of Government House. These were produced not by the fine building itself, nor by its noble public rooms, nor by the grand view of the Maidan from its semi-circular balcony, although in these respects it seemed to me a palace worthy of a British Viceroy. But what chiefly occupied my thoughts was the memory of the men who had lived here as the representatives of Britain, who here held their councils and from hence issued their commands affecting the destinies of so large a portion of the human race; and who had each carried day by day such a weight of personal responsibility and anxiety as seldom falls to any man's lot. I never before felt so proud of my country, as when I thought of all this. I have trod the gorgeous halls of almost every regal palace in Europe from Moscow to Naples, and those of the republican "White House," in Washington. But with none of these could I associate such a succession of names as those of the men who had governed India;—men high-bred and cultivated, with talents of the highest order, both as soldiers and as statesmen; with a rare personal honour such as no money could purchase, and an unselfish desire to do their duty, such as no party objects could destroy. Sir John was the last link in this long chain, which has even in this century included men like Canning, Elgin, Dalhousie, Hardinge, Ellenborough, Bentinck, Minto, and Wellesley (by whom Government House was built), all supported, too, by local governors and public officers of their own spirit and stamp of character. Among all these who lived or laboured here

during this century, there is not one whose memory should cause a blush to suffuse the cheek of a British patriot, save only from the emotions of gratitude and admiration!

Orientalism, generally speaking, is singularly tenacious of its primitive manners, social habits, and ideas. In these respects the "East" of Arabia, or Asia Minor, nearest to Europe, is more unchangeable than the farther "East" of Hindostan. The few English who have governed India have done more to bring it into harmony with Western civilisation and culture, than all Europe has done for the world south of the Mediterranean. And no part of India presents a more striking contrast between what was and what is, than Calcutta. The city itself does not date further back than the era of the battle of Plassey. The old fortified English Factory was erected on what was almost a marsh in the middle of a few straggling villages, surrounded by jungle, and given up to tigers. It had a garrison of three hundred men only. This insignificant fort, being rich in merchandise, tempted the Nawab Surajah Dowlah, who attacked it with his huge army in 1756. It was this despot who at last took it, after a splendid defence, and as every one knows, thrust one hundred and forty-six persons into a dungeon eighteen feet square, of which number only twenty-three came out alive. Then came down upon him at Plassey the sword of the avenging Clive, followed, very properly, by acquisition of territory, and soon afterwards by the building of Fort William and of Calcutta as well. Immediately behind Government House is Tank Square, and beside this is the site of the Blackhole, which was long used as a warehouse. I keenly realised the change which has taken place when I remembered how much safer the life of an Englishman is now, when travelling by day or night in any part of India, than it is in some kingdoms in Europe. This sense of change was but a few weeks ago still more forcibly impressed upon me when I gazed on the present Nawab of Bengal, the successor of Surajah Dowlah, as he paid his respects to the Prince of Wales at a levee in St. James's, along with Englishmen—his fellow-subjects.* The Blackhole tragedy was like most instances of native perfidy in its results—it hastened on a brighter day for India and its people.

During my stay in Calcutta I visited one or two of the houses of the native aristo-

* The personal allowance made by government to the Nawab and his family for "value received," amounts to upwards of £75,000 per annum.

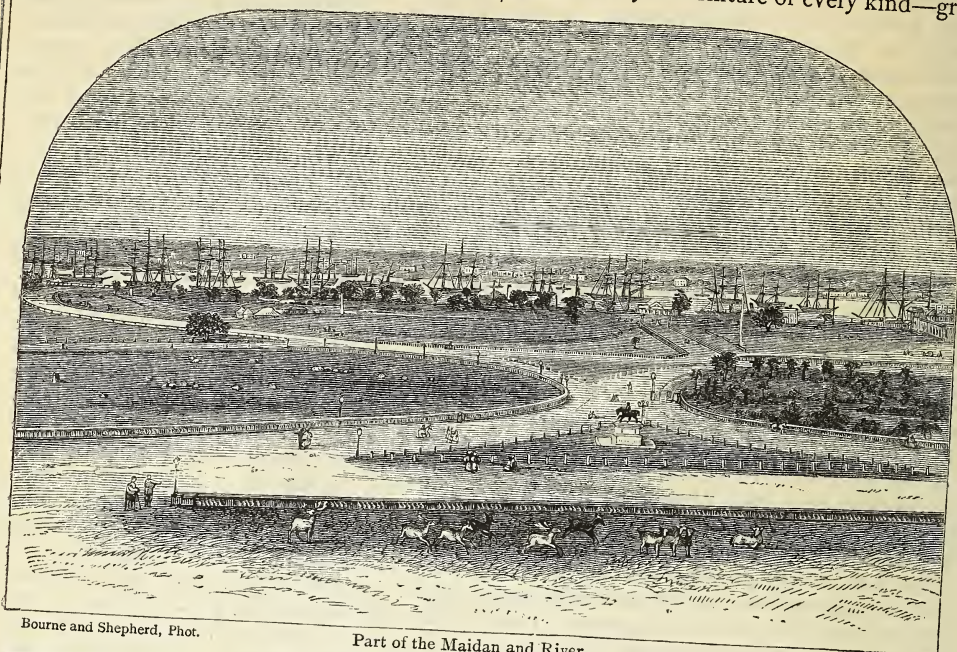
cracy; and as I am now writing about the outside aspect of things in Calcutta, we may say something of these houses in passing. One was that of a rich Zemindar. It was large, but gave me the impression of confusion, neglect, and squalor. It entered from a nasty street, and seemed built amidst rubbish, with no attempt at ornament, order, or beauty. There were not even good drains. The rooms, or cells, off its verandahs appeared unfurnished, because *native*. One room, it is true, looked more comfortable, being furnished in European style; but it was never used except as a show-room to foreigners. Sundry remains of paint, oil, or ghee, with decayed flowers, littered the floor of the verandah, telling of the pooja and religious ceremonies which the family Brahmin had been performing; for every day he has to discharge some such duties as priest. The proprietor was not at home; but his brother, bare to the waist, received us very kindly—we having gone as friends of their European physician. The “laird” himself arrived as we were departing. His loose tunic was so arranged that it disclosed the bare skin within, having been constructed for coolness rather than for elegance. I was not impressed by the residence of this possessor of £10,000 a year. In the house of another native gentleman I saw but one room comfortably and nicely furnished, and it too was for the reception of *European* guests. Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy of the rich host. At the request of my friend the physician, he also displayed the costly and beautiful family jewels, some of which ornamented his splendid hookah. He also introduced a fine-looking boy—his son and heir. The lad was dressed in tartan plaid, in token of respect for our nationality. The servants were all present as part of the household; and it was delightful to watch the eager interest they took in this exhibition—so natural and so kind—of family wealth and power. Another of the native houses—for I refrain from taking the liberty of mentioning even the names of their possessors—was on a still grander scale, and the most aristocratic I saw in India. It was a large, square-looking palace, surrounded by a considerable space of ground, high railings separating it from the street, which was in the native town. A huge bull from some part of India, chained up, was feeding in the large compound. There was a guard of native infantry at the main entrance to the house, assigned because of the high rank of its owner. Around the com-

pound was a very large and interesting collection of beasts and birds, many of them rare, and arranged as in the Zoological Gardens. Whether such a method of spending vast sums of money was prompted solely by love of natural history, or to some extent by beliefs more or less seriously held as to the affection due to animals based upon the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, I cannot say. Among the animals exhibited and preserved with much care was a huge and venerable tortoise. It had been in the possession of the family for, I think, about seventy years, having been more than three-score and ten when purchased by them! It was very curious to study that creature! Why was such long life granted to him? He seemed as stupid as a stone. Yet the whole of humanity had died at least twice since he was born! Why was he blessed with such a thick skin and thick shell over it, when such a vast portion of the sufferings of mankind and womenkind arises from their being thin skinned? Why should he have been alive when Nadhir Shah ransacked Delhi; have attained his majority when our people were choking in the Blackhole, and Clive was fighting at Plassey; have grown into sober years when Warren Hastings was first Governor-General; and have lived during every succeeding reign until now, and yet either cannot or will not tell us a word about these things, or manifest interest in anything except in eating? Yet how many noble historians have come and gone without his advantages! Why should a rich Hindoo preserve such a stolid mass of shell and selfishness? It may be from devotional feelings: a tortoise, they say, holds up the world. And truly he has all the patience and long life needful for such a work. No rough ground would trouble his skin, nor would anything pain him, or put him out, or make him nervous. What a first-rate fellow he would be to govern Ireland, if my many Irish friends will not be so thin-skinned as to be offended at my saying so!

But to return to the house itself. It was built in the form of a square, with an inner court. We were ushered into a splendid drawing-room, furnished in European fashion, and in the most costly manner. Among other pictures was one of her Majesty by the host, or rather by his eldest son, who conducted us through the apartments. It was touching to see the keen desire this native gentleman displayed to do all honour to European tastes by thus expensively furnishing those fine apartments, which neither himself nor his family ever occupied. Nor

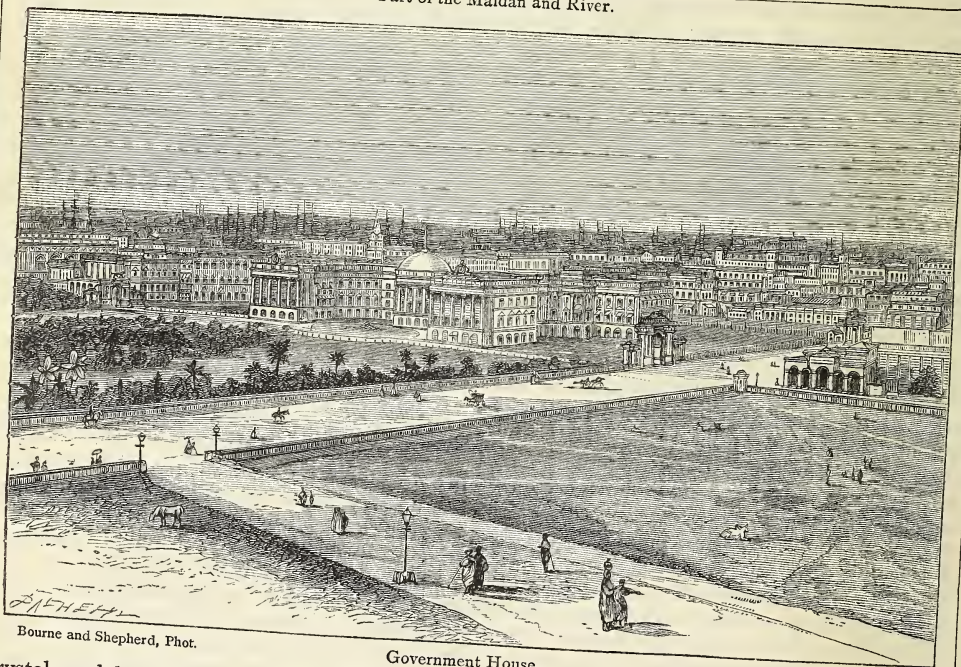
was it less touching to see his anxiety to show respect to the Queen, not only in painting her portrait himself, but in speaking

of her frequently in the most loyal manner. It was evident, however, from the unnecessary quantity of furniture of every kind—great



Bourne and Shepherd, Phot.

Part of the Maidan and River.



Bourne and Shepherd, Phot.

Government House.

crystal candelabra, bronzes, busts, timepieces, and such like—which crowded the rooms, no less than from the quality of much that was there, that the rich native gentleman's

kind heart and want of knowledge, as well as his wealth, had been taken advantage of by tradesmen. An English lady or gentleman of taste could have produced infinitely better

results with immensely less outlay. After all, however, this is a private matter with which I have nothing to do. But I never can forget the young host who was kind enough to show us his father's house. He was a high-bred gentleman, and very good looking. He spoke English perfectly, and had manners singularly elegant and pleasing—such, indeed, as are rarely to be met with in any society either at home or abroad. His father was unwell, but kindly came to greet us.

In spite of all this grandeur and show I believe that even the highest natives live in what Paddy calls a "hugger mugger" state. Such is their custom. Their private life is very simple, all their grandeur being reserved for public display only. It would astonish many a European to see the private apartments where an Eastern family of rank live, eat, and sleep, as contrasted with what the outside world is permitted on great occasions, such as Durbars, to see in other parts of their palace home!

But human life, as it exists in Calcutta, deserves a little more attention. Representatives of all the leading races and forms of religious belief in the world are to be found here. Europe is represented by Protestant churches of almost every orthodox denomination of any importance—Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, and Wesleyan Methodist, and also by those of the Greek,

Armenian, and Roman Catholic communions. The Europeans number from 11,000 to 12,000. The native population is divided chiefly between Mahomedans, who amount to 70,000 or 80,000, and Hindoos, who number 400,000. There are besides, of Indo-Europeans about 8,500; of Jews, 671; Parsees, 100; Chinese, 400; and Asiatics, 1,400.

Calcutta contains upwards of 170 heathen temples, many of which are small and unim-

portant, save as keeping alive idolatrous worship in every district of the city. One of the most influential of these temples is at Kalighat, from whence the name Calcutta probably derives its origin. We paid it a visit. Kali was the wife of Siva, the god of destruction; and she seems, from all accounts, to have been in every respect a helpmeet for such a worthless and bloody husband. It is needless to narrate the long and wildly absurd fable which tells how this Kali was piously cut in pieces; and how



Coles—The Scavengers of Calcutta.

wherever a bit of her body fell a temple was built. A portion of Kali's body descended at Kalighat, and hence the temple. These temples are chiefly shrines, like a large dim hall lighted from the door, and are intended to serve only for the habitation of the divinity. In India no public preaching or instruction of any kind is given in the temples, as is usual in mosques. The form of the head and upper part of the body

of Kali is placed in this shrine of Kalighat. A more hideous image cannot be conceived ! The black face is surmounted by long hair, and a red tongue protrudes from the hideous mouth, and descends to the chin. The body has four arms, one of which grasps a scimitar, while another holds the head of a giant by the hair. For ornaments, the figures of two dead bodies serve as ear-rings, and round the neck is a chain of skulls. To represent blood, her eyebrows are coloured with red paint, which descends in streams to her breast ! This is the representation of the deity worshipped at Kalighat !

I need not describe the forms of worship here, which are common to all heathen temples. What—to us at least—was peculiar in this temple were the sacrifices. It is certain that human sacrifices were, at no very remote period, habitually offered to Kali. There are *minute rules* as to these in the formulas of her priests. “By the sacrifice of three men she is pleased 100,000 years,” is an expression indicating the place men held in her tariff of piety. So recently as Dr. Duff’s residence in Calcutta a man was—very properly !—executed for sacrificing a human victim to Kali ; and a rajah was disinherited for doing the same thing with three British subjects ! It would be bold to affirm that such practices, common during the rule of the native dynasties, *never* occur even now, amidst the falsehood and darkness of a horrid superstition which, as a religion of fear, takes a passionate hold of its votaries. We ourselves saw several goats sacrificed. A few ceremonies were performed over them by a Brahmin, who received the head of each as a small fee. The head of the animal was inserted in a square frame made secure by a pin, and then severed at one blow by the executioner. The priest received the head, and the body was removed by the officer, to be eaten, I presume, by him and others. Those animals are thus offered every day. On great festivities oxen are killed and hundreds of goats. It was a painful scene of blood and suffering, and with no end or purpose that I could discover. I tried in vain to ascertain whether these people really had any intelligent theory of sacrifice ; whether it was intended to appease divine wrath, to express gratitude, or to purify offences ? Or whether, if the appeasing of wrath was the object, the wrath was appeased by the sufferings of the animal or by the gift of it ? Whether, again, the offering was a gift or a substitute ? or whether the offerer was purified by the offering of the gift of the animal, or merely by the physical blood ? Others may

be able to throw light on these questions, but as far as I could learn there was a dim idea only of doing that which was pleasing to the bloodthirsty goddess.

The officials connected with these temples seemed to me stolid and ignorant creatures, with a large share of grovelling superstition. They had also the aspect of being stimulated by bang. One observes no sign of reverence, unless, perhaps, on the part of the poor worshipper, who sits cross-legged before the image in silence, yet with a most stupid and inane look. Before him are arranged his small, simple offerings,—tiny saucers filled with rice, flowers, lemon water, and so on.

Kali’s temple left a most horrible impression on my mind. To those who have no faith in a living, personal God, all acts and forms of worship must appear childish—mere matters of indifference, in which the ignorant worshipper alone can have any interest. But to every one who believes in God as our Father, whose character is perfectly revealed to us in Christ, and imperfectly, although truly, reflected in the life of every good man, such foul worship as this is very shocking. To say the least, it never can in the very nature of things be pleasing to God that his only representative should be so hideous a demon as Kali. Is it by such means that men can be educated to say “Our Father which art in heaven ?” And who dares accept the terrible responsibility of withholding from brethren grovelling in such superstitions the knowledge of a common Father ? Talk of the necessity of our being ourselves agreed as to our theology before preaching to the heathen, as if Christendom could not send anything better to India than Kali ! Those Europeans who think thus have more to be ashamed of than the most ignorant heathen who ever worshipped at her shrine.

We saw one idol festival only. Not being well versed in the festival days of the Hindoo pantheon, I cannot at this moment recall the name of the distinguished god or goddess who was honoured on the occasion to which I allude. I think it was the festival of *Suruswatee*, the goddess of learning, in honour of whom every Hindoo who can read or write makes this his holiday. Every street was crowded with carriages and processions. So much, indeed, was this the case, that in one place we were brought to a stand-still for nearly half an hour. Procession followed procession, each group bearing aloft a doll-like image, with surroundings more or less gorgeous and expensive, according to the wealth or liberality of the party exhibiting. Each procession

had also its band playing their wild screeching instruments, accompanied by the hard monotonous beat of the *tom-tom*. These so-called bands of music always impressed me with an *eerie* nightmare feeling of idolatry—they sounded so determined, inharmonious, and unearthly. One procession especially arrested my attention. It consisted of about eighty persons, all dressed with tartan kilt, hose, plaid, and bonnet, in imitation of Highland soldiers. “I could hardly believe my eyes,” as astonished people say. My native guide and interpreter said he knew no other reason for this European costume having been adopted on such festal occasions, than that the impression made upon the native fancy by the Highland regiments which they had seen on parade in Calcutta was peculiarly strong, and had been increased by what they had heard of their brave deeds during the mutiny.

In connection with the processions there were also many tolerably good fireworks, their variously coloured lights blazing in the streets. The end, strange to say, of each procession was the river, into which every god was hurled with shouts of glee! We saw this ceremony in connection with two other phases in the customs and life of India. One was the burning Ghat. It is a large, handsome, lofty shed, open to the winds of heaven, in which the bodies of the dead are housed. Officials like our gravediggers do the work of selling the wood and making all arrangements for consuming the body. We saw iron machines like small locomotives,

minus the mechanism, which were intended at once to conceal, and to consume, the body, as in an oven, but they had not as yet been used. I will not describe the appearance of those funeral pyres, and the sad remnants of mortality upon them. No relations or friends were near. The body was left alone with the officials. The other was—Well, on drawing near we saw an old woman breathing her last as she lay motionless upon the wet oozy sand with which her grey hairs mingled. Her feet were in the water, and a wet cotton cloth partly concealed her emaciated form. Four women, apparently her daughters, sat round her, watching for her last breath. They sprinkled the holy water of the stream on her thin face, her glazed eyes, and silent lips. An old man, her husband, with a young man beside him, stood a few yards off, and turned away their eyes, as if in sorrow, from the place where the dying one lay. When at last neither eyelid nor lip quivered, a great cry of anguish rose from the little group to the sky—to them empty of a Father and a Redeemer. The boisterous crowd rushed along with shouts of laughter, and the wild din of pipe and drum filled the air; but these mourners found no comforter!

Those who have witnessed the peaceful death-bed of one they loved, amidst all the sanctities of Christian home, will surely thank God for their being able to share such hallowed memorials with their brothers and sisters in India, who “sorrow as those who have no hope.”

TOILING AND MOILING.

Some Account of our Working People, and How they Live.

By “GOOD WORDS” COMMISSIONER.

V.—THE BANFFSHIRE FISHERMAN.

It is August, but August six hundred miles north of London. The night before last, at half that distance north, the sun sank into the calm sea like a huge disc of glowing ruby, its level beams turning the unfoaming waters, in a long line of trembling spangles, into rich-red wine; but here, on the shores of the Moray Frith, sheep and cattle, shepherds and cowherds, are covering under any shelter they can find from the fierce blast, and the drenched wild-flowers are shivering in ague-fits; and last night every fishing-boat that ventured out had to race back into the little harbours, laden with cold hail instead of caller herring.

A keen breeze still blows strongly from the sea. As far as the eye can reach long ranks of “white horses” are galloping over the green, grey, and blue Frith. Silvery spray curves and cascades, snowy foam boils over the rough walls of the tiny fishing-harbours. The men and carts and horses down on the sodden sands, and the dark seaweed that is being forked into the carts from the dark rocks, are all flecked with creamy scum. The bold headlands that run into the Frith like Roman noses foam at the nostrils like war-horses, and then are blotted from the view by passing rain-squalls. In creeks that give no notion of refuge the sea

is churning itself into viscous cream against, and over, and between fantastically jagged needles and masses of grey-black rock, that would crunch any boat luckless enough to run foul of them, far more easily than a monkey cracks a nut. The wind catches up the scum in balls the size of humming-birds, and whirls them about very much as the perplexed grown-up gulls are wheeling. Solitary under the lee of lane-corners, in little groups upon the strand, or sitting in their boats, which pitch and roll even in the comparatively smooth water of the inner harbour, the herring-fishers are anxiously, but, for the most part, silently, speculating as to their chance of getting out within the week.

Sometimes they stoop to a little chaff.

"Ye'll nae win oot the nicht, Sandie," says one, pointing to the "white horses" that are flinging about their flying manes with fiercer joy than ever.

"Hech, man, ye're nae wise," answers Sandie. "Twull be a fine nicht the nicht."

A manly-looking race are these bearded, copper and bronze-complexioned, silently-waiting fishermen. There is a *real* look in their rough sea-clothes that suggests, from contrast, very contemptuous recollections of the *quasi*-naval (with a dash of T. P. Cooke) costumes in which fair-weather yachtsmen, and sham yachtsmen, parade themselves on shore. Salt-candied bonnets and cloth and fur caps; round "shiny" hats, with all the shine taken out of them; black and yellow sou'-westers; grey and striped night-caps; comforters as grizzled and bristly as their owners' beards; blue guernseys with dim-red initials still partially distinguishable on the breast; blue shirts, grey shirts, shirts the colour of coffee-grounds; double-breasted waistcoats and trousers of dingy blue, rust-hued, and fucus-hued cloth; trousers tucked into sea-boots, smugglers' breeches hanging over sea-boots like a pair of petticoats; tarry-fustian jackets and trousers; oilskin jackets and trousers, as stiff as boards, and oilskin waistcoats not coming much below the armpits; tarry-canvas jackets and trousers; dark trousers, particoloured in the legs with canvas like a horsebreaker's, and patched on the stern with a *pannus albus* of the same that gleams in the sunlight like a freshly-burnished door-plate: *that* is the Banffshire Fisherman's list of fashions—and whatever he wears looks picturesque, because *he* looks such a *man* to the backbone in it.

Whilst this wind lasts, however, even Banffshire fishermen must stay at home, and so, until we can get out to sea with them, let us

wander along their foaming Frith. The shore-paths wind in and out, and up and down, the treeless, grassy, limestone-faced and limestone-littered hills. Here and there they dip into a warm little hollow, with its one or two boats drawn up on the beach, and its one or two thatched or stone-roofed, grey or white fishermen's cottages, nestling in the snugger corners, with sloping potato-crofts behind; elder-bushes in blossom hanging over the rough stone walls. No sooner does the path rise out of the sunny hollow, however, than the wind catches the wanderer again, and, spreading and swelling out his clothes, drives him along as if with stu'n sails and balloon-jib set; or else it blows right down his throat until he thinks he has carried away his teeth, and begins to fear that his hair as well as his hat will be blown off his head if he does not beat up, against a breeze that pushes like a beam, for the shelter of yonder table-land of crushed road-metal stored in a craggy nook. Under such circumstances it is astonishing to see corn at all, but not at all astonishing to find that the little crofts of oats and barley that *are* seen are about a foot high, and very sparsely tinged with yellow. Still there is no lack of vegetation on these shore hills, whistling in summer with November's "angry sough;" stunted furze, with sea-bronzed wilted blossom; broom with green pods and with black; red clover, white clover; thistles galore; rusty-spined sorrel; patches of pink and purple heather, softening the harsh angles of the outcropping boulders; clusters of big bluebells, more plentiful even than separate daisies in England; great dog-daisies; dwarf hemlock; ground-ivy; creeping shoes-and-stockings; thousands of pale purple, purple and white, and purple and yellow wild pansies; and millions of the constellated heads of the golden rag-weed. Cows, herded by old men, and little boys, and girls with their frock-skirts over their heads, crop the rough grass, and tethered sheep, black and white, butt at one another for the possession of promising hillocks. A little farther inland the crops are still, for the most part, "as green as kale," but here and there rise a few yellow cocks, like small white-ants' hills, garnered between black posts covered with black fishing-nets. A little farther still, the road and the telegraph wire run between good crops of unfenced corn, potatoes, and turnips. Here is a pretty new farmhouse, with a park-like front-paddock, and a cart-lodge crammed with modern carts that are resting, like Yankees, with their legs up. Yonder is a low, closed white smithy, with

an assemblage of out-patient ploughs, harrows, cultivators, &c., of the most scientific make, clustered on its little green. Not far off, on the evening I am thinking of, I witnessed a scene of dreamy peace, although the wind was wailing, and the waves were thundering, on the other side of the bare hill that sheltered it. One of the primitive little, rough-built, woollen-factories of the district was taking its deserted evening rest. Its tiny water-force no longer turned its tiny water-wheel, but hurried, like a boy let out of school, down to a sunny-sparkling burn. On the other side of the little rustic bridge spread a dark pool, shaded with richly-drooping trees, out of whose lush foliage the silver bark of the "lady of the woods" and the coral clusters of the mountain-ash gleamed like mellow lamps; a pool absolutely unruffled, save when a rare fish leaped for food or fun. On the grassy bank of the dark pool, at the foot of a thickly-treed old orchard, stood, or rather tottered, two hoary old cottages; one of them roughly inscribed "To Let." The only visible or audible tenants of the buildings were a little girl, sitting on the stone threshold of the one to be let, and a white-haired, bare-legged toddler who was pelting half-a-dozen waddling, quacking ducks; his little nurse meanwhile exclaiming, with far more pride than reproof in her tone, "Hech, Wattie man, wad ye stane the dookies?" Close by the sea, moreover, woods and lawns encircle Duff House, with as softly luxuriant a verdure as if they sloped down to the Thames at Richmond instead of to the Doveran at Banff. The policy-trees are bearded with moss, lichen, and creepers; the hedges blush with red dog-roses; and a wild-flower-spangled hay-crop might be mown off the obliterated roofs of the lodges and outhouses. And not far from the sea the road runs through noble deer-forests, disfigured by straight, railway-cutting-like deer-drives, and raw scars of clearing, but still feasting the eye with miles of stately Scottish firs, standing shoulder to shoulder, on ridge, on hillside, and in valley; their red boles buried up to the ankle in glossy bracken and amethystine heather.

But it is time to get back to the shore. The Banffshire fishing-stations differ in size; some are quaint old towns that do not depend solely upon fishing; more are quaint old villages, to which the "take" is a matter of literally vital importance. But, in all, the fishermen's quarters are so much alike that a typical sketch may be drawn of them. Scattered singly, and gable on, upon the braes, arranged in lanes, that cross at right angles,

right down to the shore, stand the fishermen's cottages. A railway runs along part of the shore of the Moray Frith; but there are fishermen's cottages outside the single line of rails. Close by the shore stands a life-boat house. On the top of the highest brae is perched a low, white, flagstaffed coast-guard station, with a black cannon, and drying fishing-nets, and bleaching linen, upturned linen-baskets, and staggering linen-posts, upon the green outside. Most of the cottages nearest the sea obstinately refuse to peep at it even. There is not a window in the backs they have turned upon the Frith that moistens and mildews their thatch with its spray. Other roofs are of stone, and slate, and tile. Some of the cottages are of white-washed rough plaster, others are picturesquely mottled—stones red and white and grey and brown and blue and black and yellow, with, now and then, a bit of curiously-charactered "Portsoy marble," being welded into their walls with broad lines of white cement. Some of the cottages have kale-yards behind, and tiny gardens smothered with flowers in front. Scarlet geraniums and green-and-golden musk-plants bask in a good many of the windows. Sometimes a black peat-stack is piled against the white gable. Split fish and strings of herring dangle on the walls. There are a few dismantled cottages, whose roofless, dilapidated gables stand up black and jagged as decayed teeth; but, although the Banffshire fishermen's dwellings are not all as clean as they might be inside, they generally have a trim, business look outside, which is a refreshing contrast to one who has seen that melancholy jumble of dirt, damp, dilapidation, dilatoriness, and destitution, the Claddagh colony of fishermen in Galway. At the doors stand women in white hip-jackets and white nightcaps, nursing babies in white nightcaps that are comical miniatures of the maternal pattern. Other women and girls, with kilted petticoats, which disclose, in a good many instances, what Mr. Charles Reade calls "grand and powerful limbs;" and hooded with gowns and skirts and plaid shawls, out of whose covert peep, sometimes good, if rather hard, features, and almost always keen good eyes, are clustered round the roadside well or spring, carrying water from it, or trudging along with fish-creels at their backs. A bronze-faced, black-haired, classically-featured little girl, and a red-haired little girl with huge freckles running into one another and overlapping one another on her broad flat face, discover a stranger mooning about, and accost him with "If ye please,

wull ye gie me a ha'penny to buy a fush?" A "fush" seems a queer thing for those little mermaids to be in want of; and there is a dash of satire on the "pock-puddin' fule-body" in their "Thank'ee" when he complies with their request. In spite of sea-air, sea-water, sea-weed, and reiterated complaints of the badness of the fishing, there is everywhere an outcropping smell of fish. The sanded parlour of the fishermen's public, punctuated with round spittoons, and hung round with prints of Osborne, vessels in full sail, and vessels in distress, reeks of fish like an empty herring-barrel. There is the same odour in the atmosphere of the red-flagged hovel that advertises refreshments by means of a single biscuit tilted against its little window, and an announcement of "Small Beer" displayed outside—a quart bottle of the said mixture of watered vinegar and blacking being procurable for 2d. Herring-barrels are serried in the courtyards, of which a glimpse is caught under low archways of beetle-browed black buildings, and herring-barrels are stacked along the two quays of the little harbour, over whose walls the Moray Frith is boiling, or dribbling down in lanky grey corkscrew curls, and at the end of one of which a sturdy little red lighthousekin sticks up its lantern as if it thought its Eddystone congener a pretentious sham. Heaving in the harbour, drawn up high and dry upon the shingly beach, fishing-boats are clustered—grey, green, black, brown, red, and some of a "golden-syrup"-like yellow. If it were not for the B F, number something or other, painted on their bows, it would be hard to distinguish their stem from their stern when their rudders are unshipped. Some look mere gigs, and even the broad-beamed herring-boats, being undecked, do not look the most comfortable of craft to spend a stormy night at sea in. Other such boats are building in the seaside yards. There is scarcely any shop which does not minister in some way to fishermen's wants—layers of oilskins, that have to be wrenched asunder with a Milo-rending-the-oak expenditure of strength, being even stored in ladder-approached lofts over shops in which the lassies of the locality are buying muslins. Fish is King in this part of the world.

"If you want to see Banffshire fishermen, you must go to Buckie," said the courteous proprietor of the *Banffshire Journal*; "although I am afraid you will find most of them away—at Fraserburgh, and Peterhead, and Wick. There is not much chance of your getting out, if this wind lasts; but

Buckie men will be readier than most to risk their lives with you, if they think they have any chance of a take."

Accordingly for Buckie I started. The locally famous fisher-colony is in the world-beyond-gas, but it is linked on to the gas-burning world by the telegraph wire; the humming of which, Buckie bee-masters say, sadly disturbs their bees. It hummed drearily as the wintry August breeze swept over it and the fenceless fields, when I travelled to Buckie. In the little 'bus that carried me part of the way, I witnessed a touching scene of ruggedly gentle sympathy. We stopped to take up two weary fishwives waiting by the roadside. One was tall, gaunt, and weather-beaten as Meg Merrilies, although originally of a lighter complexion. She was muffled in a red-and-black shawl, and had an uncanny habit of dropping her jaw, which made her white nightcap look like a Lazarus-napkin. The other woman was shorter, darker, and plumper, and carried a white-nightcapped baby, tightly swaddled in a heather-and-black shawl, under the green-and-black shawl with which the mother was hooded. A fat, rosy-faced, merry, winsome, though strongly fish-scented lassie, was this little Mary, but her mother seemed to have no heart to respond to her little coaxing pranks and prattling; and so Meg Merrilies took the child upon her lap. Presently the mother dropped back in a fainting fit. Mary was instantly bundled on to the nearest passenger's knees without a word of apology, and Meg began to stroke her gossip's face, smooth back her hair, and croon over her with a childlike softness that was startling in a woman who looked as if she could have knocked down an ox with her gnarled knuckles. When the fainting fit had passed, the poor woman drew her shawl closer over her head, squeezed herself tighter into her corner, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. Meg still held and stroked her hand, but found a moment to glance round and explain, "Hech, sirs, she's heard that her man is lost at the Wick fushin'." And then down dropped Meg's jaw, as if it never could come up again; and during the rest of her ride she continued to stroke her friend in silence, with the most genuine expression of sympathy I ever saw on her harsh, leather-skinned features.

"Wives an' mither's, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men."

Those pathetic lines came to my mind again the first morning I spent in Buckie. I went with the Inspector of Poor to see a poor girl

identify, by the clothes, the body of her drowned father, which had been washed on shore the night before. In April last eight Lossiemouth salmon-fishers were lost, and now in August the sea had given up the last body.

The girl was not the bereaved fisherman's daughter an artist would draw from imagination. She carried a parasol, and wore craped black silk, and a chignon under her black straw hat. The bitterness of her father's death had passed, and she asked questions and answered them in a voice that was quiet, but still seemingly unmoved. This matter-of-fact way of regarding the fisherman's end made it, however, somehow, all the more pathetic to a stranger. We went into a curing-shed, half full of barrels, baskets, crans, tubs, vats, &c. At one end hung a great slate chalked with “487 boxes.” Herring-barrels were ranged on the little quay outside, above which rose the masts of herring-boats. Nightcapped crones peeped in at the door, in greedy enjoyment of the temporary excitement which the scene afforded. Larking boys peeped in also, until sent flying by an official, “What's the use o' ye?” In a dark corner stood a knot of old fishermen, hushed, but not much graver than their wont, and all with their hats on, although they stood beside a black coffin with rope handles, on the top of which lay a pair of sodden sea-boots, and a bundle of sodden woollen rags. In spite of the fresh air that blew into the shed, and of the disinfectant that was sprinkled over the rags, and dribbled by means of a bit of paper beneath the prized-up coffin-lid, it was sickening to stand in that dark corner. A kneeling policeman methodically turned over the clothes, and the daughter identified them in as business-like a manner.

“Your faither had nae waistcoat on?”

“Na.”

“Was this his shirt?”

“Ay—mither made it,” &c., &c.

When the dreary catechism had been gone through, it was strange to see the gusto with which the waiting crones received the official intimation—

“They maun hae a hearse. In fac', nae railway-station would tak' in yon corp.”

Stolidly as the Lossiemouth fisherman's coffin was regarded, a great many of the Banffshire fisherfolk are still very superstitious. “They hae married in and in, until I won'er they arena half fules,” an informant remarked to me. At any rate, they have handed down from generation to generation the not very

wisely weird beliefs which the “ever-sounding and mysterious main” is apt to breed in those who dwell upon its banks and have business on its bosom. The fisherman on the west side of the little burn that divides Buckie plume themselves, however, upon their superior intelligence, and speak with amused compassion of the superstitions which still obtain amongst their east-side brethren. No very fraternal feeling, though, exists between the west and east sidiers. Not very long ago they were forbidden to intermarry, and if an east-side man did marry a west-side girl, he was sent to Coventry for life by all his tribesmen. To this day, I was told, there are east-side men who, if any stranger asked them “Whar are ye gingin'?” would turn back without a word, and refuse to go to sea. “Are ye sure your name's no Ross?” was the cross-question put to me, *more Scotico*, when I was inquiring as to the likeliest way of getting a night's herring-fishing. “Ay, but *that'll* mak' them think of a herrin', and, maybe, they won't coont it lucky,” was the rejoinder, when I had given my right name. “Ye'd better ca' yoursel' Pritchard. Port Knockie men, if they thoct they'd got a Ross or an Anderson on board, would pitch him overboard like Jonah, an' the east-side Buckie men would do the same to a Coull.”

Owing to the system of marrying, the stock of both Christian and surnames is very limited in the Banffshire fishing-stations. The wag who wanted to get a seat in the crowded pit of a London theatre shouted into it, “Mr. Smith's house is on fire!” and instantly had a couple of hundred seats to pick from. There are analogous names which would half empty Banffshire fishing-villages, if all the owners of the names rushed out when they heard them. I saw three nearly adjoining cottages in Buckie, each tenanted by a John Cowie “Carrot”. As a consequence of this state of things, “tee-names” are largely used, not only in conversation, but also in the addresses of letters. And sometimes a long string of tee-names has to be run through before the individual wanted can be differentiated satisfactorily. “Where does Such-a-body live?” “Philk Such-a-body?” “Lang Such-a-body.” “Philk Lang Such-a-body?” “Lang Sandy Such-a-body.” “But philk Lang Sandy Such-a-body?” &c., &c.

A word before we go to sea on the religious status of the Banffshire fishermen. It may be the case that hysteria is too often characterized as the “work of the Spirit.” The patients temporarily recover from their physical disease, and, as might be expected,

show little sign of moral improvement. But in Banffshire I heard of a revival which seems to have done permanent moral good. Gardenstown, a fishing-station a few miles to the east of Macduff, was and is famous for its exceptional fishing "luck," but it used also to be famous for the exceptional quantities of whisky it consumed. Some time ago a revival took place in Gardenstown: the demand for whisky there instantly dropped to almost *nil*, and at that nearly negative register, I was told by indisputable authority, it still continues. The recent revival in Buckie was almost confined to the United Presbyterian Church. Omitting the Roman Catholics—Scotch Roman Catholics—who muster strongly in the parish, and have built its handsomest place of worship—I may rank, I was informed, Buckie's church-members in the following descending scale:—1. Free Church; 2. Established Church; 3. United Presbyterian; 4. Methodists; 5. Episcopalians.

But the wind has gone down considerably, and at last there is a chance of getting out to sea. The shrewd, straightforward, brusquely-civil little fisherman to whom I am introduced, at first objects to take me. "Such as you canna stan' what we can—ye maunna think it's pleasin'," he says. He looks as if he thought me considerably nearer the status of a rational being when I explain that it is for the sake of business, and not pleasure, that I want to go out; but still, when he does at last consent to take me, he warns me with a "Hech, weel, ye maun expect to hae your boo's shakken oot."

Muffling from observation the oilskins which have provoked the inextinguishable laughter of the maid of mine inn, I repair at the appointed time to the appointed trysting-place, but find that my skipper is already in the harbour. "The fushers are a selfish an' an eematawteeve race—if ane wins oot, a' maun win oot," I had been told in Buckie. But though I run a chance of losing my trip, I really cannot see why Buckie fishermen should be sneered at for taking Time by the forelock. Do not landsmen of all kinds hurry towards a chance of profit? Have not a good many of them, at any rate, the sense to follow what experience has proved to be a good example? My skipper's wife kindly leaves her shop and pilots me to the harbour, where she hands me over to the care of a man, who points out the *Diadem*, just getting under way. Good-tempered grins greet me as I hop on board from an inside boat; and then the business of getting out engrosses all professional attention.

Some of the boats *have* got out. One, strongly pulled by four long oars, is rising on the wave that curls in at the harbour's mouth. But there are still a score or two, poling and pulling out. On both the harbour-quays there is a crowd of women and children, with a few sulky stay-at-home men, who seem to resent the excitement which the going out of the boats occasions. Presently the women toss their hands, and rush towards the harbour-mouth, wailing wildly. Men scramble on shore from the boats, and rush along the quays, and try to force their way through the crowds of wailing women. My plucky little skipper, whom I had thought so impassive, scrambles past me as fleetly as any (though he *has* a lame leg to trail), lustily shouting, 'Get oot the oars o' *Freedom*.' "A man overboard," he finds time to explain as he hurries past me; looking half disgusted, because, quite unable to discover what all the hubbub is about, I sit still. The sea is coming down in the aforesaid lanky grey corkscrew curls over the harbour-wall; but, both in and outside of the harbour, the waves look so sunny that it is difficult for a landsman to fancy that anything disastrous has happened. And nothing disastrous *has* happened. The wails cease; the women come back, looking half-disappointed. The men tumble back into their boats. "Fause alarm," says my skipper, as he crawls back into his. "*They* screechin' wummen! If the body had been droonin', we couldna hae got at him for 'em."

The seaweed-dangling hawsers splash in the lapping water, and are hauled on board. In another ten minutes there will not be a single herring-boat left in the little harbour, which, half-an-hour ago, was full of them. Our boat reaches the harbour mouth, and the long rough oars creak and bend on the iron tholes, as eight strong arms force her nose into the outside sea. A pile of black-red nets, corked with cracked black-brown bungs, weighted with stones, and buoyed with black leather, white-lettered bladders, that look like great footballs, affords the idler a lounging place astern. "Pull away my hearties," shouts the skipper, as he shoves the rough tiller hard a-starboard, and the *Diadem* rises on the swell. After some stiff pulling, the foremast is stepped, and the rusty-black foresail (branded, like the bows, with B F 1098, and another number which Board of Trade regulations have rendered obsolete) is sheeted home. The shorter so-called "mizzen," which is to be stepped amidships, is left for the present still resting on the crutch. Boat

after boat hoists its canvas, until, wherever the eye turns, the sunny sea and sky, and the filmy hills on the other side of the Frith, are blotched with oblong rising and falling blots of rusty black.

"That's far eneuch, Sandie—grog, ho! noo," cries the skipper; and the crew come aft to loll, and smoke, and yarn, and sip a little whisky. It is the merest thimbleful that is taken by those who take any, and the skipper and the boy will not even take that. I make a feeble attempt to sketch the cluster of rough but manly, good-tempered, and not bad-looking fellows. "Pit your hair back, Peter," says one, with a grin, to the boy. "Sit up, Sandie, an' hae your portrait ta'en," says a second. "Ye'll let me hae just a sicht o' mysel'?" says a third. I explain that I am merely scratching down hints for a real artist to develop into a sketch. "He *maun* be a good artist that can mak' anythin' oot o' *your* marks," contemptuously observes the skipper, who has looked over my shoulder.

This is our ship's company. The shrewd little skipper, who has freighted two boats—worth, with sails, &c., about £120 each—for the two months' summer fishing, and who cures the takes of seven boats; an ex-ship's-carpenter, who has been in North and South America, China, and Japan; a brawny, smuggler-breeched and booted landsman, known as the Farmer; a pleasantly-smiling, gipsy-faced young fellow in a blue guernsey, famous as the Fiddler; a fustian-clad fisherman of twelve years' standing; and freckled, comfortered, merry, saltiest of the salt, Boy Peter, who is always scratching his head and grinning at somebody, and who is kind enough to look upon me as his especial charge. The men tell me that they hope to make from £15 to £18 a head by their two months' fishing. They are hired hands, but are paid according to the take, measured in crans. The cran may be roughly described as a barrel with both ends knocked out. A hundred of these crans yield, on an average, a hundred and ten barrels of cured herrings. When one of the crew is told that rumour reports Banffshire fishermen to be very pecunious personages, he answers, with a short laugh, "Rich! Ay. Plenty o' money when there's plenty o' fush; but for ane that's rich there's twa that's poor in Bookie." When another is asked whether night-work in undecked boats is not sometimes rather unpleasant, he answers, in the same laughing tone, "When there's heerin' in the nets, ye dinna feel the work. It's when ye toil a' nicht an' catch naething that it's wearifu'."

"Anything abune your neebours' tak' is coonted good fushin'," is the reply to an inquiry as to what is considered a satisfactory haul. "Saxty cran's an unco shot. We'll be well satisfied if we get thirty the nicht."

"But *we* dinna ca' oorsels Bookie fishermen," says the skipper, grinning at his grinning men. "A' oor best men are awa'. There's not half o' the Bookie boats in Bookie. It's a queer crew we hae. There's a farmer, an' there's a fiddler, an' there's a maichant o' GOOD WORDS. We'll be seein' oorsels in prent, I expec'. There's a good few readers o' GOOD WORDS in Bookie, an' if ye say aucht they dinna like, ye maun stan' by, for I'll get the credit o't, because I took ye oot."

One pipe is being handed from mouth to mouth like the tooth of the Grææ, but the Fiddler is puffing away at a metal-mounted, clouded bowl, which he maintains to be a genuine meerschaum. His comrades, in a good-tempered way, are very fond of chaffing the good-tempered Fiddler, and so *they* maintain that a better pipe can be bought in Aberdeen for a shilling, case and all. They next proceed to chaff him on his fiddle and his fiddling.

"It's a Cremona, I tell ye," he exclaims, when the price he puts upon his instrument is pooh-poohed; "an' I've seen fiddles in the papers priced at more than £50."

"I wadna gie ye fifty pence for 't," says the teasing Farmer.

"Ay, but, Jemmy," interposes the skipper, "ye wad gie fifty pence for a whup wi' a good thong to 't. Every man to his likin'. What do ye mak' by your fiddling, Fiddler-in-the-cottage-by-the-sea? Imposition's like to prosper."

"Ay, competeetion is the soul o' trade."

"*Imposition* I said, Fiddler. I didna say competeetion. Ye charge, an' ye canna play."

"Na, I never charge."

"That maks your ineequity a' the waur. Instead o' haein' a fair price, ye lay it on like the doctors whar ye think they'll bear 't."

"Weel, I hae got 10s. for a ball, an' Grant's son gets 30s. for three hoors o' play."

"Ay, man, but Grant's son gies ye music."

The imitative powers of the Buckie "dummy" are next discussed.

"A smart man needs nae teachin'," the skipper oracularly remarks. "His whole time's takken up in observation."

"It's just his hobby," one of the men adds as a rider. "There's nae head in it, ye see."

After this philosophical stricture—not very

complimentary to the member of the crew who has come on board simply to observe—silence and somnolence come down upon the speakers. Following the example of the other boats, we partly lower our sail, let the wet tiller thump at its pleasure, with monotonous thuds, against the up-and-downing stern, and light our fire of coal and chips in a battered old iron pot. The Farmer lies down and snores in the stern. The skipper and the rest of the crew sleepily crouch around the fire. A grey ribbon of smoke curls up and out from every boat we pass, or are passed by. Tillers are unshipped in some: all are steering themselves. Down go their red sides and their black sails till they are buried almost to the mast-head. Up they dap again, showing their fore-feet like plump rope-dancers; and then down they plunge into the trough of the sea once more, with a fizzling rush of snowy foam about the “boos.” From one or two a sleepy song floats over the waves, but most of the crews, like our own, are napping. By-and-by the skipper hails me: “Come along, frien’, ye’ll be nane the waur o’ a cup o’ tea.” Seated on coils of rope, baskets, canvas, and the stone ballast of the boat, we drink our tea out of basins, and munch our bread and meat and oat-cake. The ex-car-penter prefers sop, and has a pannikin full of bobbing crusts simmering on the fire, which puffs its reek impartially into the faces of all who sit round it. After tea it grows chilly, and all the crew put on watch-coats, or clothe themselves in cap-a-pie suits of oilskin. Backwards and forwards we potter, hailing every boat we pass with, “Hae ye any idee hoo far the heerin’ is?” The reply is a monotonous “Na, na.” “It’s a chance shot the nicht. Wull we dodge or try, Sandy? Nae-body kens,” says the skipper. For some time after the sun goes down we have the stars, and a patch of yellow light, in the cold heavens; but clouds creep over the sky, the wind freshens, rain begins to fall. “Wull ye licht me anither o’ your fusees, frien’, that I may see my watch?” the skipper, who is steering again, anxiously inquires from time to time. “D’ye see any fire in the water yet?” he keeps on asking the men, who are looking over the side. “When the water burns, we’ve a better chance o’ seein’ the fush,” he explains parenthetically to his passenger. “Whales an’ fools” are anxiously looked out for also, but they are very shy of showing. One gull, however, nearly knocks my hat off. “Did ye see yon beast?” asks Peter, who is politely anxious that I should see everything that there is to be seen. The Lossiemouth re-

volving-light flowers into and fades out of the darkness, now ahead, and now astern; the fire throws up a ruddy glow on the dark sail—that, and the dots of light in the other dark luggers and cutters we dance in amongst, and sometimes almost run into, looking the only cosy things on the black waters. The wind is howling now, the rain pours down, the black waters plump on board in curls of seething white. Backwards and forwards we potter drearily, but still the fish refuse to rise. At half-past eleven, however, up they come. The whilom silent boat is instantly the scene of wild excitement. “Ye’d better crawl forward, frien’, there’ll be awfu’ confusion here,” says the skipper, as the men rush about to lower the mast and prepare to shoot the net. An oar knocks me on the head, a heavy foot comes down upon my arm, another crushes my toes, but all without the slightest malice. An idler is simply ignored on board a herring-boat when the fish rise. The skipper, as he scrambles past me, however, snatches time to say, “Ye’ll hae some idee o’ our confusion noo. Ye’d hae heard stronger language aboard some boats. Are they weel up, Peter?” he breaks off.

“Hech, it’s a fine fleet,” Peter shouts back. “Thick as thick, an’ weel up.”

In the intense excitement of the crisis a look-out is no longer kept, and we almost run into a boat that is cantering across our bows. Over goes the net in reaches—the buoys making the water splash fire as they are pitched overboard. When the canvas is taken off her, the boat jolts up and down, far worse than a cart over a ploughed field; and, for the first time, I turn sick. But Peter will not allow me to curl myself up by the fire. “Crawl along,” he cries, “an’ I’ll show ye the fush swimmin’.” Over the bulwarks I see phosphorescent sparkles, and hear, or fancy I hear, a multitudinous rush, whose noise is distinguishable from the dash and splash and effervescence of the waves. Then I turn in and get a snooze; with my feet as near the fire, and my face as covered from the rain, as I can manage. The wind has gone down when Peter wakes me in the leaden-lighted morning. “Roose yoursel’ noo,” he says, as he gives me a polite kick. The net is being hauled in; “fools” flying about with disappointed cries, like the creaking of a sign-post in the wind, and “whales” ploughing through the waters with dorsal fins rising above their furrows. Two men on each quarter are hauling in the net, shaking out as many of the fish as they can before the dank reaches are repiled. A fifth looks

after the buoys as they come in from the long line that sinuates astern like a black sea-serpent. Peter is scooping up fish with a pole-net; one flops into the fireplace, and grills and wriggles, "puir beastie," with oleaginous odoriferousness into rest. The boat's floor is paved thick with "caller herrin'," sliding over one another in a beautiful jumble of silver, sheeny green, glossy blue, gold, and pink. All over the boat, single herrings shimmer on dark boards and spars and nets and sails, like elongated dew-drops trembling on black brambles. They would be *very* beautiful objects to look at, did not my cheerful friends, alas, begin their curing with saliva. "Hech, I'm glad to see the note-book oot again," says the jocose skipper. "Ye were nae sae keen a while sin'." Ahead, astern, and on both bows and quarters, the boats that heave on the unfoaming waters are as busy as our own. Some are making for port with all sail up, deep in the water. "Hech, it's the best tak' o' the season," says the skipper. "They've a' had a good shot. Isna that John Vine's boat, Sandie?—He maun hae saxty cran," the skipper sighs. The skipper, however, comforts himself when he glances round upon the prime herring in his own boat, which, at 32s. 6d. the barrel, will bring him in, when cured for the Hamburg and other Continental markets, at least, some £50.

Both masts are stepped, and up go both our sails; Peter being summoned to officiate at the rough pump, which looks like a magnified popgun. Presently the sweeps are ordered out again—Peter and the Fiddler pull at one, and Peter, I think, does the harder work. The Farmer has an oar to himself, and he pulls it most vigorously, to shame the Fiddler; but the Farmer's time is as eccentric as the Harvard's time became at stages of the race they pulled with *c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre* gallantry. Sails and sweeps notwithstanding, we get

back to, or rather off, the port we left at three p.m. at ten a.m. We have lost the tide, and have to anchor with all the rest of the fleet, through which a schooner that has come for their cured cargoes tacks restlessly. The net is once more unfolded; the fish that have stuck in it, like silver spear-heads, being very roughly dragged out, if they refuse to come for shaking. Everybody on board is spangled with herring-scales like harlequins. "There's the coffin," the men say, as they point to the mark on the herring's head, which they fancy to be coffin-shaped. "The heerin may weel droon men wi' that on 'em."

A flat-bottomed cobbler, pulled by fishermannikins, in bronzed and freckled face, and oilskin and tarpaulin dress, as like to fishermen as crabkins are to crabs, comes alongside. "Gie us a hand, frien'," says the skipper, as he holds up his legs in turn for me to pull off his oilskin breeches. "We'll ging ashore." He fees our ferryboys (who familiarly inquire "Hoo many cran hae ye, Peter?") with a handful of silver—herring; and the youngsters pull us inside the almost waterless harbour.

When I have splashed ashore, and scrambled over the ankle-wrenching stones that litter the harbour's bottom, I hear a "Hech! I was lookin' oot for ye. They'll mak' ye win oot again wi' them the nicht, if ye dinna hae a care. They're a supersteetious race, the fushers, an' it's the first lucky nicht o' the fushin'."

Pleasanter fellows than those I went out with I do not wish to meet, but I cannot honestly say that I had any desire to spend a second night with them—so soon—upon the water. When I had taken mine ease in mine inn, however, I went down to the harbour to have a yarn with my messmates before they went out again. Early in the afternoon as it was, theirs was one of the black sails already blotching the outside waters. The last boat was pulling out as I reached the harbour.



IONA.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

THIRD PAPER.

FOR 200 years from the date of the great Abbot's death, it never fell to the lot of the brethren who frequented the Little Hill of Columba's Benediction to see approaching any other sails than those which came to pay the homage of the living, or the last tribute of the dead. But at the close of that period began the visitation—terrible indeed to all the coasts of Britain—which was due to the last overflow of the northern nations. Then indeed the friendly Sea, which hitherto had brought nothing to Iona but security and peace, became the bearer of unnumbered woes. That beautiful Sound of green and gleaming water was covered with ships,—not this time laden with worshippers or with mourners, but with the grim and heathen pirates who swarmed from Scandinavian ports. In the Irish annals there is preserved a short but distinct chronicle of events connected with the monastery of Hy, carried on from year to year. For the date of A.D. 794, there is this ominous entry: "*Vastatio omnium insularum a gentilibus*" (Devastation of all the islands by the heathen). From this time forward, during a period of no less than 300 years, Iona was frequently ravaged—its churches and monasteries burned, its brethren murdered by the savage Northmen. The bones of Columba were carried to safer places—to Kells in Ireland, and to Dunkeld in Scotland. It must have been towards the close of that period that the church was rebuilt by Margaret, the devout and devoted queen of Malcolm Canmore. And now, once more, the memory of St. Columba was to re-assert its ancient power even over the heathen spoilers. Iona was the only place spared by Magnus, King of Norway, in his great predatory expedition of A.D. 1098. And if St. Oran's chapel be indeed the building erected by Queen Margaret, it is not without interest to think that in that low, round archway, which still remains, we may see the door from which the fierce King Magnus is said to have recoiled with awe when he had attempted to enter the sacred building.

But already we have been carried down the course of centuries far—too far—from the time in which all the real interest of Iona lies. Or if it be indeed part of that interest to look on the ruins of St. Oran's Chapel, and to think that it may possibly be the very building erected by the wife of

Malcolm Canmore, at least let us not forget that the long, long period of 500 years lay between that date, which now seems so old to us, and the date of Columba's ministry. The grey tower of the cathedral, standing "four square to all the winds that blow," ancient and venerable as it looks, is of still more modern date. The oldest portion of it may belong to the close of the twelfth century*—that is to say, more than 600 years nearer to us than Columba's day. All these buildings before us are the monuments, not of the fire, the freshness, and the comparative simplicity of the old Celtic Church, but of the dull and often the corrupt monotony of mediæval Romanism. After all, the real period of Iona's glory was not a long one. It is almost confined to the life of one man, and to the few generations which preserved the impress of his powerful character.

Let us then for a moment go back to his time, let us look on the Island, as it was before one stone of the churches now ruined had as yet been laid upon another, and let us fill in the background of the picture before us as it is and as it was. Across the narrow strait lies the low rounded but rocky hills of red granite which here constitute the Ross of Mull. These, broken up into innumerable rocks and islets, stretch from one entrance of the Sound in the N.E. to the other entrance in the S.W. Looking down the vista of the Sound in this last direction is the comparatively open sea,—with the blue mountains of Jura appearing in the far distance to the left over a depression in the hills of Ross. Towards the other, or north-eastern entrance of the Sound the horizon is entirely bounded by the coast of Mull, and of the smaller Islands of Ulva and Inch-Kenneth. But these coasts are receding and fore-shortened shores, reaching far up Loch-na-Kael, an arm of the sea which nearly divides the Island of Mull into two parts. Another similar arm of the sea called Loch Scriden branches off to the eastward, and although its line of coast is concealed from the Monastery of Iona by the low granites of the Ross, yet the mountains along its sides and at its farther end give additional variety to the sky lines as seen from Columba's cell. (See p. 616.) These two arms of the sea clasp round the base of Ben More, whose summit appears

* Reeve's "Adamnan," p. 411.

rising above a great precipitous headland called Bourg. The upper portion of this headland is a great mass of nearly horizontal terraces of trap rock, diminishing pyramidally to the top; half-way down, these terraces break into lofty precipices which run round the headland on every side, and are seen extending along the shores of Loch-na-Kael with little interruption for many miles, but with much variety of height. At the foot of this range of precipices there is a steep green slope (at the angle of rest) into the sea. After rains a rivulet breaks over the brow of this precipice at the point where it fronts Iona, and when strong winds are blowing from the westward, the water of this stream is blown off in a cloud of vapour. Grand shadows are thrown in fine weather along the range of cliffs, varying with the advancing hour, and with every passing cloud. This great headland, with all its varied and noble outlines, is the most conspicuous object in the view from all the old ecclesiastical sites upon Iona, and during the many years of Columba's ministry, they must have been the most familiar of all outlines to his eye. Far off, along the perspective of the receding shore, and close under the point round which the range of cliff passes out of sight, lies the little Island of Inch-Kenneth—where, in 1775, Dr. Johnson was so hospitably entertained. To the left lie the opposite shores of Loch-na-Kael—all hills of trap, disposed in lines, heathy, and receding towards the head of that arm of the sea. Above them, low down upon the sky, rises a portion of the far off Hills of Morven, lying on the other side of the Sound of Mull.

The slope of arable land upon Iona itself, which lies between its rocky pasture hills and the shore, rises towards the N.E., and from the Torr-Abb shuts out farther view in that direction. Let us therefore now come down from this point of observation, and follow the path towards the north-eastern end of Iona, along which Columba must have often walked. It brings us presently alongside of an elevated ridge of ground, which seems like an artificial terrace, and on ascending it this suspicion of its origin will be confirmed. Behind it lies an old hollow and morass—the only one on the Island—which marks the site of an old reservoir of water for the turning of a mill wheel. Passing along this old mound of dry and pleasant turf, the view to the northward opens considerably. The northern half of the Island of Mull still bounds the horizon with its long low hills of terraced trap covered with dark heathy pasture. But nearer, some six miles off, there is an Island of curious form,

flat topped, with precipitous sides, sloping upwards towards the west, and then ending in a cliff singularly sharp in outline. If the sun be low and shining strongly, casting its glorious light on the precipices of Bourg, and the rocky shore of Gribune, it will be seen that this curious Island is marked with a strange band of columnar shadows, with two dark spots on the face towards Iona. This is Staffa, and one of these dark spots is its now celebrated cave. How strange that this great work of nature should have lain for so many ages so close to one of the most frequented and most celebrated Islands on the shores of Britain, and that not a whisper of its wonder and its sublimity should have been heard among men!

Pursuing our walk towards the northern end of the Island, we regain the road leading to the pastures which seem to have been specially devoted to the dairy cows, and along which Columba's brethren brought home to the Monastery their daily pails of milk. As we ascend the slopes which fall away from the foot of Dun-i—the highest hill on the island—we come upon a region of "Link land"—that is to say, of shelly sand, covered with close, soft, and springy grass. This extends in flats, and in swelling undulations, to the rocky shore, or to the point where stormy winds have broken in upon the sward and scattered the fine sand in wreaths almost as white as snow. From this pasture-land a wide view opens before us to the northward. The hills of Mull are seen terminating in a long promontory and a rocky headland. The intervening wide expanse of sea is dotted with Islands all of the same curious form and shape—precipitous in the side and perfectly flat in outline, except one Island, out of the middle of which rises a low conical hill, with a perfectly symmetrical outline on either side. This is now known under the name of the "Dutchman's Cap," and is, and must always have been, an invaluable landmark for boats navigating in stormy weather through such a dangerous archipelago of rocks. Far beyond these islands, and far also beyond the headlands of Mull, rises in a clear day a long ridge of sharp and peaky mountains, sinking in noble outlines into the ocean on the west. These are the islands of Egg and Rum. (See p. 712.) And beyond these, again, to the right, low down upon the horizon, may be seen, traced against the distant sky in the faintest but purest blue, a sharp serrated range of mountains. These are the Cuchulin Hills, in Skye. To the extreme left—that is, to the west—the horizon is occupied, across some

twenty miles of sea, with a low hummocky outline, ending in detached spots of hill, which only appear at intervals above the waves. To the south-west is the open Ocean, with all its vastness, its freshness, and its power.

From this part of the Island also the view to the eastward is finer than from the old monastic sites, because Iona here overlaps the end of the Ross of Mull, and the eye ranges along its northern coast, thus commanding the mouth of Loch Scriden, as well as the receding shores of Loch-na-Kael. On a calm fine evening in autumn, when the atmosphere has that singular clearness which is then often to be seen in the Hebrides, I know no view in any part of Scotland more beautiful or varied than the view from the north end of Iona. (See p. 713.) The distance on the map from the Cuchulin Hills, in Skye, to the Paps of Jura, is 93 miles. Both are clearly visible, the one to the extreme north, the other to the extreme south. This is indeed a wide horizon, with such a wealth of Cloud and Sea and Mountain as belongs to very few spots in any country.

Returning to the Torr-Abb and the Reilaig Odhrain, there is another walk which is of much interest as connected with the detailed account left us by Adamnan of one of the last days of Columba's life.

This account is so characteristic in its combination of incidents, some of which are perfectly natural and others of which are highly imaginative, that it may be well to give a short abstract of it here.

One day, in the thirtieth year after Columba's landing on Iona, a sudden flush of colour and a joyful expression were seen by his attendants to overspread the Abbot's face. In a few moments the indications of joy were turned into looks of sadness. Two brethren who attended at the door of his cell inquired the cause. At first he refused to tell them. He loved them too well to wish to make them sad. But at last he told them how he had long prayed that at the close of this thirtieth year he might be relieved from his labours. And this was the cause of his sudden joy—that he saw angels sent to lead out his spirit from the flesh. But, again, suddenly he had seen those heavenly messengers arrested on the opposite shore; and there they were still standing on the rocks, unable to reach the Holy Isle, because his Lord, who had been willing to grant that for which he fervently prayed, had yielded to the more prevailing intercessions of many Churches. And so those angels were about to return to the throne above. It was this that had changed his joy.

But now he knew that yet four years longer he must remain; and then suddenly, and without previous suffering, he would join his Lord.

And so on that fourth year after this vision, which was A.D. 597, Easter day fell on the 14th April. On a certain day in the following month, the old Abbot was carried in a waggon to see his brethren, who were working in the fields on the plain called the Machar, at the western side of the Island. The road leading to this plain winds for some distance among rocky knolls, and then opens on the comparatively level ground, which, being composed of light soil, and much exposed to the sun, seems to have been then considered the best for tillage. It was now probably the seed-time of that early husbandry. On reaching the monks who were engaged in labour, he told them that with desire he had desired, during the late Paschal commemoration, to join Christ his Lord; but that the joy of their festival might not be converted into mourning, he had been willing that the day of his departure should yet a little longer be deferred. He then addressed to his saddened brethren some words of consolation, and, still sitting in the vehicle, he turned his face eastward to the holy sites, and pronounced a benediction on the Island and on all its inhabitants. He was then carried back to the monastery.

It was not many days after this that on Sunday, during the celebration of the mass, the Abbot's face was again seen to be suffused with sudden colour. The old vision had reappeared. An angel of the Lord, he explained to those about him, was evident to him—sent to seek for something which was beloved of God, but which still remained on earth. What that something was he did not say.

On the last day of that week, the Saturday, Columba went, with his special attendant, Diarmaid, to bless the Barn or storehouse of the Monastery. He found it so well supplied, that he told them he rejoiced to see that, although he was about to leave them, they would not suffer from lack of food. Then turning to Diarmaid, he said, "This Saturday (the old Sabbath) will be a Sabbath indeed to me; for it is to be the last of my laborious life, on which I shall rest from all its troubles. During this coming night, before the Sunday, I shall, according to the expression of the Scriptures, be gathered to my fathers. Even now my Lord Jesus Christ deigns to call me; to whom, this very night, and at his call, I shall go. So it has been revealed to me by the Lord."

Having so said, Columba moved from the

Barn, and walked back towards the Monastery. In the middle of the way he sat down to rest, at a spot which, in Adamnan's time, was marked by a cross, and which is very likely indicated by M'Lean's Cross at the present day. At that point the old traditional path takes a turn, and begins a slight ascent. Whilst the Abbot was sitting here, the old white horse, which was wont to carry the milk-pails to the Monastery, is recorded to have come up to his old master, and, putting its head into his lap, really seemed to weep. It was after this rest by the wayside that Columba ascended the Torr-Abb, and uttered that prophecy on the future fame of Iona which has been already quoted. After this he returned to his cell, and was occupied for some time in his favourite work of transcribing the Holy Scriptures. He was engaged on the 34th Psalm, and had reached the 9th verse, and the words, "There is no want to them that fear Him." These brought him to the foot of the page. "Here," he said, "I must stop. Let Baithune write out the rest." He then repaired to the church, and attended the vesper services. Returning to his cell, he lay for some time on his bed with its stone pillow, which in Adamnan's time was preserved beside his tomb. Thence he dictated to his one attendant his last orders to his brethren. It was in substance the old message which men like Columba give when the storms of life are over, and when charity and peace are seen to be the great needs of earth.

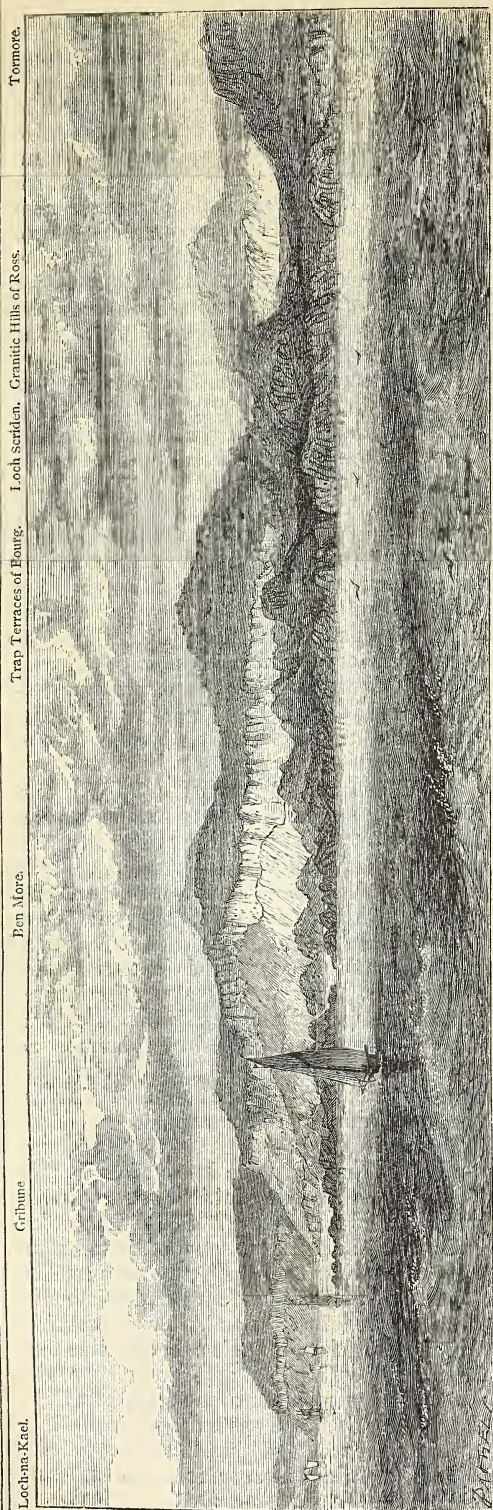
After this, Columba lay for a while in silence, until, called by the matin-bell before the dawn on Sunday morning,—as it has been calculated, the 9th of June,—he rose, and running before all others, entered the church alone. The building, as the Brethren approached, seemed to be filled with an angelic light, which, however, had disappeared ere his attendant entered. "Where art thou, father?" said Diarmaid—for the Monks had not yet come with lights, and he had to grope his way in darkness. There was no reply. Columba was at last found lying before the altar. Then followed that last scene of all, which so many generations of men have been called to see—the lifted head, the voiceless movements, the sinking powers,—all the visible approach of death. A crowd of weeping Monks, holding up their lanterns, soon stood around the dying Abbot. Once more his eyes were opened, and visions of glory seemed to pass before his face. His limbs were now powerless; but his right arm was raised by Diarmaid.

With his hand, although speechless, Columba was still able to give the sign of Blessing. When this was given, he ceased to breathe.

Can anything be recalled of the aspect of that man who then lay dead, now twelve hundred and seventy-two years ago? Adamnan has preserved many particulars which assure us that Columba had all those physical characteristics which have a powerful influence among rude nations. He was of great stature. He had a splendid voice. It could be heard at extraordinary distances, rolling forth the Psalms of David, with every syllable distinctly uttered. We are told by his biographer that his singing, with a very few of his brethren, of the 45th Psalm, made a profound impression on a Pictish king, whose priests had attempted to arrest his worship. He had a grey eye, which could be soft, but which could also be something else.* He had brilliant gifts of speech. With ceaseless energy, he worked at all hours in Prayer, or in Reading, or in Writing, or in some other holy labour. He seemed to have almost superhuman strength. In vigils and in fasting he was equally indefatigable. And with all these exercises and labours his countenance shone with a holy joy—as if in his heart of hearts, he was gladdened by the abiding Spirit of his Lord.

Such is the noble picture left us by Adamnan of Columba's character and of his appearance. But the details of his life prove that his character had mellowed and ripened towards its close. Beyond all doubt, his natural disposition was fierce and passionate; and when he came across deeds of violence or injustice, his indignation was uttered in terrible denunciations. But he was also affectionate, grateful, compassionate—easily moved to tears. He is repeatedly described by Adamnan, as of angelic countenance. In all probability, it was a face, like the skies of the Hebrides, of various and intense expression.

Perhaps some of those who visit Iona may desire to know the place it occupies in that more ancient History which was a hidden manuscript in Columba's days. His voice must often, indeed, have sounded from before the altar the words of the 95th Psalm: "The Sea is His, and He made it: and His hands have prepared the dry Land." But it probably never entered into his mind to conceive that man could ever attain to any knowledge of the methods of creation, or of the steps by which, through unnumbered ages, the world we live in has been moulded into the forms we see. Yet this knowledge, in some measure at least, has been attained.



View from the Reilaig Odhrain.

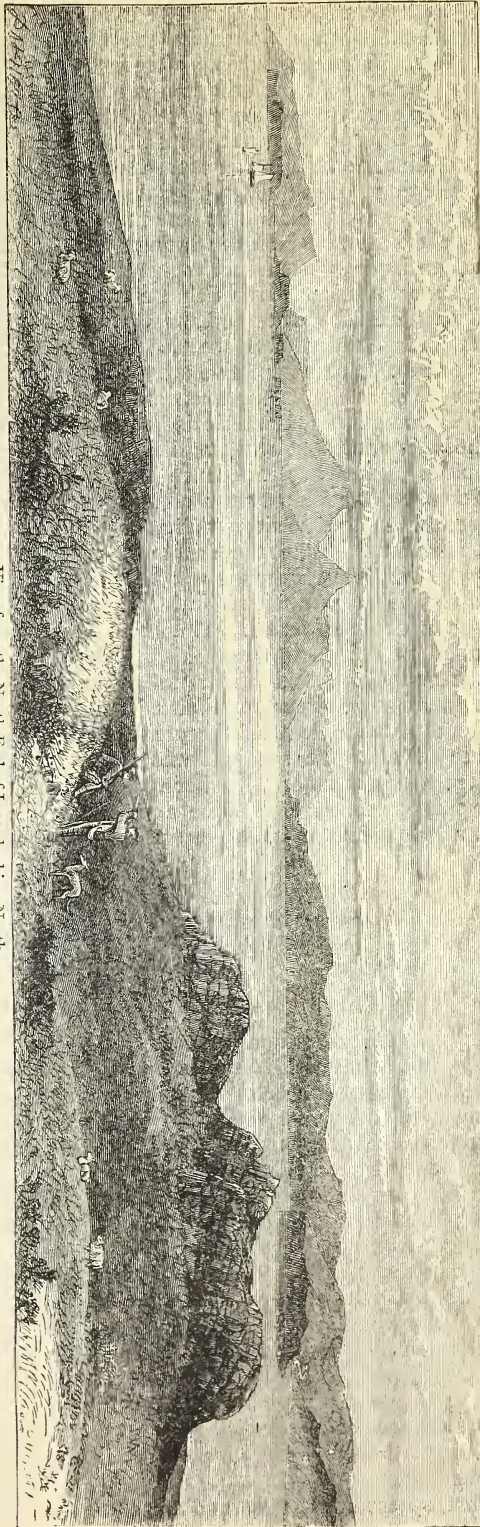
Iona is entirely composed of the oldest stratified, or sedimentary, rock yet known as existing in the world. That rock is the "Laurentian Gneiss"—so called from the great area it occupies in the Valley of the St. Lawrence. It was in this formation that, some years ago, was discovered in Canada a fossil called the *Eozoon Canadense*—a name indicating the belief of Palæontologists that in this fossil we have a Form belonging to the Dawn of Life upon our planet. The whole of the Outer Hebrides are composed of this gneiss, and it is the basement upon which are piled the mountain ranges of the north-west coast of Scotland. In Iona the formation consists of a great series of strata, which, from a position originally horizontal, have been tilted into a "dip," which is nearly vertical. The "strike" of the beds—that is to say, the direction of their upturned edges—is the direction of the longer axis of the Island, from north-east to south-west. The strata are of every variety of character—of slate, of quartz, of marble with serpentine, and of a mixture of felspar, quartz, and hornblende, which passes frequently into a composition closely resembling granite. Many of the beds are traversed and permeated by veins and streaks of a green siliceous mineral, which has been called Epidote. Strangers visiting Iona, who have time to do so, should take a boat from the landing-place to the Port-na-Churaich—the creek where Columba landed. In passing along this part of the shore, with its successive bays and creeks, a fine view is obtained of the contorted stratification; and the colouring of the rock near the Port itself, seen through the clear ocean water, is singularly beautiful. It is, perhaps, vain to speculate, and yet a geologist cannot fail to do so, as to the nature of those "metamorphic" agencies which have converted matter, once consisting of soft marine deposits, into rocks so intensely hard, and so highly mineralised. The beach of the Port-na-Churaich, which consists of fragments of these rocks rolled and polished by the surf, is almost like a beach of precious stones.

The mountains of Mull, seen from Iona, are almost entirely composed of volcanic rocks; yet not a vestige remains of the volcanic vents out of which those great masses of melted matter have been poured. In all probability the volcanic action has been prolonged at intervals through vast periods of time. Some of the trap mountains of Mull rest on beds of the Old Red sandstone; others of them are piled on strata of the Oolite and Lias; others, again, cover the *débris* of Chalk,

and belong to a period more recent than the middle Tertiaries. In a line between Iona and the headland of Bourg there is a low basaltic promontory, called Ardtun, which has revealed to us the fact that once there existed on this area some great country covered with the magnificent vegetation of the warm climates of the Miocene Age. Nothing of that country or of its vegetation now remains except a few autumnal leaves sealed up under sheets of lava. The whole of it has "foundered amidst fanatic storms;" and even of the new surfaces which arose out of the volcanic outbursts only a few fragments remain, broken up into capes and headlands and caverned islets in the sea.

From that period there is a great gap in the geological record, which no man can fill. But at last, far, far down the stream of Time, one other distinct and legible page of manuscript has been left. It tells no longer of Fire, but of Ice. To the north of the cathedral, not far off, there lies half embedded in the soil of Iona a gigantic boulder of the granite which belongs to the opposite side of the Sound. It contains more than 200 tons of stone. There is but one agency in nature which can have transferred that boulder from the opposite coast and deposited it where it now lies. Two other blocks of nearly equal mass lie on the other shore, as if they had been arrested on their way, and as if the icy raft on which they took their passage had failed to carry them across the ferry. During the Glacial Epoch great masses of ice must have descended from the mountains of Mull, and pressing over the low promontory of the Ross, sent floating icebergs to Iona, and to the open sea.

From these few words of description, it will be seen that Iona itself, and the view from it, present to the eye or to the mind at once some of the surest results and some of the most difficult problems of geological science. There are proofs of the succession of Life through ages which are vast and indefinite, but which are not illimitable. There are, or there seem to be, "traces of a beginning." But, on the other hand, there is the question raised whether this apparent dawn is a real dawn, or whether the absence of higher organisms be not due to subsequent obliteration. There is the certainty of a definite order of events in the redistribution of Sea and Land, and of whole cycles of change in the climates and in the productions of the globe. But how those changes were brought about, and whether the agencies producing them were always



Treshnish Islands.

Kum and Egg.

Cuchullin Hills, Skye.

Staffa.

North End of Iona.

slow and gradual, or frequently sudden and violent—all this is hidden in the thickest darkness. There is visible demonstration that even the most enduring forms of nature round us are of very recent date, and that it is only in comparison with the span-like shortness of human life that we can speak of the "everlasting Hills." But how those Hills were raised, and their shapes determined, and the valleys formed, and the broken remains of older lands scattered among the waves—these are questions on which we can only speculate, and speculate perhaps in vain.

The Magnitudes of Space and Time are too often felt as oppressive to the human spirit. Yet in the inspired utterances of the Old Testament they are regarded, not indeed without emotion, but without dismay. The Prophets of Israel seem to have felt all that we can feel of the vastness of Nature. It moved them to exclaim, "What is man?" but it did not shake the faith with which they added, "That Thou art mindful of him." And this triumphant faith is in harmony with reason and with science. The Mind which is able to conceive those Magnitudes of Space and Time, and which indeed is unable to conceive either any limit of Space or any end of Time, is itself the greatest Magnitude of all. We see and know that its appearance in the world has been the crown and consummation of creative ages. Every fact which concerns its history and its des-

tinies is of a different and a higher order of interest than any other fact which concerns only the preparation of its abode. If the mere bigness, or the mere age of things, were the measure of interest attaching to them, then the arrival of the granite boulder on its floe of ice was a far more important event than the arrival of Columba in his boat of hides. The boulder still lies where it lay for thousands of years before his time. Columba's body has been resolved into indistinguishable dust. But what he did and said has acquired a permanent place in the history of that Being for whom the Sea has been made and the dry Land "prepared." The years cannot be counted which elapsed between the deposit of the Laurentian Gneiss and the close of the Glacial epoch. Certain it is that, compared with them, all the years of Man's history are few indeed. Yet half the years of a single human life have conferred upon Iona its imperishable fame; and once more standing on the Abbot's Mound, we may repeat with him the words of that prophecy which has been, and is being still, fulfilled: *HUIC LOCO, QUAMLIBET ANGUSTO ET VILI, NON TANTUM SCOTORUM REGES, CUM POPULIS, SED ETIAM BARBARARUM ET EXTERARUM GENTIUM REGNATORES, CUM PLEBIBUS SIBI SUBJECTIS, GRANDEM ET NON MEDIOCREM CONFERENT HONOREM: A SANCTIS QUOQUE ETIAM ALIARUM ECCLESiarUM NON MEDIOCRIS VENERATIO CONFERETUR.*

HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

IX.—JOSHUA.

It was a fearful burden which the death of Moses laid upon the shoulders of Joshua. Surely he must have watched, as no other member of the great Jewish congregation could have done, the beginning of that solemn ascent of the mountain of Abarim by the aged lawgiver of Israel. For the finger of God had already pointed him out as designed for succession to the perilous office of the leader of the people. "Take thee Joshua," had been the word of the Lord to Moses, "a man in whom is the Spirit, and lay thine hand upon him, and set him before Eleazar the priest, and before all the congregation, and give him a charge in their sight; and thou shalt put some of thine honour upon him, that all the congregation of Israel may be obedient."

That ascent of Abarim told him that the

time was come when the long-looked-for burden must fall upon him. The circumstances of his past life had made him able too certainly to presage the toils and sufferings involved in the discharge of that great trust; for, beyond all others, he had been admitted into the closest and most peculiar intimacy with Moses; and he had seen, therefore, in the unreserve of confidential intercourse, how the great leader's heart had almost broken under the waywardness of his people. He had gone up with his master into "the mount of God" when the tables of the law were to be given (Exod. xxiv. 13). He had seen the great prophet enter into the enshrouding cloud (ver. 15). He had met him when he came forth from the glory, bearing in his hands the two tables graven by the very finger of God. His younger ears had caught first the confused

sounds which rolled up the mountain side from the tented plain below, and with the interpretation of the uncertain noise most natural to a soldier, he had at once said unto Moses, "There is a noise of war in the camp." He had marked the clouding over of that countenance on which the heavenly radiance glistened, as the sternness of a holy indignation settled on its features. He had seen the righteous anger of the great prophet cast out of his two hands those precious tables of the law, and break them before the eyes of the offending people. Before this he had stood beside the vexed leader when the people were "almost ready to stone him" (Exod. xvii. 4). He had watched the agony of his spirit when he fell down in intercession for them; he had seen even his natural temper roused and his faith fail beside the waters of strife. How could one who had known all this but tremble when the lot of God took him, and handed over to him the terrible charge of such a people? How could he hope to endure it? For he had not received the long and varied training which had fitted the great lawgiver to discharge so weighty an office. No knowledge of men gathered during a life's sojourning at Pharaoh's court; no deep training in Egyptian learning; no long, lonely meditative wanderings amidst the grand Sinaitic mountains had been his. He was born a slave at about that darkest time, when Moses fled into Midian. His training had been that of his brother serfs in the brick-kilns, and under the taskmasters of Egypt. How should such an one as he become, in Moses' stead, the leader of his brethren? Yet was there no escape for him. The mantle had fallen upon his shoulder, and where he was bidden there must he go. Through those thirty days of stillness, whilst the camp was full of weeping and mourning for Moses, he could revolve all these deep forebodings in his heart. But the days of inaction soon ran out their little span, and the Voice found him out in his tent, and spake to him the dreaded charge. "Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them." Though all natural misgivings made him shrink back from the charge, yet his high faith accepted it. Already, more than once, he had experienced God's power to aid him at his greatest need. First, when at the earliest battle in which Israel was engaged with the chosen warriors of victorious Amalek at Rephidim, to him had been given the command of the untried army of Israel. Again, a second time he had himself known

God's power to succour, when he and Caleb alone of all who were sent out to search the land did not, on their return, discourage the hearts of their brethren. The distinctive features of all his after life and character come out with startling clearness in the grand utterance of this, his early council:—"The land which we passed through to search it is an exceeding good land; if the Lord delight in us, then He will bring us into this land, and He will give it us, . . . only rebel not ye against the Lord, nor fear ye the people of the land, for they are bread for us: their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us: fear them not." But it was to an unwilling audience that these grand words of faith were uttered, and they did but provoke the unbelieving wrath of the clamouring people. More dangerous than all their searchings of Canaan was that undistinguishing fury of the passionate multitude. "All the congregation bade stone them with stones." But even then, when the furious uproar of the people had swelled to its highest and most threatening tide, God interfered for his faithful ones; and "the glory of the Lord appeared in the tabernacle of the congregation before all the children of Israel" (Num. xiv. 10).

On these past deliverances in that hour of dread his spirit rested and stirred up its energies for the new venture of a life. Moreover the voice of God spake with loving warning and fatherly encouragement to those natural misgivings: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. . . . Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law which Moses my servant commanded thee. . . . This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein. . . . Have not I commanded thee? be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest" (Josh. i. 5-9).

All the after life of Joshua is the carrying out with a remarkable simplicity of unquestioning faith this first charge of his God. His obedience is immediate. The days of waiting are passed. There is no more sign of doubt or of misgiving. At once he assumes in all its breadth the office so committed to his hands, and as God's vicegerent "commands the officers of the people" (Josh. i. 10).

The first command was one which showed

his great faith, and tested strongly the obedience of the people. The river Jordan lay between the camp and the land of their promised inheritance, and it must be passed over by them at the very outset of their march. But how could this be accomplished? Even if it were possible, with difficulty and risk, to transport over it a chosen handful of warriors, how could he possibly carry over the mixed multitude—the women and the children, and the flocks and the herds? Even over the fords of Jordan, under the most favourable circumstances of the river, this would have been almost impossible; and at this season of the year, when, from the melting of the snow upon the highlands, Jordan was greatly flooded (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest), it was more than ever impossible (Josh. iii. 15). Yet, down to these threatening floods, on the hopeless errand of passing over them, all the people are ordered to march. Surely, it must have been a sore strain upon the simple faith of the young commander to issue such an order. But his faith was strong, and he commanded, and was obeyed. And then, as the first reward of such a holy confidence, the old promises on which his heart rested were made clearer and far more explicit than they had been before. “This day will I begin,” the Lord his God promises, “to magnify thee in the sight of all Israel, that they may know that as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee” (Josh. iii. 7). Then followed the stupendous miracle: when the soles of the priests’ feet who bare the ark of God touched the water’s brim, the upper flow of the river was arrested and stood in a heap, leaving bare the river-bed. Into it the priests advanced until they reached its centre, and there they halted with the ark, which stood as a barrier to the descending waters, heaping them up as a liquid wall suddenly congealed in their fiercest sweep, leaving below a broad passage for the whole multitude to pass. From the river bed Joshua commanded one chosen man of every tribe to bear upon his shoulder a stone, to form on the bank a pillar of memorial; whilst he placed another, also of twelve stones, in the bed itself, where the priests’ feet had stood on the dry land.

The river past, he stood at last with all the people in the true land of promise; and his first act on taking actual possession of the long-pledged inheritance was to renew the covenant of Israel with the God of Abraham by circumcising all who, in the license of the desert’s wanderings, had grown up without passing through the appointed rite

of initiation. Next they kept the passover: and then, as marking that the desert was indeed left for ever, the manna ceased, “and they did eat of the old corn of the land on the morrow after the passover” (Josh. v. 11). The next act was to invest Jericho, the great city of the valley of Jordan, and the key to all the passes which led up into the highlands of the land of promise. It was the greatest city of the Canaanitish race—beautiful in situation, girt on one side by a grand palm-tree forest; golden on another with the waving grain of “the barley harvest;” backed by the swelling hills which bounded it upon the west, and looking across the rich valley to the striking mountain range of Gilead. It was an emporium of the old world’s wealth, and rich in wedges of gold, in shekels of silver, and in Babylonish garments. Its walls and its colossal gates could easily resist any assaults which any instruments of war then known could make upon them. It was “high and fenced up to heaven.” It was too—as all great gatherings of the world’s pomp, and wealth, and luxury unpurged by the fear of God must ever be, perhaps beyond them all—mighty in wickedness—a great festering sore of heathen abomination. Against this city, Joshua, with his men of war, set themselves. But it was not to be taken by their might. For seven days the ark of God is borne in solemn procession round it, and on the seventh, at the mysterious summons of the blast of the priestly trumpets, the mighty walls crumble and fall flat; the Israelites march in upon the city in the first spasm of amazement and terror which smote its inhabitants, and possess it thoroughly. Then at God’s command, they destroy from off the face of the earth it and all that dwelt in it, except the household of Rahab.

These two marvels, both directly connected with the ark of Jehovah’s presence, which had taken, as the symbol and instrument of His power, the place of the rod of Moses, were, of course, designed at once to fill the heart of the Canaanites with that terror which is the forerunner of defeat, and to encourage the people of God to march on to all their after-dangers strong in their sense of His resistless strength. But there was yet another and, if possible, a still more difficult, lesson which this baring of the arm of God was meant to teach Joshua and them. The march of Israel was not to be a mere successful invasion. Joshua was not to be the general of a horde of earthly heroes who, to win for themselves a possession, were sweeping with fire and sword over the land of a weaker

people. Unless every such imagination could be rooted out of their hearts, their very success would have been their utter ruin. With them, more even than with any other such invaders, this must have been the evil consequence of such a conquest. For that extermination of the Canaanites, of which they were to be the instruments, must have brutalised the executors of the sentence, unless they kept always clear before their eyes the reality of their terrible commission. Joshua could not have preserved that simplicity and gentleness which, side by side with a soldier's bolder daring, make up his character, unless all mere earthly feelings had been wholly overpowered by the sense that, as directly as the earthquake or the pestilence, he was God's simple instrument in sweeping from the earth a long-tried, long-endured, but incurably abominable race. These miraculous interferences were to teach him from the first that he was not as other "scourges of God" have been—the wielder of natural strength against natural weakness—the head of a race of men of larger stature, of braver natures, with habits unfeebled by luxury and vice—who burst in their might, like the hurricane amidst the decaying trees of the sheltered forest, upon the soft slumbers of a worn-out people. This was the master truth of all Joshua's victories. He did not come as the leader of the Gauls or the Goths fell upon the degenerate Romans, who, before they yielded, trembled at the vast size and Titanic limbs of their strange invaders. The Israelites were the race of smaller stature. They were but lately slaves in Egypt; they had to confront the great and mighty sons of Anak; they were the unwarlike tribe; the people whose borders they invaded were men used to war and delighting in it. Though the Canaanites of the plain might have become effeminate and feeble, the Amorites and the other mountaineers were brave, hardy, daring, as well as vast in giant stature. Joshua's conquest was the victory of the weak over the strong, of the unwarlike over warriors; of the desert wanderers over horses and horsemen and chariots of iron. This was the lesson Joshua had from the first to learn. This great truth, as a talisman for his own safety, sunk into his spirit as he gazed on those heaped-up streams of Jordan and stood unshaken amidst the dust and din and terror of the falling walls of Jericho. He moved amidst these scenes of blood as an avenging angel might hover over them—the doer of the Will of the Holy One, untainted by human passion, and full,

even in his most unswerving zeal for God, of a terrible gentleness. We read all that in his fatherly sympathy with the offending Achan, even whilst he condemned to be burnt with fire the great transgressor, who had brought himself and his under the ban of God. We read it in his faithful keeping of his oath to the men of Gibeon, when, because he had not asked counsel of the Lord, he had been deceived by their fraud. This it is all important, in dwelling on the history of the book of Judges, to remember. For only in the spirit in which Joshua wrought them can we read aright his mighty deeds: and so read, they are rich in instruction which we most deeply need. We who live in these later days can see that the whole history of man hung upon the issue of those battles in the plain of Jericho and on the hills of Beth Horon. What other conflicts have ever decided so much for humanity? Joshua stood on those fields of blood the very world-hero, bearing with him all its destinies. If Israel had been subdued by the Canaanites, if the separated seed had been mingled with the heathen, if it had learned their ways, if the worship of Moab and Chemosh and Moloch and Astarte had superseded the worship of Jehovah, how had all the grand designs of redemption been frustrated in their development! The cry of Joshua after the flight at Ai would have been the despairing utterance of the race of men, "And what wilt Thou do unto Thy great name?" more almost in Joshua's history than anywhere besides, may the troubled soul,—perplexed and harassed by the sight, on this sin-defiled earth, of wars, battles, slaughters, pestilences, earthquakes, miseries, and treasons,—rest itself, though it be with the deep sob of a present broken-heartedness, in the conviction, that God has a plan for this world; that in the end it does prevail; that the Baalim of heathen power must fall before Him, and that His kingdom shall stand for ever and ever in its truth and righteousness and love.

But it was not only by these displays of God's might fighting their battles that the soul of Joshua was strengthened for his special work. This manifestation he shared with all the people who had eyes to read the dealings of Jehovah with them. But beyond others he had to bear the burden and heat of the day: he had to issue the fearful orders for extermination: he had to see them carried faithfully out to the utmost letter: on him pressed the whole brunt of temptation; and so to him were vouchsafed aids which others shared not. That same communica-

tion to his inmost spirit in the utter solitariness of his individual life which had been given to Abraham in his call, to Jacob in his desert wandering, to Moses in the Wilderness of Sinai, was granted also to Joshua in his need. It was when he was "by Jericho;" whilst his eye was measuring those walls which fenced it up to heaven, whilst, it may be in the slant beams of the setting sun, he gazed with admiration at the grand proportions of its royal towers as they rose high in the golden light above, of its long fringe of majestic palm trees, of its glory and its wealth; and thought with awe upon the sentence which it was his destiny to execute upon every living thing within it—then it was that "there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand." Soldier-like, the captain-general demanded of him, "Art thou for us or for our adversaries?" The challenge woke at once the voice of Majesty. "Nay," not as thou deemest am I: prepare thy soul for God's unlooked-for visitation: "As Captain of the Host of the Lord am I come:" not as mingling with these earthly hosts; but as thy fellow in a higher order; as the Mighty ONE in heavenly places of whom thou art here and now on earth the type and shadow: as Him whom all the angels worship, as the uncreated Angel of the Covenant, as the Captain of the heavenly host of God have I come to thee. The soul of Joshua owned at once the presence of his God; "he fell on his face to the earth and did worship," and cried, "What saith my Lord unto his servant?" And then came the answer which the minister of Moses would read so readily in all the wide extent of its mysterious significance, the "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place where thou standest is holy." That burning bush of which his great master had so often told him in their solemn communings, must have risen before his eyes; and there was renewed unto him, with all the added awe of such a personal appearance, the earlier promise, "As I was with Moses, so also I will be with THEE." Yes, and far even beyond this; in his soul, as in the souls of the mighty ones before him to whom it had been granted thus to commune with the unapproachable Lord, there lay ever after resting on his spirit the shadow of that mighty intercourse hushing all lower sounds into an awe-stricken silence.

So strengthened from on high, he passed through those scenes of blood which were appointed for him as the sun's ray streams untainted through polluted elements, until his mighty work of conquest was accom-

plished. Thus was he nerved for every battle. Under this influence he dared, when in the going down to Beth Horon the failing light seemed to threaten incompleteness to the decisive battle with the mighty Amorites, to raise his voice of high command above the eddies of the battle-field of Azekah, and in the name of the God of the armies of heaven to bid the sun stand still upon Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. So he fought and so he conquered, until as the Eastern province had been before, so Western and Northern and Southern Canaan were all subdued by Israel and meted out by Joshua to its several tribes as the lot of God directed.

And now the ancient promise had been fulfilled: the solitary, childless patriarch who had listened to The Voice which spake at Ur of the Chaldees had grown by regular gradations into a family, a tribe, a horde, and now a nation. The inheritance of the heathen was theirs: wells they digged not, vineyards they planted not, cities they builded not—all these were theirs. Over the old strongholds of the mighty giant chieftains waved the banners of the House of Jacob. The brave single-hearted soldier had been enabled to finish thoroughly his mission. "And the Lord gave unto Israel all the land which He swore to give to their fathers, and they possessed it and dwelt therein . . . there failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the House of Israel; all came to pass" (Josh. xxi. 45).

Then, his work done, the great general retired to the lot which at the express command of God the grateful people had given him, and there he built on Mount Ephraim the city of Timnath Serah. There he dwelt in peace for some eighteen years of rest. We of this generation can understand perhaps more perfectly than most, how in those last years the grey hairs of the old conqueror and national deliverer were esteemed; how, long after his victories were all accomplished, his countrymen still felt safe in the enjoyment of their days of peace from the consciousness that the great chieftain yet lived amongst them; how they hung with admiring confidence on him who in his own person set ever before them the visible token of their God's past blessings to them. For to us, too, has it been given in the long years of peace which bitter war had bought, to look with ever-deepening admiration upon—

"The statesman warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself—a common good;

Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time.
Rich in saving common sense,

And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true.*

Yet the time came when Joshua too was to be gathered to his fathers. But before he passed away, one last solemn duty was yet to be discharged. He called together the heads of the people whom his arm had formed into a national life, left them his last charge, and bound them with his parting words to an everlasting covenant of faithfulness to the God who had done such great things for them. How grand a gathering it was! There stood the victor in an hundred battles, now "old and stricken in age;" for it was already "a long time after that the Lord had given rest unto Israel from all their enemies." Before him was gathered all Israel, "their elders, their heads, their judges, and their officers," and he opened that mouth from which such words of might, and trust, and prayer had issued in the days of their troubles, and he spake to them what all felt to be his last counsels and commandments.

The words were still, as the great soldier's words had always been, instinct with the brief, stern eloquence of truth and action. "Cleave unto the Lord your God." "The Lord your God is He that hath fought for you." "Be ye very courageous to keep and to do all that is written in the book of the law of Moses: turn not aside therefrom to the right or to the left." "Put away the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel." Take good heed unto yourselves that ye love the Lord your God." "Ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls that not one good thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord God spake concerning you: all are come to pass." And then the voice died out upon their ears with that which woke a sob from many a rough breast, and dimmed many an eye with unbidden tears: hard old soldiers who, in the fierceness of the Amorite battle, had looked at the spear-head which the then mighty arm had lifted and been strong, and heard that voice in its full volume and been nerved by it in the death struggle; who had seen the giant Anakim fall before him, and gained from his aspect courage themselves to play the man,—they sobbed at the sorrowful parting when the faltering voice of the old hero spake of his own departure from amongst them. "Behold this day I am going the way of all the earth."

Though his name is not written in the roll of the prophets, yet on him too rested the great Divine Indwelling. The mighty warrior, the true counsellor, the just divider, the strong and patient ruler; he too had partaken largely of the sevenfold gifts; he too left upon his people the mark of a great character and of more than earthly power. It is a grand record,—as of the trumpet's tongue when dirge-like it subdues its louder utterance only to witness more by its suppressed power,—“After these things Joshua, the servant of the Lord, died, being an hundred and ten years old, and they buried him in the border of his inheritance in Timnath Serah: and Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and of the elders that overlived Joshua.”

As on the dark sky, when some flashing meteor has swept across it with a path of fire, there remains still after that glory has departed a lingering line of light, so was it with this mighty man, glorious in life, and leaving even after he was gone the record of his abundant faithfulness still to hold for a season heavenward the too wandering eyes of Israel.

One other aspect remains to be glanced at of this mighty general. In more various points and with a closer similarity of outline than belongs, perhaps, to any other figure in the Old Testament, is Joshua the type of Christ. His very name begins the great intimation. Changed by Moses—doubtless at the mouth of the Lord—from Oshea, "welfare," to Jehoshua, or Jesus, "God the Saviour;" it pointed him out as the figure in the earthly of the heavenly deliverer. Joshua is pre-eminently one of the people whom he delivers; he has worked with them in the brick-kilns of Egypt, he knows their hearts; in all their afflictions he has been afflicted; and so Jesus stooped to be made in all points like unto his brethren, that, having been Himself tried with all temptations, He might know how to succour them that are tempted.

When Joshua has entered on his leadership, prophetic acts, full of typical significance, begin with a wonderful minuteness to repeat themselves. He and not the great lawgiver is to bring the people into Canaan: Moses must depart to secure his every word of promise being fulfilled to Israel, as the law must pass away and be fulfilled before the spiritual Israel could enter on that kingdom. At the river Jordan Joshua is shown by God to Israel as their appointed leader; there God began to magnify him. As Jesus comes

* TENNYSON, "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

up from the river Jordan the heavens open, the Holy Ghost descends, and the voice of God declares, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." At Jordan's waters He too is declared to be given as a leader and a commander to the people. From Jordan's bed Joshua took twelve stones to be for evermore a witness to the people of their great deliverance; from his baptism in Jordan Jesus began to call his twelve apostles the foundation stones of that church which witnesses to every generation of the redemption of the sons of Abraham by Christ. Twelve stones Joshua buried under the returning waters of Jordan; and over the first twelve Jesus let the stream of death flow as over others; whilst they were repeated in their office of witnesses to Him by all the enduring succession of his earthly ministers with whom He is even unto the end of the world. As soon as the chosen people, soiled by their long travel in the wilderness, enter the land of promise, Joshua renews in their circumcision the covenant of Jehovah's peace; and Jesus grants to all who pass the Jordan with Him the true circumcision of the Spirit. The Captain of the Host, as God reveals himself to Joshua, is ever with the great earthly warrior of the people; and in the Man Christ Jesus dwells "the fulness of the Godhead bodily." The mighty walls of Jericho fall low as Joshua marches his appointed circuits around them, compassing them seven times with the ark of God's presence; and as Jesus accomplished his course the world citadel falls low; for unto the seven-fold gifts of the Holy Spirit yields the will of man, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ. Joshua leads the people of God into the promised land, but they must fight for their possession; and Jesus, though He brings his own into the spiritual Canaan of his church, has come not to bring peace, but a sword. Not one of his can sit down and dream his life away; each one has life's battle, earnest, hard, severe, to fight. As Joshua said of old to the children of Joseph, so to each one of His speaks our Captain, pointing to the hill of light and the everlasting inheritance, "Thou art a great people, and hast great power; thou shalt not have one lot only, for the mountain shall be thine." When his work was over Joshua mounted the hill of Ephraim and dwelt in his own possession, not falling to him as to others of his brethren by the lot, but as his own right yielded to him as the conqueror of all; and even so went

up the Captain of our salvation to the heaven in which He was before, his own by right, his own by conquest. For "this Man, after he he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool" (Heb. x. 12, 13). Before Joshua departed, he called to him on that mountain of Timnath Serah which he was about to leave, all the heads of the tribes, and with the chant of a prophetic voice set before them all the grand future, which, if they clave steadfastly to God, should certainly be theirs; and so before He ascended into the heavens did the great Captain of God's spiritual army appoint to meet upon a mountain top in Galilee the heads of all the tribes into which His church should multiply, and there looking with them over the far outstretched dominions of the earth, utter to them, Joshua like, the words of wonder which rung for ever in their ears, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth; go ye therefore and evangelize all nations" (Matt. xxviii. 18, 19).

Yea, and yet again after a higher sort than belongs to this present world was Joshua but the type of Jesus. For it is He who for each one who follows Him, the true High Priest, divides the cold waters of death, setting against their utmost flood even when that Jordan overfloweth his banks, as he doth all the harvest time, the ark of the body which He took of us, and in which God dwelleth evermore; so making a way for His ransomed to pass over. It is He who hath gone before to prepare amongst the many mansions of his Father's house the place which the golden lot marks out for us; it is He who hath trodden down all our enemies; it is He who hath built the golden city upon the "twelve foundation-stones, which bear the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb;" it is He at whose trumpet sound, when the seven days of the great week are accomplished, the walls of Babylon shall fall. It is He who goeth forth conquering and to conquer, until all his enemies are put under his feet; and so the last type of this life of wonders shall be fulfilled; and the true Joshua from the exceeding high mountain of his Timnath Serah look around him on the tribes of God and see them all at peace; the prayer-promise which was breathed in time fulfilled in eternity: "Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory which I had with THEE before the world was."

“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”

An English Story of To-day.

By THE AUTHOR OF “CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A FAMILY CONFERENCE.



THE family were at Brockcotes again; but Phoebe did not like to realise the fact, and dreaded to meet Lady Dorothea. The Latimers, on their side, viewed the inevitable encounter with not a little concern. Some one had

been so faithful as to communicate to Lord Exmoor the fact that Lord Wriothlesley had compromised himself by the constancy of his association with the Pastons—not forgetting to hint at the reports which were in circulation. But so hazardous was the communication, that nobody ever owned to having made it.

One morning, soon after the family's return, there was a consultation in the breakfast-room over the unfortunate affair. But Lord Wriothlesley had not been summoned to appear before this tribunal of his kindred to answer for his conduct. There had not even been so much as mention made of remonstrating with him.

“It is abominable trifling in Wriothlesley, this: I should not have expected it of him,” groaned the Earl, showing a large degree of fussiness, instead of the gentlemanlike restraint which was habitual to him. As he spoke he walked restlessly up and down the room, contriving to entangle his long legs in some of the numerous possessions with which Lady Dorothea had even before breakfast surrounded herself.

“It is an affrontingly absurd association,” continued the Earl; “yes, I call it an affront for Wriothlesley to get upon such terms with any of the Wellfield people as can be so distressingly misconstrued. I never heard before

of such a blunder being caused by any piece of patronage on our part. Is your head bad this morning, my love? There, Dorothea, allow me to pick up your goods,—photograph case, paper weight, whatever they may be. If there were to be a dissolution of Parliament with a general election soon, and this foolish story, magnified and distorted, got abroad, I should not answer for the disastrous consequences to the boy. The thing is hard, doubly hard, happening at this time.”

“It is certainly hard for us, papa,” acquiesced Lady Dorothea heartily. “As for Wriothlesley, I do think that he ought to bear the penalty—and it is not likely to be beyond his deserts—when he has brought it upon himself. It may be a good lesson to him. His hankering after what is impracticable has always been his weak point. Perhaps he could not have come to grief and retained greater hope of recovery. But I am sorry on my poor Phoebe Paston's account. The wrong done to her is far more serious and irreparable, you know, papa, and Wriothlesley was very much to blame to provoke it.”

“Yes, yes! Paston's daughter, too!” fretted Lord Exmoor. “I don't censure Paston too severely; not to say that I for a moment believe he has any complicity in the affair. He is a gentlemanly fellow, Paston; as much so in his way as I am in mine. Yet he ought to have looked after his child—oughtn't he, Dolly? No good-natured sufferance of Wriothlesley, when he was low and ailing, should have blinded him to Miss Paston's interest. I rather suspect, Dorothea, that we were all imprudent in having the little girl so much here, and allowing her to grow up in intimate relations with you; but neither your good judgment nor your mother's experience foresaw any danger. A brown little thing like that—what can Wriothlesley see in her?” his Lordship wound up, with wistful perplexity.

“Irregular, out of the way beauty, is sometimes the most captivating; I suppose, because it is the most subtle,” observed the Countess with a sigh. “You know Wriothlesley always admired it; and Miss Paston may be brown, but I think she is a beauty.”

“Of course she is,” pronounced Lady Dorothea decisively; “and she is several inches taller than I am, if that is any recommendation. If she had been one of us,

she would have beaten me and Chetwynd Dugdale hollow. Her advantages are natural and original. And nature and originality are such real and lasting charms to a man of Wriothesley's type. I rather wonder what Phoebe sees in Wriothesley to tempt her out of her proper sphere for no greater gain than wasted affections and a wasted life."

"Well, there may be something in that, Dorothea," said Lord Exmoor, stopping in his walk.

"But, papa, I cannot consent to your condemning, even in retrospect, my friendship with Phoebe, I have owed so much of my goodness I possess to it, so much happiness. It appears to me that it would be mean and base to be always suspecting and dreading dangerous complications in planning our intercourse with our neighbours. If it was in Wriothesley to look belowhim in rank, and run headlong into an unfortunate attachment, all that my private friendship for Phoebe Paston can have had to do with it must have been to prevent his throwing away so much of his life on an unworthy object. Don't you think so, mamma?"

"I think the intimacy cannot be helped now, at all events, Dora," replied the Countess, doubtfully.

"And it cannot be stopped for a moment," urged Lady Dorothea, with the convincing power of wise generosity. "Only fancy, what a hue and cry there would be, and how fatal it would be to Phoebe, to Wriothesley, and to all of us, if we drew back from the Pastons just now! How ready the world would be to say that there had been deceit and design on the part of the girl and her friends! If you will but let me, I shall go this very morning, and call publicly for Phoebe in Wooers' Alley. I can stand disappointment for myself, if it is to be; but I cannot stand it for so loyal and kind a friend as Phoebe Paston."

Supposing that Lord and Lady Exmoor had thought for a moment of any lower line of policy, the temptation was trampled under foot by Lady Dorothea's fairness and magnanimity. The Earl knocked under immediately, with an announcement that he would himself call on Paston, stand in the painter's studio, and look him in the face, and not betray the least consciousness that there was anything wrong.

The Countess issued a simple caution.

"My dear, you won't increase the intimacy, or bring it more prominently forward; because, although I believe Miss Paston is a good, sensible girl, that might serve only to mislead her and the public further."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—TRIALS ON THE WAY.

THAT very summer afternoon, Lady Dorothea left her horse and groom somewhat ostentatiously in the Wellfield High Street, and walked up Wooers' Alley, meaning to say, by every motion of her whip and wave of her skirt, "See, Brockcotes has not withdrawn its countenance from Wooers' Alley for a single day, and does not deign to be offended, in spite of all its Wellfield people's stupid misrepresentations."

Lady Dorothea just missed Phoebe, who had gone down with little Bess among the newly-mown hay of the town-meadows. It was a *malapropos* accident; for Lady Dorothea had an engagement next day which would prevent her seeking her friend then, or for several days to come; and she had much to talk over with her, though it would not be with regard to Lord Wriothesley and his philandering. So there was nothing for it but that Mahomet must come to the mountain. Phoebe must repair, as of old, to Brockcotes, and to Lady Dorothea's room, or to some one of her favourite haunts in the gardens or the park. A message was left, desiring her to come up, without fail, within a few hours, to Brockcotes.

Phoebe, when she returned, panted and quivered at hearing this, and pulled herself up sharply for her distress. What harm had she done? Why should she tremble to meet Lady Dorothea, because Lady Dorothea's brother, without enticement, and in the teeth of strong objections and strict reserve, had cast admiring eyes on her?

Phoebe had been cited to a five o'clock tea-drinking, as it was now the first week of real midsummer weather after a rainy season. Lady Dorothea had arranged that they should enjoy the splendour of the summer and the fragrance of the tea in her Ladyship's own root-house, where the couple had hundreds of times nursed dolls, rehearsed dinners, and read stories and poetry together, in what they were at present inclined to regard as their tender childhood and youth, before they knew what it was to live and contemplate reverses or awake to ambitions.

The great gardens of Brockcotes had as much of the transmuted living spirit of the past as had the historical halls, corridors, and closets of the house. The gardens had been planned and planted in succession by heads of the house of Exmoor during the course of generations. Lady Dorothea had the chart at her finger-ends,—wildernesses, pleasancess, Italian terraces, Dutch beds, and French bos-

quets. She liked better to walk without weariness or breaking down over their long miles on miles, doing their honours and explaining their tokens, than to supersede Mrs. Bald and her subordinate in the show parts of the house.

Lady Dorothea's early *penchant* for this root-house had been revived by its proximity to the field of one of her most recent achievements. The root-house stood on a little half waste ascent, connecting the last flower-garden and the first of the stretch of kitchen-gardens with their ranges of hot-houses. In her precocious practicality, Lady Dorothea had loved to hover on the brink of homely vegetables and fruit trees. In her present propensity for reforming and regulating, she had taken to improving the waste spot in the large tract of cultivation. In the end, with her command of the magnificent Brockcotes park, she was as proud of her hundred yards of scrubby woodland (which she called her New-found-land) as any child of its toy.

The maid Thorpie had been appointed to look out for Miss Paston, and to conduct her to Lady Dorothea's retreat. Thorpie, with her coquettish frizzed hair and fluttering ends of muslin and ribbon, was of the same age as Phœbe and Lady Dorothea, and had been about Brockcotes ever since she was a child.

Phœbe had a vague notion that Thorpie ought to be to her, by another step in the social grades, what she was to Lady Dorothea. But here the beggar-and-porter element might have come into play, for there was hardly a grain of sympathy between Phœbe and frivolous, calculating Thorpie, who was at once fantastic and full of sordidness.

To her surprise, she found, as they went along, that Thorpie was minded to be particularly gracious.

"Miss Paston, allow me to carry your waterproof," she said, officiously; for Phœbe had looked at a glorious mass of cumuli in the blue sky, and had come prepared for a thunder-shower. "Yes, the rain do fall plump for these few weeks, and very worrying it is. I do declare, I have several times thought we were to have another flood, with Noah's ark wanted, if it continued; but if it come this afternoon, I shall run up to Mrs. List at the coach-house, and get you one of the coach umbrellas, in no time."

"Oh, but it does not look any like rain now," said Phœbe; "though I am certainly obliged for your good intentions."

"La, and what can we do but oblige one another, Miss Paston? And I can tell you the rain's no joke here sometimes. You remember

the spring in the park, and the mud all about always. Let me go first, and if my feet sink, pick your steps according."

"I should rather you wouldn't take so much trouble on my account," urged Phœbe.

"Oh! I shall think it an honour to show you the way. We didn't ought to have had tea in Lady Dorothea's house, though it were ever so sunshiny above; and goodness knows my eyes can tell it is a glare, with the ground that spongy below after the late wet; we oughtn't to have followed this out-of-the-way direction. If Lady Dorothea would drink tea *il fresco*, she might have had it in the Pagoddy or the Whim. We could have gone to either of these places by one of the main walks through the proper grounds, and then we might have met Mr. Finlay, or Mr. Lawson, or some of the younger gardeners or foresters, in case of a thunder-clap, which, if it do come, will make me screech like a peahen, and scud like a lapwing."

"Surely your nerves are not quite so weak as that," urged Phœbe.

"Oh, yes, I know I shall; for my nerves ain't fit to stand a shock. You must excuse me, Miss Paston, for I could not help myself, not though my Lord himself were looking on. Should you care for that passion-flower on the outer wall which you are looking at, Miss Paston? Let me pick it for you, and take the blame. Allow me, ma'am; your skirt is dragging the merest morsel; but none of the grass is dry in the shade of the trees. I shall hold it up for you, if you please—pray yes, Miss Paston; I shall think it a pleasure."

Phœbe could scarcely believe her ears. She looked inquiringly into Thorpie's foxey face.

Was this to be an earnest of Phœbe's harvest—that while, in the matter of friendship, she should be driven to cling to Mrs. Edgecumbe, she should, in the matter of service, be thankful to hire the duty of mercenaries like Thorpie?

Unsuspecting of the fresh offence that her behaviour was, Thorpie persisted in showing Phœbe every attention. As a part of her *rôle*, Thorpie sidled close to her, and without solicitation bestowed on her important unrequited confidences, taking away Phœbe's breath by a glimpse of the great news and the overwhelming anxiety which the Exmoors had brought down with them to Brockcotes.

"Yes, my lady—Miss Paston, I mean—it is quite true that there is a dreadful business about Lord Fairchester, and we are afraid the marriage will have to be broken off, after it has gone so far. Heaps of presents

have been received, and some of them exhibited at Storr and Mortimer's. The household was all but arranged, and I was to have gone with her Ladyship of course. The whole trousseau, except the dresses and the millinery, was complete, and for elegance, if you will believe my word, Miss Paston, the Princesses could not have surpassed it."

"No doubt," said Phœbe; "but surely the marriage will not be put off now."

"Well, if the marriage do be given up, I understand, from what has dropped from Mr. Simmons, close as he is, that we will go abroad again for the autumn, and to Egypt and the East, where none of us ladies have been, for the winter. If the Countess's health would stand it, we might try a yacht voyage to Iceland and North America. But I for one can't say I'm sorry we won't attempt it. I have no notion of having my nose bitten off by the frost, or being worried by wolves when we were out sledge-driving; though I have heard the furs we should get might repay the excursion. If you would give me a commission, Miss Paston, I should go down on my knees to bring you a fine set; it should be nothing less than sable or hermine. Lord Fairchester made my young lady a present of his travelling-cloak to put her feet upon when we had to stand those German bare boards. I don't think it will be worth the returning, and yet it will be a kindness to take it out of her sight, don't you think, Miss Paston?"

"But I don't exactly see your meaning," objected Phœbe.

"Oh! I forget you know nothing to speak of about the hawful discovery. How things and persons do go up and down in this world, for all the earth like a see-saw! Lady Dorothea will tell you about it herself; for you two are such friends like you had been born sisters. Some ladies are fit for any place, and these are the sort, no doubt, that have the luck which sets the world and their children's children a-staring."

"Yes, I dare say Lady Dorothea will tell me of it," admitted Phœbe, in a kind of despair, hoping that Thorpie would drop the subject. But she went on—

"Lady Dorothea don't mind speaking of the great misfortune as is threatened, because it is no fault of my Lord Marquis's, unless he did wrong to go dabbling and meddling among his grandfather's letters in the family papers. I would have the haristocracy, when they were not hunting or shooting, or attending sales and breakfasts in town, to ride out and manage their works, and order the great doings of their folk, like Lord Wriothlesley does: he

is a proper young nobleman. If they will rummage in charter-chests, and old drawers of cabinets and escritaires, I'd have them confine their reading to leases and grants, and let the private history of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers a-be. But here is my Lady come down the New-found-land to meet you. She do have her ways, Lady Dorothea, and such a spirit to keep them up; but she is easily got round, is Lady Dorothea, and her bark is always a deal worse than her bite. I shall run on before, and see if the kettle be boiling, and the cups set out."

The volunteered, vague, extraordinary communication from Thorpie confirmed rumours of evil which had been floating about Wellfield during the spring and summer. They had received no credit from the Pastons and other stanch friends of the family, so that they now pierced Phœbe's dismayed ears like a moral thunder-clap, and drove her own circumstances, strange and agitating as they were, out of her head.

CHAPTER XL.—A CONFIDENCE.

THORPIE was right. Lady Dorothea, with genuine animation, first challenged Phœbe to appreciate with her the little stream purling away plebeianly, mixing with the lingering half-subdued note of a homely thrush or finch, not too tired with its public morning concert to perform a little private song or two for the benefit of its mate and its newly-fledged brood, of which Lady Dorothea knew one late nest, and was very careful and elated in the knowledge.

"It is so nice and refreshing here," declared Lady Dorothea, "without any but wayside flowers and trees, without gardeners except twice a season, or cats, or the public hallooing after us. I could live in a cottage after all. Yet it shows how artificial I am that this makes me think of the garden of Eden, which was no more like it, I daresay, than it was like the tapestry representation in the Little Hall, with the orange serpent twisting itself into a rope round the blue tree. I fancy I am as artificial as the old getters-up of pastorals. Why, you are ready to cry," protested her Ladyship. "What should all you? Don't be a big baby, my dear Phœbe. You see I can bear up against it. Where would be the good or the use in breaking down; and I was always for good and for use, you know," Lady Dorothea ended in parenthesis, with something of a forlorn smile at herself.

It might have been imagination, or the trifle of Lady Dorothea's wearing a black gown in commemoration of the death of some

noble cousin ; but Phœbe was at this moment painfully struck with her Ladyship's delicate transparency and slightness of colour and form, indicating a wornness and weariness, from the sense of which she struggled to escape. So she could only say with eager tremor—

"If I were not proud to see you bear your trial so well, Lady Dorothea, I should be filled with envy of you."

"He can bear up like a brave man who has done his duty and vindicated his nobility ever since he got the first glimpse of the truth," Lady Dorothea declared earnestly ; "and I am very proud of Fairchester, Phœbe. I never thought to be so proud of him, when, in my silly conceit, I distrusted his attaining the power of public speaking, or of aiding Wriothsley and the country in any way unless on committees."

The sedate satisfaction, irradiated by a lovely gleam of tenderness, with which Lady Dorothea announced that she had never thought to be so proud of Fairchester, did not, on the first blush, look as if it had reference to an insuperable obstacle to the marriage.

Neither was Lady Dorothea in any haste to enter on an explanation. She was self-restrained and orderly. Her friend had come to her apparently fatigued by her walk, and with nerves unbraced for the old familiar intercourse. She had to be soothed and coddled in the best rustic arm-chair, with the most charming view to be had in the root-house, while Lady Dorothea, with the assistance of Thorpie and Mrs. List's boy, presided over the fire on the hearth, the gipsy kettle and tea equipage, the one basket of roasted chestnuts, and the other of roasted potatoes.

It was not till the refreshment was over, and Thorpie and Mrs. List's boy dismissed with the utensils and the fragments of the feast, that Lady Dorothea leant her elbow on the wattle table, looked Phœbe wistfully in the face, and began with an abrupt prelude :—

"Well, and here it is, Phœbe ; I shall not, in all probability, be married now or ever to Fairchester. Coach-builders, jewellers, and milliners may tear their hair ; and even the lawyers may join in the lamentation, for they will have no great compensation for the loss of the settlements."

"But is there cause sufficient why the marriage should be finally put aside?" asked Phœbe, in stunned bewilderment.

"Oh, there has always been a whisper of a flaw somewhere in Fairchester's title to the estates."

"But where is there not a whisper of a flaw where the stake is great? I have

noticed such about new claimants to titles and estates in the newspapers ; but I don't altogether understand these things."

"You could scarcely be expected to understand such matters, my dear Phœbe ; nor do I ; but I think I have heard of claimants in connexion with most of our great houses. I can remember, when I was quite a child, a man turning up on us, and calling himself a descendant of the prodigal Lord Thomas. I suppose when you heard of a flaw in Fairchester's right you set it down to some crazy or knavish claimant of this kind?"

"I only heard of it recently, and didn't know very well what to think," answered Phœbe.

"Well, the worst of it is the flaws are not all groundless, or the claims baseless. Unsuspected members of houses, and dispositions of estates hushed up and forgotten, have come to light sometimes. And this of Fairchester's is the worst possible case. You have some idea what Fairchester bore of Edmund Blount, and how, as head of the house, he strove to bring his cousin to better behaviour. The very first thing Fairchester did when he came of age was to pay Edmund Blount's debts, and he repeated the ceremony until this spring, when he saw it his duty to refuse to waste further assistance on his prodigal till he should consent to renounce his ruinous courses."

"And I should think Lord Fairchester only did his duty," asserted Phœbe.

"Yes, but what did Edmund Blount do but threaten to start, and did start in effect, a law-suit on the old slur on Fairchester's grandfather and Edmund Blount's grand-uncle? Even within the last six weeks there seemed no doubt of the result, in spite of the ugly scandals clinging to the old Marquis. Five weeks ago, in looking over some of his grandfather's correspondence, not in relation to the law-suit at all, but preparatory to putting the letters into the hands of one of your Mr. Hall's friends, who had begged a sight of them for literary and historical purposes, what was Lord Fairchester's horror and distress to discover a letter in which his grandfather distinctly affirmed a previous marriage to a Miss Palmer of Leicestershire, still living when he afterwards married Lady Maria Annesley, who divorced him, and was divorced herself, in the end, by her second husband, Sir Leonard Medlicot!"

"But that may be a forgery," cried out Phœbe.

"I am afraid not, my dear," contradicted Lady Dorothea, in sad sobriety. "They were a frightfully bad set, those old Fairchesters ; so

atrociously bad that there is some doubt certainly whether the old Marquis did not invent and write so much of that letter to revenge himself on Lady Maria at the time of their separation. Whether or not a marriage with a Miss Palmer of Leicester (and it is known that such a person existed) really took place at the time the Marquis coolly declared it did, is not established; but if a ceremony passed between the couple, it is thought a register of it may still be found in the vestry-book of some church in the county. The lawyers who have been consulted are hunting for the necessary evidence. Fairchester must wait their report, and so must we. There is one comfort, it cannot be long delayed."

"Oh, dear Lady Dorothea, how sorry I am!" exclaimed Phoebe. "What an uncertainty for you! How you must suffer!"

"You may say so. It is taking the flesh off my bones, and I have not much to lose," acknowledged Lady Dorothea, looking at her slender wrist. "But if it is hard for me and papa and mamma and Wriothesley, think what it must be for Fairchester, a peer of long descent,—the independent owner of a rent-roll of fifty thousand to-day, and what men call a beggar and a bastard to-morrow."

"How good he has been!" interposed Phoebe, with bated breath. "We always heard he was good, but we little thought how his goodness was to be tested."

"He could not do otherwise. There was no choice left him as an honest man," declared Lady Dorothea, looking straight before her out of her shining eyes, and holding tightly between her fingers a white rose which she had taken from her dress. Think, Phoebe! these women, his sisters, dared to raise a clamour in his ears for not keeping the letter close; and the black sheep whom Fairchester had dragged out of the mire, and forgiven till seventy times seven, suggested through his lawyer, that Fairchester must have known something of the dreadful story all along. But Fairchester himself behaved beautifully. He told me first, because, he said, that, after himself, it concerned me most—that he sought my advice; his mind was made up from the day he read the letter. I do not say that there was no struggle. I think Fairchester would have been more than human if there had not been; but I am satisfied it was hopeless from the beginning."

"You supported and strengthened him, Lady Dorothea?" pressed Phoebe.

"I can't tell. I hung upon his neck, and kissed and cried over him, and told him that he was winning his spurs that day as much as

ever his ancestors had won them. It was the first day I knew I loved him as well or better than his mother had done."

"But how can you give him up? What do you mean?" demanded Phoebe, bluntly.

"I cannot help myself," Lady Dorothea averred, with a kind of bitter sweetness. "If Lord Fairchester is reduced to John Blount, without even a right to that name, he will be no match for Dorothea Latimer. He will have nothing, and be nobody. A provision for his sisters is the utmost he will be brought to accept from Edmund Blount. I am certain Fairchester will take nothing for himself, even if it be offered him. Of course my father and many other friends will be ready and eager to serve him."

"And what will become of Lord Fairchester?" insisted Phoebe, in her dismay.

"How can I tell?" counter-questioned Lady Dorothea, a little impatiently. "There will be a great noise about him and his misfortunes for a time,—he will get out of reach of that as soon as possible, I should think; and then he will pass away, and be forgotten by all but his immediate friends, just as happens to all of us when we die. I should think he would go to one of the colonies, and try to start afresh among strangers ignorant in a measure of his antecedents. I was thinking of that up here in my New-found-land, and striving to cheer myself with the thought. Go where he may, I can assure myself that he will carry with him the peace of a righteous man."

"And he will lose you, too," Phoebe was not able to help remonstrating, pleading with hands clasped, and laid on Lady Dorothea's knees.

"I cannot prevent it," Lady Dorothea replied, with quivering lips, but shaking her head in unflinching ruefulness. "I am not a great loss in myself, and you did not use to be such a flatterer as to tell me so, friend Phoebe. I have been reared to do my part for the family, and for the good of the country. I cannot marry whom I would; I must make an alliance to serve Wriothesley. I must not fail papa in my turn."

Phoebe looked down heart-smitten.

"I have no opinion of *mésalliances*," Lady Dorothea continued, obstinately; "not even when people have been led innocently into them, and when they appear to promise a large amount of compensation. They are offences against rule and discipline, and being so, they don't answer their purpose. I trained and tutored myself to love Fairchester, and when my efforts are crowned with a great success, immediately my friend

and true lover is taken from me, and I must tear up the love I planted and nourished so obediently, after it has taken root and struck so deep, that I am afraid the process will crack and crumble down the better part of the soil of this poor heart of mine."

"I believe it," granted Phoebe, fervently, in midst of her despondency.

"We Exmoors have always sacrificed our private feelings, and had nothing to do with *mésalliances*."

Phoebe looked up quickly. She was thinking of Charming Nancy, who had been no more than Reeves the bailiff's daughter.

The inadvertent motion did not escape Lady Dorothea, *distrain* though she was.

"Yes, there was one unequal marriage, I believe, under stress of circumstances, when England was turned upside down by civil war. But fortunately, our charming low-born Countess was a childless woman, so that the *mésalliance*, in its essence and habit, was not handed down. No doubt there have been *mésalliances* in other families," Lady Dorothea proceeded, "and they have not all been followed by signal judgments—oh! dear no. Some of them have flourished, or looked as if they flourished, amazingly. But *mésalliances* are unnatural knots and twists in our social constitution as it exists, and I cannot think that they are not uneasy experiences to poor souls in themselves. I don't venture on one, myself, so I may presume to offer my example as a lesson in temperance, shall I say? I don't think that you will call it rank worldliness, Phoebe, though I can gather from your expression that you do not altogether approve of it."

Phoebe did not demur to this statement, and her Ladyship ran on—

"Oh dear! oh dear! when are we to have the unqualified approval of ourselves and our neighbours in any resolution we take? Not on earth, but in heaven again. However, child, we are speaking like two Cassandras, and as if everything were already lost save honour. Now, although I fear that old Lord Fairchester was not an arrant liar instead of a bigamist, and that the lawyers have a suspicion of proofs, there may be no evidence, or there may be contrary evidence. I expect to hear confirmatory tidings from Fairchester one of these days."

"It must be a trial for you to wait for his letters just now, and a greater trial to receive them?" said Phoebe, half speaking to herself.

"Well, I don't go into hysterics when the post comes in, or ask some other body to read the letters; but I hear my heart beating

(I seem to be always hearing it now), and I see my lips white if I am within sight of a glass. These are great demonstrations, are they not, from me, who only felt a little milk-maidish, you remember, when Fairchester (poor fellow! how considerate he was!) came formally to pretend to my hand last autumn?"

Phoebe said she well remembered her impression when she first saw him on the course.

"There is one blessing," her Ladyship went on, "that he is coming down himself immediately afterwards, either that our marriage may go on directly and everything be as was proposed, or to say a long good-bye. I am afraid of missing anything. There may be a special messenger; and I question quietly whether I am able to stand more than I must bear. I think somehow there will be news to-morrow, and I shall be glad of you to congratulate or—no, I don't want any one, not even you, dear Phoebe, but only Fairchester to condole with me. I shan't break down with him, and throw a heavier load on his shoulders; and you see I am determined not to break down if I can."

Phoebe went away home as full of Lady Dorothea's strait, and the gallant front she presented to it, as if she had been her Ladyship's avowed sister.

CHAPTER XL.—"FOLLOWS HIM LIKE HIS SHADOW."

It was in the glory of a summer evening that Lady Dorothea was to go out and meet her promised bridegroom for the last time. It was about the end of the London season, when the gaiety of the great world grows fast and furious, so that memories of dinners and routs, which would have come naturally at this time, hung about the young people who passed by different ways through the massive foliage and the dignified seclusion of the park at Brockcotes.

A phalanx of puzzled, pitiful eyes gloated a little over a mistress in tribulation, as a group of the lower servants at Brockcotes, secretly assembled, watched Lady Dorothea setting out, before the family had risen from dinner, along the lower drive in her garden-hat and her great light shawl thrown over her evening-dress. The whole establishment knew that Lord Fairchester, or he who had been known as Lord Fairchester, was expected at the Cotes station by the train which was due at eight.

Phoebe Paston, too, sitting at one of the windows of the drawing-room in Woovers' Alley, meditating on the nobler woes of gentility, and the sacrifices which were called

for from all the great ones of the earth, saw with her mind's eye, as plainly as any of the staring domestics of Brockcotes, her Ladyship starting on her errand. She could even follow her Ladyship till she encountered one of the Brockcotes carriages with Mr. Blount, midway in the drive, close to the Obelisk. Phœbe beheld the carriage pull up, and its occupant—the same big, somewhat clumsy young man she had seen on the Wellfield course—alight and exchange greetings with the watchful friend who had anticipated his arrival. And further, she saw the two who were plighted man and wife, but would never redeem their pledge, walk slowly back alone together towards the house.

Nay, more, Phœbe heard with her mind's ear, as no mental ear at Brookcotes except such as belonged to the immediate family circle, and was strained with morbid acuteness, was attuned to hear and distinguish, the gist of the conversation between the lovers.

Mr. Blount and Lady Dorothea were quite calm and schooled to this situation. If anything, he was the less composed of the two. They did not for a little while allude to the irretrievable disaster that had befallen them. She told him how many minutes the train must have been over due, showing how accurately she had expected him, while he remarked on the kind of journey he had had, the state of the weather, and the appearance of the country.

"How well everything looks here!" he went on to say.

"Yes, I am vain enough to think there are few places like the park, the big trees, the house itself, the whole thing at Brockcotes," she replied.

"You never saw Sans Pareil," he observed; "the great sweet chestnut there stretches its branches to an extent that covers one wing of the house; or Ford-in-the-Marsh, where there are a row of thorns older than those at Greenwich. I always think I see my mother sitting beneath them."

"No, I never saw either," she assented.

"I hope the Countess continues to benefit by her stay at Brunnen," he began again.

"Well, I think she does; but one cannot expect to see her to advantage just now."

"No; Louisa has been ill too."

"Has she? I am sorry to hear it."

"She was better when I left."

"You are not looking quite well yourself," she said, glancing up in his face.

"Am I not? I shall be the better of my three days down here; it was so hot and

oppressive in town, though I did not go out except to my lawyer's. I suppose I am at liberty to return the charge, and say you are not looking well yourself, Dorothea,—I mean not so strong and—stout, shall I say?—as you looked in Germany."

He had been in the habit of calling her Dorothea before; but she had never called him John, as she did now, saying, simply, "No, John; I have done my best to keep up for all our sakes; but it has been trying."

It was as if it had taken all the spirit of dogmatism and self-assertion out of her.

Then he cried bitterly—"My love! to whom it was all to have been so equal, as far as the world goes," and he took her hands, and told her again what they both knew so well. "They say it is all up with me, Dorothea; it is all over between us."

"Never between our hearts, John Blount; you may carry that assurance, go where you will, and I am ready to seal it by any pledge you like to ask. A lie might have severed our two souls for ever while we were united in name, but how can a loss of worldly goods come between us in spirit?"

Phœbe heard the particulars of Mr. Blount's melancholy leave-taking from Lord Wriothsesley. She was eager to hear all about Lady Dorothea and Mr. Blount—how they fared, and if it was possible that they were to give each other up by mutual consent. Lord Wriothsesley was as willing to tell her what she wanted to know as if she had had a right to hear it, and while he was grieved for his sister, he was pleased by Phœbe's interest in his communications.

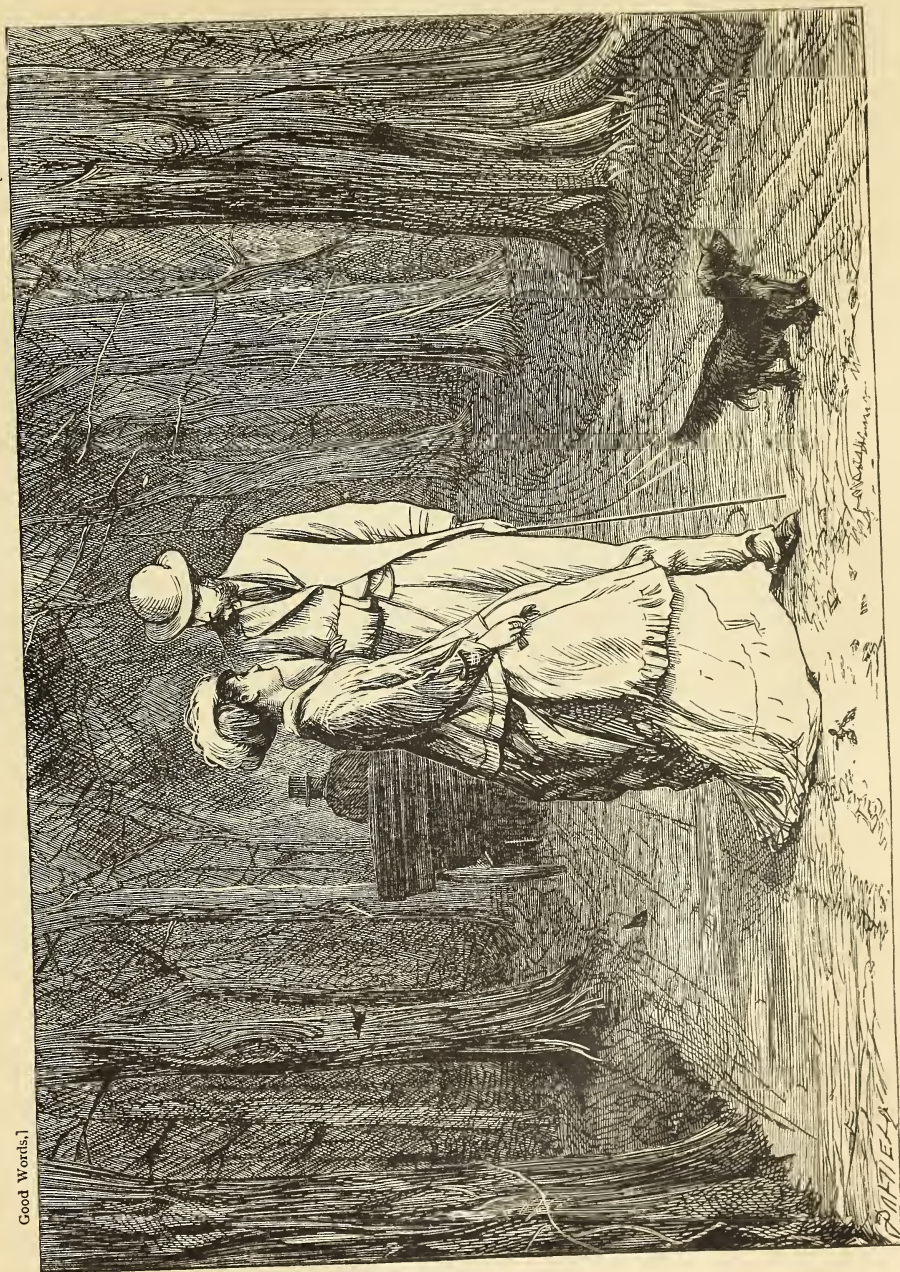
"I cannot make out you women," he said, as he sat looking at Phœbe as she worked by her mother's side. "Now, there is Dorothea, who was to make a family alliance. She would keep poor Fairchester in his proper place, and while decently civil, was imperative on both herself and him, taking things mighty coolly, as if the two had been staid elderly people like my father and mother. But no sooner is Blount utterly ruined, and the affair stopped finally at the last moment, than she goes and breaks the unlucky fellow's heart—all of it that is not broken already—with her passionate sweetness. She follows him like his shadow, and waits on him like his dog. Think of such treatment from a woman like Dorothea! It is an overcoming sight for a mere onlooker."

"But don't you admire the grand nobility of it, Lord Wriothsesley?" inquired Phœbe.

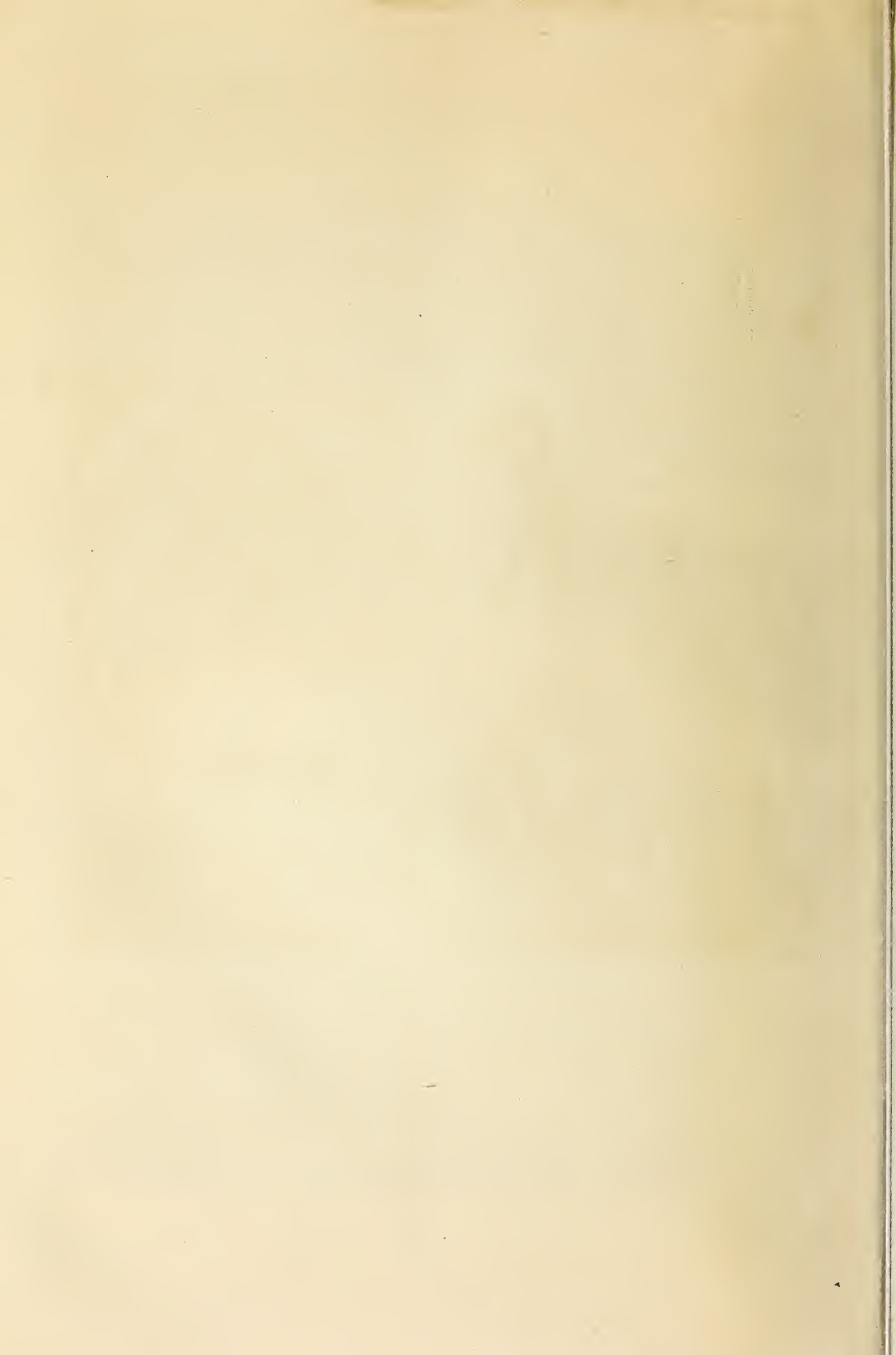
"Well, it has something heroic in it, I

[October 1, 1869,

Good Words.]



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."



admit; but I feel for all our sakes that it is a mercy he is not to stay longer than three days. She would demoralise the manly fellow. John Blount is all that, though he is deprived of what was his *prestige*, and most things besides, and though he never was specially bright. I declare, for the moment, I do not know whether to be most sorry for him, or to be filled with a craze of envy of him."

"But must the marriage be stopped so late? Is there no remedy, and you Exmoors so mighty?" flashed up Phœbe reproachfully.

"Is there no hope of his Lordship, Lord

Fairchester that was, getting back his own? or else, if it isn't his own, of the Queen's Majesty giving him another title and property from her own purse, or from the purses of other people who have died without children and their money has fallen to her?" suggested Mrs. Paston.

"No more hope of the one than of the other. If the property and the title had been divided, and that had been the question at issue, something might have been attempted. As it is, nothing public can be done, unless you would have Blount a public pauper."



Page 723.

"Well, what a reverse to be sure!" mused Mrs. Paston.

"Of course, my father and many other friends are bent upon affording him such assistance as he will take from them, all the more that he would not have anything forced upon him by the heartless bully and blackguard his cousin. But consider, Miss Paston, what suit he has to offer Dolly now, and whether he is the man to offer it or she the woman to accept it? It is a very sad calamity, I grant you; but any farther proposal of union between the couple is impossible."

It seemed that Lord Wriothsley could

not advocate for his sister the views that he held for himself. He could judge discreetly where she was concerned, while a higher virtue than prudence had seized upon him and kept him fast.

Phœbe did not see Lady Dorothea again till Mr. Blount's short visit was past, and the two had taken farewell, or, as Lady Dorothea preferred to call it, had said good-bye. The establishment at Brockcotes was on the eve of being broken up for some time. Both Lord and Lady Exmoor claved to their chief home, the show and spacious magnificence of which had its retirement and comfort to

them. But there was something more than a noble Darby and Joan's inclinations to be looked to now. It could not be a judicious arrangement to chain down Lady Dorothea in the scene of her early-planned marriage. She must be carried about, as Thorpie plainly phrased it, and put, at least, in the way of a new establishment.

It would be an outrage on paternal sense and devotion to say, that while Lord Exmoor could not bring himself to attack the potent son and heir on his detrimental and distressing fancy for Miss Paston, this son was to have the excuse of living several months on end within a stone's throw of the painter's daughter, who should continue the bosom friend and favourite companion of his sister.

It became incumbent on Lord and Lady Exmoor, however much they might groan and sigh over the necessity, to take to fitting from place to place in their declining years.

Phoebe felt as if she and Lady Dorothea were taking leave of all their youthful intimacy and attachment. Notwithstanding this, her Ladyship distinguished Phoebe particularly before the family went away, and came again to Woovers' Alley, as if to renew and intensify her assurance that no extravagance or insanity of Lord Wriothlesley's could make bad blood between her and Phoebe. And this was after Phoebe had taken leave of Lord Wriothlesley.

"We are going for the present," he had said, "but we will come back possibly sooner than you think. For myself, I must be down, once and again, on the Earl's business and my own, between the general going and coming. Only don't give any of us up, for the sake of faith and truth, Miss Paston."

Phoebe was convinced, with the pride that would accompany the conviction, that all precautions would be in vain where Lord Wriothlesley was the object. If he lived and she lived, it would go hard, if, for all the disparities, the coronet of the Exmoors was not laid at her feet. She held up her head, and would not show her little world the pain she felt in the separation from Lady Dorothea, and what it might easily have mistaken for another feeling.

Lady Dorothea, again, was calm, and even cheerful, in spite of the hollows in her cheeks exaggerating the clear brightness of her eyes. She herself spoke of her thinness, half-laughingly advising Phoebe to take care of her shoulder-blades, and to watch in time for silver threads appearing in her brushed back hair. She told Phoebe that Mr. Blount was likely to go to one of the colonies after his

business with his cousin was wound up. There might be terrible claims for past rents, with interest, left to hang like a millstone round the disinherited man's neck; but for very shame, Edmund Lord Fairchester would make a compromise.

Lady Dorothea was to be allowed to correspond with Mr. Blount. And why not? The two could be trusted, and they were dear friends, as she daresayed their children would be after them.

"You see, Phoebe, everything is possible," insisted Lady Dorothea, "where there is a will to keep one's feelings under control, to be temperate in all personal wishes, and to make the sacrifices which are required of us."

When Lady Dorothea said this, Phoebe was aware that her Ladyship strongly implied that it was required of her to sacrifice Lord Wriothlesley's generous regard and the grand promotion which, in its very dimness and distance, loomed so splendidly before her eyes.

CHAPTER XLII.—DELICATE COMMISSIONS.

THE Exmoor family remained absent from Brockcotes for the greater part of two years. During all that time Barty Wooler did not show his face in Wellfield, save for such brief visits to his mother as enabled him to see her and no one else. His course seemed that of a rolling stone which could gather no moss.

Mr. Blount and his expulsion and exile in Canada were in the way of being forgotten like other expulsions and exiles.

There was no word of the marriages either of Lady Dorothea or of Lord Wriothlesley; but Miss Dugdale had accomplished an excellent match with great settlements.

Lord Wriothlesley had advanced from his clearing of the woods at Brockcotes and his bringing in of the water to Nannton, to the instituting of great dye-works on the estate of Swinley. He had discovered and demonstrated the presence of chemical qualities in the water in the neighbourhood, which adapted it peculiarly for dyeing processes. The works had already made such progress, and were likely to be so largely followed in the district, that they had caused some talk, and had even won notice for the young nobleman from the public organs of the industries of England. He had also made his solitary descents on Brockcotes and Wellfield as his father's envoy, and he had constantly, although not ostentatiously, repaired to the Pastons. The Earl at last thought it high time to broach the proscribed topic, and to utter a stringent remonstrance.

"Wriothlesley has been brought up to such

sway, such influence, and has so much at his command," his father considered, nervously, as he was about to do his duty.

Lord Exmoor hesitated as he addressed his son in the smoking-room, which the family happened to occupy when the gentlemen were alone together at a confidential hour.

He prefaced his lecture with an expression of regret that he could no longer mistake his son's motive for avoiding every overture towards making an establishment for himself, and marrying.

"I can only say, that it is neither for your credit, nor for the happiness of the young lady whom it seems you have the misfortune to admire, that there should be an unmeaning yielding to her attractions, and a perpetual return within the sphere of her influence."

Lord Wriothlesley bent his brows, and smoothed them again, stood firm, and looking his father in the face, said in clear tones—

"You need not fear for my credit; but I have to thank you for the store you set on her happiness, although I cannot flatter myself that it is deeply imperilled by my intimacy with her father's household."

"But why put her happiness in peril at all? Can this continued, I may say exclusive, intimacy of a young man in your station with the family of an artist benefit either your reputation or theirs?"

"I appeal to you whether I have not kept the intimacy within bounds?" protested Lord Wriothlesley, turning suddenly upon his father.

"I do not say you have not. I have so much respect for that man Paston, that I think he would have prevented anything else if you had been so left to yourself, or so mad as to go so far. But what do you propose by such an intimacy?"

"You must see, Lord Exmoor, that I can propose nothing," asserted Lord Wriothlesley, with a touch of bitterness.

"But you can frustrate all our expectations," urged Lord Exmoor, rather vehemently for him; "you can waste your time hanging about what I cannot call anything else than a dead light; so sure it is to wreck you, my boy," the good Earl said, softening all at once, as he shambled up to his son, and put his hand on his shoulder. "I am not so dishonourable and depraved as to undervalue that freedom; but there is more to be thought of in a young fellow of your degree. The stake which you hold, the talents with which one of us has been endowed at least, entitle you——"

Lord Wriothlesley could bear it no longer, and was forced to interrupt the Earl.

"My dear father, you are everything that is kind to me, but surely you do not mean to end by saying, that I am no longer able to be of use to you or others, or that I have done anything to compromise my character? I don't boast of having no particular debts burdening me like many men, but I do maintain that I have not been guilty of anything to disqualify me for what future work I may be fit for, and that my family and the country may impose upon me."

"It is not what you have done, but what you are failing to do. You are holding aloof in a measure from the close society of your equals, you are giving no indication of settling steadily in your class," urged Lord Exmoor, driven to table his bill.

"I had hoped I had many friends. Would you have me establish false premises, and incur false responsibilities?"

"Why should they be false?"

"I need not answer you, sir."

"No, don't answer me, Wriothlesley, and cut me to the heart."

"I will not do it," the young man pledged himself. "I'll go into Parliament, or on any diplomatic mission to-morrow if you wish it. Indicate any step, appoint any post, and I'll try for it to please you, and my mother, and Dolly. I here deliberately promise to undertake no adventure, to enter on no engagement, without the knowledge and the concurrence which are your privilege. Will that not satisfy you?"

"I have no choice—it must," Lord Exmoor granted, with unusual ungraciousness, as he took his son's offered hand, but he dropped it again immediately as if the touch pained him.

The vexed outwitted nobleman, the moment his son's back was turned, sighed:—

"Oh, if Dorothea had but been the son!"

In these two years at Wellfield Phœbe was learning to forget the episode of Barty Wooler's domineering attachment, the surprised petulance which it had excited, as well as her remorse for her unsoftened rejection of his suit, and her dread lest she had worked the least harm to her father's old friend.

But she had another cause for real trouble on account of her father's failing health. It was manifestly failing now, and that rapidly, though he fought a hard fight to work as well as ever.

For a long time Mrs. Paston would not see the creeping ghastliness of what had always been Caleb Paston's delicate habit of body, and put down Phœbe's apprehension as a girl's moping. For a still longer time

Mr. Paston was indignant at all interference with him, or entreaties that he should stop painting, and try a change of life.

The doctor's opinion was delivered cautiously. Let the patient spare exertion, have as little as possible on his mind, adopt such and such a diet, and take the medicines prescribed. If Mr. Paston had any business arrangements in reference to his family to make, he did not think it need create alarm, supposing he suggested that it might contribute to Mr. Paston's ease of mind, and so to the swiftness and completeness of his recovery, if he made these arrangements as soon as possible.

Mr. Paston smiled faintly at the advice.

"It would be a case of spontaneous combustion if I went out of harness," he maintained, "but I shall certainly try the diet and the medicine, and if I do not get better in a short time, I shall think of such arrangements as are left me to make in order that my mind may be easy."

No improvement followed the decision. In the grey light of a Martinmas day, Mr. Paston called to Phœbe as she was passing his painting-room. She turned back and entered, and she could see that he was retouching his "Reconciliation of Jacob and Esau," which he had relinquished three years before. He said to her shortly—

"Phœbe, child, I should like you to take an opportunity of looking in on Mrs. Wooler; you call for the old woman sometimes, don't you?"

"Oh yes, papa, I have called on Mrs. Wooler," answered Phœbe, as cheerfully as she could.

"That's right. Well, I want you to ask her the whereabouts of her son at present, and if she would let him know that I have been ailing this autumn, and have a great desire to see him about my pictures. I don't doubt he would come; for he was always a kindly, confiding fellow. Will you do this for me, Phœbe?"

Phœbe was not simply taken aback by her father's unexpected request; it struck her with a keen sense of his apprehension of danger and a coming change. In that light, what did it signify how Mrs. Wooler and her son regarded her visit, or how the Wellfield people might talk if it proved successful? She would have agreed to execute her father's will had it been ten times more disagreeable and difficult.

CHAPTER XLIII.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

It was a "raw and surly" day when Phœbe went to Mrs. Wooler's. The labour-

nums were but bare, crooked sticks. Barty's lush and cool ferns were rustling as sere and brown as ferns could rustle. But when she fulfilled her part of the mission, she found that much of its disagreeableness and difficulty vanished. Her heart was too full of her father to leave her any room for the entirely painful consciousness that she was sitting in the drab parlour, regarded curiously by Mrs. Wooler, as the girl who had first bewitched and then refused Barty, and who was so foolishly uplifted and arrogant as to be philandering with Lord Wriothlesley.

Mrs. Wooler had ceased to fear Phœbe in the field of her own life, and she was not dead to the softening effect of the circumstances under which Phœbe came.

"Oh, indeed!" she said; "and is your father so poorly, Miss Paston? I am sorry; yes, I am sorry to hear it, and I wish him well again, I do." Mrs. Wooler spoke earnestly, and not unsympathetically. "We are poor frail creatures, and when it comes to that, it lays our pride low, and stills our wrath. His strait to-day may be ours to-morrow—only all in our appointed time. Your father was wont to be one of your lads all pith and marrow, with a power of work in his slim body; but that kind don't last. And for Barty: he is not so far to seek. He is at no greater distance than Folksbridge, where my uncles, the Clays, have had him home for a month, to be a party in a new settlement of their affairs. They are always a settling of their affairs, these rich old men. Barty will do the bidding of the sick man who asks for his presence, so far as I can speak for my son; and I know of no reason that should keep him away."

Phœbe felt that Mrs. Wooler was more friendly than might have been expected.

Barty travelled straight to Wellfield on the first notice that he was wanted. But although he was there within a few days, Mr. Paston's old complaint had taken a start in a downward direction, and he was very much worse—suffering paroxysms of violent illness, and was so shaken and feeble between them, that when he had attempted to lift a brush that morning, his hand had fallen powerless by his side, and a mist had come between him and the canvas. But he was up and dressed as usual, tottering about the old familiar ground, or lying back in his sitting-chair, looking thoughtfully at his work, mostly at the first and the last of it,—the "Theft by the Bellini," and the "Reconciliation of Jacob and Esau."

Phœbe was hovering about her father, pre-

pared to nurse him. She was the more set on it, because of her mother being more and more overcome by the evidences of the progress of her husband's illness.

It was when thus thrown together and holding on by each other that Barty Wooler came in upon the father and daughter. He and Phoebe exchanged grave, not unfriendly greetings.

Looking away to avoid catching his eye, Barty said to Mr. Paston—

"I am glad to find you on your feet, Paston; you will be all right again presently."

"I am on my feet still, Barty, but they have become very shaky feet in no time, somehow. I am so certain to be laid aside for a season," he added, with a quick glance at Phoebe, "that I am under a great obligation to you for complying with my request so promptly. I hope it has not put you too much about."

"Not in the least, and there is no obligation at all. What do you think I was about? you'll never guess—not only getting myself served heir to the Clays, but having their business made over to me."

"To dispose of speedily?"

"Not a bit of it. Silk-mercery is as good a trade as another; as good, at any rate, as daubing second-rate pictures. I cut the apprenticeship, all but the travelling line, an age ago; and now I have cut the shop itself, and taken to the Clays'. All I have had to do has been to let my name be put in gilt letters—(I should have liked to have had the painting of it, Caleb)—after the old names over the main front,—'Clay Brothers and Wooler.' Think of the weakness or the generosity of humanity! Why, the old men are as proud of the small concession as if I had brought a fresh fifty thousand into the concern. Now you must admit that I am the luckiest dog in creation, in some things."

"No. If you could not cut the concern when you like, I should be rather sorry to hear that you had contracted so much as the responsibility of a sleeping-partner in trade. For you will never sleep at a post, however ready-made and lucrative; it is not in you, whatever laziness you may choose to pretend to. You will be having your finger in the pie, even though it be against the grain. Business hours, ready money, long accounts, percentages, truck system; you will have a tilt at yourself and your neighbours in one and all of them. Without any experience, I should say you will make a mess of it. If your uncles the Clays had

known you as well as I do, they would have thought twice before they admitted you into their business. You were always the queerest fellow, Barty, for taking short turns and doubling upon yourself."

"Perhaps, if you add, and for falling on my feet, in a way. But the thing is done."

"And with these new trade engagements, you are very much *hors de combat* for the service that I thought of seeking from you."

"I cannot see that, when my name is all my offering. But what would you have?"

Mr. Paston experienced some restraint in explaining himself before Phoebe. At the same time he would not suffer her to go. He was purposely detaining her that she might hear the trust he committed to Barty Wooler.

"Here are some pictures, Barty, which might be finished and sent up to the exhibition this year or next. There is that Jacob and Esau: I am fond of the thing—so fond of it that I have not cared to put my hand to it save when I was in the humour. But I have thrown in the principal group. And there is the 'Execution of Kilmarnock and Balmerino,' to be done on commission for a friend of Lord Exmoor,—one of the handsomest commissions I ever received; and I had managed most of the heads. I was going to ask you if you would not consent to work up these pictures, giving them as our joint production?"

Barty stared, and tugged at his beard. "My dear fellow," he broke out at last, "I should make a botch of your finest pictures. I am no more fit to lay on after you than an elephant is to draw a hair-stroke."

"Tuts, Barty, you are in a flighty mood; and remember the precedents: art-partnerships have not been uncommon."

"Yes, I know. Rubens did it, along with Sneyders and with Teniers, too, on occasion. But all I can say is, that the disparity between them was not so great. In this case the very ignorant world would cry shame on me for my impertinence."

"Allow me to judge. You are wrong, both in depreciating yourself, and in thinking that our ideas would not harmonize."

Barty looked at Mr. Paston and the pictures with undiminished perplexity.

"It would be no good, certainly no good, for your reputation and profit. I cannot make out what your object is, if it is not to sacrifice yourself in order to afford me another opportunity to redeem my lost ground. Confess that that is the grand dodge, Caleb," urged Barty, leaning his chin on his hand,

and bending forward as if he had forgotten Phœbe's presence, and all about her.

"No, no! Don't you comprehend?—you, who disparage my brains, which were always the best of me. If I am laid aside for a length of time," he said, with an emphasis on the words, "I should not like these pictures to lie so much dead stock, or care to lose the heaviest price I was ever promised, supposing that I could have the half of it. I have done reasonably well. Painting is not so bad a profession as it is called. I have made my savings for a rainy day. But I should not like to lose the money-value of these pictures, with the rest that may be disposed of, when the occasion offers, in order to make a better provision for my wife and daughter."

"Well, I'll see about it, Paston," accorded Barty, thoughtfully.

"Which means that you agree. Thank you, man, from the bottom of my heart."

Mr. Paston was excited, and the excitement, to Barty's great dismay, brought on one of the sick man's paroxysms of cruel pain and gasping efforts at relief.

Barty might have done anything, everything, for his old friend and enemy; but he could not, without the utmost force put upon himself, look on at suffering where there was little to be done except to look. Phœbe, so much younger and weaker than he was, could do this in which he failed, not only at that moment, but in many attacks during the following week.

"I am here, papa," she would say, as if there was a talisman in her company, as if she would fight Death single-handed.

Mrs. Paston's well-meaning weakness grew pathetic. She ceased to wonder at Phœbe's stillness and strength, while she sobbed out her gratitude for her girl's duty and devotion, and pled with her as if Phœbe had been the parent and she the child.

"Let me see your father, Phœbe; I'll be good, I'll not rouse or worry him. If you will only tell him not to make a hoarse joke to me, like he tried to do this morning, and then looked wistfully in my face with his great eyes, and said, 'My dear, I think you and I have been happy together, after all;' as if I had ever minded the poor thing's sharp speeches. Oh, me! I'll not have him to fret with my silliness much longer."

It was a marvel to Barty Wooler to listen to Phœbe addressing him with composure, almost with content.

"You may go in and see papa now, Mr. Wooler. He will be glad—he is always glad

—to see you. It will not vex you to see him to-day; this bad turn is nearly over, and he will be able to speak to you by-and-by. After the last, during the night, he rallied so quickly and talked for half an hour. (Do you think I should not have let him talk? But he had something he wished to tell me.)"

Barty Wooler scourged himself on Phœbe's account, and then he looked wistfully at his mother, but he neither spoke nor looked as if anything more than common humanity moved him.

Mrs. Wooler had more than a respect for death; it had a positive fascination for her. She would not only lend her aid in his last weakness to the man at whose gate she had sat in righteous indignation for a quarter of a century, but she would have a pitiful inclination to look on him in his death.

"If they would admit me, son Barty, I might be of some service," she proposed slowly. "I don't think he and I would choke on the bone in our throats at this time of day," she proceeded, in a kind of shamefaced way. "It is not that I don't think he snatched what was not his own, mind you; but what of that when he is called on to give up the whole world?"

"You could be of the greatest use, mother; I am sure you could," Barty gave eager confirmation. "There is not another such active, clear-headed old woman in the kingdom. Is it not heinous to leave a girl as good as alone in such trouble? Do try what you can do, mother. I think he would not dislike to see you," said Barty, eagerly catching at the suggestion.

Towards the close of Mr. Paston's illness he received the visits of his clergyman, and the last consolations of religion. Phœbe went for Barty Wooler, as, according to his custom, he kept his forlorn watch, near at hand and yet out of the way, in the deserted painting-room.

"Mr. Gilbert has arranged for papa's taking the sacrament as soon as a messenger can go and return from the vicarage. I am to join with papa, and so is mamma, if she can stand it. Don't you think she will like to look back on it? And papa is asking for you as if he wanted you to be one of us. Would it be wrong to wake up your mother after her sleepless night? You and she were such old friends of his, and you have been so much with him at the last!"

Phœbe broke down a little as she said the words, but she recovered herself in a moment, and as with a flush of consciousness that her work was not yet done.

Barty said it was a privilege of which he was not worthy, and so said his mother to herself, in very low accents, when he roused her—

“Lord! I hope I am not too unworthy. I have forgiven thy servant; I am contrite for the injury rankling in my heart since he was young and strong, and won the victory without stopping at the means. Deary me! deary me! that this should be the end.”

There might have been sadder ends than this too, with Mr. Gilbert standing there, ready to administer the highest bond of union human and divine, and the dying man opening his eyes and gazing dimly round, with a feeble failing throb of congratulation in the remark—

“Barty and his mother are here?”

But it was not quite the end. Mr. Paston lived days longer, passed through violent spasms of pain, through violent throbs of sorrow for the inevitable separation from his friends, and the natural revulsion from the mystery which rends the body and sets the spirit free. As in the case of many dying men, Mr. Paston’s mind turned back and dwelt on the past with its key to his character and his destiny.

“I have never ceased to be sorry, Barty,” he muttered. “I thought once to atone; I see now there is no atonement in that sense.”

“Don’t speak of it,” entreated Barty, by far the more cut up and abashed of the two. “What was it in the beginning and at the utmost? A trifle between a couple of boys. How you have thought of it and magnified it, Caleb! It was I who was by far the most to blame for not forgetting it an age ago.”

“It was not a trifle to you and me, Barty,” said Mr. Paston; and he called to the friend of his youth, “Kiss me, Barty.”

To Phœbe the whole scene was removed from what she had ever known, and was dream-like. But among the visions of her father’s death-bed, which Barty Wooler had spoken of as likely to haunt her to her dying day, the foremost was the strong man’s face, bent down and laid beside the grey shadow of a face on the pillow in a caress which they might not have exchanged when they were boys, although they had lived together like brothers.

“Where are you, Phœbe, and your mother?” And to these two was devoted the small remaining portion of the sick man’s time, broken by loving, disjointed epithets, and interjections and references to a better home, and to an undying Father and Brother,—the whole family in heaven and in earth. These

are the common utterances when good men come to die, mixed with what is commoner still, the plaintive request to know the hour and the minute of time, when time itself is about to be no more.

CHAPTER XLIV.—“DUST TO DUST.”

WHEN Mr. Paston was dead, Barty Wooler’s supremacy reasserted itself. Phœbe yielded up every arrangement to him. She retired within herself to feel her loss, to dwell on her father’s memory. She recalled all that was great in him—his fervour and zeal in his art, the temptation which his very greatness might in this respect have been to him, and his fatherly, unselfish regard for her. She was so absorbed in her meditations that while she realised her loss, she did not realise that Barty Wooler was filling the gap for the present, and that without him it would have been desolate and dreary indeed for two lone women left without husband, father, or brother. Mr. Hall was all very well. He had written his formal sincere regret, and asked if, at an inopportune busy season, he could be spared till the funeral, which he would certainly attend, and discharge such functions as might be given him. Frank Hall was still abroad for his journalist’s vacation; but Frank, too, would be cousinly when he returned, if he did not hasten his return on account of his uncle’s death,—quite cousinly, and perhaps freer and more cordial in the expression of his friendliness.

Mrs. Paston was beginning to recover from her prostration, and to cry out querulously as to what she and Phœbe were to do without poor Paston. Her brother Hall might have been with her if he had chosen to exert himself, though she could not have endured the sight of him, with his loud step, and rustling of newspapers. But his mind was set on markets and money bags. As for a grand admirer of a nobleman, there was little comfort to be had from him at such a pinch. Even though he had come forward like a man, and been poor dear Paston’s titled son-in-law by this time, his private carriage turning up at the gate of the graveyard would have been about as much as they could have expected from him. Whereas he was a mere fine gentleman dangler, whom it was a shame to speak of at such a season.

With soft forbearance Phœbe came to be glad over her mother’s delusion. She even began to think that no veil was so like a shroud of freshly-fallen snow, dropped from the heavens themselves, as the veil which often descends between the living and the

dead. Even then she was vaguely satisfied that it would muffle jarring echoes, warm the chilled heart, and soothe her mother.

Barty Wooler had relieved Phœbe and acted for her. He was careful of intruding upon her, or of making even his work for her a burden; but the day before the funeral he was forced to seek an interview.

"I am so sorry to bring you down," he said, in quick commiseration, as Phœbe entered the drawing-room, walking wearily in her heavy black gown. "I thought you had better know Lord Wriothlesley is come."

"It is very kind of him," Phœbe professed, still too spent with past emotion to realise the situation. "Must I see him?" she inquired, in her low, depressed tones.

"That is for you to say."

Phœbe looked up. He was not detaining her by making her sit down or by sitting down himself. He stood grasping the back of a chair and staring at her fixedly. Then it all came back upon her with painful distinctness—the claims of the Exmoor family, and the footing on which she had stood with Lord Wriothlesley. It had never grated on her with so unreal, so fanciful, and forced a character as it did at this moment, as she witnessed Barty Wooler's unconcealed surprise at her hesitation.

"I suppose I ought to see Lord Wriothlesley, since he has come down, I imagine, on purpose," she said, hurriedly. "Will you let him know that mamma and I shall receive him when he chooses to call?"

She had the notion that Barty observed that he was to see Lord Wriothlesley on her account, and she made an involuntary distinction between her reception of him and Lord Wriothlesley, whether he was to take it in the light of a compliment or not. And where was the use of undeceiving her, or indeed of keeping her longer there with him since Lord Wriothlesley was come? He was vindicating his right; and the rest that remained of what was strictly the last service for Caleb Paston, as well as the settlement of the affairs of the family, had better be left to Lord Wriothlesley, at least to Lord Wriothlesley in conjunction with Mr. Hall, who was so up to his ears in business, that he made his appearance at his brother-in-law's funeral with a distracted air. If Caleb Paston could have spoken from his coffin and appointed his

chief mourner, it would have gone hard with his individual inclinations if the man he had loved and wronged had not been named to walk next his bier.

Phœbe listened with downcast eyes to Lord Wriothlesley's soft words. "I am so sorry; Dora is so concerned for you. We have all met with a heavy loss. I wish I could have come in time to see him. I am afraid he suffered much, but there is one comfort—his suffering is over."

Phœbe was powerless to interpose and prevent Barty Wooler's withdrawal. How could she when it was voluntary on Barty's part, and when he had anticipated Lord Wriothlesley's proposal to occupy the post which, he said, should have been Lord Exmoor's, if he had not been laid up with the gout away at a friend's place in Somersetshire.

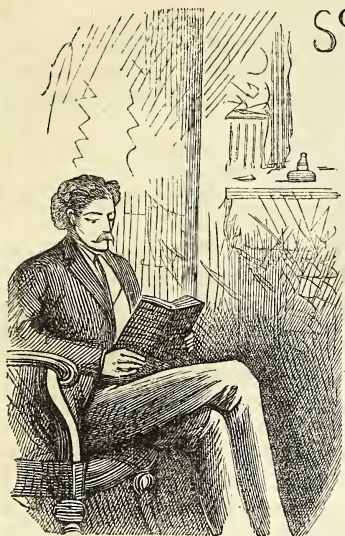
Mr. Hall, stout and liberal though he was, thought it was a fine thing to have an Earl's son taking a prominent part in the melancholy ceremony. Nor did Mrs. Paston's grief make her indifferent to the honour. She rescinded all her latest opinions as to vaulting ambition bringing its own punishment, and of the reluctance with which Paston had given in his adherence to Lord Wriothlesley's barren homage. But Phœbe was not flattered, not even content. It seemed hard for her to be disturbed by these considerations at such a time; yet it should be Barty Wooler, who, having begun, should end the rôle. The Wellfield people would speak wildly of the arrangement. All at once Phœbe had become very much alive to the town's extravagant talk. Lord Wriothlesley might never become her husband, nothing was more remote and doubtful. She found herself worried into accusing him of self-complacency and self-confidence, in stepping to the front on this occasion. She would a thousand times rather have had Barty Wooler her own and her mother's representative (impossible as it had been for her to tell him so), when he drew back of his own accord on his first encounter with his Lordship. Neither could she accept the substitute whom every other person concerned deferred to, even when she summed up all that the Pastons owed to the Exmoors, and what had been the tacit relation between Lord Wriothlesley and her.



DEBENHAM'S VOW.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER LIII.—HOW ARCHIE WALKED INTO IT.



SOME people fall in love ; others drift into it ; others walk into it. Most of us drift into it. It is the ordinary, everyday, commonplace way of this nineteenth century ; probably the safest way ; certainly, the least troublesome. As to falling in love—literally

pitching headlong over the precipice at the first tones of a winsome voice, or the first shaft from a pair of bright eyes—that, in truth, is an accident that now rarely happens in real life. The era of impulse is almost gone by. The times grow daily more prosaic. As the earth's crust goes on cooling, our blood cools with it. We come into the world older than did our fathers and grandfathers before us, and each generation is soberer than the last. Hence we no longer "fall" in love. Hence the very phrase, "love at first sight," is well-nigh out of date.

But although most people drift into it and few tumble into it, yet there are many who walk into it ; and walking into love is a distinct phase of the disease. A man walks into love as he goes through an alley which he knows to be infected with fever—because it lies in his road ; because he is too lazy, or too careless, to take the longer way round ; because, perhaps, he even somewhat relishes the sense of danger.

Thus it was that Archie walked into love with Miss Alleyne. He did it deliberately ; with his eyes open ; conscious of his peril, yet making no effort to avoid it. The mischief was not yet done when he parted from her in the library that evening at Strathellan House ; but the train was laid, and it needed but the tiniest spark to explode it. Instead of

keeping out of the way of that spark, however, he marched, as it were, straight into the fire.

Having asked and obtained leave to call at Campden Hill the following day, he went home to his lodgings in Great Ormond Street, and sat with his feet on the fender half the night, smoking innumerable pipes, and thinking of the old days at Chillingford. How bright Miss Alleyne was then—how arch, how gay, how happy ! He could see her now, in her light summer dress, flitting down the path by the river ; presiding over the tea ; trying to look grave at the whist-table. He could almost hear the soft music of her voice as she read aloud, sitting in the shade of the tent while Mr. Alleyne was painting. And then her smile—what a flood of sunshine broke from her lips when she smiled !

Archie used to be jealous of Miss Alleyne in those Chillingford days ; so that the magic of her smile and the music of her voice brought him little pleasure at the time. He remembered all this now. He even remembered that her gaiety used sometimes to jar upon him. Good heavens ! what an insensible brute he must have been ! Should he ever see her look so, and smile so, again ! He feared—never. And then, loyal as it was his nature to be, he accused his friend bitterly. This, he told himself, was De Benham's work. This was the sacrifice that De Benham had offered up to ambition. Thinking thus, Archie's heart was filled with pity, and sympathy, and indignation. He would fain have constituted himself Miss Alleyne's champion, even though it should be to defend her against his friend. But she would accept no champion. She could not be brought to admit that De Benham was in the wrong. She was even ready, despite the logic of facts, to take part against herself, and do battle for the man she loved. For that she still loved him as well as ever—perhaps better than ever—was only too certain.

"But then," said Archie, filling his pipe afresh, and addressing himself to the Turk's head which formed the bowl thereof, as if it were a familiar friend, "but then, you see, that's the way with women. They're so awfully faithful. It doesn't matter a bit to them whether a fellow's kind or unkind to them ; whether he's true, or whether he's false. They love him because he's himself—nothing but that. If he was ever so fond of

them and he only happened to be somebody else, they wouldn't care a pin for him. No; not if he was a hero out of a novel!"

There was something so profound in this reflection, that it carried Archie completely out of his depth. The more he pondered and puzzled over it, the more intricate it seemed to become. At length the fire waxed low and the pipe was again smoked out; and then he looked at his watch, and finding that it was just three o'clock in the morning, went off to bed.

Now it is evident that any prudent man who found his thoughts running in such grooves as these, and yet was convinced that the lady of whom he was thinking had given away her heart for good and all to another, would have taken timely counsel with himself, and have withdrawn beyond the reach of temptation. He would not, for instance, have kept his appointment the next day at Kensington. But Archie was not a prudent man. He not only kept his appointment, but in order to keep it with especial *éclat* he plunged into all kinds of lavish expenses, such as new gloves, new boots, a new Paris hat, the bluest of blue cravats, and the horsiest of horse-shoe pins. Nor was this all. He went to a certain livery-stable near Great Ormond Street, and there hired a retired hunter—a somewhat gaunt, but tolerably decent animal; and thus mounted, rode soberly and circumspectly down to Kensington. Soberly and circumspectly, not because he was unsteady in his saddle, or uncertain of his reins, or afraid for any similar reasons to spur on his gallant steed; but because it had rained heavily the night before, and, the roads being deep with slush and mire, he was fain to present himself before Miss Alleyne with as few splashes as might be. For Archie, though a City man, rode creditably, and looked rather well on horseback.

He found Miss Alleyne alone, which was delightful; and she told him she had been expecting him, which was still more delightful. Then he took a chair at the opposite side of the hearth, and looked at her as she sat there in her dark winter dress with the flicker of the firelight on her cheek.

Presently Miss Alleyne led the conversation to the subject of the *Stormy Petrel*.

"I have been wishing that you would come some day and tell me about it," she said, "ever since I heard you were back in England."

"Have you really?" said Archie, in a flutter of gratification.

"And in last night's crowd, conversation was impossible."

"Quite impossible."

"You must have so much to tell that is interesting," said Miss Alleyne.

"What, about the recapture?"

"About the—the voyage, altogether."

Archie twirled his hat and looked infinitely perplexed.

"I'm a bad hand at describing," said he. "I'll send you last Saturday's *Shooting Star*, instead. There's a splendid account of the whole affair in it, written by Charley Bennett—a friend of mine."

"I had rather hear your own account, Mr. Blyth," said Miss Alleyne.

"Well, it is almost mine. I supplied the facts."

Miss Alleyne sighed. No newspaper narrative would tell her what she wanted to know.

"We had a terrible storm, you know, after we had got possession of the vessel," said Archie. "I never knew what a storm was till then. If you had only seen the waves! they were almost black, and they rose higher than our masts."

"Was it the next day?" asked Miss Alleyne.

"No; the fourth day. You would have thought the sea and sky were coming together to destroy us."

"And this was while he lay ill!" she said, shuddering.

Then a light broke in upon Archie's mind, and he understood why Miss Alleyne had wished to see him ever since his return.

"Ah," he said; "you would like me to tell you about his illness!"

She looked down. Her colour rose; her lip trembled.

"He might have died, you know," she said, half-apologetically.

"Well, yes; he might—and he very nearly did. But then, after all, you see, he didn't," replied Archie.

And then, very patiently and circumstantially, he went back over the oft-told tale. He told how De Benham, being wounded, went on day after day, taking his share of work and refusing to admit that he suffered; how he was found lying on the deck, insensible, the evening of that fourth day, when the storm was over; how, even after this, he rose and went about his duties the next morning, till at length his limbs would bear him up no longer; how, as each succeeding day passed by, he lay in his narrow bed, now burning, now shivering, sometimes feebly conscious, sometimes delirious, with no doctor save the captain, and no nurse but Archie; how, when they at length reached Fayal, and the *Stormy Petrel*, battered, dis-

abled, trailing her wounded fin, struggled wearily into the port of Horta, they sent for medical aid, believing all the time that it was too late, and that his last hour was almost come; how, the vessel being now at anchor and all quiet on board, he fell that very night into a profound sleep, that lasted twelve hours; woke free from fever; was carried ashore in a litter; nursed by a sister from the convent; and given back to life, as it seemed, by a miracle—all this Archie told of De Benham; and if, as he said of himself, he was a bad hand at describing, he, at all events, made up in earnestness what he wanted in eloquence. He tried to remember and detail every little incident that he thought could interest her, even to the first day when his patient came down from his bed-room, and the first drive he was able to take in a sort of *carriole*, lent by the governor of the island.

"It was such a lovely place for an invalid to recover in," said Archie; "and such a climate! Never too hot; and fanned by the most delicious sea-breezes, morning and evening. The people are a sort of tropical Portuguese. They were gathering in the grapes while we were there; and there you saw the vineyards all reaching up the hill-sides; and groves of oranges, and lemons, and palms . . . and then, on the slopes inland, between the sea and the mountains, there were fields divided by hedgerows, just like the coast of Hampshire; and above these, on higher ground, miles and miles of chestnut wood; and then, highest of all, the great purple peaks that had once been volcanoes. I climbed one of those peaks one day, and went down into the empty crater. It was like a huge green basin lined with forest trees; and down at the bottom was a plain of rich pasture. And then, in the middle of the plain, there arose another little cone covered with trees and bushes."

"Did you go alone?" asked Miss Alleyne.

"No; I had a guide."

Then, suddenly apprehending her meaning, Archie added:—

"It was when De Benham was getting better, you know. I started at daybreak—hours before he was awake."

"He was not yet strong enough to go with you?"

"He was never strong enough to go anywhere, while we were in the island," said Archie. "He wouldn't wait to get strong. He was only just able to walk with the help of my arm, when we started for home again."

"And where you lodged, could you see

those mountains and all that beautiful country from your windows?" asked Miss Alleyne.

"Yes; there was a sort of little vine-trellis running all round the house; and I used to wheel his couch out there every morning, so that he could lie in the shade and watch the sea, and the town, and the hills, all day long."

"And sometimes you used to read to him?"

"Yes, when I could get anything English to read. And then, too, I used to go down to the port and pick up little scraps of news from the sailors, to amuse him. He wasn't a bit dull, Miss Alleyne. Nobody could be dull in such a beautiful place as Fayal."

"Nor with so kind a friend always at hand. How good you have been to him, Mr. Blyth!"

But Archie would not hear his own praises.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed. "There is no merit in doing anything for those one loves. De Benham is my best friend. Or rather," he added, sadly, "he was my best friend, before I knew he was a lord."

"Nay, I hope he will be your best friend, and you his, Mr. Blyth, all your lives long," said Miss Alleyne. "He will need you more than ever, now."

Archie shook his head.

"If he needs me, he will have me," replied he. "But he won't need me, Miss Alleyne. I shall drop out of his life now, I know. Besides . . ."

He was going to say, "Besides, he will be off again before long;" but he checked himself, not to give her pain.

"And besides what?" asked Miss Alleyne.

"I—I scarcely know—except, perhaps, that a man is happier when he chooses his friends from among his equals."

With this Archie rose to go; and Miss Alleyne told him that he must come again, when her father should be at home.

"And then," she said, "I shall expect to hear more about your travels, Mr. Blyth. You don't know how much your adventures have interested me. Besides," she added artfully, "you relate them so well."

Archie blushed and stammered something, he scarcely knew what.

"Good-bye, then. I shall tell my father that you are coming—very soon."

"Ah, I shall come only too soon!" said poor Archie, already on the high road to destruction.

Then Miss Alleyne gave him a smile that almost turned his head upon the spot; and away he went, with his ears tingling and his heart in his mouth.

Meanwhile, the retired hunter was marching majestically up and down outside the house, under the care and guidance of a small shoe-black in a scarlet blouse. Having dismissed this humble equerry, Archie sprang into the saddle; administered a sly dig with his off-spur, so causing his steed to prance and caper like a fiery Pegasus, in sight of Miss Alleyne's window; and then cantered off towards the Park.

Presently the canter subsided into a walk, and Archie fell into a brown study.

It had been a delightful visit while it lasted; and Miss Alleyne had been charming. She had made him talk; she had listened to him; praised him; invited him to go again; smiled upon him like an angel. He left her presence in a rapture of delight. But now the rapture had subsided, and he began to see of how much worth these pleasant nothings were. Would she, he asked himself, have cared to listen to him, if he had not talked to her of De Benham? Would she have asked him to come again, if it were not that she hoped to hear more about De Benham? What cared she for his visits, or his adventures, or even his existence, except in so far as he reflected one fact or phase of the existence of De Benham? For her, De Benham, clearly, was all in all. He might desert her, forget her, marry another—but she would love him in spite of every wrong, and go on loving him to the end. As for her pleasant ways and gracious speeches, what were they but the arts and wiles of her sex? Was she not a very woman through and through? Was she not such a very woman, that, though a man should stake his heart upon the glitter of her smile or the ring of her words, she would yet pay him back with counterfeits, and lavish her true coin upon the prodigal who cared only to scatter it to the four winds of heaven?

Absorbed in these reflections—or rather, absorbed in less definite reflections to this effect—Archie rode slowly homeward; and twice, as he went pondering, he shook his head; and twice he said to himself:—

“A fellow would be a fool to go often.”

But for all that, he went again the very next Saturday afternoon; and again in the course of the following week. And each time he talked to her about De Benham; each time she smiled upon him; each time he stayed longer than before. Soon he became an *habitué* of the house—an intimate—a privileged guest—free of the painting-room—free even of Mr. Alleyne's Sunday afternoons. And so he walked into love with his eyes open.

CHAPTER LIV.—A WAIF FROM THE FAR WEST.

DE BENHAM went down into Monmouthshire on the Tuesday night, having left his mother's card with the lodge-keeper at Strathellan House as he drove by. The next day, accordingly, found Lady De Benham oppressed by the conviction that Miss Hardwicke would return the civility by calling upon her. Why, she asked herself, should she be compelled to make this Miss Hardwicke's acquaintance, whether she desired it or not—nay, when she so distinctly did *not* desire it? And then she pictured this “City madam” rattling up to the house in a yellow carriage with two, perhaps three, men-servants in blue and scarlet liveries—rustling across the narrow slip of front garden in velvet and sables—filling the tiny parlour with her presence—tattling of her conservatories, her orchard-houses, and all the riches that were hers. Perhaps, mindful of her own splendour, she would carry herself towards Lady De Benham with infinite condescension; or over-mindful on the other hand of the difference in their rank, be fulsomely obsequious. And would not the one be as hateful as the other? What if she, Lady De Benham, were to go out, and remain out, the whole afternoon? The temptation to do this was great; but so also was the difficulty of doing it. In June, for instance, one might have taken a book, gone up to Hampstead, and spent the day under a tree in some quiet corner of the heath; but in December . . . no; to one who owned no friends or acquaintances in London, there was no resource save bazaars and picture-galleries; and sooner than undertake such an expedition alone Lady De Benham would have faced a whole legion of “City madams.” So, half-apprehensive, half-defiant, wholly reluctant, she stayed at home and awaited Miss Hardwicke's visit.

Thus the morning and afternoon wore on, and at every sound of wheels she looked up, dreading to see that yellow carriage at the door; for Lady De Benham had quite made up her mind that it must be a yellow carriage, and that the liveries and all connected with it must be of the showiest and gaudiest kind. Then it began to grow dusk, and still no Miss Hardwicke made her appearance.

And now, with all a woman's inconsistency, Lady De Benham began to be angry with her for not coming. Had not she, the elder lady, the married lady, the lady of title, accepted this Miss Hardwicke's present; sent her card in acknowledgment thereof; sent it, moreover, by the hands of her son; and was it not

obviously Miss Hardwicke's place to call upon her the next day in person? That she did not do so proved, of course, that she was ignorant of the usages of society; but, after all, was not such ignorance to be expected from her?

Just, however, as the dusk was deepening and the lamplighter was coming round, a little, plain, dark blue brougham drew up quietly at the gate, and Miss Hardwicke, unattended by even a single footman, let herself out, and knocked softly at the door. It was not yet so dark outside but that Lady De Benham could see how plain and unpretending the little carriage was, and how equally plain and unpretending was the dress of the lady alighting from it. Was it possible that this should be the "City madam" of her imaginings?

Then, involuntarily holding her breath, she heard a low, grave voice asking for her by name; and then the parlour door opened, and Miss Hardwicke, announced by the lodging-house servant, came in.

The first greetings were gone through almost in silence. Lady De Benham, fluttered for the moment by this derangement of all her pre-conceived ideas, put out her hand somewhat hesitatingly, murmured an inaudible welcome, and motioned her visitor towards a chair beside the fire. Miss Hardwicke, courteous and self-possessed, with just the right shade of deference in her manner, took the proffered seat.

The ordinary commonplaces having been exchanged, the conversation turned upon the affair of the *Stormy Petrel*. Miss Hardwicke alluded to "the masterly stratagem by which Lord De Benham recovered possession of the vessel." Temple's mother spoke in praise of Archibald Blyth, and of the share he had borne in the dangers and hardships of the voyage.

"I feel that I have been guilty of some injustice towards Archie," said Miss Hardwicke. "Knowing that he was not clever, I gave him credit for nothing but a good temper and a light heart."

"I think we are all too apt to gauge people's hearts by their heads," replied Lady De Benham. "I underrated Mr. Blyth when first Temple became acquainted with him at that little church in the City. I am ashamed to remember it now. But for his devotion, my son might have died at the Azores."

"It is something to have a talent for friendship," said Miss Hardwicke.

"It is an uncommon talent."

"That is because it is a monopoly in the hands of the men."

"Nay, I hope not that."

"History would seem to show it. All the

illustrious friendships of antiquity are men's friendships."

"Beginning with Cain and Abel," said Lady De Benham.

Miss Hardwicke smiled.

"We are told they were brothers," she said; "but not, I think, that they were friends. The rule of life seems to point the other way."

It was Lady De Benham's turn to smile now. She loved a spice of satire. In the old days, when heart and pocket were light together, her son's talk used to bubble over with epigram. But those days were past. Wealth had evaporated wit, and epigram died off the surface of his talk when Cotton was infused into his system. This, however, was according to the nature of things. Unto few men is it given to serve Mirth and Mammon; and, smite as one may, no flint that ever came out of a chalk-bed will strike sparks from gold. Lady De Benham (who, because her ways were secluded, loved to have amusement brought home to her in the form of entertaining conversation) missed the pungent sayings and flashes of merriment of those pleasant times. And so, finding that Miss Hardwicke could talk, and that her talk had in it just that coveted streak of satire, the elder lady smiled. The smile heralded a thaw.

"I have not yet thanked you, Miss Hardwicke," she said, "for these beautiful flowers. I look round the room and fancy it is summer."

"I hope you will let me perpetuate that illusion till May," said Miss Hardwicke.

Lady De Benham froze again, suddenly. She could accept a civility, and accept it graciously; but that it should be proposed to lay her under a long series of similar obligations . . . this, surely, was too much like a liberty!

Miss Hardwicke saw her error, and hastened to repair it.

"Or, rather, I would hope so," she added, with considerable self-possession, "if I were not a stranger. As a stranger, I am not, of course, entitled to usurp the privileges of Lady De Benham's friends."

To this emendation, a scarcely perceptible bow was the only reply. Lady De Benham thawed not as rapidly as she froze.

Then came some more commonplaces—this time about Zollenstrasse and life in Germany; and presently Miss Hardwicke rose to take her leave. All this time Lady De Benham remained frigid and dignified. She had smiled once; but she was not going to smile again. Miss Hardwicke, meanwhile, had her *coup d'état* in reserve.

"Lady De Benham," she said, when about

halfway to the door, "I have brought something—something which I think will have an interest for you—a relic"

"A relic?"

"It is in the brougham. With your leave, I will bring"

Lady De Benham's hand was instantly on the bell.

"If there is anything you desire fetched from your carriage, Miss Hardwicke, the servant will go for it."

But Miss Hardwicke preferred to fetch it for herself.

And now Lady De Benham fumed inwardly. What could this thing be that her visitor had brought in the brougham? Not another present? If so, what bad taste! What presumption! To accept it, whatever it might be, would of course be out of the question. It must be declined; civilly, no doubt, but pointedly—and Miss Hardwicke must have her lesson.

Meanwhile, the servant, putting her own interpretation on the ring, brought the lamp; so that when Miss Hardwicke came back, she found the room lighted.

The two ladies now, for the first time, beheld each other clearly. Miss Hardwicke, laying a somewhat bulky parcel on the table, saw before her a pale, slender, dignified woman, with sharply cut features and dark hair streaked with grey; a woman who might have been as young as forty-five or as old as fifty, and whose eyes, like her son's, were deep and earnest. Lady De Benham, scanning her visitor with a curiosity not wholly friendly, saw and acknowledged that rare imperial beauty of which she had already heard so much.

Miss Hardwicke opened the parcel, and a large, soiled, shabby-looking bundle of some kind of scarlet twill emerged from the paper wrappings. This piece of scarlet twill measured about three yards in length, and six inches in width at the broadest part. It terminated in a point at one end; was ornamented at the other end by a little white cross upon a ground of dark blue; and was almost cut in two about halfway along by a great, ragged, semicircular rent, like a bite snapped out by a shark.

"It is the pennant of the *Stormy Petrel*," said Miss Hardwicke. "Here, you see, is where a cannon-shot went through it, just before the accident happened. I thought you might like to keep it, in memory of your son's adventure."

A flush of pleasure rose to Lady De Benham's pallid cheek. She spread the pennant out, and examined it eagerly.

"It is indeed a relic," she said, "and a very precious one! Miss Hardwicke, how am I to thank you enough?"

It was not a thaw now; it was a sudden breaking up of the ice. Had Miss Hardwicke been one whit less unapproachable (for even while she was making this great effort to lay aside her habitual haughtiness, she was still unapproachable), Lady De Benham would have taken her in her arms and kissed her.

"Pray do not thank me at all," said Miss Hardwicke. "My brother went down to see the vessel at Liverpool, when she first came into port; and he brought me home this pennant as a curiosity. I thought it would be something more than a curiosity to you, and that you had a better right to it than myself."

And then she took her leave. Lady De Benham went with her to the parlour door.

"I do not make visits, Miss Hardwicke," she said. "I go nowhere. But I hope you will come and see me again."

To this Miss Hardwicke replied, very gracefully, that such permission, coming from Lady De Benham, was a privilege; and, besides saying so, she looked as if she thought it—which pleased Lady De Benham so much that she pressed her guest's hand quite cordially at parting.

The next morning, when De Benham came home, the first thing he saw was the old red pennant suspended over the chimney-piece. His mother hastened to tell him what flag it was, whence it came, and all the story of her interview with Miss Hardwicke.

"And how do you like her, *Mutter*?" he asked, when the tale was told.

"My son," said Lady De Benham, "I think she is charming."

CHAPTER LV.—A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"If, my lord, you are determined to go"

"I am determined to go," said De Benham.

"At no matter what cost of health"

"At all costs."

"Then I am willing to fall in with your proposal. You can, if you desire it, become part proprietor of the *Stormy Petrel*, and equal partner with myself in the risks and profits of all future expeditions."

"That is well."

It was the evening of the day of De Benham's return from Hampton. He had, that very afternoon, been lying upon his bed in an almost fainting state for more than two hours; but, rallying by sheer force of will,



"DEBENHAM'S VOW."

had risen and dressed in time to keep his appointment at Strathellan House. He was now sitting face to face with Mr. Hardwicke, in a huge easy chair before the dining-room fire. They had dined; and Miss Hardwicke had withdrawn, leaving her brother and his guest to their business conference and their wine. The decanters stood within reach, and Mr. Hardwicke occasionally helped himself to a glass of port; but De Benham's glass stood by untasted.

"How soon, my lord, shall you be prepared to go?" asked the merchant.

"How soon, positively, will the *Stormy Petrel* be ready to start?"

"My agent says in about a week—that letter was written on Monday, and to-day is Thursday. For 'about a week,' read ten days. To ten days add ten more for stowage. Say roundly, she will be ready to drop down the Mersey this day three weeks."

De Benham paused to consider.

"I should be unwilling to leave England," he said, "before these matters which I am negotiating in Monmouthshire are concluded."

"If they are not concluded by that time," said Mr. Hardwicke, "the vessel can wait a week longer."

"I should hope it will all be settled in three weeks," replied De Benham. And then he sighed, and lay back wearily in his chair.

Mr. Hardwicke looked at him.

"I think," he said, "a man should be in robust health to venture upon such arduous and exciting work."

De Benham sat up directly.

"That means that you think me looking ill," he said. "But I am not ill. I am naturally pale. I was never anything but pale. How strange it is that every one will have it I am ill!"

And by the very way that he changed his position; by the very way he answered; to say nothing of his wasted features and the purple hollows round his eyes, it was plainly to be seen how ill he was.

"You have been ill, my lord, and you look as if you had been ill," replied Mr. Hardwicke, gently; "and I am sure you would do better to wait for the spring. Better still, perhaps, to give up blockade-running altogether."

"Give up blockade-running altogether! Why should I do that?"

"Because you are too good for the work. A man of your lordship's abilities, if you will permit me to say so, is thrown away upon pursuits which would prosper as well in inferior hands."

"But I think I have already explained to you, Mr. Hardwicke, that I want money."

"True; but there are other paths—other resources . . ."

"Where should I find any path by following which I could make sixty thousand pounds in seven months? You told me yourself, Mr. Hardwicke, only the day before yesterday, that you knew of none."

"I think, my lord, I said there were 'few' occupations so immediately profitable—I should have been in error to say there were none. Larger sums than sixty thousand pounds have been made on the Stock Exchange in a single day."

"Ay, and in a single night at the Hom-burg tables. No, no, Mr. Hardwicke, blockade-runner though I be, I'm not a gambler in that sense."

"Well, there is yet another lottery," said Mr. Hardwicke, hesitatingly.

"And that is . . ."

"Marriage."

"Marriage!"

"Yes, my lord—marriage. You are young. You have talents, accomplishments, personal advantages, a title. What woman of fortune would refuse you?"

"What! sell myself to age and ugliness, like Hogarth's spendthrift!" exclaimed De Benham. "Many thanks."

Mr. Hardwicke glanced at his sister's bust—the famous bust by Costoli of Florence, which stood, it may be remembered, with its background of ruby velvet drapery, at the head of the dining-room in Strathellan House.

"Wealth is not necessarily inseparable from age and ugliness," he said. "I see no reason why you should not obtain youth and beauty into the bargain."

De Benham caught the glance—detected the faint inflection of emphasis in Mr. Hardwicke's voice. He almost started in his chair as their meaning broke upon him. Then, for several seconds, there was silence. Mr. Hardwicke looked into the fire; De Benham looked at Mr. Hardwicke.

"I fear," he said at length, speaking very slowly and, as it were, reluctantly, "I fear no lady who was young, and beautiful—and rich, would feel flattered by the proposals of one whose first motive was, obviously, to improve his own fortunes."

Mr. Hardwicke coughed dubiously.

"One would scarcely so represent the matter," he said, "in making such proposals."

"Pardon me. I should place the matter in that light, and no other," replied De Benham. "I should ask the lady—supposing

such a lady to be found—whether she would be willing to unite with me in rebuilding the fortunes of an ancient house; in raising up a noble castle from its ruins; in buying back lands and lordships long since alienated into the hands of strangers. And I should ask her if to do these things, and to become the mother of a renewed line of English barons, would seem to her a fit and desirable end to which to devote her life.”

“It would be a noble mission,” said Mr. Hardwicke, thoughtfully, “and one that might well tempt a woman of lofty character.”

And again his eyes strayed—this time, perhaps, involuntarily—towards the bust.

“I could not undertake to talk of love to any woman—now,” De Benham said, gloomily. “I live for this one object, and I am absorbed by it. It is my ruling passion. I have no room in my heart for a second.”

Mr. Hardwicke murmured something to the effect that marriages of esteem were oftentimes the most lastingly happy; and then silence fell upon them again, till the merchant proposed that they should go up to the drawing-room.

The hour that followed passed slowly. De Benham, with the foregoing conversation still fresh upon his mind, felt as though he were tongue-tied. His host was fidgetty and ill at ease. Only Miss Hardwicke (unconscious of this new dream of ambition in which her brother had begun to indulge) remained unembarrassed and impassive as usual. She talked, however, a little; and being asked to sing, sang one song—a mournful, majestic melody adapted to that Lament of Shelley’s, which begins “Oh, world! oh, life! oh, time!”

Claudia Hardwicke sang well—so well that even De Benham’s trained taste was satisfied—and the song she sang suited her voice and, as it were, became her; for there is a becomingness even in the choice of a song, if singers did but know it. Miss Hardwicke knew it perfectly. She would no more have condescended to an arch canzonet like Bishop’s “Love hath eyes,” or to a fiery scena like Rossi’s “Ah, rendimi,” than she would have sung a parody out of a burlesque.

So she sang this solemn, passionless melody, and De Benham listened. As the last low, rich notes died away, he held his breath and thought he should like to hear her sing a certain song that he had written to some words of Goethe’s years ago, when he was a student at Zollenstrasse. He did not,

however, ask her to sing again; but when she rose from the piano, took his leave and went away.

That night he could not sleep—the next day, and for many a day after, he could not rest—for thinking of all that Mr. Hardwicke had said to him. Surely the drift of those hints was obvious and unmistakable! He might mend his fortunes with a wealthy marriage—no woman with money would refuse him—youth, beauty, and riches were not an impossible combination . . . what could this mean, unless it meant that he would do well to offer his hand and title to Claudia Hardwicke?

And then he asked himself, could he, should he, dared he, do this thing?

It would be wealth—wealth, immense and immediate. It would be the instant realisation of his dreams. It would be rest from labour. It would be to gladden his mother’s heart by never leaving her; by incurring no more perilous adventures; by cleansing himself at once and for ever from the contamination of trade. It might be even more than this. It might be, if not the saving of his life, the saving of his fine constitution.

For, steel himself as he might against the unwelcome truth, he knew, and could not help knowing, that his strength did not come back to him. Having recovered up to a certain point, he seemed unable to get beyond that point. He had even begun to suspect of late that he was growing weaker. What if he went out again with the *Stormy Petrel* and fell ill by the way? What if he remained an invalid for life? What if he were to die before his task was completed?

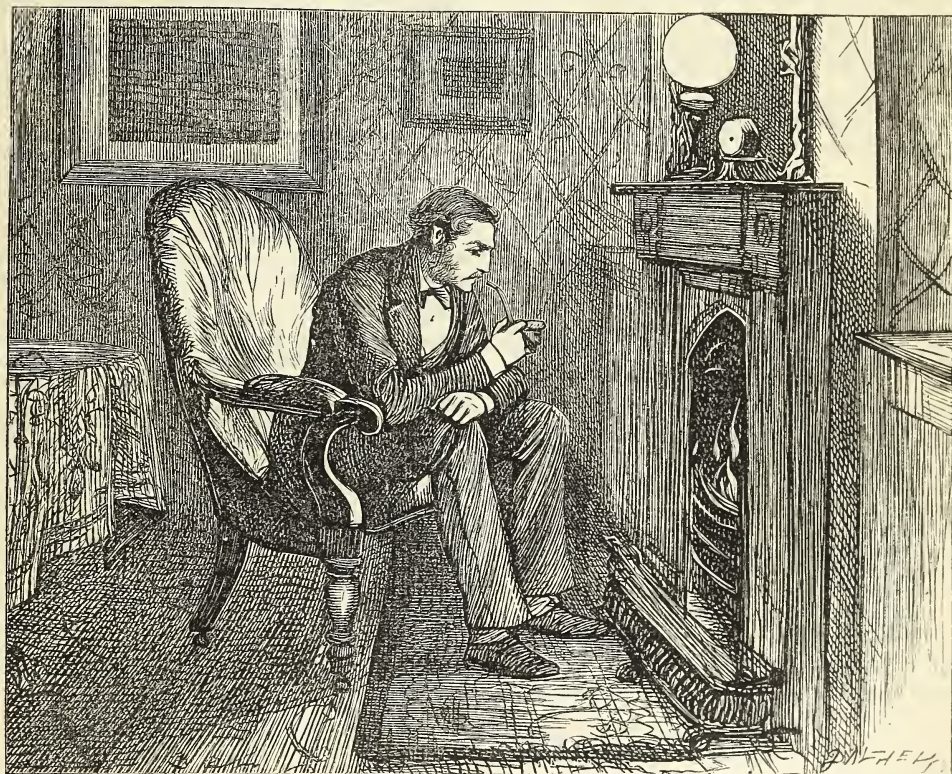
And then he reminded himself that he had vowed to complete that task at all costs. Aye, at all costs. He had already given up the woman and the art that he loved. He had already crushed back into his heart all the dearest hopes and loftiest aspirations of which that heart was capable. Why, then, should he hesitate now? Why falter before this final test? It was not, surely, more difficult to marry a woman whom he did not love, than to give up the woman whom he did love. The question was one of mere self-sacrifice, and, so far as he could see, involved no kind of injustice towards any one but himself. In such a marriage there could, at all events, be nothing dishonourable. If Miss Hardwicke was willing to marry for rank, he undoubtedly would be justified in marrying for money. It would be a fair bargain, and nothing more:—a bargain from which such words as Love and Happiness

must of necessity be excluded, but in which the balance of advantages on both sides would be strictly equal.

There were days and hours when De Benham argued the subject over with himself after this fashion; but again there were times when he saw it from quite an opposite point of view; when he told himself that he had no right to make such use of his ancient name and title—that to do so would be a mere ignoble bartering of noble things—that no end, however important in itself, would justify the employment of such means.

Better, a thousand times better, that he should work on, no matter how long or how hard, and earn his riches for himself.

But then, should he ever again be strong enough to work hard? And should he be able to earn enough for his purpose? Supposing the American Civil War to come suddenly to an end, there would be an end also to blockade-running, and to profits at the rate of twelve hundred per cent. And then, again, all this money, if he indeed succeeded in earning it, would have to be made in trade; and to devote himself to trade for life would



Page 737.

surely be as bad, if not worse, than to sell himself to a City heiress for her money.

Sometimes he asked himself if he could by any means bring himself to love Claudia Hardwicke; but his heart answered that question only too promptly. Claudia Hardwicke, with all her splendid beauty, was haughty, unloveable, unsympathetic. Her nature, he felt certain, had in it none of the tenderness of woman. She was cold through and through. He could admire her in a certain critical, dispassionate way, as he might admire a fine statue. He could live with her on terms of

mutual respect and courtesy. But he could never love her.

Love, love, love! Ah, folly! What had he now to do with love? Had he not dreamt that dream, and waked from it, long since? Had he not, like Paul Fleming, "laid the golden goblet gently down, knowing that he should behold it no more?" The question now was how best to keep his vow; how to restore in his own person and the persons of his descendants, the ancient glories of his house; how to become, in anything like the full sense of the phrase, De Benham of Benhampton.

For a whole week he kept aloof from Prior's Walk, from the Hardwicks, from Archie, from every one; for a whole week he pondered thus, now arguing upon the one side and now upon the other, till his thoughts were weary of travelling round and round the one perplexing topic. Yet at the close of the week he was still asking himself what he should do, and was still vainly trying to arrive at some conclusion.

On the morning of the eighth day, however, while he was yet in this painful state of indecision, he received two letters, one of which was from a certain Mr. Morley Durrant, an architect, whom he had sent down to Benhampton to look over the ruins a day or two before; and the other from his solicitors, Messrs. Balfour and Black, of Bedford Row, Bloomsbury. De Benham read the lawyers' letter first. It ran thus:—

“Thursday, Feb. —, 1862.

“MY LORD,—Our junior partner, Mr. E. Black, has this day returned from Monmouth, having made a careful examination of the papers contained in the ancient chest mentioned by your lordship; and more especially of those deeds and charters which concern such portion of the Benhampton estates as passed, in 1856, into the hands of the late Mr. Matthew Bowstead.

“It appears, as one result of Mr. E. Black's investigations, that the landed property of the De Benham family could not, at one time, have extended over less than 60,000 statute acres. In other words, they must have owned nearly one-sixth part of the whole county of Monmouth, besides certain minor outlying fiefs and demesnes in the adjoining counties of Brecknockshire and Herefordshire. Of these lands, some now form integral portions of various private estates, and some have devolved to the Crown. Some also lie within the boundaries of the Forest of Dean.

“That part of the estate which was purchased from Colonel Smithson by the late Mr. Matthew Bowstead in 1856, consists of only 720 acres, 400 of which would seem to have been originally park-land, but which have been brought into cultivation within the last seventeen or eighteen years. For these 720 acres the trustees and executors of the said Matthew Bowstead require £50 per acre; in all, £36,000 sterling. Having compared this demand with the average value of land in that part of the country, we are of opinion that the price is excessive. The soil is, for the most part, light, poor, and hilly; whereas a tract of comparatively rich and fertile soil in the adjacent valley was, as we are credibly informed, sold not long since at £33 per acre. Knowing, however, that your lordship is influenced by a special interest in the choice of this locality, the trustees of the late Matthew Bowstead, acting in the interests of their wards and under the advice of their solicitors, seem disposed to exact an outside price, and will not, we fear, be induced to abate their demand. That is to say, they would probably not refuse £35,000, should you authorise us to offer that sum; but even this appears to be doubtful.

“Awaiting your lordship's further instructions, we remain

“Your lordship's obedient servants,

“BALFOUR, BLACK, AND CO.”

The second letter may also be given in full.

“Thursday, Feb. —, 1862,
Victoria St., Westminster.

“MY LORD,—I have, in accordance with your wish, visited the ruins of Benhampton Castle. I spent the greater part of two days upon the spot; but it would require weeks of such study to construct anything like an accurate plan of the edifice as it may have appeared a hundred and fifty, or two hundred years ago.

“For the work of the restorer, my lord, is a work of time and of infinite patience. He must disinter buried fragments, search among weeds, scrape away moss, and make the most of every scrap of cornice or moulding that lichen may have preserved or ivy held together. These trifles, indeed, are often his only guides in the reproduction of important details.

“Still, by means of even this cursory glance, I have learned sufficient to be able to answer some of your lordship's questions, and to offer a few practical suggestions.

“1. In reply to your inquiry as to the probable cost of restoring Benhampton Castle in its integrity, I have to say that no building of that extent and style could possibly be restored throughout for less than £130,000 or £150,000.

“2. It is by no means necessary to restore the whole edifice. Your lordship might restore only such portions of it as would be suitable for the purposes of a modern residence.

“3. It is for yourself to limit the expense of restoration. If you will specify the sum you are disposed to devote to this work, it will then be in my power to lay before you an estimate of what may be done for that sum.

“4. I am of opinion that for an outlay of about £25,000 your lordship might repair the keep and restore three sides of the first quadrangle, including the banqueting hall; and that such restorations might with great propriety be carried out in that more richly developed style of the period of Edward the Third which is known as the Decorated, or Early Perpendicular.

“5. That to leave the remaining quadrangles, the kitchen, outer walls, &c., &c., in their present condition would, I conceive, be no disfigurement to the place as a residence, but would, on the contrary, contribute largely to the beauty and picturesqueness of the whole.

“I have the honour to be, my lord,

“Yours respectfully,

“H. MORLEY DURRANT.”

These letters were delivered to De Benham as he sat at breakfast on the morning of that eighth day. He read them both twice—the first time very quickly, the second time very slowly; then folded them in silence and put them carefully into his pocket-book. His mother, observing his grave and troubled look, watched him anxiously, but said nothing. Presently he pushed his cup aside, and, muttering something about business in the City, snatched up his hat and went out.

But he did not go to the City. He turned his face westward, and, walking doggedly on and on for the greater part of an hour, never stopped till he came to the Regent's Park.

Here, finding an unoccupied bench in a quiet corner somewhat away from the frequented paths, he sat down, leaned his elbows on his knees and his face upon his hands, and fell into a gloomy reverie.

It was a brilliant morning towards the latter half of February, when the sunshine had already some warmth in it, and the air, though fresh, was not positively cold. And there was a pleasant look of spring about the grass and the budding trees, and even about the children and the nursemaids. But De Benham saw none of this. He scarcely felt the warmth of the sunshine. He scarcely heard the babble of the children on the broad walk a little distance off. His thoughts were dark and solitary, and all else seemed of the same complexion.

For these letters had hit him hard—especially that letter from his solicitors. He was almost bewildered by it, just at first. It upset all his calculations; it disarranged all his plans; it disappointed him bitterly. He had long since framed his own estimate of what this purchase would cost him. He knew the ordinary price of land in and about Benhampton; and he knew that this particular soil was poor and profitless—that parts of it, in fact, were so stony and barren as to be little better than waste. In short, he had made up his mind that Farmer Bowstead's property might be bought in for about twenty-five pounds per acre. Fifteen thousand pounds—eighteen thousand—even twenty thousand, if need be, he was prepared to spend for it; but thirty-six thousand . . .

It was more than half of all that he had earned. It was more than, in the present state of his affairs, he could as yet actually lay his hand upon and call his own. It was an immense sum. And for this immense sum what should he get? A ruin, a stone-quarry, a few miserable cottages, and seven hundred and twenty acres of the worst land in the county.

A mere remnant, after all, of the Benhampton estates; yet, remnant as it was, he must buy it. Even on these exorbitant terms, he must buy it. The old place was too precious, his vow was too sacred, to leave him any alternative. The opportunity would never come back again—never—never. He must buy it, cost what it might.

Then came other considerations. That he should be content to stop at this point was impossible. He might close with Matthew Bowstead's executors; he might partially restore the castle; but when all this was done, should he be content? Other waifs and

strays of the old domains would doubtless fall vacant from time to time. How should he feel if, when they did so fall vacant, he found himself without means to purchase them?

And yet, unless his health and strength came back to him, unless he could again amass money, and go on amassing money, he must be utterly without those means. Nay, more—he must be without means, or income, or resources of any kind. He must be just a farmer, as Matthew Bowstead was a farmer, existing on the produce of this one poor farm. He must live a miserable, anomalous, contracted life—such a life as no man in his senses could seriously contemplate for a moment.

Well, there was yet another way. He might give up that cherished dream of restoration; build a modest residence in a corner of the ruins; invest the rest of his capital; and live the life of a quiet country gentleman. But of all the paths open to him, that was precisely the one path he disliked the most. Merely to possess the place would be nothing, if he could not rebuild it. How should he endure to watch the work of ruin going on from year to year? Or how should he bear to patch, and prop, and trim, unable to do more than arrest the progress of decay?

Thus he pondered. Thus he questioned himself. Thus an hour—two hours—two hours and a half went by. And all this time, far down below the shifting current of his thoughts, there ran a conscious undercurrent of other thoughts, other questionings, other misgivings—an undercurrent swift, and silent, and steady, which was gradually carrying all before it.

"There is no other way," he said at last, having read his letters through again, for the fourth or fifth time. "There is no other way. It is my fate."

When Temple De Benham said these words (and whether he actually spoke them aloud, or only uttered them in the silence of his own soul, matters nothing), he had made up his mind that he would marry Claudia Hardwicke.

CHAPTER LVI.—MISS HARDWICKE'S OFFERS.

MISS HARDWICKE'S matrimonial chances had been neither few nor far between. She could not have counted them, indeed, upon the fingers of both hands. But then, she was not only very rich and very handsome, but she had reigned in her brother's house ever since her education was finished, and so, necessarily, had seen much society. If ever

woman was certain to be bored with offers, that woman was Claudia Hardwicke. It had been going on now for seven years. She left Madame de Fleury's *pension* in the Faubourg St. Germain at eighteen, and that was just seven years ago. The curious in such matters may hence compute what was Miss Hardwicke's age in this year of grace, 1862.

During these seven years, then, her opportunities of marriage had been frequent; but those opportunities were not to her taste, and she had embraced none of them. A German banker, a fashionable physician lately knighted, a Q.C., a wealthy ship-builder, a younger son of a baronet, a City rector, a Scotch M.P., a Taxing Master in Chancery, and some three or four substantial merchants, had all striven for the prize in turn, and been rejected. Rumour began at last to whisper that Miss Hardwicke was too fastidious, and that she would die an old maid.

The lady, however, was fond of her own way; fond also, in her own way, of her brother Josiah; fond, above all else, of her liberty. From this last she was resolved never to part, unless . . . well, unless in exchange for something still more precious. Possibly for love; still more probably for position.

For with all her pride and all her coldness, Claudia Hardwicke had sometimes dreamed of love. The world believed her to be as inaccessible as her own marble portrait; but she was not of the world's opinion. She believed, on the contrary, that it was in her to love very profoundly; but then the man whom she could so love must be one whom she should be able to recognise for her master. He need be neither rich, nor handsome, nor even amiable; but he must be of high birth and high courage, resolute, ambitious, a thorough man, and a thorough gentleman. Were such an one to invite her to become his wife, Miss Hardwicke told herself that she could love him with a very deep and enduring love; but then she also told herself that no such man would ever cross her path.

Putting love out of the question, however, Miss Hardwicke was accessible on the side of position. Great rank would at any time have been a sore temptation to her; but great rank had not fallen in her way. With all her offers, she had never yet had the chance of a title, save in the one instance of the fashionable physician, whose knight-hood was, in her eyes, simply contemptible.

Hence it was all the more curious that the opportunity should at last present itself under a twofold aspect. In a word, that Claudia

Hardwicke should, in the course of one and the same day, have two coronets at her feet.

De Benham, as we have seen, sat and pondered long before he came to his resolve; but having come to that resolve, he rose and went his way; for it was his nature to decide and do—to pass at once from meditation to action. "If 'twere well 'twere done," he was fond of quoting, "then 'twere well it were done quickly." And to-day, having told himself it should be done, he determined that it should, indeed, be done quickly. So he hurried home, dressed (not without some scorn of his own solicitude in the matter of gloves and cravat), and presented himself at Strathellan House at about three o'clock in the afternoon.

He found Miss Hardwicke at home and alone, in her hat and habit, having just come in from a late ride.

As soon as the first commonplaces had been exchanged, the conversation began to flag.

"Have you seen my brother this morning?" asked Miss Hardwicke, after a pause.

To which De Benham replied that he had not been down to Prior's Walk for more than a week. And then there was silence again.

Miss Hardwicke took off her gloves, laid her hat aside, trifled with her whip, and began to wonder when her visitor would go away.

Presently De Benham spoke again.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hardwicke," he said, "for being so dull."

The lady smiled.

"I thought your silence quite brilliant," she replied.

"A man is silent either because he has nothing to say, or because he has too much. The latter is my case. I have a great deal to say, and I do not know where to begin."

Miss Hardwicke looked up with the very faintest gleam of surprise upon her face, but said nothing. De Benham, leaning forward, and looking into his hat as if the words were written there and he was reading them, went on in a grave, deliberative voice.

"My object in coming here to-day," he said, "may be stated in very few words. I come to tell you precisely what my position is—what my prospects are . . . and to ask if you will be my wife."

He paused; not as if for a reply, but as if weighing every word that he had yet to say. As for Miss Hardwicke, she sat unmoved; absorbed apparently in the setting of her whip-handle. Perhaps a slight tinge of colour

may have come into her cheeks for one moment; but if so, it was gone again directly.

"I am painfully sensible," De Benham continued, "of my own presumption. I know full well for how much I am asking; and I know how little I have to offer in return. These two things only—an honourable name and a handful of barren acres. No more, and no less. As for love, Miss Hardwicke, I have no right to name the word to you upon so short an acquaintance. I think you would be offended with me—and justly—if I did. Besides, although I am still quite young, adversity and anxiety have done much to age me. So much, that I doubt if I could now be what the world calls 'in love.' But—but I admire you; if I may be forgiven for saying what others have said to you so often. I admire you very much. I should be proud to call you my wife. And I think I should make you a good husband."

Having got thus far, he paused again.

"This is a compliment, Lord De Benham, for which I was not prepared," said Miss Hardwicke, feeling that she must at last say something.

"It is no compliment—at least, not in that sense. Whether it is any compliment to suppose, as I have supposed, that a woman who is young, beautiful, and wealthy, may be willing to sacrifice herself for an idea, is another matter."

"To sacrifice herself for an idea!" repeated Miss Hardwicke. "I do not understand you."

"I am anxious that you should understand me very exactly. Have you patience to listen to a long story?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then I will inflict my family history upon you."

And with this, De Benham proceeded to sketch, in as few words as he could, the rise and progress of his people from Geoffry the Crusader to himself. He told how for long centuries the De Benhams had gone on heaping up riches and accumulating land; then how those riches had been squandered and those lands alienated; how his own father, heir to little more than a pile of ancestral mortgages, was finally ruined at college by an unprincipled associate; how he, Temple, brought up in ignorance of these facts, had struggled on through a youth of extreme poverty, obeying the natural bent of his genius, and dreaming only of music; how, since he came to know the truth, he had given up his whole soul to the one great end; how, in pursuit of that end, he had

perilled, and was ready again to peril, life and limb, health, home, and all that made life other than mere "labour and sorrow."

"And it is this toil, Miss Hardwicke," he said, "that I ask you to share. Most men could offer you a happier lot—would protest more—promise more—tell you (and I am sure, truly) that your riches did not weigh with them by the balance of a feather. I, on the contrary, begin by avowing that money is essential to my purpose; that it would be impossible for me to marry without money—and I ask you, quite honestly and plainly, whether you can make my ambition your ambition, my task your task. Whether, in a word, you can be content to devote yourself to this unattractive work of raising up an ancient house from, as it were, the very dust of time—of rescuing an honourable name from perhaps total extinction, and of transmitting it to play its part for good or ill in the future history of the world."

"I do not think it an unattractive work," said Miss Hardwicke, somewhat slowly.

"I feared it must be unattractive to every one but myself."

"I do not see why."

"Well, because the motive, in the first place, is intensely personal. In the second place, because the world does not readily sympathise with the sterner passions—with pride, ambition, jealousy, revenge. Now it seems to me that of all the forms that either pride or ambition may take, family pride and family ambition are just those which provoke the promptest antagonism."

"It is true that we sympathise more heartily with misfortune."

"Ay; with the patient Ulysses, rather than the proud Achilles. But the all-important point now is, not whether I may command the world's sympathy, but if I may hope for yours."

Miss Hardwicke looked troubled.

"Lord De Benham," she said, "I scarcely know how to answer you. You must give me ten minutes for consideration."

"Ten days, Miss Hardwicke, if you please."

"No. If I considered any matter for ten days, I should never arrive at any conclusion. Ten minutes will be enough."

"Shall I go down into the library for that time?"

"If you will."

"And not come back till you send for me."

"I will not send for you. I will go round the flower garden, past the library windows, and you can join me."

De Benham rose, bowed, and turned away. At the door he hesitated and looked back. He felt as if he ought to say something more—something becoming in a suitor whose fate yet trembled in the balance. But, somehow, the words did not come easily.

"I hope," he said, "that you will try to—to think favourably of my proposal."

And with this he left the room. As he crossed the hall, he saw, through the inner glass doors, a gentleman alighting from his horse. The gentleman flung his reins to a gardener, and De Benham recognised Lord Stockbridge. Glad to escape unseen, he then shut himself into the library and, with most unloverlike composure, took a book from the shelves and a seat by the fire. The ten minutes, he knew, would now be expanded most probably into thirty; but he could wait. He could wait with perfect patience; and he could read; and he could enjoy what he read. While his own mind yet wavered, he was restless enough; but now that he had placed his fate in Miss Hardwicke's hands he was agitated by no apprehensions, fluttered by no hopes. He should know her decision soon enough in any case, and, whatever it might be, he would make the best of it.

So he sat by the library fire, and read. The book was the second volume of Clough's "Plutarch," and the life at which he opened it, was the life of Cato the Elder.

In the meanwhile Miss Hardwicke, instead of considering whether or not she should become Lady De Benham, found herself called upon to receive Lord Stockbridge—Lord Stockbridge miraculously gloved, booted, and cravated, with a camellia in his button hole; somewhat red in the face, however, from much tightening about the waist. He had, as usual, plenty to say, chatting glibly about the weather, the foreign news, the winter opera, last night's debates, and the like. Miss Hardwicke answered in monosyllables, waiting till he should rise and take his leave.

He did rise presently—not to take his leave, but to change his seat. And the seat for which he changed it was the one that De Benham had just been occupying.

Miss Hardwicke knew directly what was coming. Perhaps she guessed it because that particular chair stood nearer the sofa on which she was sitting; perhaps the coincidence of place suggested the coincidence of purpose; but, at all events, she felt at once that Lord Stockbridge was then and there about to say the thing which she had known to be impending for a long time past.

And at the same instant she felt that she must, if possible, prevent him from carrying his design into effect.

"I am sorry to seem discourteous, Lord Stockbridge," she said, looking at her watch, "but I have an appointment; and, at this moment, a person waiting to see me."

"Let the person wait a few moments longer, my dear lady," he replied, with *emprossement*. "I have half-a-dozen words to say to you which—which, egad! I've been screwing up my courage to say for so long, that if I don't do it now . . ."

"I think, as a rule, that things which need so much effort are best left unsaid," interposed Miss Hardwicke.

"Sometimes. Not always. Not in this instance. The truth is—I've had it on my mind ever since that Sunday when I brought Lady Chetwynd's card; and that—let me see—that is seven or eight months ago . . ."

"I am quite sure it is best left unsaid, Lord Stockbridge, whatever it may be," repeated Miss Hardwicke, with great earnestness.

"You do not, surely, forbid me to speak!"

"No; I entreat."

"But, egad! . . ."

"Nay, I know that it would be kind, and friendly, and—flattering. I am quite sure of that."

Lord Stockbridge looked down, frowning; and a dark flush came into his face.

"You do not give me credit, I presume, for—for loving you," he said, presently.

"I desire to retain your friendship, as I hope you will not reject mine."

"Friendship!" he repeated, very bitterly. "Pshaw! I ask for bread, and you give me a stone."

"But friendship is a precious stone—a diamond of purest water."

Lord Stockbridge got up with an air of impatience, and went over to the window.

"That's a mere *façon de parler*," he said, almost angrily. "I want *you*—you, Claudia—yourself. Not your friendship. You have been told, I suppose, that I'm a spendthrift . . . Well, I am. You have been told that I am nearly double your age . . . Well, perhaps I am. But what of this or of that? I have been a poor man all my life—forced to live upon the future—had the education and tastes of a gentleman . . . what could I do, egad! but get into debt? But do you suppose that I got into debt because I liked it? Do you think I would have hampered myself with those confounded Jews, if I could have helped it? No, no, Miss Hardwicke—

not I. Then as to age . . . why, good heavens! I'm in my prime—as bold a seat in the saddle, as steady a hand on a cue or a trigger as you'll find between this and St. Petersburg!"

"Indeed, Lord Stockbridge . . ."

"No, no—pray let me speak. A man has a right to be heard, no matter how slender his chance may be. Unless, indeed, the lady is already promised to another; and that, I think, is not the case."

"No—I am still free."

"Then how can I help hoping? You are free, and I love you. Miss Hardwicke, I have no words to tell you how much I love you! There isn't a man living who'd do more to please you, if he had the chance. I'd go round the world for you. And as for money—well, I know, of course, that you have money; and you know that I have debts. But I don't know the extent of your fortune—neither, egad! do I know the extent of my debts! But I should wish to do all that was honourable, and—and liberal. Upon my soul, Miss Hardwicke, I can't believe that you mean to be obdurate."

"Obdurate is not the word, Lord Stockbridge. I do not love you, and I do not feel that I ever should love you. That is not obduracy. It is the simple truth—which, believe me, I would fain have avoided to put before you."

Lord Stockbridge bit his lip—took a turn across the room—came back to the charge.

"But there is another side to this question," he said. "Love is not the only consideration. Position is something. Rank is something. The Earldom of Stockbridge . . ."

Miss Hardwicke rose from her seat.

"No more, my lord," she said, with great dignity. "No more, I entreat. It becomes neither you to urge, nor me to listen. I cannot accept your hand. It is impossible; but I thank you for the compliment you pay me, and I beg you to let all be as if this conversation had never taken place. I undertake to forget it, if you will do the same."

He shook his head.

"No," he said, gloomily. "I can't forget it—because I can't forget you."

And then he took up his hat.

"Perhaps, if I were to wait—to persevere . . ."

"No—it would be useless."

"Your decision is final?"

"My decision is final."

Lord Stockbridge stood for a moment, looking half angry, half mortified, as if uncertain upon what terms to part from her.

Then, as if conquering himself, he said, with an effort:—"Miss Hardwicke, you have my best wishes for your future happiness;"—bowed low over her extended hand—touched it lightly with his lips—and left the room.

Miss Hardwicke went to the window, and, hidden by the curtain, watched her rejected suitor mount and ride away.

Marry him! She felt she could not have married him if he had been a royal duke. And yet . . . and yet, strange to say, there was a time, not long since, when she would have hesitated to refuse him. Nay, when she almost surely would *not* have refused him. But to-day . . . how was it that she had never observed that bloated, dissipated look—the lines about his eyes and mouth? Miss Hardwicke shuddered to think that if he had asked her a week or two before, she would most likely have accepted him. And then she put on her hat, gathered up the skirt of her habit, and went quickly down into the garden.

De Benham, about half-way through the "Life of Cato the Elder," saw her pass the window, restored the volume to its place, and went out.

"I am ashamed," she said, "to have left you alone so long. My visitor would not go."

"I was ready, and am still ready, to wait as long as you please," replied De Benham.

And having said this, he paused. He scarcely knew what to say next. It was like having to make his offer over again.

"I am almost afraid," he said presently, "to ask my fate."

A something—an indefinable something which was neither tenderness, nor enthusiasm, but a sort of momentary elevation of expression—came into Miss Hardwicke's face.

"We will restore the glories of Benhampton," she said, looking at him.

De Benham took her hand, as Lord Stockbridge had taken it, and bowed over it, as Lord Stockbridge had bowed over it; but he bowed over it without kissing it.

After this, they walked for some time to and fro among the wintry paths and flowerless parterres, talking, not as lovers talk who have just plighted their faith to each other, but of the castle and lands, of the proposed restorations, of Messrs. Balfour and Black, and of Mr. Morley Durrant.

When they parted, however, the diamond that had once been Senator Shirley's sparkled on the third finger of Miss Hardwicke's left hand. Did De Benham, as he placed it there, remember that other ring, to procure which he and Archie had walked into Mon-

mouth one summer morning, not yet two years ago—the loving promises that went with that simple gift—the modest hopes of which it was the pledge—the sunny hours—the sweet idyllic time—the poetry and passion of first love?

CHAPTER LVII.—THE SOONER THE BETTER.

THE next few days went by in such a whirl of business, of visiting, of hand-shaking, congratulating, and letter-writing, that De Benham found no leisure to think of either the life he had left behind him, or the future that lay before him. But he had no desire now to think at all. He told himself that the time for reflection was past, and that the time for action was come. So, his road once chosen and lying straight before him, he pushed on with an eager and feverish haste that would have been natural enough in most men, but was all unlike that steady resolution with which he was wont to pursue his purposes. He hurried his lawyers in their negotiations about Benhampton; he pressed the architect for his plans and estimates; he set on foot such proceedings as were needful to establish his claim to the peerage and enable him to take his seat in the House. Irritable, impatient, restless, he seemed to grudge every day, to be jealous of every hour, that stood between him and the fulfilment of his projects. It was as the conduct of a man who measures his strength against Time, and fears that Time will beat him.

One important point, however, was soon gained. He became master of Benhampton as soon as he made up his mind to pay the price required. He had heard much of the procrastination of the law; but in this instance there was no procrastination. He was surprised, indeed, to find how rapidly it was possible for an estate to change hands, and with how little formality Benhampton became his. Messrs. Balfour and Black tendered £35,000 on behalf of their client. Messrs. Clint and Wall, of Monmouth, accepted the same on behalf of the trustees, executors, and heirs of the late Matthew Bowstead. Mr. E. Black, Junior, went down to Monmouth with the money, and came back with the title-deeds; and the affair was concluded. It seemed to De Benham that he bought the old place as easily as he might have gone into a shop and bought a pair of gloves.

In the meanwhile, it was no small relief to find that the two persons most nearly connected with Miss Hardwicke and himself were favourable to the marriage. His mother

had been agreeably surprised in the lady at their first interview; was not altogether insensible to the advantages of wealth; and so, on the whole, approved De Benham's choice. In a beautiful and dignified woman with £250,000 for her fortune, some inferiority of birth, she admitted, might be tolerated. Above all, her son would now run no more blockades, go hither and thither upon no man's errands, accept no man's pay. That De Benham should wash his hands clean of the contamination of trade, and live at home in health and ease, was more now to his mother than any other consideration upon earth. As for Mr. Hardwicke—conscious of his own share in the transaction, and secretly bubbling over with self-satisfaction—he was in the seventh heaven of gratified ambition.

"Claudia has been more to me than a sister," he said, when De Benham called upon him the next morning at Prior's Walk. "She has been a friend—a friend of whose abilities I have the highest opinion; for whose character I have the utmost respect. I am fully sensible of the honour of this alliance—proud, indeed, to be in my own person connected with so ancient and noble a house; but my sister is no ordinary woman, and if your lordship were Emperor of all the Russias, I should not deem Claudia Hardwicke unworthy of your hand."

"If I were Emperor of all the Russias, Mr. Hardwicke," replied De Benham, "I should consider myself singularly fortunate—as I do now."

Mr. Hardwicke bowed.

"I should never covet rank for myself," he said. "To know that my signature is respected from Prior's Walk to the remotest dependency of the British Empire, contents my ambition. But I confess I should have been disappointed if my sister had married a commoner."

"Nature ordained Miss Hardwicke to adorn a coronet," De Benham replied, with a somewhat forced politeness.

"Just so. And yours, my lord, is not the only coronet that might have been hers."

"Indeed! Then I am so much the more favoured."

Mr. Hardwicke bowed again. He would fain have told De Benham that that other coronet was an earl's; but he magnanimously forebore.

"I hope Miss Hardwicke will consent to name an early day," said De Benham.

"I am no friend to long engagements," replied the merchant.

"We shall not differ, I think, in the matter of settlements," pursued De Benham. "The estate, of course, must be entailed; but I should gladly see a large proportion of your sister's fortune tied up for her own benefit and that of her younger children. At the same time, I am anxious to add as much as possible to the estate itself, which consists at present of little more than enough for a good-sized park."

"You would wish to invest the greater part of Claudia's money in land, to be inherited by her eldest son?"

"That is my meaning."

"Nothing could be more just, my lord; or more judicious."

"I only hope," said De Benham, "that Miss Hardwicke will consent to make my term of probation as short as possible."

"Still, you want some little time to become better acquainted."

"I do not think so. People never really know each other before marriage. Both Miss Hardwicke and myself are somewhat reserved in our dispositions, and I believe should be no better acquainted at the end of three years than at the end of three weeks."

Mr. Hardwicke smiled, but said nothing.

"I want you to intercede for me," said De Benham.

"Ah, no! That is a matter in which I dare not meddle. However, my lord, you must not be too impatient."

"I cannot help being impatient," replied De Benham gloomily.

"But ladies do not like to be hurried into matrimony. And, indeed, they are entitled to their fair share of courtship, for it is the pleasantest phase of a woman's life."

De Benham looked down, and gnawed his moustache in silence.

"Let me be frank with you, Mr. Hardwicke," he said. "It is not in me to write sonnets to my mistress's eyebrow. I am a prosaic suitor, and I don't feel that I shall make much way in Miss Hardwicke's affections until our lives and interests are one. Believe me, the sooner we marry the better and happier it will be for both. Besides I—I am not very strong. I am over-worked, and I suppose I am over-anxious. If your sister would take compassion upon me, and put me out of suspense . . ."

"She has done that, I conceive, in accepting you," interposed Mr. Hardwicke.

"To some extent. But, in truth, I want change of air—of scene—of ideas."

"It seems to me that you have never given yourself time to get over that fever," said

Mr. Hardwicke. "And then, besides the fever, you were wounded."

"Oh, the wound was nothing! But, as you say, I have been too busy to take care of myself."

"Yet, the other day you would not admit that you were ill."

"I am not ill; I am only weak and exhausted. If, however, I could prevail upon Miss Hardwicke to put up with me at once, we might go abroad for the whole spring and summer, leaving the workpeople in possession of Benhampton. It would be a good deed, Mr. Hardwicke; for I shall never get better while I stay in London."

"Represent your case to my sister in that light, my lord, and you can scarcely fail of success."

With this they shook hands, and parted.

That afternoon, Lady De Benham did a thing she had not done since the early years of her married life. She paid a visit. She dressed herself in her best black, sent to the nearest livery-stables for a brougham, and called upon Miss Hardwicke. Miss Hardwicke, surprised and touched by this unexpected courtesy on the part of one who, as she well knew, rarely crossed the threshold of her own house, went through the interview very gracefully; so that Lady De Benham, having kissed her on the brow and bade God bless her with some solemnity at parting, went home more than ever impressed in her favour.

"We must return the visit to-morrow, Claudia," said Mr. Hardwicke, when he came back, an hour or two later, from the City. "I will leave the office early, on purpose. And we must invite her to dinner on Friday or Saturday."

"She will not come," replied Miss Hardwicke.

"Not if we beg her to fix her own day, and offer to send the carriage for her?"

"We can beg her to fix her own day, but I am sure we must not offer to send the carriage."

"You mean it would look like a liberty."

"I mean that Lady De Benham is—Lady De Benham. You will understand the full force of that definition when you have seen her."

"Is he at all like her?"

"A little, perhaps; but not much."

"I asked him up to dine to-night, but he had an appointment with his architect at eight, and could not come. He is not one of those who let the grass grow under their feet, Claudia."

"I have yet to discover Lord De Benham's faults of character," said Miss Hardwicke, faintly smiling; "but I suppose want of energy is not one of them."

"He looks ill," observed her brother, after a pause. "I have told him so again and again, and he has always denied that he felt ill till to-day. He admits now that he wants rest and change of air."

Miss Hardwicke looked up, but said nothing.

"He wants you to marry him at once," continued the merchant.

"Indeed!" said Miss Hardwicke, coldly.

"He says, if you would consent to take him now, and go abroad for the spring and summer, he should get well. He can never gain strength in London."

And then, forgetting all about his determination not to meddle, Mr. Hardwicke set to work to plead De Benham's cause far more roundly and energetically than De Benham would have ventured to plead it for himself.

"He has instructed you to say all this, I presume?" said she, presently.

"He—he begged me to intercede for him," Mr. Hardwicke admitted.

The lady smiled, somewhat disdainfully.

"You are an excellent advocate, Josiah," she said; "but you have forgotten to urge the strongest reason of all."

"What is that?"

"Money. Lord De Benham, you observe, dares not embark in any great outlay until he has command of my fortune. Nay, it is so, indeed. He told me himself that it was so. He has dealt with me candidly."

"Then, shall you consent?"

Miss Hardwicke paused before replying.

"I have accepted Lord De Benham," she said at length, speaking very slowly, "intending to make his aims my aims, and his interests my interests. Whatever I know to be essential to those aims and interests, I will do."

"Magnanimously said, my dear Claudia!"

"But he must speak for himself."

"Oh, undoubtedly!"

And then Mr. Hardwicke, with his pompous, old-fashioned air, but with much real feeling also, took his sister's hand, and said:—

"I believe from my heart that he is worthy of you, Claudia. Business, you know, is not a bad test; and in the way of business I have tested this young man thoroughly. He is upright, punctual, scrupulously just, the very soul of honour."

"In one word—a gentleman."

"Just that. I do think, my dear sister, that he will make you happy."

Miss Hardwicke looked at him affectionately, but somewhat sadly.

"For how many years you have made my happiness your first care, Josiah!" she said. "But there is the dressing bell—we must get ready for dinner."

CHAPTER LVIII.—DE BENHAM MAKES HIS WILL.

It was done, now—done, and past recall. For the first day or two after his engagement to Miss Hardwicke, De Benham felt as if he were walking in his sleep. In a few minutes, with a few words, he had achieved the purpose of his life. He had desired riches; and great riches were now to be his. He had vowed to buy back Benhampton; and Benhampton was already his. All that he had willed, he had done. All that he had touched had turned to gold. He was as a traveller who, before he dreams that half his work is done, finds himself on a sudden at the mountain-top with the landscape at his feet. He stands breathless. He can scarcely believe that there is not another height to scale. He is almost sorry that the peak is gained so soon, and the excitement already over.

So De Benham found himself all at once at the summit of his ambition—asked himself if it were not all a dream—sighed to think that the heat of the battle was over, and the victory won after so brief a struggle.

In the meanwhile, society pronounced him to be the happiest and most fortunate of men, and took every opportunity of telling him so. Of all those, however, upon whom the duty of congratulation devolved, there was not one, perhaps, who fulfilled that duty more heartily than Archibald Blyth. He was even more delighted than Mr. Hardwicke; but then he had his own most exquisite reasons for being so. He was charmed that his cousin should enrich his friend. He was equally charmed that his friend should ennoble his cousin. And he was well pleased that De Benham and he should become connections through this marriage. But above all, he rejoiced in the fact of the marriage itself—in that which it would go to prove—in that which might result from it, when proved.

If De Benham, he argued, had indeed dismissed from his heart all that love which he once professed for Juliet Alleyne, was it not well that she should know it beyond doubt? Was it not well that the evidence should be as decisive as possible? That she still loved him, and lived upon the memory of that love, was only too certain; but would she

permit herself so to think of him, and so to dwell upon the past, if he were married to another? Would she not then feel that it was her duty to forget him? Would she not then set herself to root up those memories, and cast them out, no matter at what cost of tears and sorrow? And when she had done this—but not one hour sooner—might there not . . . (it was an anxious question, and one that Archie asked himself very often in these days) . . . might there not possibly come some faint dawning of hope for himself?

Waiting, and wondering, and hoping thus, it was no marvel that he hailed the news of De Benham's engagement with delight, and longed to hear the music of his marriage bells.

"It was the very match I made for you in my own mind, years ago," said he. "I used to think you'd be a celebrated composer, with perhaps a scrap of red ribbon in your button-hole; and that Claudia would fall in love with your fame, and you with her beauty. I remember telling you so, one day—but you didn't take kindly to the notion."

It was the afternoon of the first Sunday following the engagement, and De Benham had gone to tell the news to Archie in his lodgings in Great Ormond Street. De Benham, who complained of being tired, was lying on the sofa, making a very small cigarette last as long as possible—pretending to smoke, in fact. Archie, in dressing-gown and slippers, was sitting in front of the fire, puffing away vigorously at the Turk's head pipe.

"You said you'd as soon marry Lady Macbeth or the Minerva Medici," he added, finding that De Benham made no reply.

"Then I hope you rebuked me as I deserved for speaking so of a lady who is your cousin."

"Ah—I suppose I had no business to remind you of it, now that she is to be your wife. But, you see, I don't quite realise it yet—it's all so new and wonderful. However, I ought to be getting used to surprises by this time."

"I hope your surprises have been pleasant ones," said De Benham.

"Why, yes—for the most part. It was an uncommonly pleasant surprise the other day, when old Josiah handed me that cheque for five hundred pounds; just after he had raised my salary, too. And as for your news just now, it is pleasanter still. I can't tell you how glad I am. But your turning out to be a lord was the greatest surprise of all. I've not got over that yet."

"But there is nothing for you to get over, Archie," said De Benham, smiling. "I shall never be a lord to you."

Archie shook his head.

"You can't help it," he replied.

"I can help it, if you can. We are friends, comrades, brothers. We have shared too many perils and too many pleasures to let a mere word stand between us now. What difference can it make to you whether I am a lord or a commoner?"

Again Archie shook his head.

"It makes a great difference to you," he said, "and therefore it cannot but make a difference to me. Here are you, a nobleman—soon a very rich nobleman—living in a big castle—keeping lots of servants—visiting heaps of fine people—as much a petty sovereign as that Grand Duke of yours over in Germany. Here am I—a clerk in a merchant's office—a frequenter of omnibus roofs, river-steamers, and half-price plays—a fellow who never had twenty pounds to spare in his life till a few days ago, and is now rich with five hundred. How can you and I be equal any longer?"

De Benham threw away his cigarette, and sat up.

"That is all quite true, for the world in general," he said. "But it must not be true for you and me. You are my only friend, and I don't mean to let you go. Besides, are you not to be my cousin?"

"That fact won't go far towards the leveling of social distinctions," said Archie, comically. "The deuce a bit of equality have I ever got out of my cousinship with the Hardwickses."

"I should like to see you married and happy, Archie," said De Benham, suddenly.

"Married?"

"Ay—if you could find a girl to your liking. But I have never known you fancy any one, except Janet Ashby."

Archie felt very guilty and embarrassed.

"Janet Ashby's as nice as possible," he said; "but I've never thought of her since. Besides, I don't mean to marry till I can afford a good home. Love in lodgings, with the quarter's allowance always running short, and a bone of cold mutton in the cupboard, is not the sort of thing I prefer."

"You must be better off, no doubt; and have some little capital to start with. What are you going to do with your five hundred pounds?"

"Put it in the bank, of course."

"Will you lend it to me instead?"

Archie jumped up; unlocked an old-

fashioned bureau in which he kept all sorts of treasures, letters, pipes, tobacco, stationery, bills, and so forth, and brought out a little bundle of crisp, clean, Bank of England notes.

"There!" he said, smoothing them out upon the table. "There they are—ten fifties. I haven't touched a penny of them."

De Benham put them in his pocket-book.

"I shall invest this money for you in my share of the *Stormy Petrel*," he said; "and, I hope, double it twice over."

"I hoped you wanted it for yourself—for the work at Benhampton!" exclaimed Archie reproachfully.

"It amounts to the same thing. I shall have five hundred more for Benhampton if I have five hundred less for speculation."

"But suppose the *Stormy Petrel* comes to grief again?"

"You shall not be a loser. I made certain you would let me have the money, and that I should be able to quadruple it; so I brought this receipt, ready filled in, for two thousand—thus ensuring you against loss if anything happens to the ship or to me."

"I can't take it," said Archie, flushing crimson. "You're as generous as a prince, Lord De Benham; but, indeed, I cannot take it."

"For heaven's sake, old friend, don't call me by that name, or I shall think I have offended you."

Archie protested that he was not offended; that he was, on the contrary, obliged and grateful; but that he would by no means accept an acknowledgment for fifteen hundred pounds in excess of the sum lawfully his own.

De Benham looked pained.

"Ah, well!" he said wearily, "then I must find some other way."

And he rose to go.

"When is the wedding to come off?" asked Archie, following De Benham down the stairs.

"Very soon, I hope. Perhaps, some time next month. You will be my best man, old fellow?"

"Of course, if you wish it," replied Archie.

And so they shook hands, and parted, and the door closed between them.

Then De Benham stood still for a moment, and sighed, and pressed his hand to his side, as if in pain. He had seen Archie very seldom of late—not oftener than once or twice since the dinner party at Strathellan House—and if there was any difference in his friend's manner towards himself on those

occasions, he had been too much occupied to observe it. But to-day he saw the difference, and felt it keenly. He felt that an invisible barrier had risen up between Archie and himself. He felt that they shook hands, as it were, across a gulf; and that the old, pleasant freedom of their intercourse was gone. But why should it be gone? And whence this sense of restraint? He was not conscious of having done, or said, anything to estrange his friend. He knew of nothing but the inequality of their rank which could in any way account for the change.

And then he told himself, very bitterly, that this friendship which he had so prized, which he had thought to hold fast by, and take comfort in, all his life, must go with the rest. It was a part of the price he had to pay. And what a heavy price it was! First his art, then his love, then his freedom, now his friend. What more had he to resign—except his life?

Thinking thus and walking very slowly, De Benham found himself at the corner of Queen Square, face to face with the captain of the *Stormy Petrel*, then on his way to bid Archie good-bye, and on the point of starting next day for Liverpool.

"I was intending to call upon you, my lord, to-morrow morning," he said. And then, like the rest, he began to offer his congratulations.

But De Benham was in no mood to be congratulated.

"I would fain have taken another trip with you first," he said. "I would fain once more have felt my foot on the deck and the spray in my face, as the *Stormy Petrel* dashed over Charleston Bar."

The Cornishman smiled.

"You'll be better off, I'm thinking," he replied, "in your seat in the House of Lords."

"I shall often remember you, Captain Hay, wherever I may be."

"Remember us, my lord, when your wedding bells are ringing; and fancy that maybe we are running away at that very moment, with the Yankees at our heels. Good-bye. I wish you joy—you and your beautiful bride."

"And I wish you all prosperity and good fortune."

So they parted—never, as it happened, to meet again. Captain Frank Hay dropped down the Mersey next day with the *Stormy Petrel*, accompanied by a new supercargo in the person of Onesiphorus Knott, a nephew of the trusty Timothy. From Liverpool they steamed straight for the Bahamas, taking Nassau, as before, for their point of depar-

ture. The blockade of Charleston harbour had now, however, become so stringent that, having achieved one successful run, the captain of the *Stormy Petrel* found it expedient to shift his head-quarters to St. George's, Bermuda, and make Wilmington the scene of his subsequent operations. This he continued to do for a period of sixteen months, during which he carried his little vessel nine times triumphantly in and out of Wilmington; so running the blockade of that port no less than eighteen times. On the tenth occasion, however, his good luck deserted him. He left St. George's on the 24th of July, 1863, and having made all the way from the Bermudas to the mouth of Cape Fear River in safety, was at the last moment caught sight of and hotly pursued by two Federal steamers. In this strait, the pilot in charge of the *Stormy Petrel* made a desperate dash for a certain channel between two of the sand islets scattered about this part of the coast, shaved the shore too closely, and ran the boat aground. The American commanders then took possession, and the *Stormy Petrel* became once again a prize. But this time no recapture was possible. The Northerners remembered the famous story too well for that, and took care to keep what they had caught. Carried into New York harbour, the *Stormy Petrel* was there confiscated, refitted, mounted with a couple of heavy guns, converted into a blockader, and sent to join the squadron off Charleston. Being continued in this service at various points along the coast till the close of the war, the little craft was then sold off, together with a number of other government vessels, and became the property of a Boston firm. She was then re-converted into a trader, despatched to the coast of California for the sale of an assorted cargo and the purchase of hides, and is at this present time (1869) cruising, under the name of the *Pottawatomy*, between Santa Barbara and San Francisco.

As for Captain Frank Hay and his crew, they underwent the semblance of a trial at New York, and obtained their liberty within a few days. The men, confident of high wages and immediate service, went straight to Nassau, which post continued to the last to be the main rendezvous for blockade-runners. But their captain had saved money, and was tired of the work. He resolved to give himself a few months' holiday ashore, and started upon a tour of the Northern States. In the course of this tour he caught a severe cold, and died quite suddenly from inflammation of the lungs at a little village

within hearing of the Falls of Niagara. So ended a brave man and a skilful sailor. It is due to his memory to add that the *Stormy Petrel*, while in his hands, proved a gold mine to her owners. De Benham, a partner now in the speculation, staked several thousands, and in the course of those sixteen months doubled his venture ten times over. Archie's modest *peculium* being slipped in with the rest, increased and multiplied according to the same ratio. As for Mr. Hardwicke's gains, they were whispered of in Prior's Walk as having amounted to something fabulous; but upon this point the merchant chose to keep his own counsel; and for once, not even Mr. Timothy Knott was allowed to be wiser than his fellows.

The strict sequence of events has been departed from in the narration of these facts; but, being narrated, they are now dismissed, and these pages will know the *Stormy Petrel* no more.

In the meanwhile De Benham went home, thinking of Archie and trying, as he had said he would, to find "some other way." He dined that day with his mother; spent an hour of the evening at Strathellan House; and afterwards sat late into the night, drawing up a rough draft of his will. Till now, he had never thought to make a will. He had been content that Lady De Benham should inherit all he had to leave, in case he died unmarried. But his thoughts had been gloomy of late, and there was a strange yearning at his heart to be helpful towards Archie, and to show remembrance to some two or three whom he had known and liked in the old college days at Zollenstrasse.

There were Franz Kielmann and his maiden—simple, kindly pair; passing rich with a Kapellmeistership of some thirty pounds a year. There was one Reichardt, a wild, fiery lad—a student of painting—whose passionate dream was Italy, and whom De Benham remembered as a free scholar, poorer even than himself. Above all, there was Archie—Archie who had borne with him in all his moods; nursed him in sickness; rejoiced with him in health. And then there was Juliet Alleyne A pang of remorse wrung his heart when he thought of her. For the first time, he asked himself if she had suffered—if she had forgiven him—if she was happy? And then, remembering how unlikely it was that Mr. Alleyne should deny himself any indulgence for her sake, De Benham added her name to the list, and told himself that it was at least his duty to protect

her against poverty. Ay, against poverty. That was all he could now do for the woman he had once so dearly loved.

Once! Was it indeed but once? Was that love really dead, and buried, and gone for ever? Or was it dead and buried only as the grain found in Egyptian pyramids, which, being restored to the sweet influences of the living earth, germinates, and blossoms, and bears fruit after three thousand years of sepulture?

This was a terrible question. A terrible question to rise up before him like a ghost, now that his hand and honour were pledged, and his life given away! De Benham, sitting alone in the silence of night, with one small reading-lamp casting a circle of vivid light on the papers before him, and the fire burning low, and all the room in shadow, saw before his mind's eye a sudden picture of his life as it might have been—peaceful, contented, obscure, “full of love, and the happy faces of children.” But he saw it too late—too late!

And then there came upon him a heavy sense of loss and desolation—a strange spasm of self-mistrust—a feeling as if that which he

had achieved at the cost of so much sacrifice, was all in vain

He moaned aloud. He covered his face with his hands. For the first time in many years, he wept. One by one, the bitter tears trickled out between his fingers and blotted the page on which her name was written. But presently the strong will re-asserted itself. He sat up, brushed his hand across his eyes, and went on writing.

While he was doing these things, however,—thinking of and for others with that strange, impersonal kind of tenderness that belongs to the act of giving for the last time—there was one anxious heart whose only thought was for him; one loving ear waiting for his footstep on the stairs, counting the quarters and half-hours as they dragged by. How could his mother rest, if he were not resting also?

Still De Benham wrote on, little dreaming of the shadow that crept down more than once to crouch against his door and listen to the rapid travelling of his pen—little dreaming of the wakeful, faithful love that was about him “in the dead waste and middle of the night.”

TOILING AND MOILING.

Some Account of our Working People and How they Live.

By “GOOD WORDS” COMMISSIONER.

VI.—THE NORTHAMPTON SHOEMAKER.

PARLIAMENT never meets now on the banks of the Nene; the University of Northampton long ago lived out its little day; but Northampton was famous for its leather manufactures hundreds of years ago, and it is famous for them still. Throughout the good town, indeed, there is a piquant blending of the present and the past. Two railways minister to its wants, and yet a good many of its streets—roadway and footpath alike—are paved with ankle-wrenching round pebbles, and in some places the grass grows green between the stones. (This old-fashioned style of pavement, I am inclined to think, from its effect on my own boot-soles, is kept up to foster the local demand for the town's staple manufacture.)

Northampton has modern meeting-houses, but it also holds the one in which Dr. Doddridge used to preach. It has a splendid new Town Hall, with polished granite pillars, and sharply cut shields, statues, cornices; and it has also remains of the old Norman castle, which the Conqueror's baronial black-

smith built, cropping out of the ground like brown iron-ore. Modern red-brick shoe-factories stud the town; pleasant red and white brick little private residences, with tiny, trim lawns, dazzlingly spangled with parterres of pœcil bedding-out plants, fringe the town; and it contains as well quaint old St. Peter's Church, and picturesquely mellowed and mottled brown St. Sepulchre's—one of the four Templar churches still extant in England. In spite of later spire and aisles which have grown on to it, the round model of the Holy Sepulchre still bulges out, plainly perceptible above the green-mounded graveyard with almost every weather-stained stone askew.

The soldier who is walking in the tree-shaded churchyard, as meditatively as Hervey (who was educated at the Northampton Grammar School), has 22 upon his cap; others of the same regiment are lounging in their shirt-sleeves at the open barrack-windows, or strolling into the town in jauntily adjusted white belts and freshly-brushed red shell-

jackets. A detachment of the 17th Lancers, billeted in the town *en route* for Edinburgh, are clanking their spurs upon its pavement, superciliously brushing past their shorter infantry brethren; lolling at tavern-doors; pipe-claying their gauntlets, covering their trencher-topped helmets with newspaper, grooming their horses, and shoeing the Queen's steeds—if Simon de St. Liz, who built the castle, were still alive, *he* would have to get *that* done for them—in old-fashioned tavern-yards. These modern warriors, no doubt, are every bit as brave as fighters of the olden time (did not the 17th devour the ground in the front of the madly magnificent Balaklava charge?); but, seeing them at Northampton, one cannot help letting one's thoughts wander back to the thousands of old-world Englishmen slain hard by in the wars of the Roses.

In Billing Road there is a white Infirmary, founded in 1747; and in St. John's Lane there is a dusky, time-gnawn Hospital of that ilk, founded in 1170. Sheep Street, Cow Lane, are racy names that tell of times when Northampton, like the American Boston, was laid out by cattle. Bearward Street, too, has an old smack about it—thereabouts Bruin used to be baited. Narrow Toe Lane is a title that “talks shop” in a town of shoemakers, and Quart Pot Lane tells of proclivities which the present race of Northampton leather-workers have, doubtless, inherited from their far-off ancestors who made the town famous for its leather-bottles.

The *Northampton Mercury* was started by Diceys one hundred and fifty years ago, and it is owned by Diceys still.* The town-crier in red plush waistcoat and breeches, drab gaiters, and gilt-banded hat, who intones with painful conscientiousness like an old-fashioned rector nagged into Ritualism by a domineering curate of advanced views, is not exactly an antique; but he reminds one somehow, when he rings his bell in the diamond-paved “Drapery,” of the Northampton parish clerk who got Cowper to write verses for his bills of mortality—those obsolescent authorities for Life Assurance.

There is an old-fashioned town fool, also, who is abominably tormented by the youthful snobidæ; the cruel young scamps varying their amusement by supplying him with ammunition, when they have worked him into a towering rage, to pelt their fellows with.

The dress of the Northampton charity-boys is another thing that strikes a stranger as tell-

ing of the past. Here come a couple: one with a waistcoat far redder than a robin's breast blazing out of his blue coat; the other in knee-breeches, blue swallow-tail, with strawberry-ice-coloured cuffs, and muffin-cap and stockings of the same hue. Charity costumes everywhere seem droll to those not used to them, but this particoloured youngster has a specially comical aspect as he dances along, quite unconscious of the effect which his light-hosed spindle-shanks are producing.

Altogether, St. Crispin's favourite shrine in England is a quaintly piquant place to wander about in. Its old churches and houses of mottled brown and cream-coloured Kingston stone are so oddly blended with two- and three- and four-floored new brick shoe-factories, with trim villakins, and new streets running, bramble-blocked, into corn-fields, or up to the scarped banks of meadows. Pallid men, stubbly-chinned, and smudged as to the cheeks and apron like a lodging-house slavey blackleading a grate, are loafing about at every corner. Ditto men and boys, and untidy women and girls, are “going to shop,” with bagfuls and faggots of boots and shoes, and soleless “uppers.” The women-folk seem to toil along under the heaviest loads. The Northampton shoemaker, I am told, too often makes his wife his beast of burden. Sometimes he has the good excuse that he can go on working whilst she is carrying his work “to shop;” but he does not always go on working, and the Northampton cord-waineress does not possess the power of the purse, like the far-heavier-load-carrying Scotch fish-wife.

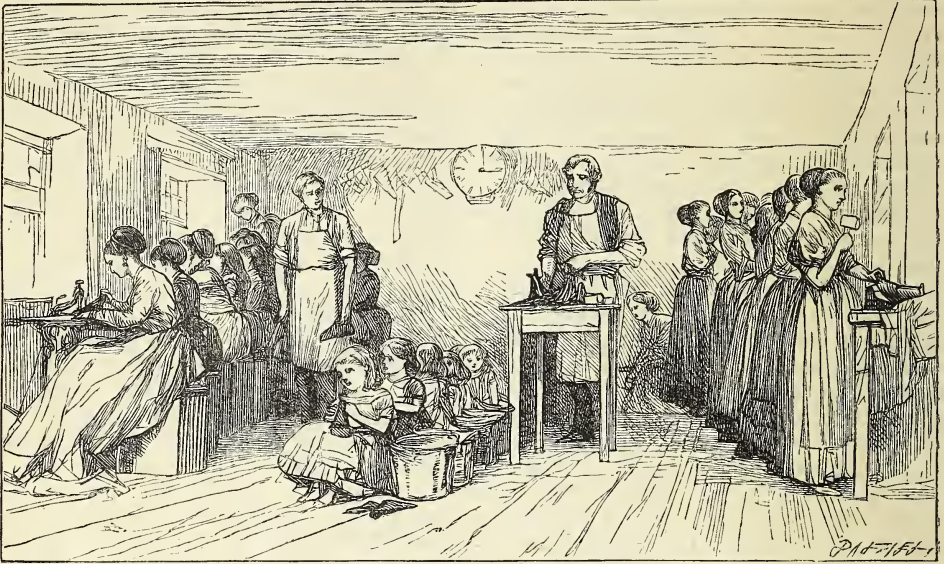
Besides those indicated, there are not at first, to a stranger's apprehension, any outward and visible signs of the town's specialty; but he soon gets to understand the meaning of the ubiquitous undertaker-like tap-tapping that he hears almost constantly as he passes along a good many of the streets; he sees shoemakers and shoemakeresses at work in dingy ground-floor rooms and at open upper windows; he notices “Riveters' Entrance,” &c., painted on the finger-rubbed doors of the many-windowed factories which might be taken for little cotton mills.

Let us apply for permission (sure to be given, very courteously, together with pilotage) to go over one of the largest of these concerns—such, say, as Messrs. Turner Brothers, or Mr. Manfield's, in Campbell Square. The first impression produced is one of the queer contrasts that there are in the cord-wainer's trade. The cobbler, cramped in his cupboard-like stall, belongs to it, and so does

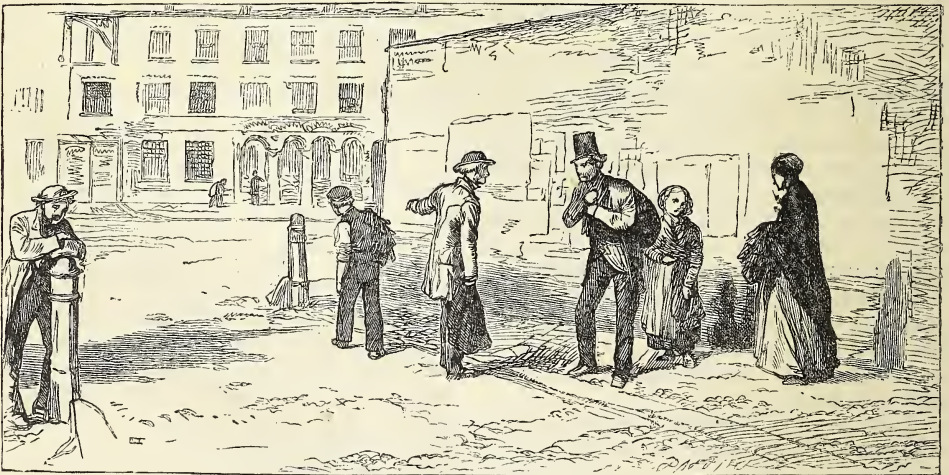
* My best acknowledgments are due to the proprietors and manager of the *Mercury* for the courteous manner in which they directed me to points of interest in Northampton.

this firm, which employs four hundred hands on, and four times as many off, the premises. In one long room, five rows of clickers, with pale faces and dirty aprons, with a pent-house or brief upper skirt of leather at the waist, are cutting out on wooden slabs, and blocks like butchers', all kinds of women's

materials; in another tougher men's materials are being manipulated. When cut, the uppers are rolled up, placed in ticketed baskets, and sent up to operatives in other parts of the premises, or away to outside hands. A boot or shoe often goes out in this way twice before it is finished, and



A Middleman's Upper Chamber.



Going to Shop.

stacked in the drying-room heated by steam-pipes. Down below there is the puff of steam; wheels whirl, bands run round and round, machinery clanks. Soles and heels and "split-lifts" are being punched out by iron frames that come down upon the leather with a thud, and when punched, slide

down shoots into the bin-like receptacles beneath. These lads are pricking holes for the riveters by the aid of a machine; that old man is passing leather, to harden it, between steam-turned rollers. It is curious to note the difference between hand-work and machine-work. Close by a sole-cutting ma-

chine a young man or two are cutting up odds and ends of leather into soles by hand. Although they have the aid of machinery to press the leather on the shape, it is almost ludicrous to remark how few they make in comparison with the machine. Up and down, in and out, we wander, stumbling over great sheets and rolls of leather. Soles and heels are garnered in great pigeon-holes. Shaped leather of all sorts is arranged on shelves in ticketed baskets—looking like wine waiting for delivery. Cistern-like tin-lined cases, inner-lined with brown paper, are gaping for their loads. Here is a pile of boots done up in pairs in white and green tissue-paper; there a pyramid of bright pink boxes, each holding a dozen pairs. Yonder there is a heap of dark-green paper knapsacks, banded with red tape, each full of the omnipresent

boots and shoes. It wearies one to look at them, packed, stacked everywhere, and drooping in groves of thousands. One feels compelled to walk in fancy the miles that they will traverse with feet in them when scattered all over the world. Here the patent-leather tops of boots for South American gallopers over the Pampas are being eyeleted; there the same style of boot is being polished on trees that bulge out or collapse at the touch of a treadle. Specially gay and graceful are the women's boots intended for Spanish-American countries; sky-blue, with a golden star on the instep; mauve; golden-bronze, like a butterfly's wing; green, with a sheen like a drake's neck; pink, yellow, and black, with coquettish little ankle-tassels. Close by are shoes for New Zealand servant-girls—that look as if their wearers would never need a



Crispin Town Lane.

second pair; and not far off, as substantial-seeming sea-boots for Newfoundland cod-fishers. In an adjoining room there is an "infinite variety"—a dazzling variety—of many-coloured babies' shoes, varying in price from 5*d.* up to 3*s.* Shoe-leather seems a queer thing to get sentimental about; but, surrounded by shoes that are waiting for wearers in all quarters of the globe—for hundreds of dimpled, rosy little feet that have not yet begun to make "mad capers on the mother's lap"—one cannot help feeling a shoe-warehouse to be as solemn, and even sadder, than a churchyard: in the churchyard the trouble of this life, at any rate, is over; in the warehouse one thinks of it as still carking, and to come.

"And what is the value of Northampton's export of shoes?"

"A million sterling per annum would be a low estimate," is the answer.

"And what are the average wages of the hands?"

"Oh, it is almost impossible to strike an average. Some of mine—a very few—make £3 a week; more make £2; but I dare say a good many do not make more than 12*s.* It depends entirely on the man himself."

What I may call a middleman manufacturer—one who takes work from the large manufacturers and employs boys and girls to do it—is good enough to say that, if I like to come, I can look over his place. Although he employs some seventy hands, the middleman wears an apron, and carries work backwards and forwards in a basket on his shoulder. "No," he chuckles, when I ask him

whether there have been any strikes lately in Northampton. "We've done striking, I think. The strike against the machines gave us a lesson, I fancy—drove the trade to Leicester and Stafford, and half ruined Northampton. But we're going again now—p'raps trade's a bit slack just at present—but we've got the trade back, and there'll be no more strikes, I reckon." The strike referred to was an epoch in Northampton's history. Waggon's were converted into platforms on which indignant orators consigned the machines, verbally, to perdition; those who worked them were hooted through the streets as "scabs;" but machinery triumphed, and shoemaking still employs the bulk of the labouring population of Northampton.

The middleman's factory is a three-floored brick building, window-lighted on both sides. On the ground-floor the paste-boys work, earning from 3s. to 4s. a week. The two upper floors are given up to the girls. In each room there is a row of about a dozen "machinists"—young women from seventeen to twenty odd, some of them with chignons like small pumpkins—working "uppers" on Howe and Singer sewing-machines, and earning from 9s. to 18s. a week. The little girls who sit on the floor in the middle of the room, with baskets beside them, are "knot-tiers." They earn from 1s. 6d. to 3s. by picking out and knotting the ends of the machinists' threads. At a long dresser-like counter on the other side of the room stand a row of "fitters," girls of an age intermediate between the machinists and the knot-tiers, and earning the intermediate wages of from 7s. to 12s. a week. The ceaseless ticking of the sewing machines, the pummeling the fitters give the uppers they are fitting to the lasts, and what I must be ungallant enough to call the "clatter" which is an almost necessary consequence of feminine foregrounding, combine to make those upper rooms remind one of the parrot-house in Regent's Park. The working hours are from seven to twelve a.m.; and from one to six p.m. Such of the children as come under the Factory Act are sent to school in batches. Here, as well as I believe at the larger factories, work ceases at two on Saturday afternoons—a boon which the Northampton operatives highly and jealously prize, and the holidays given amount to about four clear days in the year.

In one of the new streets ending abruptly in a little precipice of scarped meadow, the Northampton Industrial Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Society (Limited) has recently built itself a commodious factory. Wander-

ing about in it, I find the manager in red shirt and apron, and with hands that show he does his full share of the factory's work. He leads the way into a little board-room, furnished with a common table and hard wooden-bottomed chairs. The Association plainly means business, and squanders no money on luxuries for directors. It counts one hundred members, sixty of whom work for the factory—ten on the premises. When asked as to the society's success, the manager replies, with a quiet smile, "Our last balance-sheet will be the best answer to that," and produces the document. It shows that goods to the value of about £4,370 have been sold during the half-year (material costing £2,260), and that nearly £1,500 have been paid in wages to members and non-members.

"The nett profits for the half-year amount to £246 2s. 9½d., which the committee of management recommend to be apportioned in the following manner, viz.:—an addition of ten per cent. to the reserve fund, and a bonus of 1s. 9d. in the £1 on both capital and wages, after providing for one bad debt, amounting to £27, leaving a balance of £13 2s. 8½d. to be carried forward to the next account."

The co-operative principle has also been applied to distribution in Northampton, and the stores which have been opened for the sale of groceries, &c., are said to do a very fair business.

A word or two, in conclusion, on the general out-of-business character of the Northampton shoemaker. When thousands of people are concerned, it is almost impossible to draw a typical portrait of the class without giving just offence to hundreds of its members whom the sketch does not merely not flatter, but positively maligns. I will, therefore, not attempt to draw such a portrait. There is many an intelligent, temperate, industrious, frugal, generally moral Northampton shoemaker; but I am afraid there are many more shoemakers in Northampton to whom such attributes could only be ascribed in most satirical irony. Those who make a profession of religion are about equally divided between the Church and Nonconformity. There is a large sprinkling of "Free-thinkers" amongst the shoemakers: some of them sensible, earnest men, whose scepticism is preferable to a good many men's so-called "belief,"—sceptics who doubt because they love the Truth, instead of professing to believe because they are too lazy to trouble themselves as to what they *say* they believe. But others, unfairly slumped in

the same class with those just described, are shallow-pated, blatant coxcombs, who love the sound of their own voice, more especially when it is saying something which they think will wound the feelings of those who are generally considered more reputable members of society than themselves. These empty parroters of exploded sneers at religion sometimes get put down amusingly by orthodox members of their own order when elocutionising *al fresco*. Northampton has what may be called two public parks, looking out upon the green grassland, golden cornfields, dusky wood, and winding water, with which the slope of the red, yellow, brown, white town, here and there bristled with tall chimney-stalks, is begirt. These are the rough race-course, sacred to the Pytchley Hunt performances in race-time; during the rest of the year given up to cows, kite-fliers, cricketers, and strollers; and the Cow Meadow, bordered on one side by the locked cut which renders the Nene navigable there for its long, low, slow, man-poled, woman-steered barges, and on the other two sides of the irregular triangle, by a most pleasant Alameda of over-arching trees, known as the New Walk, or Victoria Promenade. In both these recreation-grounds there are benches, and on these the aforesaid blatant bodies are fond of perching themselves on Sundays, and spouting out their second-hand, seventieth-hand, "scepticism," until extinguished by the aforesaid orthodox.

My previous protest against type-founding being borne in mind, I must, however, say that if I were cornered, and compelled to state my candid opinion as to the "religion" of a very large section of the Northampton shoemakers, I should be forced to follow the example of the English tourist, who put down under that head in a continental travellers' book (with honestly veridicent personal reference) "Beer." A large proportion of the Northampton shoemakers struck me, during my recent visit to them, as being decided members of the Alcoholic Persuasion. I met them mooning about, unshorn, unkempt—a condition in which too many of them remain on the day on which they need not work—with filmy eyes, which showed that they had gone, in their own more expressive than elegant or euphonious phrase, upon "the fuddle." I met them staggering, "looking as wise as owls." I met them capering far more idiotically than the town-idiot. I saw them sparring—one with his apron down, and the other with his apron hastily rolled up around his waist—and then suddenly knocking off knocking each other, and amicably nodding their

heads together, as if they had quite forgotten that they had been trying to blacken each other's eyes, and give each other a bloody nose, two seconds before. I saw them embracing a lamp-post with one arm, holding a beer-mug in the other hand, and gazing into futurity and the opposite gutter, with faces utterly discharged of all expression except blankly *blasé* indifference, at rare intervals varied by a sluggish streak—like a flash of forked lightning modelled in dough or putty—of deep depression. It is, I am informed, "the thing" with the Northampton shoemaker to take what he calls a "Sunday-Monday:" *id est*, he works on Sunday, that he may have the more to "lush on" on Monday.

Bearward Street, already mentioned; Harding Street; Spring Lane, with stagnant duck-weeded water at its foot; Compton Street, the very unaristocratic namesake of the local earl; Scarletwell Street, so called because its well used to be supposed to supply water peculiarly adapted for scarlet-dyeing (never touching the local lymph, a good many of the residents in the neighbourhood manage to dye their faces scarlet); and Crispin Street, are the most fashionable quarters of the cordwainers' colony, a part of the town which is almost solely peopled by shoemakers and their purveyors. Neatly built, but yet squalid, unfragrant, two-floored cottages; roadways splashed with slops, and littered with garbage; dirty children quarrelling, grubbing in the dirt, racing, squealing, squatting on the kerbstone in rows like roosting, draggle-tailed fowls; vixenish women and beery men, in and outside of low "publics," are the salient features of Snobopolis.

In one of its streets I saw a fierce young mother box her own child's ears savagely for dabbling in the mire, and then pursue and savagely drub the neighbour's child who had tempted her offspring to dabble. The neighbour's child stretched out his little legs as if he wanted to split himself when he saw his chubby playmate stuffing his dirty fists into his smeared eye-sockets; the neighbour's child had a dolefully prescient look as he did his poor little best to escape from the offended Fury, and he soon blubbered in sympathy with his playmate beneath the Fury's breath-expelling smacks.

"There, you" (something or other) "little snob," exclaimed the snob's wife—just as negroes call one another condemned niggers—when she was out of breath herself, "you come an' take my Bill down into the muck agin, will yer?"

In Scarletwell Street "St. Crispin's Arms"

draw in a nearly unintermittent throng of St. Crispinites, and just opposite stands the equally patronised "Gate," with this inscription on its sign :—

"This gate hangs well, and hinders none,
Refresh, and pay, and travel on."

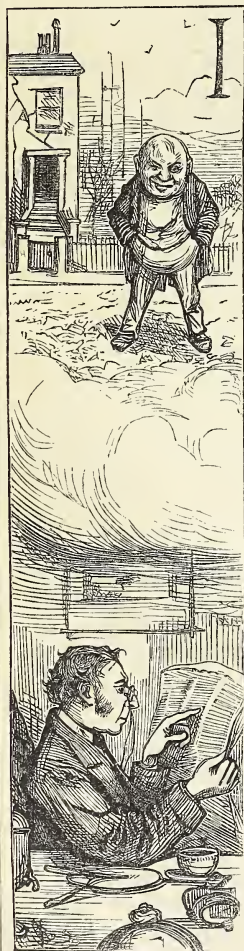
A Mercurial Northamptonian suggests that the second line of the couplet ought to be parodied into

"Be fresh, and pay, and still stop on."

The morality of the Northampton youngsters is, I fear, only what might be expected from the ethical status of a good many of their parents. I poke about in the lowest

parts of London, and, therefore, however saddened, I am not surprised when I hear anything but "praise" proceeding from the "mouths of babes and sucklings;" but in the lowest parts of London I never heard such a *general* superfluity of obscene naughtiness issuing from youthful lips as I heard during my stay in Northampton. After nightfall, too, on week days its noble Market Square is disgraced by scenes of juvenile depravity quite as shameless as those which ever and anon, when police supervision has grown slack, may be witnessed after church-time on Sunday evenings in the Westminster Road and Upper Street, Islington.

HOUSE-HUNTING.



IN primitive times our ancestors certainly escaped many of the disadvantages attendant upon civilisation. If Fitz-Hardaxe in former days required a house, he would either summon his vassals and build him one, or, calling all his friends together, summarily oust some less-powerful, and to him obnoxious, individual from his habitation, at the same time recompensing himself for any little trouble undergone by taking all the *fixtures*. Now suppose Smith wants a habitation in these degenerate days. What can he do? Were he to make a raid upon the villa of Jones, who perhaps has married the object of his affections, or in some way injured him, it is more than probable that such a proceeding would be looked upon unfavourably by the law, and

though it is said possession is nine points of the law, his right of tenure would, I am afraid,

prove shaky. So what does Smith do? A cold shudder comes over me as I say it—he "puts himself in the hands of a House Agent." Any of my readers who have been unfortunate enough to require to change their residence, either as young married people or middle-aged parents, will understand the dreadful significance of this phrase.

The trials and troubles that beset the wretched house-hunter then commence. His life resembles that of the Wandering Jew. He goes hither and thither; sometimes sent by the agent, sometimes tempted by a glowing advertisement, and sometimes on a false scent given him by a friend. Having been through all these stages myself, I propose giving my readers the benefit of my personal sufferings.

If inexperienced, one sets forth house-hunting in a very hopeful frame of mind, chiefly arrived at by seeing what an enormous number of houses there are in the market, and by thinking what a choice one will have. In fact, one's imagination is at this period clouded by ideal and visionary castles in the air, which one continually expects to find set down upon the earth, and compared with which the commonplace habitation one eventually is only too glad to settle down in, because in some few particulars it suits, is a very strong evidence of the downfall and futility of one's aspirations. House-hunting also leads one to distrust one's fellow-creatures. One becomes very suspicious. Everybody in any way connected with a house, or the letting of a house, appears to be in a league to deceive one. Householders, house agents, the "party in charge," old servants, and cast-off labourers, all seem combined together to afford one insufficient and contradictory information.

Again, in house-hunting you probably have to comply with the wishes and whims of a large family ; and it not unfrequently happens that through it the seed of dissension and discord is sown in the bosom of your family, each and every member having a totally diverse and distinct idea as to the kind of house "we" should like. For instance, the eldest daughter perhaps is at a romantic age, and would prefer a calm and peaceful abode apart from the busy haunts of men, not quite compatible with the grovelling but necessary calls of the tradesmen. The sons probably will prefer being near town. The mother's one idea is the suitability of furniture,—her notion being to adapt a house to the furniture,—or else depending upon the facilities for the education of her daughters, or perhaps the society of the neighbourhood. The father of the family is chiefly concerned as to whether he can get up and down to town easily, unless he has some pet hobby in the shape of choice of soil or water. Some people are very unreasonable, demanding things quite incompatible with one another. For instance, I know a man whose idea of a perfect house consists in vast woods at the back of the house, and a good pavement and a cab-stand in front.

Of course, the first thing to do before looking for your house, is to clearly make up your mind as to the sort of house you want, and to lay down certain conditions, as rules to go by in your search. This, on the face of it, appears easy ; but it is needless to say one never adheres to these rules, as in many of the houses one sees, there is sure to be some good point, which, for the time, eclipses and overbalances the bad points, and justifies any derelictions from the rules one has laid down. It is also, as I have before remarked, difficult sometimes to accommodate all the pet views of the respective members of your family, who at this period feed you with every form of Advertisement, generally meeting you with the exclamation, "Oh, *do* go and see this ! it's *just* the sort of house we want."

As one of the fundamental rules in house-hunting, I should say, Stick to your Catalogues. There is a certain proportion of deception in them which you soon master, and allow for, whereas in Advertisements there are depths of deceitful plausibility which you never fathom. Weed out all the houses in your Catalogues that appear suitable, and see them all. This, I am convinced, is the best thing to do, unless you have time to take quiet and promiscuous prowls through the dis-

tricts in which you have determined to settle. Secondly, never be led away by Advertisements. Once you stray from the paths of virtue—that is, from your Catalogues—then indeed your troubles begin. I admit that Advertisements are very tempting, and that human nature is weak ; but if you only calmly reflect on the vast field of probable vexation and disappointment that you are opening up for yourself if once you relapse into poring over the Advertisements of every paper that falls into your hands, I think you will admit the justice of my maxim.

Deluded at first by the fervid and glowing descriptions you read in the papers, you begin to wish that you had not wasted so much time over your Catalogues ; but after following up a few of these *El Dorados*, and wasting much time and money, you find they seldom or never come up to their promise, and you fall back again upon your Catalogues. The subject of Advertisements recalls to my memory a humorous story—told me as a fact—of a man who had put his own house in agents' hands, and was looking out for another, reading an Advertisement of a house which appeared to be exactly the sort of thing he wanted. This, upon his making inquiries, turned out to be his own. Again, a literary friend of mine told me of his being much taken with a house which was advertised as having a very fine library. Now this room was the very thing he wanted, and he was more astonished than pleased on finding it to be quite detached from the house ; in fact it had been a gymnasium, and to get at it, you had to walk across the garden.

I think I ought also to warn the house-hunter against the friend who knows "just the sort of house to suit you." This invariably turns out to be either about £100 a year more than you intend giving, or about a dozen miles from a station, or else it is just let.

There are also two or three species of the genus landlord against whom I would warn my friends. There is the specious and crafty landlord, who is working a large building estate, and who has cunningly run up houses at odd corners of the estate, which the unwary house-hunter is sometimes entrapped into taking, thinking that he will not be much invaded by buildings. This kind of landlord will do almost anything to get you in as a tenant ; but before you have been there very long, you will find houses springing up like mushrooms all round you. Then, again, there is the eccentric old landlord, who has a tumble-down house to let, and who will do nothing in the shape of repairs, and who

would rather see his house empty for a year than spend ten pounds upon it. Lastly, there is the tenant landlord, who has a year or two of his lease to expire, and who, having taken a house, wants to let you the remainder of his lease with a heavy premium, and a price on his fixtures sufficient to cover all expenses of his moving, &c.

I think I have now pointed out a few of the difficulties one has to meet with; to depict them all would be impossible. I will now give a few instances of the difficulties and delusions I myself experienced.

I was looking for a house within twenty miles of London; and though I have a holy horror of the class of house styled as villa, yet it was many times my lot to be so blinded by Advertisements as to be entrapped into inspecting several, under the impression that I was going to see an old house. I can recal one at the present moment, in the neighbourhood of Epsom Downs. This was described as having good gardens and shrubberies at the back and front of the house, within two miles of a station, and with fine views of Epsom Downs. Being very guileless at this period, as soon as I had digested my breakfast I rushed off to see it, dreading lest any one else should be before me with it. In fact, I remember regarding with suspicion several of my fellow-travellers, thinking they must be on the same errand as myself. When I got off the line and inquired the way to this abode, my eyes were slightly opened by being told by the man of whom I asked the way, that I must mean the "noo willa" which So-and-so had just run up. This rather staggered me, and the distance from the station also turned out a good three miles. By the way, I have invariably found that agents are not prone to exaggerate distances; *that* I can honestly say for them. Upon reaching my destination, I discovered the usual "villa residence." The gardens and shrubberies, back and front, consisted of two little sterile yards, with painfully straight and narrow walks and a few emaciated shrubs. The view was certainly obtainable out of one of the bedroom windows by straining one's eyes round the corner; to any one possessed of obliquity of vision it might have been easy. The Downs were also near at hand; but the house was on much lower ground. These Downs, too, I suspect, would not always be available to a resident, as I found, on crossing them to reach the station, that they were literally alive with what I thought at a distance were a gigantic species of ant, but which, on closer inspection, proved to be several hundreds of

children, there being a very large asylum of some sort in the immediate neighbourhood. This, by the way, was also not mentioned in the advertisement.

There are a few forms which one has to repeat again and again in house-hunting,—such as the making inquiries as to damp, drainage, soil, poking into all sorts of holes and corners, tasting water, &c., and lastly, the saying you will "write and let them know your intentions." This last business, by the way, is not the least unpleasant. It often happens that your mind is made up from the first moment you see the house, and yet somehow or other (though all the time you are but too conscious of the deceit you are practising), you find yourself, if of the male persuasion, lacking moral courage to say plainly that you don't like the house, and that you are sure it will not suit you. It closely resembles, in fact, going into a shop and not purchasing—a meanness no man is capable of. I have been told that there is a class of house-hunters—old maids chiefly, I believe—who go about not with the slightest intention of taking a house, but merely from a morbid desire to pry into the internal economy of other people. This ghoulish sort of propensity has not possessed me yet, my leanings at present being quite the other way, and having rather a tendency to a positive dread of the inspecting of an inhabited house.

I will next endeavour to describe another delusive Advertisement which took my fancy much at the time. The house was described as an "old-fashioned brick residence, with large gardens and orchard, noble trees, a piece of water-meadow, good stabling, &c." Now I appeal to my readers who have any sentiment in their composition: Was not this enough to conjure up all sorts of rural castles in the air, and to cause delightful visions of picturesque old houses to flit across one's imagination? I went, of course, to see it, and this is the realisation: I found a crazy little, low, square, whitewashed building, in a very low position, with a dark, gloomy little garden in front, shut in by a straggling and consumptive yew hedge. At the back there was a sort of desert, terminating in a slimy little pool, to contemplate which, if bilious, and conscious of a bad balance at one's bankers, might induce suicidal intentions. There were a few weird-looking old trees; and dotted about, here and there, vestiges of what had been summer-houses and out-houses. The orchard was considerably mixed up with the garden; in fact, the description "gardens and orchard" was very apt, and the agent

had been quite equal to the occasion, as one did not see where the garden began or the orchard ended. The stable was interesting, looked at as a ruin, but would have been certain death to any adventurous animal giving vent to his feelings in the shape of a good kick, as the whole affair would probably have come down about his ears. The house itself impressed one with the idea that its former tenants had not been much given to the use of soap and water, and had spent a large portion of their time in rubbing themselves against the walls, and kicking and scraping their boots on the skirting-boards, diversified by casual nail-driving in the walls, and hanging about on the door-handles. The walls upon being touched yielded a not grateful moisture; and walking on the floor gave one quite the sensation of being at sea, for they were so uneven that at one point you could almost touch the ceiling, and at another the rooms seemed a decent height. I was shown over the house by a garrulous old woman, who talked me down, insisted on my seeing everything, and, of course, told me about the inevitable "lady and gentleman who had just been, and were so pleased with everything." It is a curious coincidence, but this lady and gentleman seem to dog one's footsteps wherever one goes. I suppose they supply the place of the ambiguous "party," who is always "about the house," and whom agents hold in *terrorem* over the undecided house-hunter as a sort of bogey to hurry him into taking the house. I have also noticed as a peculiarity of this "party," that he is always very stern and uncompromising in demanding an answer by a certain day. The two instances I have given are, I think, fair samples of the sort of disappointment one is subject to in pursuit of a house, though in the examples I have taken the whole has been unsuitable; in many cases, there are generally two or three redeeming points which, at all events, require consideration.

There are one or two things which strike one very forcibly in exploring the suburbs of London. First, the immense amount of building there is within a radius of nearly seven miles round London; and, secondly, the fact which literally stares you in the face, that people do *not* mind being close to the rail, even though their position may be wanting in what one would suppose was the principal motive for their locating themselves there, viz.—contiguity to a station. It is difficult to understand how people can reconcile themselves to the noise, want of privacy, and

absence of anything like retirement consequent upon being within a stone's throw of a railway. But it is done; and, moreover, you see large houses and gardens subject to the gaze of the road on one side, of the rail on another, and overlooked on the third by a battery of villa windows. Strange to say though, this does not affect the spirits of suburbandom, as one would imagine, for croquet holds its own, even on the most overlooked of croquet lawns. No doubt, what is wanting in privacy is fully atoned for in the eyes of the fair croquet-players, by the gratification afforded to their sense of propriety, which doubtless rejoices in that stern censor the public having them always under its eye, and thus checking any of those little attentions on the part of the young man of the suburb which a more secluded spot might engender.

The viewing of inhabited houses is a subject I have not touched upon. In seeing these it often happens that you have to deal with the lady of the house, who knows nothing really about the terms of letting, &c., but who insists upon pointing out to you its manifold beauties and advantages. A lady is very difficult to deal with under these circumstances. You cannot put her aside as you could a servant; and if you are a man, you feel too shamefaced to ask any really necessary questions; indeed it is well for you if you succeed in getting yourself safely landed outside the hall-door without having pledged or compromised yourself in some way or another. You will also meet with inhabited houses where the mistress will quite resent your coming, and treat you as if you had come after the spoons; refusing sometimes to hold any converse with you, and perhaps audibly telling the maid to "see that the person wipes his shoes on the mat before going up-stairs."

In conclusion, I am now going to air a notion of mine, which I think is worth a good deal to agents, but which, as a public benefactor, I do not mind imparting to them here. It is this. Were I a House Agent, I would take up an entirely novel line, and aim at furnishing my clients with really faithful and trustworthy particulars. I would classify my houses according to incomes and professions, so that, supposing for instance a professional man is in want of a house at a certain rent, and within easy access of town by rail, he should not waste time and money in seeing houses which, had he really had an accurate description of, he would never have dreamt of going to see; but, by the supervision of his agent, be put in grooves where he may reasonably look forward to an approximate

realisation of his hopes. It appears to me that the simplest plan would be to have tabulated forms for each class of house, giving under such heads—as Rent, Distance from station, Water, Fixtures, Premium, &c.—really truthful and unvarnished statements.

This would save an immensity of trouble to all persons concerned, and, I am convinced, would prove a most profitable undertaking to any agent who adopted it. It is also the only method for restraining the romantic and fertile imagination of the agent whose



flowery and picturesque vein soars above anything so commonplace as fact. *Apropos* of this, there is a story told of the late Mr. Robins, that, in advertising a certain house, he mentioned, as the only *drawbacks*, the

noise made by the nightingales, and the litter caused by the roses shedding their leaves. I should imagine this has hardly been surpassed even in this literary age.

E. A. HELPS.

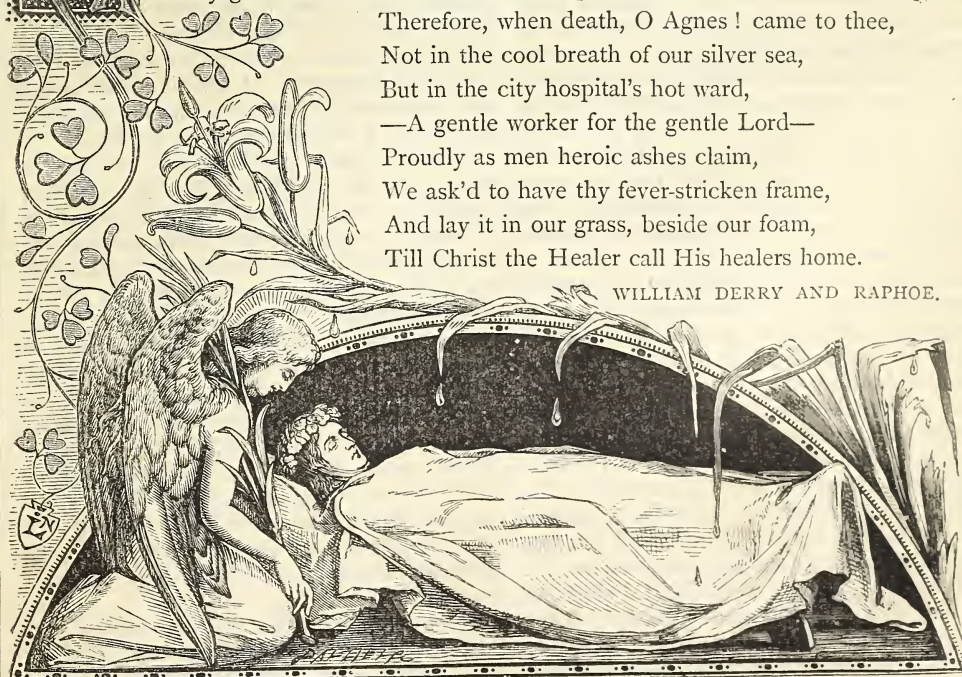




ALONE with Christ in this sequester'd place,
Thy sweet soul learn'd its quietude of grace.
—On sufferers waiting in this vale of ours,
Thy gifted touch was train'd to finer powers.

Therefore, when death, O Agnes ! came to thee,
Not in the cool breath of our silver sea,
But in the city hospital's hot ward,
—A gentle worker for the gentle Lord—
Proudly as men heroic ashes claim,
We ask'd to have thy fever-stricken frame,
And lay it in our grass, beside our foam,
Till Christ the Healer call His healers home.

WILLIAM DERRY AND RAPHOE.



PAMPHLETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

VI.—THINGS WHICH NEED TO BE REFORMED.

IN a certain assembly, which has among Englishmen a worse name, perhaps, than it deserves, members have the right of presenting schedules of *gravamina et reformanda*: i.e., of grievances which they conceive ought to be redressed, and practices which they wish to see reformed.

Such a schedule this article will present to the readers of GOOD WORDS: treating of grievances which ought to be redressed, and practices which one wishes to see reformed. Both these will be rather of a miscellaneous kind: separate *gravamina*, hardly hanging on one to another, except perhaps by the prevalence of a general spirit of grumble, inseparable from the character of the subject.

There seems to be in our age a sad disposition to *sharp practice*. The plague has increased, and is increasing. Probably mere men of the world always took advantage of one another as far as public opinion would allow: but our complaint is that public opinion itself has receded many a pace, since we can remember; and that acts which would have been thought hard measure some years ago are not thought so now. We find this complaint very general. Commit a slip in word—do, or omit, some act, the presence or the absence of which gives an adversary an advantage, and in 1869, the adversary takes the advantage, enjoys its fruit to the full, smacks his lips over it, and is praised by all the world: whereas in 1839, he very likely took the advantage all the same, but the praise was silent, or very cautiously whispered. The *morale* of those who set the *morale*, has somehow gone back. How is this? Who are they that set the *morale*? Surely, preachers, Churchmen, the religion of the day, as expressed in uttered or printed words. Do we ask how it is that these have gone backward? Shall we not rather ask, how it is that they have not gone further back than they have? Who preaches honesty, who preaches generosity, now? Where is the testimony of ten thousand as one, to the virtues of common life? Shall we not rather say that our spoken religion has all become categorical and dog-matical, and has left life and life's feelings and spirit, to shift for themselves? And how about our printed religion? Has the character of our religious journals no connexion with this decadence

in public *morale*? There are noble exceptions—all honour to them. But they are few and timid, because people won't read them—because people like the spice of hard dealing, and lying, and slandering,—and buy and circulate the paper, which sticks to this policy, be it on which side it may.

We hear such things as this spoken of by men of commerce. A covenant of compromise is made between two competing lines of railway. Their trains at a certain station are to be so arranged, as to overlap one another, and give time for passengers to proceed with comfort. But one of the companies so times its trains, as that it shall be impossible for the driver to arrive with punctuality, and thus manages to frustrate the covenant. Now, mark, this piece of dishonesty is perpetrated by men who probably walk to church with their wives and families: and they hold it to be lawful. There is my *gravamen*.

Again if there be a day fixed after which a certain advantage cannot be taken of us, one's man of business says to one, "You know, ten to one, he will let the day pass, and then we shall be all right: of course it isn't our business to tell him of that." Perhaps not. But if the same policy is to be driven on all fours, where's Christianity? From a thousand quarters we hear that its *doctrine* is in danger. I own it seems to me, that very much of such fear would vanish, if we looked a little better to its *practice*.

I will mention another instance of the matter of my *gravamen*, because it came under my own eye a short time ago. A "Church" paper was sent to me, containing an article on "Our Cathedrals," in which occurred the following paragraph: "We should suggest . . . that all living Deans, except perhaps Dr. Goulburn himself and Dr. Hook, should be obliged to burn everything they have written on theology. The Church would be no loser by a holocaust of the works of Stanley, Close, McNeile, Alford, and Boyd, and they themselves would show something of the same spirit as that which prompted the sorcerers of Ephesus when converted, to burn their mischievous jargon, at the cost of fifty thousand pieces of silver."

Now, I have not the slightest notion who edits, or who writes in, the paper: I never saw a copy of it before, to my knowledge.

Nor do I presume to pronounce on the affirmation which the sentence contains. It may be very true. But what I do maintain is, that here is a sample of the kind of rough dealing which unhappily now prevails. The sentence, as it stands, is simply a piece of gratuitous incivility towards men who at all events have been trying to do good, and the anonymous transmission of it is a futile attempt to give a stab in the dark.

It is this ill-conditioned behaviour of man to man which is really a serious grievance in our day. It has lowered the whole standard of relative duty. Nowadays, whenever simple justice is done by some God-fearing man, it passes for an act of extraordinary generosity: nay, it is well if the stigma of contempt be not set upon the doer as too simple for the ways of the world and the Church.

And how about this same *preaching* to which we have alluded? Is there any "gravamen" here?

One is really sorry to be discontented: but, Is there not a cause? We will first put it in this way. Live your Saturday in the world. Breakfast with your family: go by train to your place of business with your ordinary fellow-passengers, or with strangers: read your daily paper, take your daily cab, pass the day in your moil and toil of world's work: return; dine in company or with your family: after dinner talk, or listen to music, or play your rubber, and so to bed. Now when you look back on such a day from the top of the hill whose forward view is the possible change to another life,—the top of the hill where God's sleep will come down on you,—you see many things which need to be set right, and which might be set right: you see just the kind of things which a little good advice might serve to adjust, a few gentle words might smooth, a delicate touch of loving counsel might get into gear for good.

Well, you go into your church on Sunday morning. In the Prayers, and the Lessons, and the Litany, there is many a word pointing the right way. But somehow these don't go home, because they are matters of course. Then comes the sermon. Can it be, that we are still in this little orb with one satellite, third from the sun in our system? Or have we not somehow suddenly been transplanted into one of the sister planets? For of all the half hour's words, not five, it seems to you, have any the remotest concern with your yesterday's yearnings for improvement. The talk of men, the business of men, the recreations of men, with their falsenesses,

their selfishnesses, their roughnesses, these all stand aloof from the Parson, and the Parson from them. He is altogether in another world, using another language: pounding away not unfrequently at things which not ten of his congregation attach any meaning to: things whereof the kind of significance for which he is contending passed away thirty ages ago, and the significance of which for our age, important as it is, has never occurred to him at all.

One sometimes wishes our pulpits were all *levelled*. When you look a man straight in the eyes, face to face, there is a sort of obligation to talk common sense to him: but from our pulpits we look down on the tops of men's heads, which we never see in common life, and the advice to preachers, "Come down from your stilts," is forgotten, while we appear so much taller than our neighbours. If they look *up* at us, they seem to be all attention, drinking in our words, to our great satisfaction: if they look *down*, they seem to be bowing to our dicta in all humility. That is a shrewd story, of the two augurs in old Rome, who passed and smiled at one another. "You know, and I know, what fudge it is!" Now mind, I am not thus speaking of any one of the great verities, which I would that we all preached and practised tenfold more than we do. But I mean to say this,—that there is many a thing said in many a sermon, that, shut the preacher into a room with an intelligent parishioner eye to eye, he daren't stick to. "You know, and I know," &c. Very well then: if you do know this; don't forget when you stand on your tower as God's watchman, that you will have to answer for the knowledge.

I wrote, "you play your rubber." It was not by accident. For here is another gravamen: and it is, concerning amusements. There is something terribly out of joint in the whole matter of our estimate of men's recreations. It is a delicate subject, but it ought to be touched, because it is one in our estimate of which justice and fairness are very much concerned. It is one, too, on which more fallacies are allowed to be used and to have weight, than perhaps on any other.

There are amusements whereon a certain ban or "taboo" has been set from which other amusements are exempted. And this sometimes altogether without reason. There is many a house where the chess-board is duly set out and honoured, but where the proposal to play a rubber at whist would be received with the utmost dismay. Mind, every family has its own habits, and has a right to reply, "We don't do this or that: it

isn't the habit here." With this, no fault can be found. To this, my "gravamen" does not apply. No man is obliged to keep cards in his house: no man is debarred from a dislike to see four people setting up for themselves of an evening in an angle of his drawing-room. Nay, more; no man need be called in question for having a certain horror even of the look of those painted tablets over which so much mischief *may* be perpetrated, and thus having a prejudice against any game with cards at all. But all these, though I may count the last weak and unreasonable, are far removed from that of which I complain. The chess-player passes scot free: the whist-player has a mark set on him: has a hard name conferred on him: is supposed to do something derogatory from, and inconsistent with, more serious pursuits. Is this fair?

One of the stock-fallacies on this subject is to put in hideous juxtaposition the moment of relaxation, and any possible sudden and solemn check to it. To be "summoned from the card-table to the presence of a man's Maker" is supposed to designate something supremely horrible. But let none use this argument without being aware how far it will go. If those who urge it are prepared to substitute in such a sentence the words, "chess-board," "croquet-ground," "steam-boat," "railway train," "Alpine track," in a word, to use the same argument against all recreation whatsoever, well and good: we shall at least know on what ground to meet them. But if they are not prepared to do this, they have no right to the argument at all, unless they can substantiate some distinctive reason which makes it applicable to this case and not to the rest. And such a reason, I submit, does not exist.

Now I mention this example not for its own sake, but as guiding us to the general unfairness practised in the matter: the unfairness of refusing to judge according to the merits of each case; of attaching an arbitrary stigma to certain recreations, while others enjoy an equally arbitrary immunity.

But some reader says, "How about recreations for the public?" Ah, how about them indeed? for this is a matter of almost hopeless difficulty. How if on this point we apply to our excellent friend Mathew Arnold? for I do think that here he is in the right track. Culture—to issue in light and sweetness,—this I feel must come first,—and it is high time it did come,—to prepare us for anything like a solution of the all-baffling question. Perhaps he, sitting under his halo

of light and in an atmosphere of sweetness, cultivating his best possible "self" among the river-side parterres, will step down, and lend a help to one whom he conceives to be swimming with the stream, but who is in reality, in this matter, beating his way through a mass of encumbering weeds. You cannot transplant recreations. You cannot revise brutalised tastes. Very delicious are those few peaches, the sole produce of your well-tended garden this unfavourable year: stored up for a Sunday dessert to the no small pride of your gardener. Put them before Charlie, as he sits up begging, like a yellow doormat set on end. Watch the afraid-to-offend would-if-I-could kind of look with which he half averts his eyes from them, and half turns them up to you. Did you ever notice a party of rustics at a school-fête or birthday-rejoicing, where decorum is the order of the day? Then you have seen the real English of Charlie's dogge-English. Change the scene—look at Charlie as he gnaws his bone in the stable yard: watch your rustics, if you can get behind a bush, in the tap of the "Do drop in." There you have the moral and the misery of the whole matter. The moral—which is the old story—

"Turn Nature out with hue and cry—
She's back upon you by and by."

The misery—which is this: that though a dog is a dog, though Charlie, with his old love for his dirty bone, will keep your house, cheer your walks, "live respected and die lamented,"—on the other hand, a sot is not a man: something has made him a sot, and has been for ages about its dirty work; and something must unmake him, and make a man of him again; and how may that be done, and how many ages will that be about?

That something is *culture*—there can be no doubt about it. And I should like to make my excellent friend, who is the great master of culture, immortal for this purpose, and give him the necessary ages, to leaven with culture all this decomposing mass of humanity. For it is as clear to us as it is to him, that no machinery of any kind will do it: not freedom, nor increased population, nor wealth, no, nor yet religious organizations; no, nor yet education, which is only the machinery of culture, not the precious thing itself.

Perhaps we are on the way to the great end: but if so, it is God's way, not ours, and a mist rests upon it.

Somewhat akin to the difficulty of Charlie and the rustics, is that respecting mental food for the people: to be solved, also, I

suspect, by nothing short of our friend's great nostrum of culture. But meantime, some deplorable mistakes are being made, and with the best possible intentions. Do we really suppose that the "masses" will buy what is offered to them as "pure literature?" Some of us remember a movement set on foot to extract all alcohol from bread, that certain worthy people might eat it without offence. The affair is understood to have gone on more or less successfully, till a knowing baker started a cart painted in large letters "Bread with the gin in it." From that time the movement was doomed. Now by all means let us provide pure literature, and the more the better: but why hang out a sign, the reading on which means for those whom it is to attract, "No fun to be had here?" Depend on it they very well know where to get "reading with the fun in it," and they will get it. If we believe that we can underwork those who retail this kind of fun, there is nothing to prevent our trying: but don't let us blow the trumpet when we do so.

However, as we begun by saying, the real remedy lies deeper, and will take much longer working.

Perhaps the dearest of all literature is the three volume novel. Let us reform the dearest, and then we may begin to re-act on the cheapest. What purity can there be in the cheapest literature, so long as the— of the dearest are so many? The shilling shelf of the railway bookstall is just the "*auslese*" of the one-eleven-six copies at Mudie's and Smith's: just those stories which have proved piquant enough to be issued in a cheaper form. And as the guinea and half to the shilling, so the shilling copy to the penny journal which republishes in the lowest degree. Here is another "*auslese*"—the cream of the cream. It would be too much to say that thus the cheapest see nothing but the worst: but it is quite true to say, that thus they are sure to see the worst. So that it is we, after all, who minister to the worthlessness of the cheapest literature: for of course they who purvey for it in its turn, naturally take pattern by that which has come down from above; and it will be strange if they, knowing better the coarsenesses and low tastes of their customers, do not improve on the pattern.

We have been speaking about intellectual food. Let us say something about that which is physical and material. For here too there is a gravamen, and a very serious one.

We all were thankful for the labours of the

Lancet commission, some years ago, and we thought that they would have some beneficial effect. Has this been so? Is food, in our ordinary shops, purer than it was? Is integrity any nearer to being the characteristic of our providers or retailers of food?

If quality be matter of question, how about quantity? Look at recent accounts of the metropolitan convictions for unlawful and insufficient weights and measures. To any general estimate of dishonesty derivable from these returns, a considerable set-off must be made, owing to the vast districts of St. Pancras and St. Marylebone being virtually without inspection. The result of this is curious enough. While the convictions in these districts for the quarter ending with Midsummer in last year, amounted to only one in 43,236 inhabitants, those in Newington, which has an efficient system of inspection, were after the rate of one in 3,278 inhabitants: that is, upwards of fourteen times as many. There is some even more curious evidence as to what the St. Pancras authorities considered *allowable* deviations from a shopkeeper's duty to his neighbour. Three instances are given: "1. A greengrocer, coal scale 'defective,' having a 4 lb. weight attached (!). 2. A pork-butcher, scale $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. defective. 3. Greengrocer, coal scale $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. defective." In these cases the offences "were not considered to necessitate the seizure of any weight or scale."

"Judging," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "by the Newington list of convictions, we should fancy that the main body of these brigands of the retail counter is made up of publicans, beer-sellers, chandlers, greengrocers, and coal-dealers, though other branches of trade are very liberally represented. Here, for example, is a case that is quite a gem in its way. The culprit was a 'general merchant,' and in his shop the following weights were found:—

Too HEAVY.	Too LIGHT.
A 56 lb., by $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	A 28 lb., by 6 oz. (!)
Four of 56 lb., by 2 oz. each.	A 28 lb., by $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
A 56 lb., by $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Two of 14 lb., by 1 oz. each.
Four of 56 lb., by $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each.	A 7 lb., by 1 oz.
A 56 lb., by 3 oz.	A 4 lb., by $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Three of 56 lb., by $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each.	A 2 lb., by $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
	A 1 lb., by 2 drachms.
	A 7 lb., by 2 oz.
	A 4 lb., by $\frac{1}{2}$ oz."

The hypothesis being, that he "bought by weights too heavy and sold by weights too light."

What nauseating details are these! What rottenness do they not disclose, not only in the practice of the districts which are inspected, but in the case of other districts, that

there shall be no inspection, and in the estimate of a puerile governor of what is allowable cheater, not to be visited with penalty ! One is almost tempted to break out with the indignant question so often repeated by the prophet of old (Jer. v. 9, 29 ; ix. 9).

"Publicans"—"beersellers." This leads us on to another "gravamen." These Public Houses. On what imaginable principle is it, that we keep up so many direct incentives to vice, and instruments of the brutalization of our people ? Is it (I am afraid it is) the old story of Demetrius and his craftsmen ? and are they too powerful for all the rest of us ? Every —th house in a certain portion of a certain town, is a beer-shop. How can anybody justify this ? There is an admirable simplicity about some of their names. I notice one called "The Brewers' Delight." And no doubt this is the key to the puzzle of their existence. But, was there ever a greater *reformandum* ? Then as to the inside of these same "Brewers' delights." What sort of stuff is drawn out there to the customers ? And at what price ? Is it possible that the report can be true which reaches us, that the beer in some of them is little better than poison, inducing rapid intoxication by reason of the liquor itself being largely "in-toxicated ?" And, moreover, that there is no inspection—no punishment for brewers who manufacture beer "unfit for human consumption ?" Truly there seems to be some "culture" needed here, not only in the direction of "sweetness and light," but in that of pruning, and as we say, improving off the face of the earth.

From want of honesty to want of sympathy is but a short step : nay they are very commonly united. The doors of a man's heart have a way of all slamming together. Look at our coal-pit accidents, and say whether there be not here matter for another "gravamen." "Why so ?" rejoins our general reader : "is it not notorious that these are mainly owing to the recklessness of the men themselves ? And how then can you set them down to either want of honesty or want of sympathy ?"

Well, my answer shall be furnished out of the materials of the recent Haydock colliery accident—terribly like, it is true, to the materials of all the rest. In this mine, ventilation was incomplete : a large quantity of gunpowder had been allowed to be taken down ; and in consequence of these two oversights, fifty-nine men lost their lives.

Now taking for granted the carelessness of

the men themselves, as I fear we must, as an unavoidable and constant element in these deplorable occurrences, ought we not on that account to redouble anxious and earnest watchfulness on the part of those who are liable to no such infirmity of insensibility to danger ? Can we hear of insufficient precautions to clear the pit of gas, and, concurrently, of an accumulation of gunpowder being permitted,—and acquit those responsible of disregard of that responsibility ? Was there not in this case, a want of honesty,—in stinting the proper outlay on ventilating the mine in order to increase the dividend,—and was there not also a want of sympathy, in not keeping watch for the safety of a class by whom the owners' bread was earned, and who are notoriously incapable of protecting themselves ?

The *Times* very properly pressed the gravamen : "There could be nothing less 'accidental' than the catastrophe by which sixty men lost their lives three weeks ago. The way was prepared for it by the systematic neglect of precautions well known to be essential to safety. It is not for us to apportion the blame which seems, indeed, to lie at the door of more parties than one in the affair. But we are bound to say that, assuming the facts asserted in the verdict, serious blame has been at least morally incurred."

And the same paper does not fail to lay down the *reformandum* also : "We fear the public, who have so long failed to put a due pressure on managers and labourers, must share the charge and its attendant blame. No case could be clearer, and another session of parliament ought not to pass without some stringent regulations for better management being enforced by the Legislature."

Another of my *gravamina*, or rather perhaps another group of them, gathers about railway travelling. And here I am checked in the outset by a widely prevalent fallacy : "We have got so much," people say, "in the way of speed and comfort, that we ought to be contented, and put up with a few inconveniences." Very fairly argued, provided only those inconveniences are unavoidable. But how will the argument stand against such a letter as appeared in the *Times* during this last summer ? Two ladies went up to town from Brighton by an evening train. Their carriage had none but ladies in it, when, at "Three Bridges" station (as it proved, happily for them), one gentleman got in, thereby filling the carriage. As the train was moving off, the station-master opened the

door, and thrust in, in spite of their protests that the carriage was full, two drunken men. He perfectly knew the state of the men at the time. The rest of the narrative may be supplied, and, seeing that it followed as a matter of course, I need not quote it. I only mention the circumstance at all, as an example of that which is continually happening, under the sanction and, under the rose, by the order of the governing bodies of our railways. This station-master, instead of being instantly dismissed on the fact being proved, was upheld by his employers: some story was trumped up in a letter written in the papers by an official, and the sufferers, to avoid annoyance and publicity, let the thing pass. In this case, the usual official letter stated with exquisite *naïveté*, "that the result of our enquiries so far has not enabled us to trace the offending passengers who are said to have joined the train at Three Bridges, nor to identify the official of this company, who is said to have placed such disorderly characters in the company of ladies and children." Also, that "our officers and servants are particularly instructed," &c., &c. Exactly what one expected. This is our usual way of managing these matters in England.

Now I say that whatever we may have gained in speed and convenience, we ought not to let such things pass without complaint. Nay, more. Let us make all allowance for error in judgment, a mistake from nervousness, on the part of the drivers and railway police and signalmen; but in every case where the officials who ought to watch infringement of rules have not done so, in every case where, as has been several times shewn of late, the printed regulations of a company were systematically set at nought, and accidents have thereby happened, the offence ought to be tracked to the proper person, and punishment ought to be prompt and severe.

Again, look at such a bit of intelligence as we had not long since from Carlisle. The Judge of assize, besides being kept awake all night by the intolerable whistling of engines close to his lodgings, is unable to hear the witnesses in court, and the jury are unable to hear his Lordship's charge, from the same cause. The barbarism of this seems incredible. And it is even increased in preposterousness, when we hear that for years the Dean of the Cathedral has been endeavouring to get the nuisance abated, as seriously interrupting the Cathedral service, but in vain. Now, what is the scream of an engine? Simply a device to save the cost of look-out. If sufficient look-out were kept, no engine need, as matter of

regulation, whistle at all. The only exception would arise in cases where look-out was accidentally deficient, such as that of labourers on the line. On some of our better regulated railways, the nuisance is reduced to a minimum.

The present spirit in high quarters seems to be, to allow our railway companies simply to rough-ride the public at their pleasure, and to sacrifice life with absolute impunity. If a complete time-table of some of our more crowded lines could be published, stating all the trains of every kind, goods, passenger, and excursion, on the line through a whole day, the result would be to deter any one who could comprehend the mass of figures, from travelling at all by that railway. To this fact of over-crowding is due by far the greater part of accidents accompanied by loss of life. And yet nothing whatever is done, and nothing whatever will be done, to limit the cupidity of the companies so as to give reasonable security to human life.

My schedule of *gravamina* is far from being exhausted. But probably the same cannot be said of the patience of my readers. The remaining matters of which I had wished to treat must be despatched "short," like the measures at the end of a session.

Something was to have been said about our domestic servants: how unsatisfactory is the system and practice at present, viewed from below and from above: how we seem to be parted from them in sympathy, in interest, in affection: what a lot, for body and for mind, is offered in the usual course of domestic service: how utterly hopeless it seems to find a remedy.

Something, also, on the great *gravamen*, notwithstanding all modern improvements, of the moral condition of our soldiers and sailors: the quiet acquiescence, which pervades society, in their taking a very low moral rank indeed.

Something, again, on the avoidable imperfections in our emigration system: the want of efficient organization and superintendence: the utter unworthiness of our practice in this matter when compared with our position in the world and our capacities.

And I had a desire (which perhaps was as well thwarted), begotten of certain revelations of late in bankruptcy, and in assault and battery, to suggest some organization for the amelioration of the upper classes.

Let my readers attribute what has been said, and the specifying of what was meant to be said, not to the love of complaining, but to the earnest wish to do good.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

X.—CALCUTTA.

I NEED hardly inform my readers that Calcutta is at once the capital of the Bengal Presidency and of India. It may, however, be necessary to inform them as to the district to which the term "Bengal" is applied. So many political changes have taken place during these latter years, that the old names no more describe our present territorial divisions than the "Kingdom of Great Britain"—meaning by that England, Ireland, and Scotland—describes the British Empire. Thus "Bengal" may be used as designating the district only in which the Bengalee language is spoken; or as indicating the "Bengal" of the old Mahommedan Viceroyalty, which consisted of the three great districts of Bengal, part of Orissa, and Behar; or, if by "Bengal" is meant our so-called "Presidency," then it includes not only all the provinces grouped under the old Mahommedan Viceroyalty, but likewise Assam and Cuttack; and, again, "Bengal" is applied to the vast plain stretching from the sea to the Northern limits of the Empire, because the Bengal civil service and the Bengal army are here officially located. But it must be remembered that there are in "Bengal," as that term is used in this latter sense, large "governments," such as "the North-west Provinces," Oudh, &c., quite as independent of the Viceroy or the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal as are those of Madras or Bombay; while, again, the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, although residing in Calcutta, is also equally free from the central imperial government administered by the Viceroy.

Let us consider a few of the characteristic features of this "Bengal Presidency."

As I have already observed, it consists of several great provinces, which, as a whole, are of greater extent than either France or England, and has a population by some millions larger than either. One of its provinces, Assam, is as large as England and Wales; and another, Behar is as large as England. A direct line connecting its most distant points, would measure upwards of 800 miles. This vast territory is as varied in its external features as one can well imagine, and it is not less so in the character, culture, religion, and history of its various tribes and races. It has the richest plains (stretching like an ocean for hundreds of miles), watered by

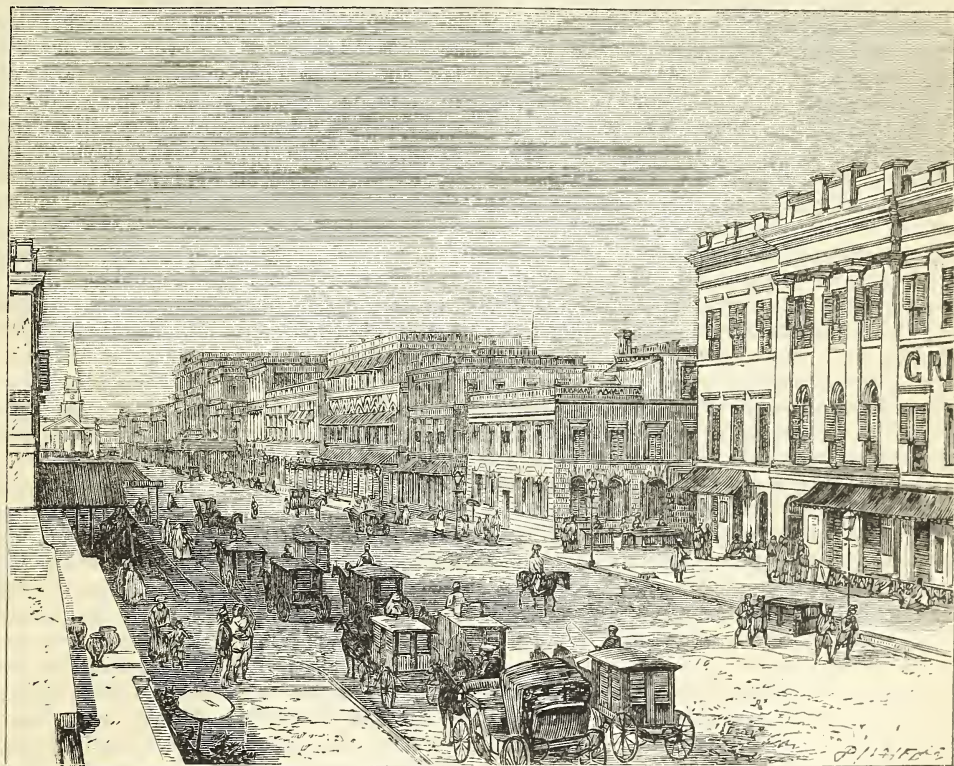
noble streams, and teeming with inhabitants. On the South it is washed by the ocean, and to the North is bounded and overlooked by the highest mountain range in the world—the stupendous Kauchinjunga—high as Mont Blanc with the Jungfrau added to its summit, or as six Benlomonds piled upon each other! The inhabitants of this Presidency include men of every degree of culture, from the most learned men in Calcutta to the wildest savages. There are millions of aborigines, some of whom live like brutes, and are broken up into various tribes, scattered among wildernesses of hill and jungle which have never been penetrated by a European foot. They speak different languages; in one small district near Assam, no fewer than *thirty*! Many of these tribes are as ignorant of each other's existence as we are. There are followers of almost every religion, from demon worshippers, offerers of human sacrifices, Buddhists, Brahmins, Mahommedans and Parsees, up to the worshippers of Christ. If there are wilds unknown to civilised men, there are numerous towns and villages that never saw a missionary. What a field does this open up for discovery, for commercial enterprise, education, and Christian civilisation!

When thinking of all this one is overwhelmed in contemplating the agencies which would be required to Christianize the Bengal Presidency alone, for it ought surely to be a much easier thing, and to demand far less labour, and fewer clergy, to keep alive the Church in Christianized Britain, than to found, and then build up, a Christian Church in Bengal! Bengal alone could present a population equal to that of Great Britain, and could thus absorb all our 35,000 clergy, and yet leave *fourteen millions* in this one Presidency unprovided for, and one hundred and fifty millions in India in the same condition! I notice this fact in passing, merely to suggest the position in which India stands as regards missions. It may also throw some light on the assertion often made, that having so much to do at home, we discharge our Christian duty very generously to India, when we give her about one per cent. of our clergy, and possibly also about one per cent. of the money we spend for religious purposes! Another thought suggested by such a fact is, that

if India is ever to be Christianized, it must be by means of her own people.

But I must return from this digression. When a traveller reaches Calcutta, the great terminus in which all the leading lines of Indian and European thought meet, he very naturally tries to "make up his book," and, if possible, to generalise all the facts which he has gathered—to weigh and decide upon all the various opinions he has heard discussed in steamers, railways, newspapers, books, or private parties. But how presumptuous does it seem to attempt this! I for one am quite

alive to the danger of generalising from a few data; and when tempted to generalise at all, more especially on Indian questions, I should wish to remember a story—true or manufactured I know not—which was told me in New York by an American. A certain St. Louis man visited Liverpool, and, returning by the next steamer, gave it as his unbiassed opinion, formed on the strong evidence of personal observation, that there was no difference between England and America, or, if there was, it was unquestionably in favour of the latter! Other facts



Old Court-House Street and Scotch Church.

warn me to be careful. For instance: within a walk of a few minutes from where I now write a physician poisoned his wife and mother-in-law—crimes for which he was tried and executed;—a lady was tried for poisoning her paramour, and escaped by a verdict of "Not proven;"—a photographer, who preached a rousing sermon to the mob round the scaffold of the first poisoner, soon afterwards deserted his wife, fled to America with the wife of another man, committing various forgeries;—and, lastly, a very shocking murder was committed by a woman on a servant, her companion, for which she was

found guilty—the sentence of death being commuted into imprisonment for life, owing to local excitement! These are *facts* from "the West-End" of Glasgow which have occurred within the last few years. But am I warranted in concluding that these cases represent the normal state of morals in Scotland and Glasgow! And if not, then I dare not apply a different rule to Bengal and Calcutta in dealing with their morals and manners; and am therefore compelled to be silent. Were I, for example, to venture an opinion regarding the Bengalees, from my very brief intercourse with them, I would

say that I had never met more pleasing, intelligent, and agreeable men. But in saying this I hear the traditional European laugh and joke at my simplicity and ignorance in having been taken in by all this "humbug;" and the unhesitating statement made by not a few that the Bengalee, as a rule, is one of the most oily, crouching creatures in the world, full of vanity and lies, supple as an eel, and without any back-bone or real strength in him. Others, again, will admit what is said about his deceit, but would account for it by the gentleness and timidity of his nature, which, owing to long tyranny, has forced him to make use of deception as a weapon of defence, and would attribute his vanity to his ignorance, and interpret his very failings as a mute cry for justice, and for such training as may make him respect himself and be a "man for a' that." But every one knows what has been said and written against the moral character of the Bengalees by those who have long resided among them. I am not entitled to give any opinion on so grave a matter from personal observation. Only I may mention one fact:—Dr. Watson, and a friend of his who has been in India for a quarter of a century, lost their way in seeking a certain place beyond Hooghly. They at last met a respectably-dressed native, who put himself to great trouble to procure a boat and have them conveyed across the river. He turned out to be a native policeman. Grateful for his kindness, they cordially thanked him and presented him with handsome *backsheesh*. He gracefully accepted their thanks, but as gracefully refused their money, and disappeared in the darkness. This is a fact, but I would not like to add that it is characteristic of Bengal.

Whatever defects, real or alleged, there may be in the Bengalee character, it is to me very remarkable, and even touching, to see the enthusiasm with which these natives have availed themselves of the many gifts offered to them by us. As coming from aliens in religion, as well as from strangers and conquerors, we might have expected them to reject these. But the Bengalee has, to the utmost of his ability, accepted of European culture. He has made our language and literature his own, and has adopted as far as possible our manners. He sends his children to Christian schools, and yields up his old convictions as to the religion of his fathers and his people. His vanity and boasting, at which we smile, are nevertheless flattering to ourselves, as arising from his possession of what we have given him. In these

respects the Bengalee presents a striking contrast to his former conquerors and our present subjects, the Mahomedans, who have not yet forgiven us, and who sullenly determine to be under as few obligations to us as possible. It surely becomes a generous people to deal generously with the Bengalee graft in the old English oak, even although the branches may boast against the root.

As to the intellectual powers of the Bengalee, I have neither observed nor heard any very convincing proofs of the superiority which has sometimes been claimed for them. He reaches his mental growth rapidly, and is a very sharp lad; but he soon becomes stunted and subsides into a very ordinary man. He appears to be receptive, but not creative; to be more disposed to play hide and seek in the dark with abstract questions than to grapple with facts in the daylight and master them. As far as I have heard, the Bengalees have not produced any great original works worth preserving, since the days of Moses or Abraham, when the Vedas are said to have been composed. Young Bengal, who forms a singularly high estimate of himself, has but reflected the religion, the philosophy, the infidelity of Europe. He may return thanks for what he has received from us, but he must not be angry if from ignorance we are unable as yet to reciprocate his gratitude for what we have received from him.

But I must pass on to speak of some of the questions which press themselves upon every man who desires to know anything of those changes which in India, and specially in Bengal, "ring out the old, ring in the new." The foremost of these in its results—some of which have themselves in their turn become the germs of great social and political changes—is one which I have already noticed in some of its leading features, viz., *Education*, and that, too, in the English language. Dr. Duff, together with Macaulay, Trevelyan, and others, under the auspices of Lord William Bentinck, in 1835, aided most effectually in realising this. But I cannot now go into details regarding its eventful history since the day when the battle over mere orientalism was first fought and gained in Calcutta.

Now this knowledge of English, acquired by the most influential men in every part of India, is destined ultimately, I think, to effect great political and social changes. For the first time in the history of India it furnishes the gift of a common tongue—a medium of communication between all its various peoples and races. This enables them to become acquainted with each other,

and with the history and opinions of foreign nations; and acting along with a free press, penny postage, and the telegraph, is destined to put the Rajpoot or Mahratta, the Mahommedan and Brahmin, as fully *en rapport* with the debates in the House of Commons as are the citizens of London. And all this must tend more and more to form a *public opinion* which has not hitherto existed in India. It will give unity, force, and direction to the fragments of political plans and purposes everywhere scattered abroad. As education extends, opinions so formed must soon permeate downwards *from native sources* through the vernacular languages and vernacular papers, and by a thousand channels reach and mould the minds of the millions. It must also force itself to be heard in England, expressed as it will be in England's language, and with England's culture, and as the opinion, too, not of this or of that newspaper, nor of some hired and paid agent only of this rajah or of that, but as the public opinion of native India.

The English-speaking natives, who have become everywhere the leaders of political movements, will have a great advantage over us in more than one respect. Masters of their own language, as well as of ours, they can thus at once get easy access to the mind of the natives and of Europeans. Then again, owing to the necessity of the constant flux in European Indian society, there cannot be, on our part, that united and persevering effort by which great measures are carried out ultimately, because carried on steadily from year to year. Whether the natives are capable of this higher education of wise thoughts, sound judgment, perseverance, union, and love of country, which is so necessary for great statesmen, remains to be seen. But if these capacities are in them, the English language will be their most powerful ally in giving coherence to their plans and purposes. The fact, too, that the non-caste aborigines and others are being taught English, and are thereby taking their places among the influential classes in India, will also have its own important social results.

There is no reason to think that all this must end in turning India into a series of confederated states, far less of its becoming an independent empire, at least in our day. That the whole tendency of education, of railway communication, and such like, is to give a greater unity and compactness to India is obvious. But no sign has yet appeared in the distant horizon auguring the coming of a class of natives who would

be able to keep India together, to preserve its peace, and secure its progress even for one month. The strong arm and governing hand of the North is still needed. The best proof of this is the fact, that we have conquered India, and are able to maintain our position there; for it is a law that there can be no civilisation without government, and no government without power; so that in a true sense, and for such an end, might is right. But when education takes root in India, and its vile idolatries become a thing of the past, then such an intellectual and moral power will be created as will necessitate, for the good of the commonwealth, a fair share at least of government being given to or taken by the natives. I see no reason why Britain and India should not be for ever united, alike for their own good and the good of the world; each being rich in peculiar gifts bestowed by Him who divideth severally as He will for the good of the whole.

As to the *literature of India*, I do not anticipate that, however brilliant it may become, it will assume an English form. But the English culture of the Hindoos will tell more and more through the medium of their own language. Hence the importance of at once cultivating a *thorough* knowledge of English and of the vernacular and the classical languages of India. There are seventy-one printing presses in Calcutta for vernacular literature alone, and I believe these send out about 600 separate publications every year. What an elevating and purifying influence may not English education exercise, through such channels, and when thousands more are opened up! For we must look forward to the time—may it be near at hand!—when the government will, at any *possible* sacrifice of money, direct its energies to vernacular education, for the benefit of the many millions in rural Bengal, who are now sunk in that ignorance which is the teacher of crime, the nurse of superstition, the leader of rebellion, the robber of wealth, and the destroyer of independence. And it is only when the capacity for receiving instruction by means of the press, and the due appreciation of the social advantages which education brings, have been once awakened in the breasts of the millions in Bengal, that the blessings now conferred by English culture on the upper ten thousand only, will also tell upon them by means of an improved vernacular literature.

The *destructive* power of English education with reference to idolatry, and possibly also with reference to all positive beliefs, may be inevitable before the *constructive*

process can begin. But by what means can this construction of a new temple amidst the ruins of the old be accomplished? Not certainly by Government schools, for while I think this country should see to it that the Bible should at least be read in every school, and that no teacher should be appointed to any school while notoriously professing to *disbelieve* in Christ and Revelation, and glorying only in Comte and his philosophy; yet, in my opinion, it would be very unwise in the present state of things, and with no security for the teachers' faith, to entrust to them the teaching of Christianity in Government schools. It was and is to supply this want, in addition to other things, that the mission school system was established in Calcutta, and has been carried on with so much success and vigour. One great object of this system, I need hardly repeat, and one which if abandoned would destroy the distinctive feature of the *Christian Mission* school, is the instructing of the young in the knowledge of the Bible, with special reference to Christianity. What has been accomplished by this and other mission agencies in building up the young generation in a positive religion, I shall not pause to inquire or determine; but as the Brahmo Somaj asserts itself to be at once the product of English education, and the grand means of saving the educated native from destruction, by making him a member of the "Church of the Future," I must now give some account of this society which links itself to the school and the Church, and which, apart from all other considerations, is a fact of great interest in the history of religious thought in India, and especially in Calcutta.

The word "Brahmo" is the neuter impersonal name for the Supreme, and "Somaj" means assembly. The originator of the movement was that learned scholar and illustrious man, Rajah Rammohun Roy.* Early in the century he began to seek earnestly what was truth, and although he began with the Vedas, he soon went beyond them. In 1818 he published selections from the Gospels in Sanscrit, Bengali, and English, under the title of "The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness." Of his creed during his later years Miss Carpenter says, "that his value for Christianity continually increased—that he distinctly declared his belief in the Divine mission of Christ, in the Miracles and the

Resurrection, and, although he never was baptized, he was in the habit of attending public worship, and was regarded at the time as being in full sympathy with the Christian religion." The testimony of the late Bishop Liscombe of Paris is even stronger regarding his faith in Christ as a Divine person.

The Rajah built a church in Calcutta for monotheistic worship. The Brahmos still worship in the same building once a week. Miss Carpenter was much disappointed by all she saw and heard. She says, "Instead of that candid search after truth which was so characteristic of Rammohun Roy—that devoted study of the Holy Scriptures—I found among the Brahmos an extreme prejudice against Christianity, combined with ignorance of the contents of the New Testament, which they were unwilling to study, having fortified their minds by a perusal of deistical books of the antecedent impossibility of revelation or miracles." This, it must be remembered, describes the old Brahmo party, from which Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen has seceded, along with others who form a new party, which professes to be the advanced religious society of Young India, and the germ, if not the model, of the Indian church of the future.

The number belonging to this party is estimated at about 10,000. These I have since learned are made up almost entirely of pupils from Government schools, comparatively few being from the missionary schools. They have built a church for worship in Calcutta. Their outward forms of worship are the same as those in any simple Christian church—singing of hymns, extempore prayer, and lecture. The women have a separate prayer-meeting for themselves. The society has no professed creed, no fixed ministry—each person who pleases may address the meeting. Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen is recognised as leader simply because of his superior powers and eloquence. A fundamental principle of the Brahmos hitherto has been the rejection of all objective revelation as being of no authority. They rest upon intuition, and seek light from every source. What the eyes of their inner spirit can see, *that* they accept of. If truth, as light, comes to them from the Vedas, or Koran, or the Bible, it is received as light, irrespective of its source.

Such a one-sided theory as this is specially congenial to the Hindoo mind, in which the historical faculty seems paralyzed. Investigations as to the alleged facts of historical Christianity do not interest a Bengalee, if indeed he is capable of making them. This want of an objective

* A memoir of him was written by Miss Mary Carpenter, who has dedicated to the Rajah's memory her recent volumes on India, in the first of which is an interesting notice of him. He died and was buried in England in 1833.

basis, or, as it is foolishly phrased, a book revelation of authentic facts, which, at the same time, are doctrines, is what must ever prevent the Brahmo Somaj from cohering as a body, or making any real progress. It must be ever changing, ever breaking up, and its fragments gathering round some new centre or phase of subjective thought. It is anchored on a shifting and treacherous quicksand, or rather it has a cable without an anchor, and cannot find rest.

But, nevertheless, I fondly hope and believe that in proportion as earnest members of it *seek* truth,—such truth as will also commend itself from its own light to the *spiritual* eye,—they will see more and more that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. Judging from the lectures of Chunder Sen which I have read, as well as from the one I heard him deliver, and from the impression he himself made upon me, I feel persuaded that but for “the book revelation,” he, like greater men, such as Plato and Socrates, would never have learned a fraction of the truth he professes;—that he owes more to it than he himself is aware of; and that, but for Christ, and the Book about Him, he would never have discovered even the Fatherhood of God. I believe, also, that if “he follows on to know the Lord” as revealed in Christ, he will know Him; but if not, and if he is resolved, at all hazards, to be a mere Brahmo and not a Christian, then that which he has will be taken away, and the light that is in him, without objective truth to sustain it, will die out into subjective darkness.

On the evening of the day in which the new “church” of the Brahmo Somaj was opened, Chunder Sen delivered an address in the old place of meeting. I arrived too late to obtain a seat, and had, therefore, together with Sir Richard Temple, Dr. Murray Mitchell, and others, to stand on a table in the crowded verandah. We were near enough, however, to see and hear the speaker in the hall within. The hall was crowded with a remarkable audience, almost all natives of the better classes;—the Viceroy, Commander-in-chief, and the leading civic functionaries and celebrities of Calcutta being also present. Mr. Sen, dressed in a simple native costume, spoke in English, and without any notes whatever. His language was perfect, his manner calm, with little action, but very impressive. His countenance is singularly interesting, and he was listened to by all of us with rapt attention.

It is impossible to read Chunder Sen's lectures—especially when one has had the

pleasure of making his personal acquaintance, as I did—without feeling a deep interest in him. I should be grieved to do him injustice; but he does not profess to believe in *Christianity as taught by Christ and his Apostles*. When he does, then, but not till then, he may have the high honour of establishing in India a church of the future which will last till the world ends, because built on the only true and enduring foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone.

Let me here premise that the missionaries in Calcutta are well able to defend their own holy cause, and also to advance it, alike by the press, the pulpit, and the platform. The manner in which men must go to the very roots of all questions, is characteristic of India. There is hardly a debate on general policy, revenue settlements, or social reforms, that does not involve a discussion of first principles. This holds equally true of religion; and men wishing to know the real battle between every form of error and Christianity will hear more about it, and learn more of its real nature, in missionary periodicals abroad, than in all our Church Magazines and popular religious periodicals at home.

We had in Calcutta, as in Madras, what was called a Pan-missionary meeting, at which Bishop Milman presided. With true catholic feeling, he offered to do so himself. The meeting was a very crowded one, and all classes, native and European, were represented, from the Viceroy downwards. It was a fine sight, and made one wonder why it could not be seen at home, and thus help at least to strengthen and express that unity of spirit, and that love to God and man, which Christ Himself prayed for, as being the grand evidence for the fact of facts that God had sent Him. One object of this meeting, as of the one at Madras, was to make known the facts regarding the condition of Christian missions, and to *challenge on the spot* any denial of them. The various branches of the different missions were ably represented. Mr. Lewis spoke for the Baptists, and told us how they had laboured in India for seventy-five years; how their brethren, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, had so long found protection under the Danish flag at Serampore, near Calcutta, until 1812; and Swartz and his fellow-labourers under the same flag at Tranquebar. He told us what these noble men of our then forlorn hope had accomplished, and how their Church had now thirty European missionaries in India,

labouring in nearly twenty chief States of Bengal alone; how they had given to Bengal the only translation of the Bible it possessed, of which they themselves had published eight editions, with twenty-six editions of the New Testament in the same language. He contrasted the low condition of society, both native and European, at the time when their missions began with what it is now, as evidence of what all the various Churches had done; and although statistics never could express the success of missions, still they could, in connection with their Church alone, think of 2,200 members, representing a nominal Christian community of 7,000, with colleges having 600 pupils, and vernacular schools with 2,000 children.

Dr. Murray Mitchell gave an account of the Free Church Mission Schools, referring to Dr. Duff's noble efforts. Dr. Duff was a link between the labours of Carey—who visited his school—and the present day. On that occasion, Dr. Carey said, "What hath God wrought! When I began my missionary labours I could not have got one of these youths to wait upon my teaching if I had bribed him with all Bengal!"

The Rev. Mr. Payne reported for the London Missionary Society. He said that besides six central stations in North India, they had in the Calcutta district seven Christian churches, five of which were native, with 1,193 boys and 185 girls under Christian instruction in Anglo-vernacular schools. Educated natives had been ordained as ministers, and three had been appointed as evangelists since 1860.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart reported at considerable length for the Church Missionary and Propagation Societies, which had, he said, 16,000 converts and children of converts within the Calcutta diocese. These were but the germ of a future Church. A few months before this he had urged a convert of great intellectual attainment, who occupied a government situation, to become ordained, but he said:—"No; the time has not yet come for me to give up my present position of influence, but when I see my way clear to be a missionary to my countrymen, and to seek ordination from the bishop, I will go forth as a native evangelist supported by the Native Church!" He told Mr. Stewart that he had spoken to some of his Christian brethren on the subject. His plan had met with hearty sympathy, and he had no doubt that what was lacking they would supply.

The Rev. Professor Banargea—a native Episcopal clergyman of excellent talent—spoke gratefully of Dr. Duff, by means of

whose lectures he had, as a Hindoo, been brought at first to the knowledge of the truth.

Dr. Watson and I spoke, but it is unnecessary here to reprint our speeches. I will only say that we felt profoundly grateful for the Christian reception given us, and the cheering words addressed to us. I may, however, be pardoned for quoting what I said regarding my ideal of the future Church of India. For many reasons, I do not wish to be misunderstood, as I have been, on this point. I said:—

"By a native Church I do not certainly mean—what, in present circumstances, we thankfully accept—native churches in ecclesiastical connection with the different European and American missions. It surely cannot be desired by any intelligent Christian—I might use stronger language, and assert that it ought not to be tolerated by any reasonable man, unless proved to be unavoidable—that our several churches should reproduce, in order to perpetuate in the new world of a Christianized India, those forms or symbols which in the old world have become marks, not of our union as Christians, but of our disunion as sects. We may not, indeed, be responsible for these divisions in the Church which have come down to us from the past. We did not make them, nor can we now, perhaps, unmake them. We find ourselves born into some one division, and so we accept it and make the most of it as the best we can in the circumstances in which we are placed. But must we perpetuate these divisions in India? Is each part to be made to represent the whole? Is the grand army to remain broken up into separate companies, each to recruit to its own standard, and to invite the Hindoos to adopt the various uniforms, accept the different shibboleths, learn and repeat the respective war-cries, and even make caste-marks of the wounds and scars which to us are but the sad mementos of old battles? Or, to drop all metaphor, must Christian converts in India be necessarily grouped and stereotyped into Episcopal Churches, Presbyterian Churches, Lutheran Churches, Methodist Churches, Baptist Churches, or Independent Churches, and adopt as their respective creeds the Confession of Faith, the Thirty-nine Articles, or other formulas approved of by our forefathers, and remaining as the separating sign of some British or American sect? Whether any Church seriously entertains this design I know not, though I more than suspect it of some; but I feel assured that this condition of things will be perpetuated unless every opportunity be watched and taken advantage of to propagate a different idea, and to rear up an independent and all-inclusive native Indian Church. By such a Church I mean one which shall be organized and governed by the natives themselves, and as far as possible, be independent of us. We could of course claim, as Christians and fellow-subjects, to be recognised as brethren, and to be received among its members, or, if it should so please both parties, to serve among its ministers, and rejoice always to be its friends and supporters. In all this we would only have them to do to us as we should feel bound to do to them. Such a Church might, as taught by experience, mould its outward form of government and worship according to its inner wants and outward circumstances, guided by history and by the teaching and spirit of Christianity. Its creed—for no Christian society can exist without some known and professed beliefs—would include those truths which had been confessed by the catholic Church of Christ

since the first; and, as necessary to its very existence as a Church, it would recognise the supreme authority of Jesus Christ and his Apostles. It would also have, like the whole Church, its Lord's day for public worship, and its sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Thus might a new temple be reared on the plains of India unlike perhaps any to be seen in our western lands, yet with all our goodly stones built up in its fabric, and with all our spiritual worship of the one living and true God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. A Church like this would, from its very nationality, attract many a man who does not wish to be ranked among the adherents of mere mission churches. It would dispose, also, of many difficulties inseparable from our position, whether regarding baptism or the selection and support of a native ministry. And, finally, it would give ample scope, for many a year to come, for all the aid and efforts which our home Churches and missionaries could afford by schools and colleges, personal labour, and money contributions, to establish, strengthen, and extend it.

"Moreover, it seems to me that India affords varied and remarkable elements for contributing many gifts and talents to such a Church as this. The simple peasant and scholarly pundit, the speculative mystic and self-torturing devotee, the peaceful South-man and the manly North-man; the weak Hindoo who clings to others of his caste for strength,

and the strong aborigines who love their individuality and independence;—one and all possess a power which could find its place of rest and blessing in the faith of Christ and in fellowship with one another through Him, The incarnate but unseen Christ, the divine yet human brother, would dethrone every idol; God's Word would take the place of the Puranas; Christian brotherhood, of caste; and the peace of God, instead of the weary rites and empty ceremonies, would satisfy the heart. Such is my ideal which I hope and believe shall one day become real in India. The day indeed seems to be very far off when the 'Church of India,' worthy of the country, shall occupy its place within what may then be the Christendom of the world. A period of chaos may intervene ere it is founded; and after that, how many 'days' full of change and of strange revolutions, with their 'evenings' and 'mornings,' may succeed ere it enjoys a Sabbath 'day' of holiness, rest, and peace! But yet that Church must be, if India is ever to become *one*, or a nation in any true sense of the word. For union, strength, and real progress, can never henceforth in this world's history either result from or coalesce with Mahommedanism or Hindooism, far less with the cold and heartless abstractions of an atheistic philosophy."

But I must delay what more I have to say about Calcutta until next month.

HOLYHEAD BREAKWATER.

BETWEEN a dark height and a pale storm at sea:

There stood a man thinking.

The wind cried up to him dismally,

Like a poor soul sinking.

The wild sea-voice swept over the height;

Grim were the words it said!

"I roar and I hunger by day and night,

Till I can bury my dead.

"Since out of my heart the slow world crept,

Crept, and climbed, and grew,

Men and women have wakened and slept;

But I have watched all through;

"I lift my voice and I stretch my hand,

And the labour of years is vain;

For the life and breath of the helpless land

Come down to me again.

"Sail on, sail on, yon gentle ship,

As the moon sails in the sky!

But if I let my storm-hounds slip,

To-morrow, where will you lie?

"Your sails shall crack like an empty boast,

Your great masts shall go down,

And the scorn of this tremendous coast

Shall flout you while you drown!

"For I, the unanswerable sea,

Do hedge the world with death;

And the purple mountains shall stoop to me

Before I bate my breath!"

That man stood up in the lonely light

And spread his arms and swore,

"I will bring down this purple height,

And the sea shall rule no more!

"The noise of this despair shall cease.

And the tumult of these graves,

When the mountain makes a wall of peace

Across the furious waves."

A quiet army came at his call

With mattock, axe, and spade;

They sieged and scaled that mountain wall,—

You may see the breach they made.

They hewed its calm old heart in twain

And carried away its strength

With a granite thread to bind the main

A mile and a half in length.

In crypts of darkness under the wet

The stones were sown broadcast,

Then the divers dived, and the blocks were set,

Till the strong edge showed at last.

It grew a line, it grew a wall,

It was growing by night and day,

Till the sea stood up and laughed at them all

As it tossed their toils away.

"D'ye think to match my living rocks,

Ye puny souls and pale?

Come curb me again with your careful blocks,

And I'll scatter them all like hail!"

He wore his shame like a victory

When he saw his good work go.

"Man's heart is stronger than the sea,"

He said, "and the sea shall know!"

So the divers dived, and the rampart grew,

And the great blocks settled again,

Cut as sharply, and set as true

As the links of a lady's chain.

Through battering wave and tearing blast,

The work was steadily done;

In every gap of calm they cast

A welded yard of stone.

Seven times the sea destroyed it all;

Seven times it rose anew;

It grew a line, it grew a wall,

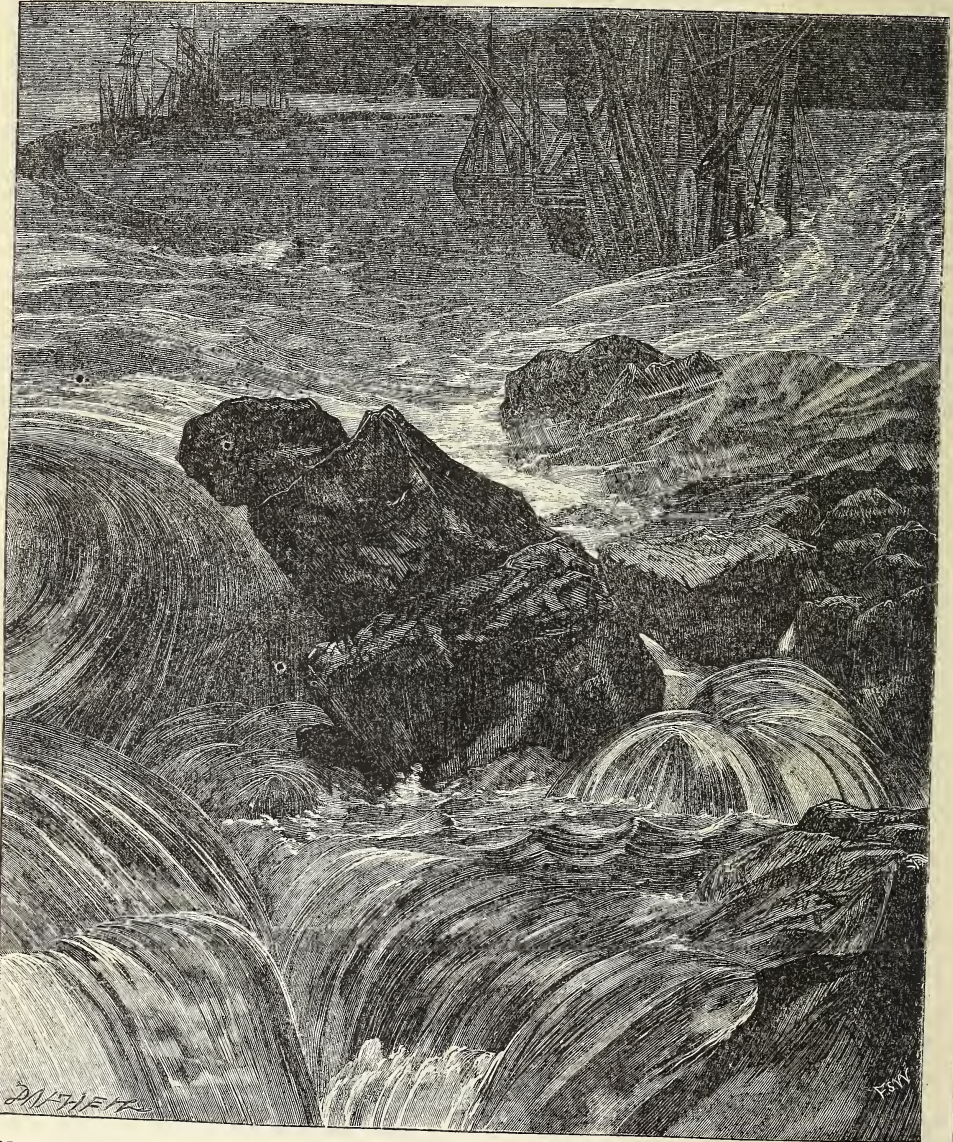
A level floor it grew.

Out from those melancholy coasts
It marches, foot by foot,
The waves, like some uneasy ghosts,
Do mourn about its root.

The slow weeds shift, and float, and sink
About its placid sides,
Where gardens of the gay sea-pink
Confront the ceaseless tides.

Still on the mountain's patient face
You can see the mighty scar,
Still all along the shore you trace
Signs of the quiet war.

That field no bristling forts environ,
No blood defiles that sod,
But grim defeatures of black iron,
Dead wheel, and silent road.



Now, when broad evening spreads her balm,
And water-slopes grow red,
The line which severs storm from calm
Lies like a silken thread.
Within, the ships ride safe and free,
Without, for ever in vain
That unconvinced revengeful sea
Writhes in its slender chain,

Flings its fierce tears across, and says
To the old cliffs far away,
This trifle of the latter days
Shall never stand as they.
But still IT STANDS. And we, in pain
For lost ships sinking,
May thank God for the hurricane
Which set a man thinking.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

X.—SAMSON THE JUDGE.

THE last words of the great captain upon the slopes of Timnath Seres die out dirge-like in a tone of solemn sadness. The clarion note of his exulting praise ends in that uttermost foreboding, "lest ye deny your God." It was the shadow of the future which lay dark and heavy on that prophetic heart. For when "the generation which had seen the great works of the Lord had been gathered unto their fathers, another generation arose after them which knew not the Lord, and did evil in his sight. They forsook Jehovah, and served Baal and Ashtaroth."

Then were the days of gloom and darkness. Enemies rose against them on every side. The old mountain fastnesses of the giant brood frowned again like gathering thunder-clouds upon the habitations of Israel. The dark hosts of Philistia from their sea-coast dwellings, swarmed up even to the mountain slopes of Judah, and spoiled all the labours of the sons of Jacob. The strength of the separated race seemed to have spent itself in the act of invasion, and to have left them weak before the children of those whom they had subdued and dispossessed. And so in one sense it was; but not as the fruit of the natural wearing out of their energy. It was but the fulfilment of the voice of Joshua's departing warning. It was that "the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and He delivered them into the hands of spoilers that spoiled them."

Their peculiar sin was a direct and emphatic contradiction of the very purpose for which they were severed from the nations round them. Abraham had been called, Isaac blessed, Jacob guarded, Israel multiplied, that there might be one man, one family, one tribe, one people—to bear witness amidst the ever-multiplying polytheism to the indivisible unity of the Godhead. For the bearing of this witness it was above all things needful, not only that they should worship Jehovah, but that they should worship none other with Him. This was the sin of polytheism: it for ever multiplied its altars. From the deep of his own inner self-consciousness, from the play of his own imagination, from the shadows cast by outward things upon his spirit, fallen man developed his gods, until, not only every high hill and every dark forest, but every desire of his

heart and every appetite of his senses was embodied in some deity, who repeated in gigantic proportions the sins which were his own defilement. Against this vast system of abominable idolatry, Abraham's solitary wanderings and his altars to Jehovah, Jacob's sufferings and visions, Joseph's captivity and advancement, the forty years of Moses amidst the mountain-chain of Midian, the thunders of Sinai, and the sword of Joshua, had all borne alike their various witness. To maintain this witness and to hand it on, Israel had been planted in the goodly land which, to make room for them, had vomited forth its old inhabitants. The adoption, therefore, by them of the Baalim and the Ashtaroth into their system of worship was a breach of their God-given charter—a yielding up of their title-deed to the land of their inheritance. Every mountain and valley, every rock and river lifted up to heaven their voices against this new pollution, and cried to Jehovah for deliverance from it. The cry was answered by the avenging bands of the Ammonite from his sloping hill-side, of the Amorite from his mountain fortress, and of the Philistine from his sea-girt plain. As the hands of Israel dropped Jehovah's banner their strength departed from them, and they became weak before their enemies. Internal disorganization, too, enfeebled them. Under their theocracy the heads and elders of the several tribes administered the earthly kingdom: they judged between man and man as the high priest judged between them and God, and so the separate families were held in unity, and the divided tribes felt flowing through them the blood of a common life. But justice and rule soon withered and died out beneath the sensual worship of the Baalim, and the disunited people fainted with the feebleness of internal estrangedness and ever multiplying isolation. Then came the heathen forth as the bees of the forest from their hiding-places, and chased at will each lonely and defenceless wanderer. Then, at last, in their low estate they turned again to their God and wept before Him, and cast aside their idols and their Baalim. And their fathers' God hearkened to their cry and turned to them again.

But as the utterly relaxed sinews of their national existence were insufficient for the strain involved in rousing them again to

make head against their enemies, the baring of God's arm called forth some unusual instrument through whom its power could act. Some one must be raised up with a might which rose above the withered strength of their ordinary institutions—who could breathe into their fainting hearts a new resolution, and gather into unity some at least of their disunited tribes. This was the judge's office. The choice of God marked him out. The hand of God separated him. The might of God strengthened him. He was raised up to do a special work, and he did it. He and his work must never be separated in our view, or we shall be sorely perplexed as we gaze upon him, and perhaps test and try to class him as though he were living and moving amongst ourselves. We shall never understand him by such a process; for God's witnesses and special instruments are never exempted from the influence of the circumstances which surround them. Through these circumstances God fashions and trains them. If it were not so they would be exceptional cases outside our sympathies, and could not be examples or instructors for us. The necessary effect of these circumstances is to imprint upon each one of them a specific and distinctive character. Whilst a strong common form of life thrown around men is a protection to the weak, it tends to diminish the strength of the strong. In the deep dark forest there is an almost unbroken uniformity in height and shape amidst its countless multitudes of trees. All are drawn up to the average size. But the mighty giants of the earth are found apart from their brethren; striking their own deep roots where they will, and flinging freely their vast branches to wrestle with every storm, and be nourished by every breeze.

Such were the judges of Israel; and we should therefore expect to find in them a certain eccentricity of act and character; the fruit of their largely developed individuality. So, in fact, they stand out before us; figures grand and majestic, but not of what we rightly consider a Christian aspect. There is upon every one of them, inasmuch as he was "a saviour" of his brethren, a shadowy outline of the one true Saviour of his people, but these lines which are so clear and true in him are broken, involved, indeterminate, confused, in them. As we trace them on the shifting misty medium on which we see the true image cast to be distorted, even as it is repeated, they oftentimes perplex and turn us giddy as we gaze, unless we continually correct their strange and imperfect proportions by looking

off from them to Him, the true type, whose perfectness redresses for us their manifold imperfections.

We, from the clear sunlight of Christendom, look back upon these judges, as men may look from a sunny bank over an intermediate valley on some ranges of distant mountains, amidst which, under their cloud canopy storms are breaking and sunlight is playing: whilst the separate hill masses seem like mighty giants at their sports or in their rest, on whom in their vastness we gaze with eager interest and rapt amazement.

In no one of the whole catalogue of the judges are all these distinguishing features marked with such startling clearness as in the Nazarite son of Manoah. Dark beyond all former precedent were the days in which he was born. East of the Jordan, the Ammonite had mightily oppressed Israel, until, in the time of Samson's youth, the Spirit of the Lord had fallen upon Jephthah, and raised him up for the deliverance of his people. In the west a yet heavier yoke had yet longer bowed the people of Jehovah. For forty years they had groaned under the oppression of the Philistines, and the only fruit of attempted resistance had been to make the rod of the oppressor heavier, and the chains wherewith he bound them more galling. In their despair they took the ark of God into the battlefield, and took it there in vain. The battle was lost; the sons of the High Priest fell amongst the slain; the old man himself watching eagerly for the return of his Levite offspring, and still more of Jehovah's ark, fell helpless from his seat at the announcement of the overthrow, and broke his neck. The curse had eaten out that evil progeny, and seemed through them to prophecy from the holy place a like destruction to the rebellious people round them. The infidel host carried off in triumph the captive ark, the great symbol of the covenant, the great instrument of worship. And still there was no voice, nor any that answered to their cry. It seemed as if, wearied out with their often-repeated iniquities, Jehovah had turned away for ever from his people. Not till the ark was placed as in triumphant subjection to the idol Dagon did the old power even begin to stir. Then the idol fell maimed and helpless on his temple's floor before the mysterious symbol of Jehovah's presence. Then upon the great cities of Philistia, wherever the ark rested, there were plagues, until the terrified heathen sent it back to their oppressed serfs. And now the same power began to stir in another quarter.

The portents which preceded Samson's birth pointed to him as a coming deliverer. We can picture to ourselves his wild and wayward youth. As self-consciousness dawned upon him, he found himself a Nazarite. Even before he was born the bond was upon his coming life. The angel messenger from God who had promised his birth to the barren household, had, in the might of a divine command, ordered that it should be so. As reason opened on that wilful soul, the story of his strange life was told him. With its earliest stirring was bound up the keeping of the mysterious vow. The growth of his unshorn locks, the abstinence from the familiar grape, the massive strength of his young frame, all severed him from others of his age—all stamped upon him a separated character. How must the father and the mother of the God-given, impulsive, solitary boy have gazed with something of an awe-struck wonder upon his moody youth! how must they have trembled at the dark violence of his passion, stirred often almost to madness, like the waves of the deep rock-bound lake, when the roar of the whirlwind lashes suddenly its surges into storm!

Was this the promised blessing? Could this be he who should deliver Israel? Yet at times that youth would be woke up to what seemed a promise for the future. He kept his Nazarite vow. With all that moody wilfulness, to that one bond he bowed. And when the rising fame of Jephthah's exploits found its way into Manoah's household, that dark spirit would stir as though the like influence were waking up it too to reach forward to do like acts of valour for his people; and they would look on, and wonder, and hope; for then "the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan, between Zorah and Eshtaol" (Judges xiii. 25).

All along this history we can trace the broken outline of his typical character, as the image of The True Man is forecast upon this uncertain mist-blurred mirror. There was the angelic heralding to the childless parents of the coming birth of Israel's deliverer; there was the mystery which lay broad upon his youth, as "the child grew and the Lord blessed him;" there was the consciousness in that mother's heart of her guardianship of such a chosen life; there were those movings of the Spirit, which broke, with promises "she kept within her heart," the ordinary appearance of his up-growth.

The years rolled on. The boyhood and youth of Samson, with their strange fantastic promises and disappointments, had passed, and he was a man. "Surely now at last," the

longing parents would say one to another, "surely now at last we shall see some fulfilment of the words of Him 'whose name is secret' (Judges xiii. 18), as to the Nazarite boy; surely now at last he will 'begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines.'" The mother's brooding nature would instinctively move her to deal with Samson as a greater than Manoah's wife dealt with her greater Son, when, with longings which well-nigh swelled into reproach, she said unto Him, "They have no wine." But his hour was not yet come. What a strange mockery of their hopes must the first act of his manhood have seemed to them!—"He went down to Timnath, and saw a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines; and he came up and told his father and his mother; and said, I have seen a woman in Timnath, of the daughters of the Philistines, now therefore get her for me to wife" (Judges xiv. 1, 2). Used as they were to his wilfulness, this was beyond all the precedents of his youth. With eager entreaty they besought him to give up the misplaced alliance—"Is there never a woman amongst the daughters of thy brethren, or among all the people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" But they spake in vain. His only answer was, "Get her for me, for she pleaseth me well."

Yet the strange choice was really the providential over-ruling of what in itself was faulty for the fulfilment of God's secret purposes. Samson's vocation was altogether peculiar. He was not to be the commander of an army. The depression of years had so utterly degraded Israel that her sons were not fit for such an enrolment. Neither was he to break the yoke of Philistia. His wild, wayward, sensual nature forbade that honour being his. He was but "*to begin* to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines." He was to show by supernatural strength and individual daring that the power of God, if it were but called out, would suffice abundantly to overcome the Philistines; and yet that the might which at one time enabled him single-handed to scatter the hosts of the uncircumcised ebbed utterly away so soon as he departed from his God. This was the lesson Israel needed, and only thus could it be taught them. If the alternations of wonderful success and bitter casting down which marked his single course had befallen the armies of Israel, there could have been no recovery of their spirit of self-reliance, or of confidence in their God. But in Samson the great scene with its most tragic conclusion could be

acted out before their eyes; and whilst his success elevated their hopes and roused their confidence, his casting down taught them its most needed lesson of warning, and yet left their rising spirit unshattered. He was as it were the embodiment of the chosen people; they could see themselves in him. His Nazarite condition represented faithfully their covenant state; his clinging amidst all his aberrations to that vow; his under voice of confidence in God; his perception that he had a vocation; a mission from Jehovah; his unshrinking daring in carrying it out by the matchless might with which the Most High had strengthened him; his well-nigh incredible success so long as he claved to this;—all this was to teach them that if they would cast off their Baalim and return unto their God, and cleave to Him, they would break in Jehovah's might the yoke of Philistia. His yielding to the voice of sensual appetite, with all the misery it brought upon him, was to show them in an example acted before their eyes that if they yielded to the sensuality, which was the great inducement to their idol worship, and joined themselves to the sins of the nations round, they too, like their hero in the arms of Delilah, would be snared, and blinded, and destroyed.

This then was to be Samson's service; thus was he to begin to deliver Israel out of the hands of the Philistines. He was not to break their yoke, but he was to show the trembling people that before the faithful man their strength withered and faded; and thus he was to keep alive in fainting hearts the hope of Israel. They were to see in him the tide of prophetic power ebb and flow as he claimed or denied his true relation to Jehovah. But to make this possible it was essential that he should have such relations with the oppressing heathen as would lead to their perfidy, and cruelty, and contempt, venting themselves upon him personally so as to embroil him with them, and thus make it natural for him in maintaining his own personal rights to avenge the oppression of Israel. For no single man could make war upon a nation. In this sense only Samson's wild choice of a daughter of Philistia for a wife, because she pleased him well, was "of the Lord." The act was a forbidden one. The motives which led Samson on to it were wilful and sensual; but his fault was to be overruled for the carrying out of the purposes of God. His father and his mother saw but the evil of the heathen marriage, and so resisted it whilst they could, and then, according to their wont, yielded to the stronger will of their imperious

son. They go down to Timnath with him to get for him the Philistine damsel to wife. By the vineyards of the city a young lion springs upon him with that roar which shakes the forest; but alone, single-handed, and unarmed, he seizes it and tears it asunder, as if it were a kid, and does not even tell his parents of the feat.

Here again how strangely does the typical character of all his acts of greatness float before us! His first recorded work of superhuman strength, yet wrought as man, alone and unarmed, as he goes down to begin his life-long fray with the Philistines, is this overcoming of the lion. And He, too, the One True Man, as man, immediately before the opening of his ministry, is driven of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil; to meet as man, alone—left for the time even by the bands of angels who, when the conflict was over, returned to minister to Him—the roaring lion who seeketh whom he may devour; to meet him and to overcome him in the might of the indwelling Spirit.

When Samson and his parents come to Timnath the damsel is formally demanded and betrothed to him as his wife; in due time he goes down again to claim his bride. The marriage festival is celebrated with great preparation and display, thirty Philistine children of the bride-chamber attending to do honour to their friend.

Again the strange similitude looks out upon us from the marriage banquet. For as it was at a marriage in Cana of Galilee, where first the power of the Son of Mary was miraculously manifested, so from the Timnath marriage feast came first the display of Samson's might against Philistia. Amongst the entertainments of the festival, according to the common usage of Eastern and even of Grecian feasting, Samson puts forth a riddle to the assembled guests. Philistian guile extracts dishonestly the answer by threatening to burn with fire the household of the bride unless she entices for them his secret from her betrothed. That hero heart of his, so strong against man's violence, so weak before woman's art, melts under her tears, and she gains and betrays his secret. Then there fell on him, as when the lion roared against him by the vineyard of Timnath, the burst of a divine wrath. He saw the perfidy, the darkness, the godless injustice with which Philistia was oppressing Israel, and he goes down to Askelon and slays thirty of its chosen men, and brings their spoils to pay the wager which had been so basely won.

This Philistian perfidy had brought the

marriage festival to an untimely end, and Samson returns in wrath without his betrothed wife into the land of Dan. By degrees, however, his anger cools, and he goes down again to Timnath to claim his wife. He is met by a new instance of Philistian faithlessness. For he finds his wife given to his companion, whom he hath used as his friend. This new insult he avenged by turning three hundred of the jackals, who even to this day infest in numbers the neighbourhood of Gaza, tied tail to tail, with a lighted firebrand between each, into the standing corn of the Philistines, who, when they had ascertained the cause of their loss, came up with savage violence and burned with fire the house and family of Samson's bride. The language of the authorized version would suggest that Samson considered even that an insufficient punishment for his Timnite father-in-law's treachery. But the original language implies the very opposite. It suggests that his soul revolted from this abominable barbarity; and that he resolved to punish wholesale: "If ye do such things I will not cease until I have been revenged on you," would be the truer rendering. Then he smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter.

It was after this act of heroism that he appears to have openly assumed the judge's office. He went down and dwelt in the cleft of the rock Etam, and there the people of Judah came to him for judgment. Yet his hold on his countrymen was as yet small. His acts of vengeance on the Philistine people stirred up, as he doubtless expected they would, their bitter anger. They gathered their troops together and invaded the territory of Judah to seize the person of the terrible Danite. The conduct of the men of Judah exhibits in the strongest light their utter national degradation. Instead of gathering around their judge, and even if their unarmed and undisciplined multitude could not stand in battle against the hosts of Philistia, yet seeking to strengthen his heroic heart by their sympathy, whilst they watched for what their God would do for them by his hands, they resolved to purchase an ignominious peace by the base surrender of their champion.

Again there breaks out upon us, the recurring prophecy of act. For so it was generations after, in their children's days, when the Mighty One came unto his own and his own received him not; when the evil murmur was whispered, "If we let him thus alone . . . the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation" (John xii. 48). "Knowest thou not," said the three thou-

sand men of Judah to Samson, when they came to him at the rock of Etam, "that the Philistines rule over us? Wherefore hast thou done this? We have come down to bind thee, and deliver thee into the hands of the Philistines." Out of the ages comes forth as the accursed echo of that voice of faithless fear: "We have no king but Cæsar." And like acts followed in each case: "When they had bound Jesus, they led him away, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate the governor." Even so did the men of Judah bind at Etam their Nazarite champion with two new cords, and brought him up from the rock. Both of the betrayed suffered themselves to be bound, because in those bonds they read the present will of God and the road to a future and more complete victory; and the bonds of each were indeed the loosing of the prisoner's chains. So it was in the spirit world with the Captain of our salvation. So it was amidst the dark hosts of Philistia with the Hero judge of Israel. "For when the Philistines" in triumph "shouted against" their captive enemy, "the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon his arms became as flax which was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands; and he found a new jaw-bone of an ass, and put forth his hand and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith" (Judges xv. 15).

Then in the moment of his triumph came to him to teach him his weakness without his God the sore thirst under which his mighty strength fainted. It was the time of wheat harvest, and as single-handed he fought the battle and destroyed the army of the alien, the sun of Judea poured down its scorching midday rays upon him until it seemed that he whom the Philistine hosts could not subdue would perish in the agony of drought. He cried unto the Lord in a prayer which witnesses in its every word to his deep sense of his being in these acts no mere pursuer of personal vengeance, but in very deed an instrument in the hand of Jehovah for the rescuing of his people. "Thou hast given this great deliverance into the hand of thy servant, and now shall I die for thirst and fall into the hand of the uncircumcised?" He did not cry in vain, for in the rock at Lehi He who bringeth water out of the great deeps opened its fresh springs, and when the thirst-bound hero had drunk, his spirit came again and he revived; and in grateful remembrance he named the spring, which for years afterwards distilled its freshness from the rock of Lehi, "the spring of

him that cried." As we read of this extremity, this prayer, and this deliverance, can we forget an agony in the dark strife of the Captain of our salvation far more terrible, a prayer far more mysterious, and a succour yet more wonderful, when "there appeared an Angel from Heaven strengthening him?" So over and over again, as we look deeper into the record, does the Nazarite judge prefigure the true King of Israel.

Great at this time was the glory of Manoah's son. Terrified by the utter failure of their last attempt, the Philistines withdrew themselves into their own borders. Samson judged his people, and though the heathen yoke yet dishonoured Judah, it was little more than an empty token of subjection whilst Samson was at hand to avenge upon their trembling hosts any act of aggression or of wrong. For twenty years it seems that this long pause lasted, and then the last and greatest of the judges falls before the temptations of the flesh, and ends in shame and ruin his life of bright but fitful splendour. It is a dark and miserable history, to be told in a few mournful words, to be stored up by all for closest self-application in their heart of hearts. The mighty man "who had burst the fetters of his foes could not break the cords of his own lusts" (St. Ambrose). He yields himself up to the enticements of the evil and treacherous Delilah. The lords of Philistia seized greedily on the hope which this weakness of their great enemy suggested to them. They promised the woman large rewards if she could win from Samson the hidden abode of his great strength, which, according to popular belief, they supposed to rest in the possession of some amulet or charm, of which if they could rob him, they might afterwards securely bind and oppress him who had been their scourge and was still their terror. With the perfidy of her class, she uses all her harlot wiles to draw from him the coveted secret. At three different visits he deceives her with fabled inventions. Once the sleeping giant is bound by her with undried thongs; once with new cords; once the Nazarite locks are woven together by her into one; and each time he is startled from slumber by the sudden cry, "Philistines upon thee, Samson!" Each time the awakening man manifests in a moment his unabated might, and his enemies, whom the cruel traitress kept hidden by her in the dark ambush of her chamber, dared not show their unsuspected presence. Then the attempt would be treated as an idle jest, such as frequent those chambers of iniquity. For

evermore has existed the deadly conjunction which our own Milton's words of matchless strength have in almost a syllable so abundantly depicted—

"Lust hard by hate,"

and so his suspicions would be lulled to sleep, and it would seem to be but a woman's curiosity in one of its unmeaning sports with her victim.

But his last revelation, though it concealed the truth, had come dangerously near to its sacred secrecy. He had dared to sport with those seven mysterious locks upon his head, which were the outward sign, the mysterious sacrament, of his strength. This free and dangerous handling of the veil drawn over the hidden secret on which depended the indwelling of the power of Jehovah foreboded all that followed; and it needed but another wearisome solicitation, another passionate entreaty, another sportive guile, to draw from him all the truth, and place him helpless in the cruel hands of the deceiver. This time she saw that he had told her all his heart, and she sent with triumphant expectation for the lords of her evil people. Then, as Samson slumbered in the sleep of sin, the razor passed upon his head. The Nazarite locks were shorn, the birth vow was broken, his separated state was ended, the special presence of Jehovah had departed from him, he had become as another man. Then again the cry rang through the chamber of sin, "Philistines upon thee, Samson," and he rose with his dishonoured head, saying to himself, "I will go away, as time upon time." He had come from long familiarity with its accesses to deem of the strength vouchsafed to him as if it belonged to himself. But he knew not that Jehovah was departed from him. Then from their secret hiding-place rose up the ambush of his enemies; the dark forms cast themselves upon him, to be received at first with his accustomed scorn. Then came the fierce death-like struggle: the mighty man accustomed to his strength could not believe that it was gone, and yet it was in very deed departed, and he is overmastered, bound with fetters of brass, his eyes put out—that last terrible security taken against any return of his might—and he is led away a captive to Gaza. There he is cast into the dungeon and forced to do the hardest work of the meanest drudges, to grind corn in the mill.

What must have been the thoughts of that great self-willed heart; what the agony of that mighty spirit; what the pangs of that rebellious body! How must the caged eagle

have beaten its mighty wings against the cruel bars of its narrow cage! how must Israel's deliverer have groaned under the insults of the Philistines! how must Jehovah's champion have abhorred the triumphs of the infidels!

Doubtless in that prison the work of God which he had so often counteracted was wrought indeed with him. Doubtless, in those lonely hours of darkness, with no familiar voice to cheer their blackness, with no sound of kindness to mingle with their gloom, conscience would arouse itself in all its power; doubtless he who needed so severe a discipline of love for his perfecting, had grace given him to yield himself to all its cleansing, purifying power; for his name, by the hand of God the Holy Ghost, has been engraven in the golden catalogue of the faithful; doubtless he, beyond all others, now that his earthly strength had departed from him, was, in the higher sense of the great words, "out of weakness made strong."

The days, the weeks, the months, perhaps the years, passed on—passed in the slowly achieved conquest of his will to the Will of God—and down in the dark hold of the heathen dungeon, in his blindness and his squalidness, angels visited the lonely man, nay, the God who had made his Nazarite strength so strong was with him in the prison.

At last the day of his deliverance dawned. The great feast of Dagon, the chiefest of the idols of Philistia, was come. He was the god of natural power—of all the life-giving forces, of which water is the instrument; his fish-like body, with the head and arms of man, embodied this idea of his rule. Sacrifices were this day to be offered to him; and amongst the chiefest of his honours, the great judge of Israel—the warrior who had been filled with all Jehovah's strength—was to be led forth to do the idol honour and exalt by his feats the delight of assembled Philistia in their hideous, mis-shapen god. The vast hall is full from end to end of Philistia's nobles; the flat roof crowded by the swarming multitude. Amidst the taunts and triumphs of a brutalized heathendom, the eyeless captive is led in. He is guided to the central columns, that all may the better gaze upon this living trophy of their triumphant god.

Amidst all that thronging garrulous crowd he is alone with his God. Blindness, sorrow, captivity, and loneliness have done their work upon the solitary man. All his great soul is turned inward. He scarcely hears or sees anything around him. His thoughts are with the past; with the days of his Nazarite youth; with his early associations;

with his witness for his God; with his wanderings from Him. What is there yet that he can do, what is there that he can suffer, for that Lord? There is but one last offering he can make; it is the offering of himself: he is again in outward form a dedicated Nazarite. Has the God in whom, he now has learned, was all his early strength—has He come to him again? Will Jehovah accept even from one stained as he has been the offering of his all? He puts forth out of his deep heart the cry for one more gift of strength whereby the cruel sacrifice of his own eyesight may be avenged, whereby the enemies of Israel may be humbled, wherewith Jehovah may yet triumph over Dagon. He prays his last prayer; offers to his God his life; grasps with those arms of iron the massive central columns which support the wide-spanned roof, and bows himself with all his might. There is a shaking of the pillars; a cry of terror upon this side and on that—a wild rush beginning, and on it all settles down, with one loud crash mingling like the deep thunder with the cries of the dying, the vast proportions of the crumbling building. At last Jehovah has triumphed. Dagon has fallen before the God of Israel. The Hebrew judge has indeed wrought the destruction of the Philistines; the eyeless captive has done more than Samson in his might. "The dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Once again, for the last time, from amongst the dark shadows of his fall and ruin, which seemed for ever to shut out the glory of his prophetic character, the typical similitude is seen to re-awaken, and the hero judge bowing willingly his soul to death that Jehovah may be magnified and Israel delivered, foreshadows to us the offering of himself by the Great Judge of all unto the pains of death, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage; and as the body of the Lord was not left in the grave of the wicked, so is it expressly written for us, that the body of the Nazarite judge remained not with the uncircumcised amongst whom he fell, but that profiting, no doubt, by the first terror of that great overthrow in the temple of Dagon, "his brethren and all the house of his father came down and took him and brought him up and buried him between Zorah and Eshtaol, in the burying place of Manoah his father" (Judges xvi. 31).

As we look back upon this history with its

intensely dramatic character, its wild lights, its strange incidents, its glories and its shame, gathering themselves round the hero chief, who evermore fills the foreground of the picture, we can scarcely resist the conclusion that the Hercules of Pagan story was but the Samson of the inspired record distorted and robbed, by the thick vapours of the heathendom, of the moral teaching which breathes everywhere from the history of Manoah's son. There is the same exaltation of personal strength to an heroic nobleness, there is the same slaughter of the lion, the same single-handed scattering of his enemies, the same subjection of the hero's strength to the weakness of his own lusts, the same bowing down of his might before the witchery of woman's wiles, the same deceived end and premature death at the hands of the enchantress. But in Hercules man's appetites are deified, in Samson they show in undisguised harshness all the cruelty of their murderous outlines as the mighty man in his moral weakness allows himself to be cast down upon their rugged pinnacles.

This lesson, which lies upon the surface of this wonderful history, none can fail to read. The Nazarite separated to do the Will of God, strong against every foe so long as his vow, talisman-like, endures with him unrenounced; but falling through the weakness of the flesh; then led on deliberately to tamper with the very condition of his separation; then, partly by half consent, and partly by the fraud of the enemy, stripped of the very sign of his relationship to God; finding, too late, that God has departed from him, and with God the strength which, in his self-confidence, he supposed would still be with him as at other times; then bound by the enemies with whom he had tampered, cast into their dungeon a blinded, manacled slave, or led forth to be the sport of their bitter and triumphant hatred—all this is the story of each Christian castaway, seen through so transparent a veil that we cannot fail to mark in it the typical outline of a baptism into Christ, with all its separating power, with all its spiritual might sacrificed for the lusts of the flesh, abandoned at last even in profession, and leaving one of the mighty ones in the prison house of darkness, blinded, manacled, and utterly enslaved,

the sport and mock of those evil enemies who crowd around their accursed chief in the dungeons of the lost.

But this is not the only lesson of this startling chapter in the book of inspiration. The ever self-repeating action of humanity and the many-sidedness of God's Word—every facet of the mighty whole darting forth its own separate gleam of light upon the mystery of being,—make it read to us perhaps a deeper moral still. We may see in it how those who for the highest purposes have been endowed with the highest gifts, on whose intellectual powers that mighty spirit of God's strength has rested, that they may work some deliverance for his people, may idly throw away, first, their noble trust, and then, at last, themselves. Samson's gifts of bodily strength, which were the consequence in him of the Spirit of God exalting the ordinary powers of man's muscles and sinews into the heroic might of the Nazarite deliverer, are a type of the quickening of the higher gifts of intellectual power by the informing Spirit into a grander reach of exertions than the merely natural mind could have attained. The employment of these at the mere bidding of the selfish will, for sport, for gain, for the gratification of a vain daring, for the pleasure of unbridled speculation, is the fulfilment in a higher sphere of the casting away of the sensual, wayward judge of the tribe of Dan. His end is a type of the yet greater fall of these worse abusers of higher gifts. They, too, when they have sold their Nazarite locks at the bidding of the enchantress, when they have trifled with the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which were theirs in the Church of the redeemed, hear from the lips of that goddess of unsanctified reason, on whose lap they are dreaming, the startling cry of "Philistines are upon thee, Samson!" and in that crisis such men find, as he did, their strength departed. They are bound with the cords of doubts, plunged, often blindfold, into the dungeon of despair, to grind out for the world all her baser problems, to feed her godless company of scoffers. Happy were it for such if even by the sacrifice of a life they could pull down the temples of unbelieving thought upon the crowd of blasphemous imaginations which cling to and throng around them.



“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”

An English Story of To-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.”

CHAPTER XLV.—A CHANGE OF SCENE.



LORD WRIO-
THESLEY,
instead of
going away,
remained in
the neigh-
bourhood
till Phoebe
herself re-
moved from
it. For it
proved to
be a provi-
sion of Mr.
Paston's
Will that
Phoebe and
her mother
should set-
tle in Folks-
bridge, with

the sufficient competence which was secured to them. Mrs. Paston did not merely consent to the removal. Impatient of the oppressive sense of their loss, and restless in the anticipation of a change, she listened readily to her brother's suggestion. Mr. Hall, falling in with this, represented that he could not be continually going and coming between Folksbridge and Wellfield to manage their affairs, and that the easiest and most comfortable plan, subject, of course, to the approval of their noble patron, would be to repair within a few weeks to Folksbridge. It would be the very sort of change they needed. The furniture in the house in Wooers' Alley could be packed up and stored in a wareroom, and the mother and daughter could go into lodgings, and at their leisure look out for a house, and settle themselves thoroughly to their minds.

Phoebe, on the other hand, did not much care for a speedy change; she did not want to quit Wellfield at all. To give up Wooers' Alley, and the house where she had been born and bred, and where she had dreamt her grand youthful dreams, was like another sentence of death to her, and she writhed and turned faint under it. She almost wondered her father could have thought of it. So she crept about in her first essays at fresh exertion, and tried to take a prolonged farewell of all the familiar

places and objects around her, which she had held in such loving estimation, and to which she had come back and clung so kindly after her little flights. She tried to realise that she was breaking with them and resigning them for ever. In these last weeks she saw very little of Barty Wooler, less even than of Lord Wriothsesley, though he too was mindful of her weariness and the exaction of her sorrow. But Barty Wooler had not sought to present himself in Wooers' Alley more than was absolutely necessary from the moment that Lord Wriothsesley had appeared upon the scene; and, in retiring, he had taken his mother with him. After recording his acceptance of Mr. Paston's trust of his pictures, he had made what sounded the perfectly reasonable announcement, that nothing could be done in it without time and deliberation.

Phoebe knew that Barty had a defiant temper, together with something of a radical spirit; but after all that had passed between him and her father, and the pledges which had been given and taken, she did think that he might have foregone some of his feeling to keep her from being thrown upon Lord Wriothsesley. Not that she arrogated any title to the man's care. He had been forbearing, forgiving, and oh! so generous already, that it could not but make one sigh for his imperfections. Phoebe did more than sigh: she submitted, with an ache and a smart indeed, but she secretly resented his allowing himself to be put aside by Lord Wriothsesley, thus getting the whole three of them clamoured over, until even Miss Rowe became hoarse.

It was Phoebe's fate to depart from Wellfield under a full blare of trumpets. The old story of Barty Wooler's enslavement, by which Miss Rowe had always stood, notwithstanding of Milly Medlar's insinuated doubts, had been revived in full force when Barty turned up and waited on his former friend's death-bed. Now Lord Wriothsesley eclipsed Barty; and in place of the potent rivals fighting it out over Phoebe's hand, Barty simply stood aloof, leaving the field free to his enemy.

"Was there ever such a girl, Mrs. Medlar?" exclaimed Miss Rowe, in exasperation; "she will be the death of me. I never heard of such another. I believe she has both of

the men—the *ci-devant* artist and millionaire—mercenary Barty Wooler, and our young peer—as two strings to her bow.”

“But,” good-natured Mrs. Medlar hinted darkly, in panting desperation, “do you call it a respectable act for a whipper-snapper of a girl like that to take all the great catches in England to her own share, and play fast and loose with them? She ought to be ashamed of herself, the jilty, flirting thing, and the turf on her father’s grave not green yet, when older, more solid girls, for the want of a decent offer, are sit-fasts by the score.”

“By the forty, Mrs. Medlar,” answered Miss Rowe, with a smile of acquiescence that skilfully hid the real tartness of the intent; “but there is that old farmer’s daughter, Judith Clay, has taken to countenancing the young lady, who, if our good Earl would but consent to die in time, is prepared to throw the stuck artist over her shoulder by a *coup-d’état* worthy of Louis Napoleon. If women like Judith Clay, set on by personal spite, are not fit to nose disrespectability, pray, madam, what are they fit for?”

Knowing that such fungi-growths of scandal were springing up around her, Phœbe became unjust alike to Barty Wooler and Lord Wriothesley. She said to herself that it was their persistence that had provoked the gossip, doubly painful at this time. She would not see that this was but an instalment of the price of the noble setting which she had coveted for her life. She allowed herself to be offended by what she called Lord Wriothesley’s complacency and self-confidence, when all the time he was as scrupulous as Barty Wooler of trespassing upon her retirement. Lord Wriothesley’s great aim in remaining at Brockcotes was to be near her, and to do for her what her friends, rightly judging, stood aside and suffered him to do for her. He was even cautious of interfering in the slightest degree with her change of residence, and her going to dwell among her Folksbridge relations. He must have felt that if he interposed or entered the smallest reason against the Pastons’ removal, it would be scrupulously prevented by Mr. Hall and Mrs. Paston. But so long as Lord Wriothesley could not offer Phœbe a house, and declare his desire that she should accept the establishment with which, as with a seat in Parliament, his father had proposed to supply him, how could he dictate anything relating to the Pastons’ movements? While the years dragged on during which he would be in the world, occupied in the performance of his

appointed task, was he to deprive her of the solace of her kindred? If he was anything more than a gentleman in name, Lord Wriothesley did not see how he could cross poor Paston’s natural and sensible proposal for his wife’s sojourn in her widowhood. Very likely it was a precaution against the world’s saying that Phœbe lived on at the Brockcotes gates as a patient petitioner for Brockcotes’ grace. Phœbe made no appeal to Lord Wriothesley that could tempt him to interpose with opposite advice. She knew as well as he did that the lifting of his finger could have kept her from going away, yet she did not say a word to him, any more than to Barty Wooler, of the compulsion under which she went.

CHAPTER XLVI.—UNDER HER CROSS.

THE St. Martin’s summer of good eight weeks was not over, although these weeks had rounded one of those crises in life which make a woman feel as much older as if her hair had grown grey in the interval.

Wellfield still lay under those wonderful sunsets—glorious in amber, crimson, purple, sea-green, and royal blue—and those twilight never seen save over leafless woods and bare corn-fields, when it is as if all the rich hues of autumn had fled to the sky, and been detained there a little while to throw a reflection of heavenly glory over a stripped and ashen-grey and brown-tinted earth.

Phœbe had not to cross the threshold except to go to church, and to make one call—yes, one call; for she must repeat her thanks and bid good-bye to Mrs. Wooler.

In church, while she had a haunting consciousness of whose dust lay in the graveyard outside, and while she was seeking to support her mother’s faltering steps and to receive comfort from the service, she could not escape seeing Lord Wriothesley sitting solitary in his mourning in the great Exmoor pew, nor refrain from sending a glance to ascertain whether Barty Wooler also wore mourning for his friend, as he sat by his mother in their old corner.

Phœbe found Mrs. Wooler at home, and during the few moments that she sat beside her with a full heart, she met with charitable, nay, friendly, treatment. Mrs. Wooler gave her an almost hearty good-bye. “Miss Paston, God bless you, small or great.”

It looked as if it were a proclamation of peace between them, to the extent of a permission from Mrs. Wooler to go and become the great lady she aspired to be, since she had shown herself a good daughter,

and a capable young woman in a house of sickness and death; and Phœbe went with a heart choking in its thankfulness.

The Pastons' immediate departure had one advantage. There could be no general leave-taking. Phœbe would come back and pay off her arrears of good-will and civility. As for Lady Dorothea, she had received a letter from her as full of warm-hearted, womanly sympathy and interest as if her Ladyship had never known a trial, and did not have a brother in the way of whose preferment Phœbe stood an innocent but immovable obstacle. That seemed a sufficient proof of friendship.

Without going out of the house, soon to be her home no longer, Phœbe could take her last lingering looks at the scenes which would most dwell in her memory—at the tower of St. Basil's; her withered winter garden, now so much in keeping with her feelings; the ladder-like ascent of Woovers' Alley; the pile of Brockcotes on the height, all crested by the rainbow horizons of those solemnly magnificent St. Martin's sunsets. She had a joy amidst her sorrow at leaving those scenes. She would carry their memories with this peculiar, utmost beauty shed upon them.

Thus she could sometimes look up under her cross of sorrow and perplexity. It was at this time that she began to pray, in her simplicity and extremity, the prayer of faith and longing, which she prayed so often afterwards. "Lord Jesus, wilt Thou not come to set the wrong right, and bring back the lost, as Thou wert wont? Forgive our unworthiness and unwillingness, and make us less unworthy and more willing."

Every day she went and came several times to and from the painting-room, in face of her mother's prohibitions and remonstrances, although she could do nothing but stand and look around her and recall the days which were no more. The last day and the last visit to the old painting-room in Woovers' Alley arrived too soon for her. She could scarcely believe that she was not to enter the precincts again, unless as a stranger in a strange house. The rest of the building was more or less dismantled, but this room remained the same.

There were all the objects which she knew so well, the places where her father had been accustomed to stand and to sit, and the places which had been set apart for her since she played as a child, messed herself rubbing down colours or clearing them away, or served as a model, and later, was suffered to bring her work or her book, and

be at hand with the mother-wit of her criticism on her father's painting.

There were the casts of deathless groups, with the deathlessness of their majesty and pathos shining like a token of immortality out of the common crumbling clay: the Del Sarto, with the last longing of despair in the evil eyes of its Virgin; the lonely, half-rustic Bassani; Mr. Paston's own Bellini, Jacob and Esau, and Kilmarnock and Balmerino, in which Phœbe was to have sat for Balmerino's wife, Peggy. But it was none of these, dearly as Phœbe prized them, which it broke her heart to part from. The stamp of genius on them would win care and regard for them wherever they went. It was the humble and ordinary things—the worn brushes, the cracked palette, the rickety Saul, which the child Phœbe had dressed up as a giant doll, and which now stood presiding over the scene like a gaunt and grisly skeleton. These cast-aside tools of his trade had been part of her dead father's life, which nobody would mind now but her; and she was going away and leaving them to be tossed aside as worthless wrecks.

Phœbe broke into violent weeping, and it was thus that Barty Wooler, opening the door and entering to see after his trust, found her. He would have retreated if he could; for how did he know that Lord Wriothsley, whom he had seen in the town that day, would not follow her to give her his support in turning her back on her father's sanctuary? But he could not leave a woman, and, above all, Phœbe Paston, in such distress—besides, she was calling to him:

"Do not go, Mr. Wooler, please; I want to ask, will you have these poor things and keep them for his sake?"

Here was something which she could ask from him, and which he could do for her, something which was not within Lord Wriothsley's province.

"Yes, I will, for him and from you, Phœbe. But you must not stay here any longer. This is too severe an ordeal for you to protract. You must allow me to take you away. Hush!"

Barty Wooler spoke with stammering lips, but he was a brotherly man. He led out Phœbe as gently as if he had been Lord Wriothsley.

CHAPTER XLVII.—IN FOLKSBRIDGE.

THE murky atmosphere, the ugly buildings, the pushing crowds of Folksbridge, were a new scene for Phœbe, though she had known Folksbridge well in the girlish days when she was finishing her education there and had

come out in such society as it afforded. But she was sensible that she was coming to a new Folksbridge when she put her foot in the dull, half-garish, half-faded lodgings of which the Halls approved highly, because they were in the genteel reserve of a by-street in the suburb of a thoroughfare, and were kept by a decayed gentlewoman, who had no other lodgers and followed no other trade.

In the faint stirrings of life, just recovering from what partakes of the nature of a trance, Phœbe could have wished that she had left behind her some of the belongings of her old life which she had carried hither. She could have wished to live over again and alter entirely some of the most significant passages in her past history. Whether she lived to marry Lord Wriothesley or not, she might live to have it proved that she had done both herself and him grievous injury.

Tidings of the *prestige* which was thus crushing Phœbe were in Folksbridge before her. Stunned and rendered supercilious as the Halls had been by the first faint report of Phœbe's conquest of Lord Exmoor's son, they had not failed to spread the report widely, both in Phœbe's interest and their own. Already, in its most distant ramifications, the Halls' set were looking out for Phœbe, with the intention of being profoundly struck by one who could flesh her maiden sword by the arrest of a confirmed rover like Barty Wooler, and not content with this, could achieve the enslavement of the son and heir of one of the greatest peers in the country.

Accordingly, there was a lively curiosity to see Phœbe now, and eager solicitations or introductions to her from the luxurious daughters and foppish sons of the rich Folksbridge merchants. She excused herself on the plea of her mourning—a plea very valid to her, but quite invalid to the circle she disappointed. The world went fast at Folksbridge, where a certain precariousness hung about many of the fortunes and establishments. Exuberance of display, and activity in the pursuit of pleasure, combined with deficiency of reticence, and incapacity for independent existence, were conspicuous in the inhabitants. Their mourning was at once the deepest in point of crape, and the curtest in point of time, that wealth and decency would permit. The mourners in their very weeds rushed into company to drive away regret, in a style which, to Phœbe's mind, was more like heathen callousness than Christian resignation.

To this excitement which Phœbe was unwillingly creating in Folksbridge, Lord Wriothesley gave but a modest encouragement in the way of demonstration of his love. There was a pretty little country-house situated within eight miles of the town. It was no better than a *cottage-ornee*; but it was half sneered at, half envied, because it was somehow unattainable by the villa architects of Folksbridge. It was named Phantasy, and was a fanciful appendage of that Essex branch of the Exmoor family from the stem of which Mrs. Edgecumbe was a worse-of-the-wear wild shoot. It was occasionally occupied by those Latimers, or such of their friends as had a liking for a little Trianon. Lord Wriothesley came down to Phantasy this autumn for coursing, and duly paid his respects at Higham, in No. 9, Stephenson Street. The member of an affable, noble family, in the case of the recent widowhood of an old retainer, might have gone this far had there been no "beautiful Miss Paston" in existence. But it was scarcely to have been expected that Lord Wriothesley, when no general election was pending, should, on the second day, have taken the trouble to hunt up Mr. Hall, and allow himself to be carried by him all over Folksbridge 'Change, through Mr. Hall's warehouses and berths in the docks, finishing the performance by dining in a friendly, off-hand fashion at Garnet Lodge, to the great glorification of the family. Phœbe was not at that dinner, but the Folksbridge gossips were satisfied, as Miss Rowe would have been, that there was something in the story of Lord Wriothesley and Miss Paston; and they liberally plumed themselves on the tribute to their growing importance in the prospect of one of the premier peeresses of England being drafted from Folksbridge circles.

Frank Hall and Mrs. Edgecumbe in succession announced their belief in this result.

"Give me warning in time, Phœbe, when I am to keep my distance," said Frank, throwing his pug nose in the air, and charging her half in jest, half in earnest, when she could not escape from him as he escorted her down the spruce avenue of Garnet Lodge. "Of course it is a great thing for all of us; and it is you, and not I, who may be the making of the family. But equally, of course, I am not going to use liberties with a pledged countess, though she be my cousin, and though his Lordship was hand-and-glove with me when we were in the same boat off the Isle of Serpents. What are we coming to, Phœbe,

when we burst the chrysalis?—a most noble countess, a leader of fashion, a dispenser of the hospitalities of another Cambridge House? Perhaps we shall dabble in politics on our own account; and it will be the Countess of Exmoor crossing over to France on a diplomatic mission, or going down to the country on canvassing business.”

“I wonder you can talk so absurdly, Frank. You know you are alluding to something as unlikely as the bankruptcy of the Bank of England, or the Queen’s taking up her residence in Folksbridge. Neither does the Lady Exmoor I know go on diplomatic missions.”

“Ah! but it will be a Countess of Exmoor with a difference. The next Earl is Young England, and has got brains; he will not be a selfish dog, and keep them all to himself. His Countess will have her share,—not a bad quality of brains for a woman; not so aggressive and aggravating as Olive’s, but possibly more discriminating and better balanced. No bad adjunct, these quick brains, to the headpiece of a junior lord of the treasury. His Lordship may be cousinly and friendly after all on account of my introduction—or non-introduction, eh! Phœbe?—of the high contracting parties. He may put a poor sinner of a press-man into one of his spare seats: I think we are on the same side of the House as yet. But I give you notice, Phœbe, Lord Wriothsley is viewy for me, awfully viewy for a young ruler who is unsound on the property-tax and the Irish question. Still we should not cry out against him for that—should we? because, without intending the smallest piece of impudence, *minus* that eccentricity he would not have suited your book.”

Phœbe could only silence Frank Hall by the directest asseverations that the subject was painful to her.

Another day Phœbe suddenly encountered Mrs. Edgecumbe, not driving a mail Phaeton, as she had done when she picked up Phœbe in Wellfield High Street. The old lady was in her own carriage, accompanied by Mr. Edgecumbe, on her way from Appleton, which was within the circle of Phantasy, to a house several miles further off, where they were to dine. As the couple stared at the shops, the manufactories, and the throng of business men, one or other of them caught sight of Phœbe in her mourning. Mrs. Edgecumbe pulled the check-string, and made the squire, with an oath, scramble out on the slippery pavement. After handing out his lady in her

hood and fur-cloak, and taking off his crush-hat to Phœbe, he withdrew, growling, to his fastness, till his services should be required again. In the mean time, Mrs. Edgecumbe, by no means disturbed by the attention which her costume drew alike from masters and “hands,” plucked her crow with Phœbe.

“My dear, I had just been thinking of you, though I confess I had forgotten that you had come to this smoky, clattering hole.”

“Well, Folksbridge isn’t like Wellfield; but the folks here are honest and cordial; and I have every reason to speak well of them,” answered Phœbe, quietly.

“Oh yes! I dare say they are a very good sort of public-spirited people, with all the domestic virtues—a thousand times worthier than my kind; only you see I have known my class these thousand years, and the other is not at all in my way; so I am not coming to call on you here, though you are a favourite of mine. In fact, I don’t see what good I should do you by the move, and it would be inconvenient for me. I daresay you see it all, for you are a bright creature, with a temper. I always like a man or a woman with a temper. The Squire is something terrific now when he is ruffled and his head is confused; a trooper is a mild comparison for him.”

“Surely an extreme comparison, Mrs. Edgecumbe.”

“Not a bit. As for myself, I am a heartless, selfish, old woman of the world; and I required to hear of Wriothsley’s having been down after you to recall you to my mind. I have stepped out at this moment to tell you to have done with the affair one way or another. You have not been reading ‘Clarissa Harlowe?’”

“No, Mrs. Edgecumbe.”

“Ah, no, poor soul! you have been otherwise occupied, I know. But it stands to reason, Phœbe, that you must go off with him. If the boy was not so well born and bred, and used to being crack-man, he would be the least thing in the world priggishly perfect, like Sir Charles Grandison or King Arthur, you know, when Guenevere and Lancelot could not keep from being desperately wicked, and betraying the fathomless royal sweetness and generosity. Supposing you do not go off with him, Phœbe, thus pulling him down from his pedestal, you must give up the great marriage of the day, poor child. If you do not venture the one or the other, trust me, something dreadful will happen to settle your difficulty.”

Phœbe felt so oppressed under the old

lady's advice that she could not bear it longer, and broke out—

"You are a good comforter, Mrs. Edgecumbe; it is lucky I met you."

"Well, truth is better than comfort, and there's no rarer virtue; and I must say I never approved of long delays and hope deferred. They form an utterly unnatural state of the moral and social atmosphere, like brooding sultriness to be followed by cracks of doom. That last simile was suggested by Neddy Andrew's antics with his whip, Phoebe."

"I am afraid he is to drive off," said Phoebe, with some concern.

"No, no; the Squire will not drive off without me; but the horses may start forward, and some of that mass of folk (cannot they keep back for a minute?) may be knocked down and killed: the Squire certainly will, for he will throw himself out head foremost, and break his neck before anybody else is hurt, the rash old man. Good-bye, child, and mind what I have said to you."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—GLIMPSES OF REST.

No doubt Barty Wooler shared the general persuasion as to Phoebe's exceptional lot. He had been one of the first to foresee an entanglement of the kind. But Phoebe had small opportunity to judge of his persuasion; for although Barty's wanderings were over for the present, and he was detained at home both by the late Mr. Paston's business and his own, he did not make more than occasional brief visits to the Pastons. He had no right to ask Phoebe to give him a timely warning when he was to stand at a distance from her father's daughter. And, indeed, he had no need of such a warning. A little more brusqueness where he had always been brusque, and a little involuntary hardness in his tone, were the only indications of what was in his mind.

Phoebe was satisfied that Barty was cured of what she *called* his old fancy for her. She thought that he had perhaps grown to despise himself for the fleeting folly. But seeing had been believing; and Phoebe believed in the past. In remembering vividly, with mingled pride and shame, his former manner to her, and his pleading with her, she could not doubt his cure.

She did not wonder that Barty had shaken off his thralldom. He could have thought of her only as a weak, vain girl, caught by the mere elegance and state of a bridegroom far above her in rank. She did not think she had afforded him any indications of a worthier

and loftier ambition. She had been a spoiled, petted girl to him, showing herself quite incapable of appreciating the generous devotion of a heart like that of her father's friend.

It did not yet enter into her head, fond as she was of Lord Wriothlesley, and penitent to him for the impatience with which his kindness was apt to fill her, that there could be any other comparison between the two—any preference for Lord Wriothlesley over Barty Wooler, except what belonged to Lord Wriothlesley's rank and its great profession.

The months wore on, till there was a spring feeling in the murky air. Little Bess gave up her dormouse sleep, and whimpered and pulled at Phoebe's gown to be taken out. Lads and lasses, on holidays, returned from long tramps to the country with green boughs in their hands, and hawthorn blossoms in their breasts. The sunshine, for many hours each day, poured down on the masts in the river, thick as the tree stems in a forest on its oily waters, reaching down, it might be, through the brown, slimy depths, and warming the hearts of the great company of steel-blue mussels at anchor in its rocky bed.

Phoebe, from the narrow view across the monotonous street, now became familiar with every pot of balsams and stocks, every box of sweet-peas and mignonette, down to a seedling nettle in a crevice of one of the sills of her opposite neighbour. They set her wondering what the flowering shrubs which could be cultivated in the balconies and conservatories of Piccadilly and Park Lane were like in their May and June bloom to those who looked into them every morning, as Lady Dorothea did. She began to long for what she herself knew of the greenery of the great park of Brockcotes—the grand chorus of its singers, with hoarse caws of rooks, and mellow coos of ringdoves, the purple flush of its American garden, merging into the English shrubbery, heavy with fragrance, and all passing into the far stretch of waving green. These were outside charms. In the vastness of the chase there were bosky nooks, only to be found by the diligent seeker, where were to be gathered, in their seasons, wealth of March and April daffodils and violets, May lily of the valley, June dog-roses, July and August wild honeysuckle, September and October foxgloves, November and December crabs and holly-berries half buried in the snow, and mistletoe hanging with icicles. Again, as early as January and

February, there were pale stars of primroses, to be followed by the misty blue of hyacinths, till the whole sweet calendar of the year was completed. All these treasures were to be had for the taking, not only by the fallow-deer, and the Scotch cattle, but by the humblest labourer's child who trotted with the pitcher containing daddy's coffee or broth up the Wellfield avenue, or strayed into the adjoining nooks; while Phœbe, whom the world gave out as the future mistress of Brockcotes, pined in her Folksbridge lodgings for the sight and the smell of the most insignificant bud of them all.

The sympathy with the living world of nature, which made animals and plants such a pleasure to Phœbe, aroused her at last to look about with real interest and eagerness for the house which her mother and she were to occupy as a permanent home. It was difficult to find what would meet the requirements of both the women. Mrs. Paston wanted to be on a small scale as stylish as Garnet Lodge, and, above all things, to be situated in a cheerful and good-visiting neighbourhood. Phœbe, again, desired the humblest pretence at a country view, though it were but that of a nursery-garden, or the hedge-rows, and the furze, and gorse bushes of a washing-green, such as had flourished in Wooers' Alley; and, above all, with a bit of garden wholly to themselves. She would prefer the house to be an old house, and near one of the older churches, built when Folksbridge was a little nest of mariners, and not a huge hive of merchants. But the Halls insisted that the house should be near them, and that confined the Pastons to one suburb in their house-hunting.

At last something like the model house was alighted on. It was in a sunshiny lane, which was yet sufficiently cheery. It stood in a tiny plot of lawn and flower-border, which Phœbe might well-nigh mow and cultivate by her own unaided exertions, and where Little Bess could disport herself, and be chased away twenty times a day from committing trespasses. Lastly, No. 3, Dean Lane, was within ten minutes' walk of the pine-apple crowned pillars at the avenue gate of Garnet Lodge. The only thing wanting was an old battlemented church-militant, to remind Phœbe of St. Basil's, and of Lord Wriothresley's comparison of St. Basil's to Albrecht Dürer's "Knight defying Death and the Devil." But Phœbe, like a wise woman, decided that everything could not be obtained, either for her or any other person's money, and was content with what she had got.

CHAPTER XLIX.—FORESHADOWINGS.

IT surprised Phœbe a little that the Halls—and particularly Olive—had not taken a more active part in the search for the house. They had retired a good deal within themselves, leaving the Pastons, after one stipulation, to make their own choice. She was not aware that the Halls were offended and huffy, as they were rather given to be, when the Pastons acted against their opinion, or, indeed, had so much as an opinion of their own on any occasion. They had appeared pre-occupied, too, when Phœbe visited them lately. She would have thought they were engrossed, preparing for their own sea-side trip, had not Olive let fall a word which indicated that they were not going to the sea-side at all this summer. Their remaining at home must be on Jane's behalf; but Mrs. Connel had recovered very well, if she would only believe it, and her baby was healthy and thriving. It might be for Frank's sake. He had been down for two days during the last month, and was so busy that he had not found his way to Stephenson Street, Higham, to inquire for his aunt and cousin, though Phœbe had not as yet given him any warning to drop cousinly terms. But Frank was not likely to get into any difficulty, and his marriage, if he were going to be married, would not detain the Halls at Garnet Lodge for the summer. It might be Olive's marriage, or Kate's; but with regard to such an engagement, Phœbe felt certain that the Halls would have confided it to her, unless it were a very poor marriage; and Phœbe was convinced that no other of the Halls would make a poor marriage after Jane's experience. But no; Phœbe did not think Kate or Olive was going to be married at all. On the contrary, she had a suspicion that some prospects of an advantageous marriage for Kate had gone off without fulfilment, although it had been proudly hinted at in Phœbe's presence, that they might not seem altogether behind the future Countess of Exmoor.

Two ladies living in retirement were as little likely as cloistered nuns to hear much of importance that was passing around them. Phœbe's walks were not in the direction of the noisy quays. She was so superficially acquainted with them, that even if she had gone where casks, boxes, and bales, porters, sailors, merchants' clerks, and supercargos stopped the way, she would have been no wiser. She would have failed to remark the number of vessels lying idle in the docks, and what was

worse, the number of men who had mouths to be fed, and the filling of many more helpless mouths depending on their work, hanging about, pinched, haggard, and unemployed. She read with no more than passing attention the cautiously-worded announcements of bad trade that began to appear in the *Folksbridge Gazette*. Yet she reproached herself, with some reason, for having been selfishly unobservant, and engrossed with her

own sorrow, when she learned at length that a season of commercial difficulty and sore distress was passing over the bowed heads of the crowd around her. Many a brain was racked with anxiety; many a heart was aching with disappointment. Humble households were enduring the extremity of privation. Fortunes won by the enterprise and the industry of long years were scattered in a day. Among other fortunes, that of Mr. Hall, who



Page 796.

had been a bold as well as a fortunate speculator, was sacrificed.

It was her mother's loud lamentations which aroused her to the fact that they were involved in Mr. Hall's partial ruin. Mr. Hall himself had come over to Stephenson Street, and broken the unwelcome news to the Pastons. Phoebe had been filled with a mixture of admiration and pity for the brave face which the merchant put upon adversity,

while he could not altogether keep down the careworn and crestfallen misery that had taken the place of the old confidence and self-satisfaction. She did not want her uncle's excited assurances that all would be well, and the murmured earnestness of his promises that the Pastons' substance should be made good while a penny of his own remained to him.

But if, in Mr. Hall's presence, poor Mrs. Paston was loud and sharp in her exclaima-

tions and wearisome questions, the moment he went away she broke out piteously. She lamented the waste of Mr. Paston's hard-earned savings; she reproached her brother's abuse of the trust put in his business knowledge, which would reduce her and her child to dependence and destitution. Paston (who would not have let a breath of wind blow on her that he could have warded off, poor soul!) would not be able to rest in his grave.

Phoebe had never seen her mother so agitated. All the strength as well as all the weakness of the woman was up in arms. All her pride in the genteel station to which her husband had brought her, all the lately-found faith in his devotion to her, and in the power which had backed his will to shelter her, all her care for her child, made common cause with her constitutional shrinking from exertion and deprivation of every kind. To Phoebe it sounded as if her mother immensely exaggerated the danger.

It was not long till a letter arrived for Mrs. Paston from Frank Hall in London. It was much to the same effect as his father's communication,—a manly, kinsman-like letter, expressing sympathy with his father, and calmly confronting, for himself and for his mother and sisters, the change which the last six weeks had wrought in their fortunes, and proposing to refund the Pastons' capital in time.

That same day Barty Wooler appeared in Stephenson Street with liberal cheques for Mr. Paston's two best pictures, which he had disposed of, and with a proposal that he should set about completing the unfinished picture of the execution of the rebel lords, getting a spare room from the Pastons' landlady, and using it as a temporary painting-room until he could have from Phoebe the sittings for Lord Balmerino's Peggy, according to her father's design.

Within the week Phoebe received a letter from Lady Dorothea, soliciting that her mind might be set at rest with regard to her position as to the trade calamities in Folksbridge. The Exmoors had heard of them in London (as they heard of everything at Brockcotes), and were exceedingly sorry to find that Mr. Hall, among other merchants, had been a sufferer. The letter ended with a delicately frank protest lest Phoebe should think it strange that Lady Dorothea's father wished to settle on the widow and the daughter of Lord Exmoor's old and esteemed friend one of the annuities constantly and fitly charged on the Exmoor estates.

Phoebe's eyes were opened to her having

part and lot in the disastrous year at Folksbridge. The first thing she saw clearly was that her mother and she must for the present give up any thought of a pleasant house and servants of their own in Dean Lane. They must continue in the dull, confined lodgings in Stephenson Street, and must also look about in case worse should befall them, in being forced to become pensioners on Lord Exmoor's or Barty Wooler's bounty, till they were burnt up by the coals of fire heaped on their heads.

This was a bitter enough draught to swallow at the first gulp, and Phoebe's gorge rose against it. She did not say a wrong had been done, or an injustice committed. But it depressed her to think of being condemned to Stephenson Street for summers and winters, for years and years, after she had found heart to search for and to discover something like a home. How nice and quiet and fresh the middle-aged house in the garden, among other houses in gardens and shrubberies, looked to her now, as it was seen in retrospect, compared with the new and thickly-peopled locality of Stephenson Street!

But Phoebe thought better of it, and made herself regard with commiseration the faces around her,—of those compared with whose sufferings hers were light. She remembered, on the last occasion when she was at Garnet Lodge, the additional wrinkles on her uncle's face, and her aunt's complaint of so severe a headache as might account for dim eyes.

As Phoebe's eyes opened to these realities, Mrs. Paston's closed. The perturbation of her mind sank as quickly as it had risen. She received Frank Hall's consolation, Barty Wooler's payment, and Lady Dorothea's suggestion, as being so many gospels, each proclaiming a way of escape, and a provision for the future. It required all Phoebe's arguments to prevent her mother insisting on going on with the taking of the house.

"Mamma, Frank Hall means what he writes," said Phoebe; "and he may be able to keep his word by the time he is fifty. But the Halls know as little what self-denial is as most people know. Do you think it can be easy to learn it at thirty, though one is a clever journalist? Twenty years are not too long a time; until then I am sure poor Frank will want his bones for his own dogs. Of course starving is a pleasant fiction to a man who has been accustomed to soup *à la Julienne* and iced-coffee, a high seat perched on wheels, a hunter when he fancied one, and a betting-book within modest limits. Then he has had his choice little library, his literary

clubs, his runs over the Continent; and no blame to Frank for being used to these things, since he did not abuse them, and they were quite within his means and expectations till this summer."

"Well, if Frank is not as good as his word—though I do not see why you should distrust him—there is Barty Wooler, Phœbe, who has brought us seventeen hundred pounds this week for the sale of two pictures. One thousand seven hundred pounds for two pictures!"

"Yes, mamma; but there are only a very few more pictures, and the stock will be exhausted at last."

"Child, one would think you make troubles. Is there not the annuity which Lord Exmoor is going to settle on me?—and a handsome income it will be, for the Exmoors always do things handsome. And well they may here," continued Mrs. Paston, drawing herself up and smirking. "It is not lost that a friend gets. It is like providing for their own, when a certain wooing, which has been mighty long a-doing indeed—more's the pity—comes off."

"Mamma," pled Phœbe, "do you not see how unlikely, how impossible such a thing is? How could we be at once Lord Exmoor's pensioners, and the obstacle between Lord Wriothesley and his father's wishes for him?"

"If you intend me to think that the Exmoor annuity would be to buy us up, and prevent you ever listening to Lord Wriothesley's addresses," protested Mrs. Paston, "why, I can't and won't think anything so base of the Brockcotes family, which we have always found so kind; and Lady Dorothea as good as an own sister to you, you ungrateful girl. If it is pride and jealousy which won't let you be obliged to the Earl and the Countess, I can only say, Miss Paston, pride comes before a fall, and yours, as well as others', is not far distant."

"Perhaps I have had my fall already," declared Phœbe, softly and sadly. "There is one thing I am absolutely certain of, mamma; it is not for fear of risking my dignity that I would not take assistance from Lord Exmoor, or any other person till I had need of it, and so rob needier claimants. I believe I should not mind throwing my dignity, as you call it, to the winds," added Phœbe wistfully, "if that were all. I might even receive Lord Exmoor's wages to-morrow, supposing everybody would immediately acknowledge that they would disqualify me from rising to the height of him and his, and if I should be for

ever freed from this irksome persecution," said Phœbe, passionately.

"I do not know what to make of you, Phœbe," asserted Mrs. Paston, at the crying point, and with her widow's cap very much awry; "unless you are speaking for speaking's sake, or on purpose to vex me. It is very unnatural and unkind of you; but you seem to enjoy raking up disagreeable ideas. Are we to be no better of all these helps, which I was so happy to lay hold of?"

"Much better, mamma," amended Phœbe, cheerfully, "especially of the money which Mr. Wooler has brought. These helps are so many stays to fall back upon, and for that reason we should not waste them, but lay them up for a rainy day. Don't you think so, dear?"

"I am sure I don't know what to think," protested Mrs. Paston, disconsolately. "Things are so contradictory. One day you are to be my lady, and I am to be the countess's mother, and the next we are to be two beggars. I don't seem to know anything, since I have no longer my poor faithful Paston to mind me. He never let on, he was so quiet, and he made a feint of mocking me,—it was his clever way,—but he was faithful, and he always minded, didn't he, Phœbe? I must say, though your uncle Hall is my brother, that if we are to reap no present advantage from Frank Hall, or any of the Halls, it is a regular swindle the manner in which they have gone on with your father's money, while they were living like gentry with their Garnet Lodges, and their carriages, and all their orders. As for that Jane, with her outcry at her husband's income, and her allowance out of other people's pockets besides her father's, she may be glad now to live on her husband's salary, if he can get one."

"I daresay. But the Halls were perfectly entitled to Garnet Lodge while Uncle Hall had a great business, and was accumulating a large private fortune. It is a question whether they will give up Garnet Lodge yet, the cost of the household there is so insignificant an item in the expenditure of the great mercantile concern. And remember, mamma, the House is still standing, and may last, and flourish again more than ever. Indeed, the Halls were never extravagant for their means; Aunt Hall was too proud a woman to care for flashy show without substance. She was always looking forward to her husband's rising above the rest of the Folksbridge merchants; I should not wonder though she were looking forward to it still, and I can fancy she will be a dauntless woman in adversity. And, mamma, I don't think any one can justly say, or that

papa would have said, that Uncle Hall betrayed the least trust with respect to our means—little compared to his own, along with which they were risked,” urged Phœbe, respectfully firm. “Papa freely offered his money to Uncle Hall to invest in his trade, that it might bring in a good rate of interest, such as it has brought in for years. We must take that into consideration, too. When papa resolved on the step, he must have been quite aware that he and we must run some risk, and he must have been willing to encounter such a risk. Dear, I would not make things worse by accusations which are surely not only ungenerous, but unjust. They will but serve to warp our judgments, and embitter our tempers, mamma; when if we wait (and we may be thankful we have enough to practise economy and become farmers’ housekeepers with for the present), our money may all come back to us.”

“Well, Phœbe, you are the queerest girl; you would try the patience of Job. First, you won’t let me comfort myself and make the most of our resources and friends; and the next moment you proceed to make the most of your Uncle Hall’s carelessness and bad luck, when a good shout in his ears till they rung again, or a good shaking like I gave you when you were a naughty child, would serve him right.”

“I’ll consent to your administering the shaking, mamma, if you can. It is just on the books that the poor man might have looked out better for us than for himself, and not let our hundreds go with his thousands, yet I think I should have felt rather ashamed of that piece of kindred foresight. Who ought to lose with poor Uncle Hall, if not his own friends?”

“Everybody who knows anything of business, which I don’t pretend to do, Phœbe, will say you are a goose for your pains, after the expensive education you’ve had, too.”

“Very likely. But I am glad you are not a business woman, mamma. I hope I’m not profane to think of it, but you know the Apostle Paul was called mad, and I’ve a notion that he would have been regarded as particularly mad in money matters. It is true, Uncle Hall might have saved us without shame to him and us, but how could he be reasonably expected to remember and provide for our safety, when he was paying away his whole fortune, and his very credit was hanging in the balance? Not one man in a thousand would have been capable of it.”

But even while Phœbe spoke she thought she knew one man who would have been

capable of it, who, in all his losses and failures, had shown a decided, though it might be a little gruff and growling, tendency to shield others from “the scathe and the scorn,” to which, merited or unmerited, he had very little hesitation in exposing himself.

Phœbe wrote to Frank Hall—

“DEAR FRANK,—We thank you heartily for your intentions, but are confident there will be no call for their passing into actions, and that your father will die a rich man yet. We are not the less obliged to you.”

Then she wrote to Lady Dorothea—

“DEAR LADY DOROTHEA,—I feel as if I should not mind taking anything from you and Lord Exmoor if we needed it, but we don’t need it, at least not now, and I hope we never shall. My Uncle Hall’s house has been brought to the verge of stopping payment, that is all. If trade improve—as for the good of the country it is to be trusted it will—my uncle will not only recover money which is locked up now, but will start on fresh ventures with honour, which, I am proud for my uncle to say, is unimpeached. We can depend thus on receiving the small matter of interest which is due to us, and we shall have all the security we ever had for the principal. Why should we live in fear and trembling, or plague my poor harassed uncle? May not revolutions occur again, and the great territories of the Latimers be in peril of passing into other hands as they did at the Conquest? And is it not the boast of the Exmoors that they have once and again, at such seasons, jeopardied lands and life for king and country? May not we follow at a distance and hazard in our turn our small private fortunes for the credit of our friends and our class? Is there no *Noblesse oblige* in the middle rank and the mercantile world also? Forgive me for likening myself to you, Lady Dorothea, but I wish you could see my uncle now. He sets himself to breast the blast and begin life anew, with my aunt standing by and fairly forgetting that she used to take a great deal out of him, and demand special consideration from him for being a Wingfield, of Batty and Wingfield (a Norman mercantile house in these parts, Lady Dorothea), now more eagerly deferential to him than I could have imagined a woman, a little hard and exacting in her better days, could under any circumstances become. For my cousins, they have not had a single serious trouble till now,

though they would indignantly deny the statement, as you will observe healthy careless people always are indignant at such a statement,—the healthier and more care-free the more indignant. It is a fact, nevertheless; so what can one expect of my cousins yet?

"Mamma and I are still getting payment—gratifyingly high payment—for papa's remaining pictures. From all these particulars you may rest content on our account, dear friend, that we lack nothing. If our affairs, which are quite hopeful at present, take a turn for the worse, I will apply to you for some old embroidery work with which the Countess and her friends might be able to furnish me, and for which they would be willing to pay at a reasonable rate. I have always had an idea, when I watched Lady Exmoor working at the Countess's hangings, that I could manage something of the kind, become an adept in the old slow stitches, and acquit myself with greater distinction there than you could. Of course it is dreadfully vain of me to say this, but I think the grouping and the shading might come naturally to me as papa's daughter. You know I could sit by mamma, and attend to her while I did the embroidery, and cheated myself with the notion that I was independent. If our purse were really drained, do you believe I could compass so very easy a mode of replenishing it? Tell me frankly, Lady Dorothea."

Phoebe had some pleasure in waiting thus plainly to Lady Dorothea, and proposing for herself work which Thorpie would almost scorn—more pleasure (though it was of a stern kind, which women do not often feel, and feel keenly, if at all) than in putting Barty Wooler on his guard, and receiving his retort in return, as she did when he called that same evening. "Our receipts are all given in good faith," Phoebe put it shyly to the most formidable of her allies and defenders. "Poverty has not come into the house yet, Mr. Wooler. You are not acting in anticipation of the unwelcome visitor?"

"You need not be under the slightest apprehension of my taking such a liberty, Miss Paston. I have done nothing save as your agent. I hope you are not going to insist on my accepting a commission on the sale." It was so grim a jest, that Phoebe withdrew quickly from the altercation.

It was a little indemnification to Phoebe to read something of Barty Wooler in another letter from Lady Dorothea. The something was not in the first paragraph.

"I am so glad that Mr. Wooler is conducting the sale of your father's pictures" (as a matter of course that also had come to Lady Dorothea's ears). "He is the proper person in every respect." ("I know what she means by that phrase," Phoebe told herself, bitterly, as she read the letter. "I wonder what he would think now, if he heard her! She is very provoking, Lady Dorothea, although she is good.") "If you knew it, I have grown from having a cool respect to having an immense opinion of Mr. Wooler. I can tell you a charming story in illustration of his superiority. I am not aware (perhaps you can tell me) whether the Messrs. Clay, of Clay Brothers, have made over Mr. Wooler's inheritance to him during their lives, or whether he has merely great influence in the disposal of their wealth. Be that as it may, when the report that Mr. Blount was going out to settle in Canada reached Folksbridge, Mr. Wooler wrote straightway to him, expressing his faith in the resources of Canada, and proposing to invest capital in land, which he should hold, as a business speculation. Papa and other friends were prepared to come forward with almost any amount of loan which Mr. Blount would accept; but naturally he preferred the accommodation offered by Mr. Wooler, which could be treated entirely as a matter of business, and would leave the debtor under less obligation.

"All things considered, I think the act was a very noble and generous one, and I, for one, am Mr. Wooler's very humble servant for it. The story deserves a place in some family's annals. Who knows but that Mr. Wooler, if he make another hundred thousand in trade, will found a family? I am sure I should be happy and proud, if I survived a generation or two, to know it.

"Until then, as a small return, please tell me, between ourselves, Phoebe, if there is no way in which Wriothesley or Lord Exmoor can back Mr. Hall? Don't think me egotistical and conceited; our class, by its representatives in parliament, once backed the Bank of England."

Lady Dorothea knew now that *Noblesse oblige* was not a mere aristocratic badge, confined to a narrow section of mankind, but was the motto of all true men and women. Phoebe rejoiced in the knowledge, though she could not claim any personal interest in it. If Lady Dorothea chose to be as dogmatic as of old in imagining that she could, her imagination went wide of the mark. Phoebe's joy was a dumb and gagged joy.

CHAPTER L.—CHANGE UPON CHANGE.

OF the younger women of the Halls, Olive was likeliest her mother, and best stood the test of a sudden reverse of fortune. She was of some use to her family, and evinced resolution and energy in their service. But a great deal of her strength was expended on her anxiety that they should retain Garnet Lodge, and by innumerable sacrifices, preserve as much of the style of living in which they had been reared as was at all consistent with the means of an impoverished merchant. They must sink the carriage; but they would not descend to any public vehicle lower than a fly. Two of the six servants must go, but they must not attempt the establishment at Garnet Lodge without four servants; and the smart housemaid, though she was otherwise an idle, good-for-nothing girl, must be retained for showing in and announcing visitors.

It was not that Olive had the faintest notion of deceiving the public, or of continuing to contract expenses which Mr. Hall could no longer afford. All she sought was to throw a becoming veil over their losses, and to preserve the essentials for remaining in the first society of Folksbridge, only a few of the members of which had not been brought so near insolvency as Mr. Hall. It would be a severe struggle, with all their keeping up of appearances, to maintain their position and not fall out of their orbit. Olive made the admission with some sarcasm to Phœbe.

"There is so much of give-and-take in Folksbridge society—I cannot call it hospitality. Then there is such a pressure from the classes below ours; and the lines of demarcation are so fine and delicate, that no lady in our set can very well relax her rules, or drop her privileges. It is lucky that we have not put off our slight mourning—I beg your pardon, Phœbe, though I need not, for I did not mean to hurt your feelings; but what with lace and tulle, jet ornaments, feathers and flowers, one can have so many nominal changes in black, for a comparative trifle. It is a kind of sham, but still it serves the purpose. In the course of a year or two I hope papa will have recovered some of his bad debts and retrieved his dead losses. He is bent on doing it, dear old man."

"And that is a most honourable object to strive for when others are concerned. I have no doubt he will succeed," said Phœbe.

"Well, I hope so, Phœbe; but do you notice how old he is looking? Though,

thank God he is hale and hearty still. But his aim is confined to preserving and restoring the firm. In the meantime, if we do not go out and have people here occasionally, we shall dwindle into nobodies, and it won't signify how much money we may have scraped together again after we are grey-headed. Not a person who does not keep up a little visiting is remembered in Folksbridge above six months. I should have dinned this into your ears, Phœbe, but you seemed inclined to take a flight above us. We cannot follow your example; none of us can hope to have an earl's son for a string to her bow."

Kate was very much prostrated by the change which had come about. It had cost Kate "a true, true love," in addition to a great many indulgences which she had highly prized. She was not capable of the self-restraint and the disinterested regard for others which would have prevented her going about woe-begone and discontented, or lying back in her chair listless and peevish, unless she was drawn out of herself and excited by the prospect of a little subdued gaiety and amusement.

Jane, now that she could levy no more contributions, and reap no more advantages, from the paternal home, drew off from the trouble at Garnet Lodge, and entrenched herself in her separate family circle, and her individual responsibilities and duties. She had enough trouble of her own—she had Walter Connel's well-being to see to—and who would see to it if not his own wife? Of course he must have his usual salary. Her own papa would not be so cruel and unnatural as to hold in there, when he knew she and her little one must live. Jane could tell Olive and Kate that it took every farthing, with changed days, too, to suffice for her, and Walter, and baby, cook, housemaid, and nurse. In place of the monstrosity and the meanness of talking of their doing on less, and removing into a smaller house, Jane wondered Olive and Kate did not give up their pocket-money. She was convinced they had no need of it. It was a different thing with her. She had her husband's wishes and advantages to look to. If Olive and Kate had either means or time to spare, they might think of assisting her, with her poor health, and her darling Wally, whom they had made such a fuss about, and Walter, to whom papa's losses were such a miserable disappointment. Walter had thought of having a share in the business. It was a mercy he had not got one. But if his salary

were to be meddled with, really Walter must make up his mind, and transfer his services elsewhere. It would be a trial to leave her father; but Walter owed his first duty to his wife and child, and nobody could say that he failed in his duty."

"It is Jane all over," Olive commented scornfully. "Who ever heard of Walter Connel being of so much consequence as to be consulted and deferred to, till her family had no more loaves and fishes at their disposal? People write of the selfishness of single men and women, but I think it can never match the barefaced selfishness of married couples. To think how Jane grasped and grasped, and Walter Connel did not restrain her, but shared the spoil. I need not tell you, Phoebe, that our servants and our carriage were as much hers as our own. Now, she will not lend mamma her housemaid on washing-days, or come and sit an hour and chat with Kate, when I have to be out, as much *incognito* as I can keep myself, making the markets, and doing the shopping, which Prain used to spare us."

With all sympathy and forbearance, Phoebe found visits to Garnet Lodge, at the rate of three a week (fewer the Halls would deem neglect), somewhat of a pull on her kinswomanly goodwill, when she was allowed to see her aunt engrossed, Olive worried, and Kate nervous. It was something that it was summer, and that last season's prize-roses—great globes of every shade, from creamy-white to purple-black—blossomed as sweetly and thrived as luxuriantly as if the Halls had not committed them to the care of a jobbing-gardener. In Stephenson Street, on the contrary, the old nymphs of the seasons had become fast young ladies, and were already run to seed in straggling nasturtiums and woody geraniums, brought to premature ripeness in an oven of stone and lime. Notwithstanding, she was always glad to get back to the dull lodgings which were her home, and to the mother who was looking out and wearying for her. And she had other reasons for hurrying back. She had to give sittings to Barty Wooler—appointments in which it would have ill-become her to fail.

These sittings had become the great events of Phoebe's quiet life. They were to her a mingled torment and joy.

CHAPTER LI.—A FEATHER IN BARTY'S CAP.

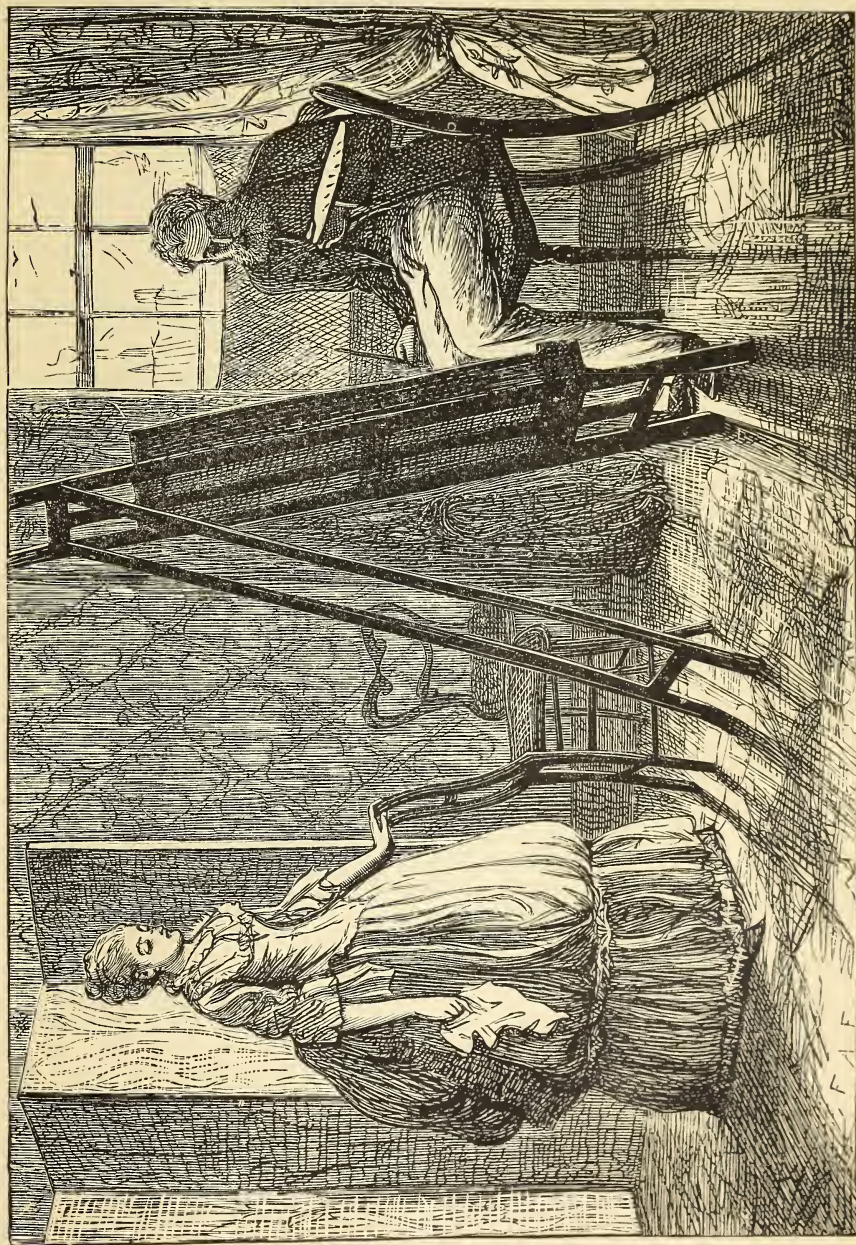
It was not in Mrs. Paston's nature to see Barty Wooler in Stephenson Street without a revival in her mind of her first destination of Phoebe. There was a violent relapse into all

her old vacillation with regard to Lord Wriothesley's long-protracted courtship. The doubts even went to the extent of a temporary abjuring of the young peer's cause. Phoebe had to listen once more to a confused medley of regrets and reproaches, and a multitude of oracular deliverances, to the effect that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, together with almost jaunty assurances that there was life in the old love till the clergyman shook himself into his surplice, and received the ring from the new bridegroom. Then followed a repetition of Mrs. Paston's simple schemes and arts, which she had ample time to play off on Barty Wooler; for she chose, as she said, with a little nod of her ill-balanced head, to chaperon her daughter in the spare room in the lodgings, where Barty Wooler had for the time set up his easel.

Mrs. Paston installed herself as duenna at a respectful distance, so that, while she preserved propriety, she would not be in the way if something did happen.

Phoebe had to shut her eyes to these manœuvres, and struggle to believe that Barty Wooler's eyes were shut to them likewise, while she had to be constantly on the watch to out-manœuvre her mother. In midst of her suffering she remembered clearly and sorrowfully all her former sufferings from the same cause, and the impatient resentment and rancour which they had produced in her. As for Barty, he was always formally apologizing for the number of sittings he had to ask, though there was not one more than was absolutely necessary, as if she must be heartily tired of the task. He was for ever railing at the obligations of a sitting—the long-continued pose, the compulsory yielding to be looked at, the disorder of the veritable workshop. He persisted in taking it for granted that all these were odious to Phoebe.

If he had only known how her heart warmed at realising the least of them again. They were far more than native air and the scenes of her childhood to her. They were dear with all sacred, tender dearness. She sat in the very primrose dress which she had worn as Molly Lepel, feeling it garish and gaudy after her mourning. She was looking down, holding with a drooping hand the handkerchief Barty had given her to hold, as "Peggy, Wife of Lord Balmerino," whom the stout old lord permitted to come and have a last look at him on his way to execution. Phoebe was a world too refined for the homely, somewhat coarse, sensational heroine of the '45; but her air was not out of keeping with the subject of the picture.



a pair of chums when the stooping was on Barty's side. I should say that it was merely a question of time Barty's not having cut out Lord Wriothlesley. If he had come home and settled down sooner, or if Lord Wriothlesley had gone immediately into Parliament, why Barty might have been in the peer's place, and Lord Exmoor delivered from the infliction of a plebeian daughter-in-law."

In the meantime, the Messrs. Clay hobbled up the stairs to the warerooms, among which Barty had contrived to settle himself on his own account, in order to point out to Phœbe the details which she knew a thousand times better than the Messrs. Clay.

The Balmerino was in one of the great warerooms, which presented rows and tiers of huge pack-sheeted bales, and an ample centre space, with one of its side avenues leading to Barty's sitting-room and bedroom.

Barty had already begun to paint Phœbe's figure into the quaint, dismal tragedy. But it did not require more skill and observation than Mrs. Paston possessed to detect at a glance that he was not making an accurate transfer of the likeness. By a few deliberate changes in height and complexion, and a hundred touches imperceptible to the uninitiated, he was breaking up and obscuring the portrait, so that, although it might be a great deal nearer to the buxom afflicted Peggy of Lord Balmerino, it could no longer, save with difficulty, be identified as Phœbe Paston.

"But, but, Mr. Wooler!" stammered Mrs. Paston, "I've not the smallest doubt you are doing the picture every justice, and that this figure is very fine, indeed a deal more strapping than the original, and I could believe to lift the knot from her breast; still it is surely not so good a portrait of Phœbe as the small picture is, and you are not making the two the same. I declare, though I have no doubt it is very stupid of me, I should not know my own child in the group here unless some one had told me previous."

Phœbe did not ask for an explanation, but she looked out of a cloud of perplexity at the two versions of herself.

"I did not want you to know her, Mrs. Paston—at least, I thought the world had better not make the discovery," Barty answered. "On second thoughts, I did

not think Paston would have liked to give an exact portrait of his daughter in a picture which was to be offered for sale. And others might not have liked it," he added shortly. "I shall return the copy to you so soon as I have done with it," he took pains to explain to Phœbe, who could find no other mode for the acceptance of a valuable present which was so stiffly made to her than by a quiet acquiescence.

"Barty did not consult us," announced Mr. Jonathan, taking snuff out of an elegantly chased snuff-box, just as Lord Balmerino's compeers might have done; "but I must express my opinion that he has acted with commendable discretion, both in disguising the likeness in the picture, and in proposing to return the sketch," Mr. Jonathan concluded, looking as if he were in the full confidence of all the parties concerned.

"I agree with my brother," chimed in Mr. David, giving still greater indications of having heard the rumour of Lord Wriothlesley's attachment. "Discretion is always called for on a young lady's behalf, and there are cases when its absence would be unpardonable."

"You see we painters have not the same scruple with regard to men's likenesses," Barty interrupted his uncle somewhat impatiently. "My old friend Caleb had certainly me in his eye when he sketched the rough old Trojan Balmerino. I daresay if I had attained full-blown truculence (if I am not already full-blown in that respect and every other), and if I had got the chance to be executed at the Tower when I was a good deal past my prime, I should have chaffed the officials and the headsman, and compared the spectators to 'rotten oranges' in a very similar strain."

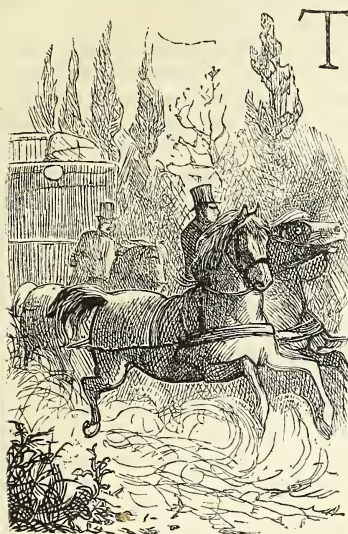
In mischief or in malice, Barty had treated the subject of the bluff rebel so that he had brought out a slight resemblance to himself.

"There is no more correspondence than there might have been between Friar Tuck and Martin Luther," protested Phœbe, hotly and angrily; and then she checked herself, for why should she resent Barty Wooler's doing himself dishonour? Was he not biting his moustache, and looking as if the intrusion of the absurd idea of himself in the character of Balmerino were the active motive in the altered rendering of her?

DEBENHAM'S VOW.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER LIX.—SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS.



THE *Morning Post* (unapproachable for the nice discretion of its prophetic paragraphs) began with vague hints, ventured by degrees upon more definite auguries, and ended by announcing in due stereotyped phrase that "the marriage of Lord De Benham with

Miss Hardwicke, youngest and only surviving daughter of the late Nehemiah Hardwicke, Esq., of Hardwicke Hall, Kent, and Strathellan House, Regent's Park, and niece of the late Alderman Sir Thomas Hardwicke, Knight, of Beechfield House, Hertfordshire, and Bucklersbury, London, was arranged to take place at St. Marylebone parish church on the 25th of next month"—next month being the month of April, 1862, and the paragraph making its appearance in the columns of the *Morning Post* about the end of the third week in March. Most of the daily papers copied the announcement, and all the weeklies; some with allusion to the affair of the *Stormy Petrel*; others with an account, more or less detailed, of the noble and ancient family of the De Benhams; nearly all with some kind of reference to the beauty and wealth of the bride.

For several days after this, Archie stayed away from Kensington, dreading lest he should be questioned as to the truth of the announcement; dreading, above all, the look that he feared he should see in Miss Alleyne's eyes. When at length he could endure to absent himself no longer, he went up late one afternoon; knocked at the door just as it was beginning to get dusk; and, contrary to custom, but greatly to his relief for the moment, was ushered into the painting room. Here he found Mr. and Miss Alleyne

and two fashionable-looking men, evidently strangers—Mr. Alleyne talking; the strangers listening; Miss Alleyne standing by, arranging the drawings in a portfolio.

Archie saw at the first glance that there was an unusual look about the room. There were no colour-tubes lying about; no bits of smeared rag; no cigar ends; none of the ordinary mess and litter of the studio. And there was no smell of turpentine. But there were three easels standing in the best light, side by side, and on each easel there was a picture.

Miss Alleyne looked up as Archie came in, gave him her hand, and said:—

"You are just in time, Mr. Blyth. The pictures go to-morrow."

But Archie had heard nothing about the pictures.

"Where are they going?" he asked. "What pictures are they?"

"Oh, didn't you know?—three pictures that papa has just finished for the Marquis of Sandilands. They are to be exhibited, and must be sent in to-morrow."

And Miss Alleyne, when she had said this, went on sorting the sketches in the portfolio. From the way in which she spoke, and looked, and bent over the drawings—from the very way in which she averted her eyes before she had done speaking to him—Archie felt sure that she knew it. In the meanwhile, Mr. Alleyne recognised him by a nod and went on discoursing.

"Only an artist," he was saying, "can appreciate the difficulty of treating these subjects. I could not make even Lord Sandilands understand why Kameshill, which is one of the most picturesque old houses in England, should need so much management. He would have had me take it full front, with all those windows and terraces, and that immense line of ornamented parapet showing against the sky. 'There, Mr. Alleyne,' he said, 'the house *is* a picture. You have only to paint it as you see it.' I replied that I must treat the subject in my own way. 'I have heard, my lord,' I said, 'of an artist who painted a profile portrait of a Polynesian chief, and was hung for treasonably depicting royalty with only half a face. Now, although I apprehend no such summary vengeance at your lordship's hands, I prefer to tell you beforehand that I must

take Kameshill at an angle, and throw those endless parallels into perspective—or not take it at all.”

“By Jove, now, that wasn’t bad!” said one of the strangers; a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with mustachios some nine inches in length. “I should like to have seen Sandilands’ face when you compared him to the South Sea islander.”

“But I thought he knew so much about pictures, and statues, and all those things,” remarked the other—a red-headed young man with a glass in his eye. “The house in Park Lane is full of them.”

“It is one thing, Sir Reginald, to judge of a picture when it is painted, and another to tell beforehand how it ought to be painted,” said Mr. Alleyne.

“Ah, no doubt. For instance, I know whether a coat fits or don’t fit—no one better; but I’ll be hanged if I could tell you how to cut it out.”

“That great and good man, George the Fourth, would have beaten you there, then, my dear fellow,” said the gentleman who had spoken first; “for he used to cut out his own august coats with his own royal hands. He was a great friend of the late marquis, Mr. Alleyne. I remember they used to show a suite of rooms at Kameshill, called the Prince Regent’s apartments.”

“They are called so still,” replied Mr. Alleyne. “And there is a delightful room overlooking the Italian Garden that used to be Sheridan’s room. I had it all the time I was down there last autumn.”

Then turning to Archie, he said:—

“So I hear, Mr. Blyth, that your friend Lord De Benham is to marry Miss Hardwicke.”

It had come now, with a vengeance. Archie coloured crimson.

“Ah, you saw that in the *Morning Post*,” he said, confusedly.

“And in a dozen other papers. I suppose it is true?”

“Well—yes; I suppose so.”

His ears tingled as he spoke. He did not dare to look at Miss Alleyne. In the meanwhile, the two strangers, hearing him addressed as a friend of De Benham, were observing him with some curiosity; and this added to his confusion.

“I am glad of it,” said Mr. Alleyne. “He ought to be a very happy man. He gets both beauty and fortune. Miss Hardwicke, I think, is your cousin, Mr. Blyth?”

“A sort of cousin,” said Archie, hesitatingly, “once or twice removed.”

He would have been glad just at that moment to deny the relationship altogether, if with truth he could have done so.

“I certainly never saw so handsome a woman,” continued Mr. Alleyne. “If I were twenty years younger, I should inevitably break my heart for her.”

And now the visitors went away, conducted by Mr. Alleyne, who took them into the dining-room *en passant* to see a genuine Constable that he had just picked up in some obscure part of the town. For Mr. Alleyne loved to buy a good picture now and then, and had some of which he was justly proud—an undoubted Sir Joshua, and a Roman bit by Wilson, among the rest.

“We have had people coming and going in this way all yesterday and to-day,” said Miss Alleyne, when they had left the room. “And they are all so stupid, and they all say the same things. It is weary work!”

“So I should think,” said Archie. And there he stopped. He could not have started a fresh topic to save his life; yet he would have given anything to be able to go on talking.

Miss Alleyne closed the folio abruptly, and went and stood by the stove; for the studio was warmed by a German stove up in the darkest corner—a square, white-tiled stove, with a long black chimney going out through the wall. Miss Alleyne, as she bent over the fire, stood with her back to Archie and to the pictures.

“Mr. Blyth,” she said presently, and the voice in which she spoke was very low—as low as a whisper—but quite clear and steady; “why did you not tell me?”

“How could I?” said Archie. “How could I give you that pain?”

“Pain!” she repeated quickly. “But when there is pain to be borne, is it not better that one should bear it at once, and get it over?”

To this, Archie, not feeling sure that the pain would have been so readily got over, said nothing.

“How long have you known it?” she said next.

“Not many weeks.”

“How many weeks? Three—four—six?”

“About five or six.”

“And they are to be married in a month—in less than a month. How strange it seems!”

Again Archie was silent; partly because he perceived that she was speaking more to herself than to him; partly, also, from a vague consciousness that the less he said the better it might be.

When she next spoke, it was again to ask a question; and this time her voice wavered a little.

"Do you think she will make him—happy?"

"I—upon my word, I can't tell," said Archie. "I shouldn't think so. She would not make me happy, I know."

"But if she loves him"

Archie shrugged his shoulders.

"And if he loves her"

"I don't believe he cares for her one bit," said Archie, bluntly; "nor she for him."

Miss Alleyne turned suddenly, with a look almost of terror in her face. "Oh no, Mr. Blyth," she exclaimed, "you do not mean that! It is impossible."

"I do mean it. It is just a marriage of convenience—he buys money, and she buys rank. So far as I can see, there is not even a pretence of love on either side."

Miss Alleyne sat down, and covered her face with her hands.

"How horrible!" she said, shuddering.

"People do it every day."

"But what people? Not such as—as"

Archie bit his lip, not to say the bitter thing that came first.

"Not people who are true and faithful," he replied. "Not such as yourself, Miss Alleyne."

"True and faithful!" she repeated, with a heavy sigh. "It seems to me that I shall never believe in truth or fidelity again."

"Don't say that, Miss Alleyne—pray, don't say that! There is one at least who would be true—for ever—no matter what happened—who loves you a thousand times better than De Benham ever loved you There! I know I ought not to have said it. I know it's of no use I've gone and made an ass of myself, and now you'll tell me not to come to the house any more, and I shall be the most miserable dog in London."

"Oh, Mr. Blyth! I am so sorry."

It was all she said; but in her face there was surprise and compassion, and in her voice, infinite sweetness.

"Are you sorry? Then don't send me away."

At this moment Mr. Alleyne came back, pleased and smiling.

"Two very agreeable, gentlemanly fellows, those," he said; "Colonel Bamfylde and Sir Reginald Galbraith—acquaintances of Lord Sandilands. They have invited me to dine with them to-morrow evening at the Erec-theum. That Sir Reginald is a young man of fine position and still finer prospects—a baronet; owner of large estates up in the

north; and heir presumptive to his cousin, the Earl of Invercairn. His mother, if I remember rightly, was a Carnegie. He has the Carnegie eyes and hair. I have no other engagement for to-morrow—have I, Juliet? None, certainly, of any importance, or I should have remembered it."

"You had asked Mr. Prosser and his brother for the evening," replied Miss Alleyne.

"Mr. Prosser and his brother? Ah, well—you can write a line to put them off. By the way, I promised to lend that young Prosser my Prout's 'Light and Shadow.' You can send it round with the note. And now, my love, as I presume we have done with visitors for to-day, I hope you are going to give us some tea."

But Archie grasped his hat, and declared that he must go.

"What, so soon? Well, I fear the tea has been in the drawing-room since four, and is no longer worth pressing upon you. Will you dine with us on Sunday, *jeune homme*?"

Poor Archie! it was the first time Mr. Alleyne had ever invited him to dinner; and the invitation, as he well knew, indicated a high degree of favour. He would have given his ears to accept it. He hesitated. He stole a furtive glance at Miss Alleyne, who had gone back to the folio, and was tying it up, busily. Then, sorely tempted though he was, he declined.

"I—I'm afraid I mustn't next Sunday," he said. "I am very sorry. I should like it above everything."

And again he glanced at Miss Alleyne. The least look or smile of welcome would have been enough; but neither look nor smile were forthcoming. So he went away disconsolate.

"I wish you were not in such haste," said Mr. Alleyne, accompanying him to the door. "I wanted you to tell me all about this wedding—is it true that the lady has two hundred thousand pounds?"

"Oh, more—ever so much more," replied Archie, half-way down the steps.

"*Que diable!* What a matrimonial prize—a woman who is as rich as if she was ugly, and as beautiful as if she was poor!"

But Archie was already out of hearing; so Mr. Alleyne, who hated his good things to be lost, went back and repeated the epigram for his daughter's benefit.

Ah, me! how hard it is sometimes to listen, and smile, and stay the wandering thoughts! Mr. Alleyne little guessed with how heavy a heart his pretty Juliet praised that sorry jest.

In the meanwhile, Archie turned away from the house, cursing his unlucky stars, and despairing over the folly he had committed. What demon prompted him to speak at such a moment? Never, surely, since he had gone backwards and forwards to the house, could he have fallen upon a more evil hour for his declaration. Had he not been telling himself all along that his only chance—if indeed he had any chance at all—must be far, far distant, when De Benham's marriage was over, and things had fallen back into their accustomed grooves? Had he not resolved within himself to wait and serve in silence, earning her friendship, deserving her trust, surrounding her with small observances, and betraying himself by no word or look till the time came when he felt that he might speak out the love that was in him? And now—fool that he was!—had he not thrown his chance away, perhaps for ever?

He would have patronised the roof of an omnibus most nights, and gone back to town *sub Jove*, blissfully smoking his cigar; but he was in no mood just now for those cheap metropolitan joys. So he set off walking fast and furiously, not without a strong inclination to knock his head against every wall he came to; and chewed the bitter cud of his reflections by the way.

Striding eastward and, like a born Londoner, instinctively taking the most direct road, he went through Kensington Gardens, struck across the Park to Grosvenor Gate and followed the line of Grosvenor Street, intending to enter Regent Street by Maddox Street, and so steer his way home through Oxford Street, Great Russell Street, and Southampton Row. By the time he had crossed the Park and got to Grosvenor Gate, the lamplighters were going their rounds and it was getting rapidly dusk. In Grosvenor Street he slackened his pace a little, having walked off some of his impatience; and as he crossed Bond Street into Lower Maddox Street, going up towards St. George's Hanover Square, there came upon him agreeable reminiscences of a certain smoking mixture which he remembered to have bought once upon a time over the counter of a gloomy little tobacconist's shop in an equally gloomy little side street called Mill Street, which runs down at an angle at the back of the church and opens into Conduit Street just against that corner shop where dwelt whilome one Rodwell, beloved of book-fanciers. Following the bent of his reminiscence, Archie then turned aside, sought and found the shop, and requested the Israelitish damsel in at-

tendance to provide him with half a pound of the mixture aforesaid. This transaction effected, he purchased also a cigar, and lit it by the aid of a little gas-jet in a glass shade placed especially for that purpose at the door of the shop.

Now it happened that the shop was ill-lighted and the street at this point narrow and dark, so that the daylight having quite faded from above, this little gas-jet cast quite a friendly gleam across the pavement. Standing beside the gleam, though not in the path of it, Archie, having lit his cigar and put his half-pound of mixture in his pocket, then waited for a few moments at the door, looking out absently, and thinking still of the unlucky thing that he had done.

Presently a Hansom cab came rattling at full speed round by the church, and drew up at the entrance of Mill Street, about eight houses from the tobacconist's. From this cab a gentleman alighted somewhat slowly and feebly, examined the contents of his purse under the street-lamp at the corner, and paid the driver. It was now so dark and his thoughts were so busy elsewhere, that until his attention was arrested by something familiar in the gentleman's appearance and something odd in his manner of proceeding, Archie saw, but saw without observing, this commonest of street incidents.

The gentleman, it has been said, alighted and dismissed his cab. He then, however, stood still for some seconds, looking anxiously back in the direction by which he had come, and up Maddox Street towards Regent Street to the left, and down Mill Street towards Conduit Street straight ahead—like a man anxious to escape observation, and to make certain that he is not being followed. This done, he came down Mill Street, stooping somewhat in his gait, and passed the tobacconist's door so closely that if Archie had not involuntarily drawn back their coats would have almost brushed together as he went by.

At that moment the light of the gas jet fell full upon him, and Archie recognised De Benham.

First surprise, then blank wonder, kept Archie for the moment from darting out upon his friend and hailing him, as at any other time he would have done. He waited—looked after him—watched him to the corner of Conduit Street, and there saw him pause again, and again look cautiously round in every direction as before. Then, having satisfied himself, apparently, that he was not being tracked, he crossed over, following the con-

tinuation of Mill Street on the other side of the road. But before he was halfway across Conduit Street, Archie was at his heels.

CHAPTER LX.—AN INVALID'S WHIM.

THE continuation of Mill Street after crossing Conduit Street inclines a little to the right, narrows presently into an alley for foot-passengers, and ends in a covered way opening upon the north end of Saville Row. It is just one of those odd, grimy little nooks and corners which are the delight of curiosity-hunters and lovers of bookstall literature, no less than of business men, telegraphic messengers, and the rest of that hurried class which is always in search of a short cut. It was down this alley and through this covered passage that Archie followed Temple De Benham into Saville Row.

Where could he be going at this hour, in the dark, with so much precaution? Why all this care not to be seen? Why all this mystery? It is to be feared that Archie, when he started in pursuit of his friend's footsteps, never stopped to ask himself whether, if mystery there were, he had any right to attempt to search out the heart of it.

Meanwhile De Benham crossed the turning to New Burlington Street and went down the east side of Saville Row. Archie followed, on the opposite pavement. About half-way down, De Benham suddenly stopped and looked round. Archie, on the watch for some such movement, fell back into the shelter of a doorway, and waited as if to be let in. Then De Benham quickened his pace; hurried on a few yards farther; knocked at the door of a house that seemed rather larger than most of its neighbours; and was immediately admitted.

It was a gloomy-looking house, showing no gleam of light from any of its numerous windows. Archie crossed over and examined it. There was a brass plate upon the door, and a brass number. He could just distinguish the number; but there was no street-lamp near, and the night was now so dark that he found it impossible to make out the name upon the plate. He even took off his glove and tried to feel out the letters, but in vain. Just then, a policeman came by and looked at him suspiciously. At the same moment he heard a sound of footsteps and voices within; so he darted down the steps with as much alacrity as if he had been contemplating a burglary. He then went as far as the entrance to the Albany, and there waited for a quarter of an hour or more, watching the house, and wondering how soon De Benham would come

out. Soon it began to rain heavily; whereupon Archie abandoned his post, turned off into Vigo Street, and took refuge in a decent-looking little coffee-shop, where he called for half a pint of coffee and the Post-office London Directory.

He soon found what he sought—the street, the number, and the name. And the name was familiar to him, for it was that of a famous surgeon, a baronet, an author, a man of European reputation; one of the shining lights of the scientific world—Sir Bartholomew Baxter.

So now the mystery was explained, and Archie, as he sipped his coffee, wondered that he had not guessed it from the first. Was not Saville Row peopled with healers of men? and was not De Benham, despite his asseverations to the contrary, not only in bad health, but, as it should seem, in just that stage of bad health when, without apparently having anything definite the matter with him, a man seems daily to take less and less hold upon life? That he should visit his doctor by stealth was of one piece, after all, with his obstinacy in refusing to admit that he was ailing. The incomprehensible thing, however, was that any sensible man should feel ashamed of being ill. For if he was not ashamed of it, what other motive could he have in denying it? Was he unwilling to alarm his mother? If so, he might be quite sure that his looks had already alarmed that tender heart quite sufficiently. Or was it that, being on the eve of marriage, he feared lest any confession of illness on his part might give cause for delay?

Well, be all this as it might, it was some satisfaction to know that De Benham was taking care of himself at last, and that he had placed himself in such good hands as those of Sir Bartholomew Baxter.

Having settled these questions with himself, Archie dismissed the subject from his mind; and but for something that happened about a week later, would almost have forgotten it.

Now, all the world knows that the renowned Mr. Poole who lights up so beautifully on the evening of every ninth of November, and who is justly proud of the privilege of making coats and other garments for a certain High and Puissant and deservedly popular Personage, hath his shop—or, more politely, his place of business—in Saville Row. Those who do not know this fact—who are not penetrated, so to speak, with the fame and praise of Poole and his "so-potent art"—are simply barbarians, anthropophagi,

dwellers in Cimmerian darkness. Not so Archibald Blyth. He had long since worshipped from afar off. He had long since cherished a fond but hopeless ambition. That ambition he now resolved for once to gratify.

He would have a suit from Poole, to wear at De Benham's wedding.

The occasion justified the deed. Never again, most surely, would it be Archie's destiny to act as best man to a lord.

So he repaired again to Saville Row about a week after the date of his evening adventure; and this time he went very early in the morning, between eight and nine o'clock, going all that distance out of his way before business-hours in the City. Mr. Poole's aristocratic *employés* were themselves only just arriving, and doubtless took it somewhat ill that any customer should intrude upon them at that unwonted season. Archie, however, gave his order; was measured; and came forth rejoicing; and lo! as he emerged once more upon the street, he found himself face to face with Temple De Benham.

"What!—Archie?" said De Benham, evidently disconcerted. "Who would have dreamed of meeting you here—and at this hour of the morning!"

"Is that so wonderful? Well now, the last time I met *you* here, it was in the evening; and you were going into Sir Bartholomew Baxter's."

De Benham changed colour.

"What do you mean?" he said, angrily. "What business . . ."

And having got so far, he checked himself in some confusion.

But Archie, remembering that he had to do with a sick man, already regretted the retort.

"What business is it of mine?" he said, gently. "Well, it is so far my business that I am thankful to know you are at last doing the right thing. What does Sir Bartholomew say to you?"

"You are gratuitously assuming that I went to him as a patient," said De Benham, looking more and more annoyed.

"Of course, I assume it. But there!—keep your own counsel, if you prefer it."

They were strolling slowly up the street as they talked; and now, having reached the top, turned as by tacit agreement, and strolled slowly back again. Not till they had so turned, did De Benham speak again.

"If I do keep my own counsel, Archie," he said at length, "it is from no want of regard, or gratitude, towards yourself. I do

not forget how you nursed me day and night when I was sick, and helpless, and almost dying. I can never forget that, dear old fellow." (And here he put his hand affectionately through Archie's arm.) "But—but it may be that I am more nervous about myself than I need be—and without sufficient cause—and that, having made up my mind to say nothing to any one . . . I'm sure, however, you understand what I mean."

"I don't know what you wish me to understand," said Archie, bluntly; "but what I *do* understand is, that you believe yourself to be in a bad way, and wish to keep it secret from every one but the doctor."

De Benham almost stamped with impatience.

"No—no—no," he said, irritably. "You wholly misapprehend me. I do not believe that I am in a bad way. I don't doubt that I even fancy myself worse than I am. And I *know* that I have no kind of organic disease—none whatever. Sir Bartholomew Baxter assures me of it."

"Then I can't see why . . ."

"That is precisely it. You can't see why I should be reserved about it; and I can't make you see why—except that it is just an invalid's whim. Still, an invalid's whim, I should suppose, is reason enough."

"Oh, certainly."

"You'll oblige me by saying nothing about it?"

"About what?" said Archie.

"Well—about our present conversation."

"All right. I won't mention it."

"Nor—nor yet about Sir Bartholomew Baxter."

Archie gave the required promises; but added that he wished he could know for certain that De Benham was less ill than he looked.

"It doesn't matter how I look," De Benham replied, "so long as there is nothing organically wrong. Change of air and scene are all I need. Before I have been a month away, I shall be stronger than ever."

And then he looked at his watch, and declared that he had not another moment to spare.

"I have an appointment," he said, "at a quarter before nine; and it is that already."

"You're just at the door, however," replied Archie, taking his destination for granted.

Again De Benham reddened, and looked vexed.

"Very true," he said, hastily. "Very true. By the way, Sir Bartholomew doesn't know

who I am, or anything about me—so be sure you never come inquiring if I am here, or anything of that sort.”

“No, no—not I.”

“And you will keep your promises faithfully, I know.”

To which Archie once more responded, “All right;” and then, being arrived at Sir Bartholomew’s house, they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER LXI.—ANTE-NUPTIAL.

THE month that elapsed between the date of the announcement in the *Morning Post* and the eventful twenty-fifth of April, went by as such intervals are wont to go by; that is to say busily, and therefore quickly. Miss Hardwicke was absorbed for the most part in the ordering of her trousseau, and De Benham in the study of estimates, architectural drawings, and so forth; for he was now fast setting the works on foot at Benhampton, and arranging how they should be carried forward in his absence. His mother, too, for whose use a special *suite* of rooms was to be prepared in the new building, had decided to settle meanwhile in a furnished house that happened just then to be vacant about halfway between Monmouth and Benhampton; and he was anxious to establish her in her new home before he left England. It was a pretty little house enough, with a garden, a paddock, and accommodation for a pony and chaise; but it wanted many comforts, to supply which took up no small share of the young man’s time and thoughts. And then, besides all this, there were settlements to be drawn up, and a world of subsidiary matters to be attended to on all hands.

It so happened, therefore, that the engaged people did not see very much of each other in these days. De Benham was continually going down into Monmouthshire; and by-and-by Miss Hardwicke also left town, having elected to spend the last fortnight of her maiden life at her brother’s seat in Kent—an old, rambling, gabled, turreted, red-brick mansion of the Elizabethan period, purchased by her father some forty years before.

De Benham, however, ran over twice to Hardwicke Hall in the course of that last fortnight; arriving the first time about an hour before dinner and leaving early the next morning, and remaining the second time from Saturday to Monday. But there was even then so much business to be discussed, that his visits had in them as little of the character of a lover’s visits as can well be

imagined. Their talk when they were together was of wings and gateways, machicolations and battlements, capitals, mouldings, traceries, and the like; sometimes, also, of investments and land; but of happy years to come, and tender promises, and sweet hopes reaching far into the golden future—never.

Still, De Benham went creditably through the business of his part; especially on the occasion of his last visit to Hardwicke Hall—going to Church on the Sunday, for instance, and sitting next to Claudia in the great cushioned family pew, at both morning and afternoon service; sharing her hymn-book when they sang; walking with her in the grounds after luncheon; and fulfilling all those devoirs and observances due from an engaged man towards the lady by whom he is to be made happy in less than a week. For when De Benham went down into Kent that Saturday afternoon, they were to be married in London on the following Thursday.

Yet, even now, as he walked by her, and talked to her, and sat with her, and called her by her name, it seemed to him as if he could not believe that she was in truth to be his wife—that in the course of a few more days they two were to be indissolubly united—that for at least the next eight or ten months, if not for a still longer time, they were to be utterly alone together, strangers in strange lands—strangers even to each other. What should they talk about, he sometimes asked himself, in those long evenings which they must soon be spending together in solitary Swiss and Italian hotels? What pursuits, what tastes were they likely to have in common? Should he ever know her much more intimately than he knew her now? And then he thought with a kind of blank despair of that far-off time when, if they both lived, they should both have grown old and weary—wearied of the long years, and wearied of each other.

“I really think we had better push on at once for Amiens,” said he, as they sat together that Sunday evening with a travelling map of Europe spread out between them on the table. “We leave London Bridge, you see, by the tidal train at twelve, and arrive at Boulogne at six thirty-five. A couple of hours more would carry us to Amiens, where, instead of the dirt and noise of Boulogne, we find a quaint old town, and a fine cathedral.”

“I detest Boulogne,” said Miss Hardwicke.

“You don’t think it would make the journey too fatiguing?”

“Not for me. We have generally gone through to Paris without stopping.”

"Our rooms in Paris are engaged," said De Benham. "I have stipulated for a *salon* overlooking the garden of the Tuileries."

"That will be very pleasant," she replied.

And then, for a few minutes, they were both silent. Mr. Hardwicke, meanwhile, was dozing over his paper in the adjoining drawing-room.

"I have calculated that we shall be at Lucerne about Saturday week," De Benham said, presently. "That is allowing five whole days in Paris, one day from Paris to Troyes, another from Troyes to Basle, and the last from Basle to Lucerne."

"The best hotel at Lucerne," said Miss Hardwicke, "is the Schweizerhof."

"I fear there is not much novelty for you in Switzerland, Claudia," said De Benham.

"I don't care for novelty," she replied, indifferently.

"The greater part of Italy, however, will be new to you."

"Yes. I know only Florence and Milan."

"See," said De Benham, running his finger along the map as he spoke, "here lies our route:—Florence—Rome—Naples—Sicily—Cephalonia—Corinth—Athens—the Dardanelles—Constantinople. Now we reach our limit, and begin to turn our faces westward. Constantinople to Trieste by steamer—Venice—Vienna—Prague—Dresden—Berlin—the Hague—Amsterdam—home."

"It is an immense journey" said Miss Hardwicke.

"We are not obliged to carry out our programme; we can turn back when we please."

"Of course."

And then they were silent again.

"We have undertaken a still longer journey together, Claudia," De Benham said, presently, trying hard to infuse some little tenderness into his voice. "I trust it will be a—happy one."

"I trust so too," she answered; 'not lifting her eyes, however, from the map.

"It depends, I suppose, upon ourselves."

"I suppose so."

He looked at her as if he would read her through and through; but there was nothing to read—not the slightest passing tremor, not the faintest variation of colour. Her voice was as level, her attitude as indifferent, as if they were discussing probabilities of rain or sunshine.

Just then the Twin Giants made their appearance, each carrying a mahogany form, which he placed close against the front drawing-room door. Then came the butler with a reading-desk and a pyramid of prayer-books,

and deposited the same with much solemnity upon the table at which his master was sitting; the women-servants followed next, in order of domestic precedence; and lastly the two coachmen and three grooms. The household being now all assembled, De Benham and Claudia came in from the farther drawing-room, and Mr. Hardwicke read prayers.

Then the servants trooped out again in single file; the bedroom candles were brought; and Mr. Hardwicke, having invited De Benham to a cigar in the library, discreetly withdrew.

"It is good-bye, Claudia, as well as good-night," said the young man, when they were left alone. "I shall be gone to-morrow morning before your breakfast hour."

"You really take the first train?"

"I must, in order that my mother may not be travelling too late."

"Lady De Benham has not yet seen her house?"

"Not yet; nor has she visited Benhampton since my father was buried there."

"I hope she will like the cottage," said Miss Hardwicke.

"Aye—and the servants, and the pony and chaise . . . if she is not too lonely."

"It will amuse her to watch the progress of the building."

"Yes—and she will have my letters. . . . However, this is but a flying visit. I bring her back again on Wednesday."

Miss Hardwicke took up her candle.

"You also go to town on Wednesday?" said De Benham.

"At the latest."

"Then we meet no more till Thursday morning—in the church, Claudia."

And as he said this, De Benham took her hand, and tried again to make his accents sound more lover-like.

Miss Hardwicke smiled faintly.

"Good-night," she said, withdrawing her hand, and moving towards the door.

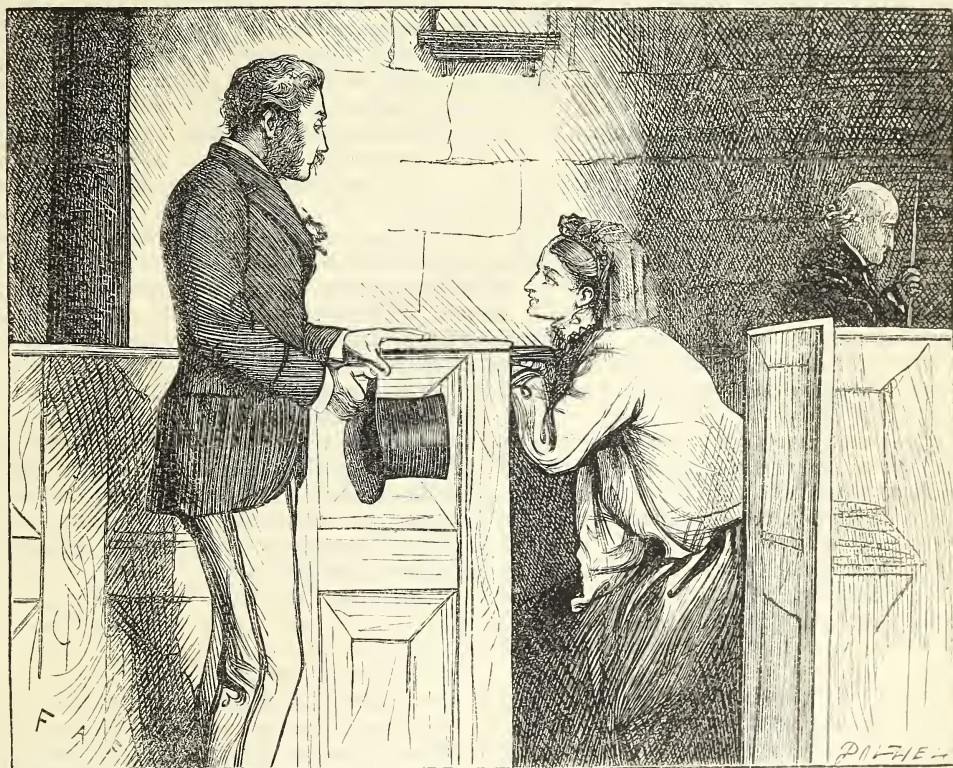
"Good-night," he replied, and touched her cheek lightly with his lips. And then he went down for half-an-hour and smoked a cigarette with his future brother-in-law in the big Gothic library down-stairs.

He left the house next morning before seven, and was driven to the station by Mr. Hardwicke. Claudia, who never breakfasted before nine, was not even awake when he went away. All that day his mother and he were travelling down to Monmouth, and in the evening they supped together in a sitting-room of the Beaufort Arms hotel, overlooking

the market place. The next morning they started early, and went to see the little home that he had prepared for her use:—a charming cottage embowered in roses, with a rustic verandah, a thatched roof, and a garden nearly two acres in extent. Here Lady De Benham found on the walls engravings from her favourite pictures; in the bookcase, copies of her favourite authors; in her stable and coach-house, a shaggy-looking pony and a basket-chaise, with a seat behind for the smart groom who stood by, hat in hand, waiting to put the pony in and drive his new

mistress to Benhampton. Seeing with what love and care her son had provided all these things for her comfort, Lady De Benham tried to forget for awhile that she was so soon to be parted from him, and to be as happy as he desired that she should be.

From the cottage, they drove in the new chaise to Benhampton, where they found a crowd of masons already at work upon the outer walls, and a clerk of the works established in the little nook which used to be occupied by the Bowstead family. Having gone over every part of the ruins, and com-



Page 2-1.

pared the existing remains with the architect's plans and drawings, they then walked down the hill together, to the church. Here Lady De Benham, who had crossed that threshold but once before, and then on the saddest day in all her life, knelt down under the north window against the chancel, bowed her face upon her hands, and murmured a prayer over the spot where lay the husband of her youth.

"It was nearly twenty years ago," she said, rising up, pale and tearful. "Twenty sorrowful years ago—but it seems like yesterday."

"It was yesterday—it is to-day," replied her son, mournfully. "There is no past for those who love."

They walked round the church, and looked at the monuments.

"They were a goodly family," said Lady De Benham; "and you, Temple, are the last of their name and race."

"I would I were not so," he replied, gloomily.

"It seems incredible that—that *he* should be no nearer to us now, and no more, than one of these."

"Nay, mother, one may do worse than go over to so noble a majority."

Lady De Benham shook her head, and smiled sadly.

"Alas! my son," she said. "A majority of dust and ashes!"

The young man looked round, and his eye kindled.

"Diamond dust, then—every grain of it!" he said, proudly. "See, mother—two years ago I stood before that altar, in the presence of these dead, and I vowed, because they were my people and for the sake of the name I bore, to win back the lands they had won; and to build up the house they had built; and to be, for their honour more than for my own, De Benham of Benhampton. I have kept my vow—in two years—in two short years!"

As he said this, his colour changed and he leaned against a pillar for support.

"It is nothing," he faltered. "Only the old giddiness."

"Your hand is cold—you tremble! Oh, the fatal vow! I see it all now—and you have sacrificed your health to keep it."

"I would do it again," he answered, recovering himself by an effort. "I would sacrifice all that I have sacrificed twice over—aye, ten times over—to achieve the same end."

"Heaven grant that you have not sacrificed your happiness too, my own boy!" said Lady De Benham, with a pang of apprehension. "I have sometimes feared of late . . ."

He interrupted her by an imperious gesture.

"Hush!" he exclaimed. "Not a word of that, mother. Shall we go out into the air?"

CHAPTER LXII.—A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

THE morning of the 25th of April dawned grey, and misty, and cold. To say that it rained would be incorrect, and to say that it was merely damp would be even less true. But an almost inappreciable and constantly descending moisture filled the atmosphere, clouded the windows, brought down the blacks by myriads, and covered pavements, and balconies, and iron railings, with a horrible cold perspiration. The streets looked inexpressibly dismal—only a little less dismal than the squares. The parks—especially the Regent's Park—were sloughs of despond. It was a day to chill the marrow in one's bones, to promote emigration, to foster meditations upon suicide, to do anything, in short, but get married.

De Benham, rising at seven after an almost sleepless night, sick and shivering from his tub, stealing noiselessly past his mother's bedroom-door, and tearing down to Saville Row in a Hansom before eight, looked out upon the dreary pavement and the murky sky with a kind of grim satisfaction. For in his heart all was gloom and despondency, and the cheerless weather befitted the cheerlessness of his mood.

"Do you think I shall live?" he said, abruptly, having been closeted with Sir Bartholomew Baxter for some ten minutes or more, and rising to take his leave.

"Certainly, if you are but commonly careful of your general health," replied the great man.

"I will try to be so."

"You ought not, for instance, to travel in such weather as this. Can you not put off your journey till to-morrow?"

"Impossible."

"Why impossible, when to do so is essential to . . ."

"Because at half-past ten this morning I am to be hung, and at twelve precisely my remains are to be conveyed out of the country," interrupted De Benham, with a bitter smile; "that is to say, I am about to be married."

Sir Bartholomew looked the surprise which he was too polite to express.

"In that case," he said, "I cannot do better for you than pass you on to my friend, Dr. Cherbuliez, of Paris. See him daily, as long as you remain there; and, for the rest, avoid all extremes of climate, and lead the simplest life in your power."

"Many thanks," said De Benham. "I will do my best. Good morning, Sir Bartholomew."

"Good morning, Mr. Temple."

And then "Mr. Temple" got into his cab, was driven home at a gallop, and stole up again to his bedroom before Lady De Benham dreamed that he was more than half way through his morning toilette.

In the meanwhile Claudia, seated before her glass and surrounded by her tirewomen, scarcely observed the weather. She saw that the day was dull, but she did not even know that it was cold. For to the luxurious bedrooms of Strathellan House, with their double windows and doors, heavy *portière* curtains, and carpets of Wilton and Axminster pile, no chill or damp from the outer world could possibly penetrate.

As she sat thus—one of her maids brushing her long hair, another going noiselessly to and fro between the bedroom and dressing-

room, finishing the packing of her travelling trunks; the dressmaker and the dressmaker's assistant waiting in respectful silence till it should come to their turn to attire her in that gorgeous dress of creamy satin and delicate lace already displayed upon the bed—Claudia Hardwicke leaned back with half-closed eyes and folded hands, and told herself that she was well content with the life she had chosen.

Estimating her beauty and fortune at their value, she had resolved from her earliest childhood to achieve position. It was the one good thing which she prized above all other good things of the world. Living ever among moneyed citizens, she had come to aspire almost passionately to that purer and finer air in which the upper ten thousand live and have their being. And now this good thing was to be hers; this finer air to be her daily atmosphere. Already she saw herself mistress of a spacious town-house in Grosvenor or Portman Square, going to court, driving in the Park with her powdered footmen and her coroneted carriage, entertaining, visiting, presiding over the opening festivities at Benhampton Castle, holding her own among the noblest in the land.

And even now, as she sat before her glass, she had but to lift her eyes and feast them with evidences of this brilliant future. On yonder chair stood her new dressing-case (one of her brother's many costly gifts), with its superb fittings of gold and ivory—every stopper, every lid, every hairbrush in it, engraved with her coronet and cipher. On the dressing-table before her, grouped in two large cases, lay Mr. Hardwicke's latest offering—a suite of emeralds and pearls, necklace and tiara, earrings, bracelets, and brooch; a truly royal gift, brought to her bedside this very morning before she was awake, and entered in Emmanuel's books at a price not to be expressed in less than five numerals. And there, too, upon another table close by, lay heaped a variety of other presents, all more or less declaratory of the wealth of the donors.

As Claudia Hardwicke looked round upon these things, and thought these thoughts, a feeling of triumph swelled in her heart, and again she told herself that she had done well and wisely, and that her lot in life was pre-eminently fortunate.

Let it not be concluded, however, that the man whom she was about to marry went for nothing in this estimate. He stood in it for an important item. Miss Hardwicke was proud of Temple De Benham—proud of his ancient and noble descent, of his seniority

among his peers, of his personal gifts, of his resolute character, his gallantry, his enterprise, his success. She compared him with the men whom she had met in society, and she knew that she preferred him before them all. Lord Stockbridge, though an Earl and a man of fashion, was not to be named in the same breath. Of love, in the true acceptation of the word—intense, devoted, passionate, irresponsible—Miss Hardwicke knew nothing, and desired to know nothing. Had any one ventured to tell her that she was even capable of such love, she would have deemed herself insulted by the supposition. But she knew herself to be capable of a decided preference, and this preference she accorded without reservation to Temple De Benham.

So the morning hours wore on, and bride and bridegroom, and many a guest in different parts of the town, prepared for the feast, and put on their wedding garments; for there were between thirty and forty invited to the ceremony, and a hundred and fifty to the breakfast; and in the evening there was to be an immense party, and dancing in the great ball-room built out by Mr. Hardwicke when his sister came of age. Meanwhile, Gunter's men, in shirt-sleeves and aprons, were busy in the dining-room preparing the breakfast; and in Marylebone Church were pew-openers bustling to and fro, dusting the hassocks, uncovering the altar-cloth, and putting things straight in the vestry; and the curates, in a flutter of expectation, were awaiting the arrival of the Right Rev. Lord Bishop, who was to perform the ceremony; and the beadle was arraying himself, like Solomon, in all his glory; and chill and shivering were the bridesmaids as they made their appearance by ones and twos at Strathellan House, and were received by Mr. Hardwicke in the drawing-room.

And here, for the benefit of such as delight in fashionable intelligence, it may be mentioned that there were eight of these young ladies attired in clouds of diaphanous *tulle*, and veils, and wreaths of pink and white roses—like eight inferior brides: and that one of them (the oldest and ugliest) was an honourable. The next day's *Morning Post* described them vaguely, but poetically, as a "galaxy."

At length, when the bride was dressed and ready, and the guests had driven off in advance, and the bridesmaids had been packed into two carriages and sent on by themselves, there came a moment when Mr. Hardwicke and his sister were left in the drawing-room alone. It was but a moment,

and he seized it to say one last word to her in the home that had been his and hers together.

"Claudia—my own sister—my darling!" he faltered. "I pray that you may be happy."

"I am happy," she answered, smiling.

"I thank God for it," said Mr. Hardwicke, solemnly.

He would fain have embraced her once more; but he could not kiss her cheek, because of her veil; nor her hands, because they were gloved; so he took up a corner of the veil and pressed it to his lips; and as he did so the tears were running down his cheeks.

"My lady's carriage waits," said the butler, flinging open the door, and giving his mistress her title by anticipation.

The next minute they were driving through the Park in the big, old-fashioned chariot, which for some years past they had only used on state occasions.

Damp and greasy were the steps of Marylebone Church; shivering and shabby was the crowd about the porch; frosty were the noses of the galaxy drawn up in order within. Yet were these discomforts momentarily forgotten as the bride swept up the nave leaning upon the arm of her brother, and the bridesmaids fell into procession behind her, and the organ began to play softly, and the Bishop opened his book, and the bridegroom came forward in his place. Then the ceremony began immediately, and a sudden hush fell upon the whole church.

Near the altar stood Lady De Benham, Mr. Hardwicke, Archie Blyth, and the parents of the bridesmaids. The rest of the guests filled the nearest pews; and the strangers, of whom there was a large number, crowded the side aisles and galleries.

Archie's eyes were wandering, meanwhile, all over the church in search of Miss Alleyne.

"I mean to be there on Thursday," she had said to him a day or two before. "You will not see me; but I shall be looking on all the time from some dark corner."

And then Archie had remonstrated, advising her against it as earnestly as he dared; but she put his remonstrances and his advice somewhat pre emptorily aside.

"I have promised myself that I will be present at this marriage, Mr. Blyth," she said, "and I mean to be present. Nay, do not look so apprehensive! Do you suppose that I shall glide between them at the altar, like the ghost in the old legend, and carry off the ring? or confront your cousin with bowl and dagger, like Queen Eleanor?"

And thus, with a little quavering laugh, she

turned the thing aside, and Archie said no more.

Now, however, instead of listening to one word of that solemn service which was fast binding two lives together for good or ill till death should sunder them, he was scrutinising every bonnet in the galleries, trying to pierce the gloom behind every pillar, and the shadows in every corner; but nowhere saw he the outline of any face or form that reminded him of the face or form of Juliet Alleyne.

And now, the promises being spoken, the ring given, and the hands joined, the Bishop pronounced that Temple De Benham and Claudia Hardwicke were man and wife together before God. Then he blessed them with the solemn blessing of the ritual; and the choir broke into a joyous anthem; and in some ten minutes more it was all over.

When De Benham rose from his knees, and gave his arm to his bride, and found himself presently in the vestry shaking hands with this person and that, he felt as if he were waking from some strange dream. When one of the curates handed Claudia the pen, and, laying his finger upon the blank space in the register, said, "Here, if you please, Lady De Benham," that title which he had never thought of till now, except as his mother's exclusive right, jarred unpleasantly upon his ear. The very sight of her signature close against his own, with the ink yet wet upon both, startled him. It seemed to him as if he had just traversed a profound gulf separating his past life from his future; and as if the bridge by which he had crossed over had suddenly given way, and crashed into the abyss behind him.

But as he led her from the church, and heard the open admiration of the crowd about the door, and took his place beside her in the post-chaise, which, with its four greys and two postillions, immediately dashed off at full speed through York Gate and into the Regent's Park, he did feel a momentary flush of pride and triumph.

"My imperial beauty!" he exclaimed, pressing his lips upon her arm with something like real fervour.

But Claudia, with a somewhat heightened colour, drew slightly back and made no reply; and De Benham saw that she considered he had taken a liberty.

In the meanwhile, the bridesmaids and the rest of the guests were grumbling at the weather, and getting into any carriages that came first; and it was not till they were all back at Strathellan House that Archibald Blyth was found to be missing. But Archie,

at the last moment, just as the bridal procession was on its way to the church door, had caught a sudden glimpse of Miss Alleyne. It was but for an instant that her face flashed out upon him from behind a crowd of others, and, even in the moment of his recognition of it, vanished. But that glimpse was enough for Archie. With a muttered word of unintelligible apology, he dropped the arm of the lady whom he was escorting, made his way round by a side aisle, and found her in a dark pew under the organ-gallery. She was sitting with her hands folded listlessly together, and a pale fixed look upon her face, waiting till the crowd should disperse, and she could get away unnoticed.

"I'm so glad to have found you!" exclaimed Archie. "I've been looking for you all the time. Did you come alone?"

"Yes—all alone," she replied, smiling.

But the smile, such as it was, so touched him that he sat down beside her in the pew, and took her hand.

"It has been a grand wedding," she said, tremulously. "Who was the lady in grey satin that stood next to Mr. Hardwicke?"

"That was Lady De Benham—at least, the Dowager Lady De Benham," replied Archie, awkwardly.

"I thought so. He is not like her; but he has her eyes."

And then for some moments they sat listening to the confusion of voices in the porch, and the continuous clatter of wheels outside, as carriage after carriage drove off with its freight.

"Either she is more beautiful than ever, or I did not know how beautiful she was," said Miss Alleyne, presently.

Archie, not knowing what to reply to this observation, said nothing.

"They ought to be happy," she continued, more to herself than to him. "They have everything in the world to make them so."

And as she said this, she turned her face away and drew down her veil; and Archie saw that she was crying.

"Oh, don't do that—pray don't," he said, in great distress. "What's the good now? They'll be happy enough, depend on it—as happy as they deserve to be, anyhow."

"I hope so. I hope they may be very, very happy. I shall pray that it may be so."

"You'd much better forget all about them," said Archie, bluntly.

And then, seeing that her tears continued to flow silently, he took her hand again, and

caressed it—as one might comfort a crying child.

"It's such a pity," he said, "that you should throw your heart away, my darling. He never really loved you—he couldn't have been false, you know, if he had. It may be that he doesn't love her either. I don't believe he does. I believe he loves no one but himself, and his ambition, and his precious ancestors, who, now that they're all dead, might as well never have been born. Forget him, dear. Forget him, and—try to think a little bit of me instead. I'm neither a lord, nor a genius, nor particularly clever in any way—but I'd sacrifice anything on earth to make you happy. A fellow cannot do more, you know, than be true and honest, and love a girl with his whole heart."

And by the time that he had got thus far, Archie, not without some amazement at his own temerity, fairly put his arm round Miss Alleyne's waist. At this, she rose hurriedly, protesting that they should be locked up in the church if they sat there any longer.

"No fear of that," said Archie. "The carriages have not yet done taking up."

"I must go, at all events. It is past eleven."

"I mean to see you safe home."

"Impossible. You are bound to be present at the breakfast."

"The breakfast be hanged!" said Archie.

"But . . ."

"But see now—if you'd only give me ever such a tiny scrap of hope to hold on by, I should be so wild with joy that my cousin Hardwicke's cold chickens and champagne would just choke me. And if, on the other hand, you were to tell me that it's all of no use . . . why, then the wine would be like poison, and the food like dust and ashes in my mouth. So, either way, you see, it's of no use for me to go to the breakfast."

Miss Alleyne opened the pew-door.

"It will be kindest, then," she said, with something like a sparkle of the old smile, "to give you no answer whatever."

And with this, she passed on quickly to the door. In the porch they waited for a moment. The last carriage was just driving away; the bells were clashing joyously overhead, and the few remaining loiterers were opening their umbrellas and preparing to be gone.

"Listen to the bells!" said Archie. "Don't you remember what your favourite Tennyson says?—

'Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.'

Let them ring out the old, false love for you, my darling—let them ring in the new love, and the true."

"I shall never forgive myself, Mr. Blyth," said she, "if you do not go to that breakfast this morning and make a speech. You'd do it beautifully."

"It's cruel to laugh at me, Miss Alleyne," said Archie, reproachfully. "I am in earnest, remember."

"And I have been in earnest so long, that I am tired of it. You ought to make the speech, however. Those lines would come in charmingly if you returned thanks for the bridesmaids. I had no idea that you quoted poetry, Mr. Blyth."

Archie, to escape, ran down the steps and called a cab. When he had put her into it, he stood for a moment with his hand upon the door, regardless of the misting rain and all his bridal splendour.

"Look here, Miss Alleyne," he said, with more agitation of manner than he had yet betrayed, "if I'm to be miserable, I may as well know it at once. Either let me see you home now, or send me away for ever."

"Supposing that I do neither—or both?"

"No, no—do the one or the other, I beseech you! As long as I hadn't spoken out, the suspense was bearable; but when I saw you crying just now, and when I knew all the time how much I loved you, the words came somehow in spite of me."

"I am afraid you will get very wet, standing there without an umbrella," said Miss Alleyne, provokingly.

Archie's lip quivered.

"Pray, give me an answer," he pleaded.

"Well, then—for fear you should take cold, and because you have no umbrella . . . you may see me home."

Archie jumped into the cab, and shut the door.

The Fates, apparently, had ordained that this young lady should be wooed—and won—in church.

CHAPTER LXIII.—MAN AND WIFE.

AT five minutes past twelve precisely, the tidal train glided away from the London Bridge Station, carrying with it De Benham and his bride, her ladyship's maid, a fierce-looking Italian courier in a blue cap with a gold band, and a mountain of luggage. The newly-married pair were installed in a compartment by themselves. They had had sharp work to get down to the station in time, and had driven off at the last moment without

saying good-bye to the guests in the drawing-room.

"If it hadn't been for Bruno, we should never have done it," said De Benham, when he had stowed the umbrellas and parasols in the netting overhead, and counted the wraps and rugs, and seen that his wife's dressing-case was under the seat.

"I suppose not," said Claudia.

"And we started five minutes after time as it was. It would have been very awkward if we had missed this train."

"Very awkward."

"There is no other till 3.30, and no boat before 11.15 at night. We must have put off crossing till to-morrow."

"Even that would not have been so disagreeable as waiting in London for three hours and a half," said the bride.

"No, indeed. I scarcely know what we could have done. To go back to the breakfast would have been too absurd. In more propitious weather, we might have improved our minds by going over the Tower, or up the Monument, or through the Thames Tunnel."

Lady De Benham smiled faintly, and said—"How preposterous!"

"But to-day, even those pleasures would have been impossible."

"I hope we shall find better weather on the other side of the Channel," said Claudia. "Paris is so dreary when it rains."

And then they both gazed out of the window in silence. They had by this time left behind them the brick-fields and cabbage-grounds that lie between the Borough and New Cross, and were speeding on towards Croydon; but even the pleasant Surrey hills in their April greenery looked dismal and uninviting.

"I am inclined to think that Bruno is an acquisition," said De Benham, presently.

Bruno was the fierce-looking courier with the gold band, now fast inaugurating a flirtation with the lady's-maid in a second-class carriage adjoining.

"Yes; he seems to understand his business," replied Claudia.

And then the conversation dropped again.

They rushed through Croydon and some smaller stations without stopping, and halted for three minutes at Red Hill, where Debenham bought a *Times* and some other newspapers.

"We shall be glad of them by-and-by, on board the steamer," he said, half apologetically; for they were still in the first hour of their journey, and he felt that it would be unpardonable in him to want amusement already.

"Are you a good sailor?"

"Yes. That is, I can cross the Channel without discomfort."

"Such a mist as this acts like oil upon the sea," observed De Benham. "It will be as smooth as a mill-pond out yonder."

He was forcing himself to say something; but he had literally nothing to say. Two dreadful pauses had already occurred, and he felt that a third must be prevented somehow. And then it was his place to find topics—to make the miles pass pleasantly—to begin to evince something like devotion, and vivacity, and marital tenderness. All this, he knew, was incumbent upon him; but how, in heaven's name, he asked himself, was he to do it? His ideas were stagnant, his spirits profoundly depressed, his very accents weighted with constraint. Resolved, however, to keep up the conversation this time, if possible, he plunged desperately into the pages of his continental *Bradshaw*.

"We are allowed three-quarters of an hour at Boulogne for refreshments," he said; "but we don't get there till half-past four. You will want something long before then."

"I think not," replied the bride.

"They are just about sitting down to breakfast now at Strathellan House."

"I am so glad we decided not to stay for it," said Claudia.

"So am I. It is a horrible ceremony. Nevertheless, I wish you had taken luncheon before you started. Are you sure you feel no draught from those ventilators?"

To this inquiry she replied that she felt no draught from the ventilators, but that her feet were very cold—whereupon De Benham wrapped them in a rug, with much apparent solicitude.

"I must try to take such good care of you!" he said, smiling.

And then, having faced her up to this time, he changed into the seat adjoining hers.

"You must take care of yourself also," replied Claudia. "To-day, you have been looking paler than ever."

"Have I? That is unfortunate; for I wanted to look my best this morning. It will not do for your people to say that you have married a ghost."

"Try then to become less ghostlike and more corporeal."

"I will do my best. I have been somewhat overtaxing myself, you know, of late—there has been so much to do and to think of."

And with this he sighed, and leaned back, and relapsed into silence.

By this time they were nearing Tunbridge, and the day, instead of clearing as the afternoon wore on, seemed to be perpetually growing murkier and more misty. By-and-by, a thick steam settled on the glasses and obscured the watery landscape.

Then, Tunbridge being passed, and a long half hour having elapsed unbroken by the utterance of a word on either side, De Benham asked his wife if she would like to see the *Times*.

"It is so difficult," he said, "to talk in the train."

She took the paper; but presently laid it aside, and said:—

"I have been thinking that I should like to go to Zollenstrasse."

De Benham, already deep in the *Daily News*, look up surprised.

"To Zollenstrasse?" he repeated.

"Yes. Could we take it on the way?"

"Not without a wide *détour* and the loss of several days."

"Really?"

"But the place would not interest you."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it. The country round is not more than ordinarily pretty; and in the town there is nothing to attract a stranger."

Claudia, looking out of the window, heard these objections without replying to them.

"For myself, of course, it is different," continued De Benham. "I am interested in the place, because it is full of early associations: but you, having no such associations, would be bored to death there."

"I have certainly no wish to die from ennui," said the bride; and resumed the reading of her newspaper.

But she was wounded; and De Benham was unconscious of having said anything to wound her. It never occurred to him that she might wish to see the place because so many years of his life had been spent there. Had Juliet Alleyn, in the sweet Chillingford time, told him that he must some day take her to Zollenstrasse, he would have known at once that she longed to make his past her own—that the little house in which he had lodged, and the streets through which he had passed every day to his work, and the classrooms where he had studied, and the examination-hall which had been the scene of his academic triumphs, would all have been dear and sacred in her eyes. And he would have taken her in his arms, and thanked her for the loving wish, and promised her with many promises. But that Claudia—his wife—should be interested in the place for his

sake, never crossed his mind for a single moment. He took it for granted that she only fancied to visit Zollenstrasse as she might fancy Ems, or Schlangenbad, or Wiesbaden, or any other little German Spa; and in such case he knew that she would be disappointed. For himself, he felt that he should hardly care to go back to the old scenes *en grand seigneur*, hampered with a wife, a lady's-maid, and a courier. So he threw cold water on the proposal, and, having assured her that she would be bored to death at Zollenstrasse if she went there, dismissed the subject from his thoughts.

And so it was that he went back to his *Daily News*, and she to her *Times*, and that not another word was spoken between them till they reached Folkestone.

CHAPTER LXIV.—LADY DE BENHAM ASSUMES THE DUTIES OF HER POSITION.

NOTHING could well be more comfortable than the crossing. The air was chill, and raw, and stagnant. The blacks came down in clouds. The mist closed about their path like a curtain, and there was scarcely any perceptible motion; so that from the moment they drew off from the one pier-head till they almost bumped against the timbers of the other, the steamer almost seemed to be lying still upon the waters. De Benham would fain have had his wife go down to the ladies' cabin, but she preferred the wet decks and the rain; so he covered her with rugs, and the courier brought a stool for her feet, and she was made as comfortable as the place and the weather permitted. 'This done, De Benham said he would go aft and smoke a cigar; and so left her sitting under her umbrella.

Landing at Boulogne by-and-by in the rain, they sent Bruno to get their luggage through the Custom House, and drove direct to the station. Here they dried their steaming wraps by the fire; and had some soup and cold chicken at a little table in the warmest corner of the refreshment buffet.

"Are you quite sure—dearest," said De Benham, "that you prefer to go on to Amiens this evening?"

He had been thinking all the time he was smoking his cigar on board the steamer, that he ought occasionally to make use of some term of endearment towards her; and he had decided upon "dearest" as being most consistent with their mutual position. He brought out the word, however, with some difficulty.

"I do not object to stay in Boulogne," she

replied; and although she did not look up from her plate, De Benham fancied that when he called her by that name, he detected a faint gleam of gratification upon her face.

"You are not tired?"

"Not at all. I am willing to persevere as far as Paris, if you please."

"Nay, Paris is too far; but Amiens is within easy reach; so we may as well stick to our programme. We shall be only an hour and forty minutes on the road."

It was past seven, and getting rapidly dusk when they again started. De Benham having, as before, wrapped Claudia in her rugs, and seen that Bruno had forgotten none of the smaller articles, placed himself *vis-à-vis* of his bride, with his back to the engine. Then the train began to move.

"It is almost too short a journey to justify one in going to sleep," he said, lying back languidly in the seat.

The words were scarcely out of his lips, when a dispatch box which he had himself placed only the moment before, with some books and other matters, in the netting over Claudia's head, toppled suddenly forward. He saw the danger—darted at the box with uplifted hand—caught it just as it was about to fall,—and, with a sharp, half-smothered ejaculation, dropped back into his place.

"What is the matter?" said Claudia.

"The box was coming down upon your head," replied De Benham, with a sort of catching in his breath.

"Is that all?"

"All? You don't know what a weight it is!"

"I fancied you had sprained your wrist," said Claudia.

"No; oh, no!"

With this De Benham rose up and changed over to a seat by the farthest window, so putting the width of the whole carriage between himself and his bride.

"Would it inconvenience you," he said presently, "if I were to let down this glass for a few moments?"

She replied that it would not inconvenience her at all; so he opened the window and sat for a long time in silence, looking out upon the wild country and the wilder sky. For the mist had lifted at the approach of evening, and was now rolling off towards the south-west; and where the sun had gone down, a lurid glow streamed out far and wide upon the horizon, reddening the barren sand dunes and the sluggish Somme as it wound away and widened towards the sea. Then the glow faded, and the dusk thickened;

and, the coast country being left behind, deep cuttings and plantations of gloomy firs closed in upon the line on either side. And then, ere long, it became pitch-dark, so that there was no light save from the oil-lamp overhead.

"Claudia," said De Benham, "are you asleep?"

It was about twenty minutes since he had changed into the seat by the window, and all that time he had been silent, leaning somewhat forward with his cheek upon his hand.

"No," she replied, coldly; "but I thought you were."

"Have you any Eau de Cologne?"

"Yes; a large flask."

Then, struck by something unusual in his attitude and in the tone of his voice, she hastened to find the flask, saying, "I am sure you are not well."

"I—I am not very well," he replied.

"What is it? Are you feeling faint? Are you in pain?"

"Faint—very faint."

She bent over him; she saturated her own handkerchief with Eau de Cologne; she bathed his head and his hands.

"You will be better presently," she said, gently.

"Thanks; that will do. I am so sorry to give you this trouble."

And then he rested his head wearily against the corner of the carriage. As he did so, the light from above fell full upon his face, and Claudia was startled to see how white and haggard he had suddenly become.

"Had we not better stop," she said, "at the next station?"

But he would not hear of this. He was bent on Amiens. "Bruno," he said, "should get him a glass of wine at the buffet. If he had but a glass of wine—or, better still, a glass of brandy—he could go on quite well."

The next station being Montreuil, the brandy was procured, and they went on, De Benham leaning up silently in his corner, Claudia in the opposite seat, anxiously watching him. Then, for some ten minutes or so, seeing that his eyes were closed, she thought that he had fallen asleep. They had not gone very far, however, when he spoke again.

"It's of no use," he said. "I can't hold out. We must stop—at Abbeville."

And Claudia observed that he spoke each time with increased difficulty, still catching his breath, spasmodically, between the words.

"Abbeville?" she repeated, standing up under the carriage-lamp, so as to get the

light upon the pages of the *Bradshaw*. "The last station we passed was Montreuil, the next will be Rue; the next Noyelles; then Abbeville."

"How long—before we get there?"

"About a quarter of an hour."

He closed his eyes again, and said no more.

It seemed to Claudia as if that last quarter of an hour would never drag to an end—as if they should never get to Rue; and then, when Rue had flitted by, as if they should never get to Noyelles. At length, when both were passed and left behind, the pace at which they were going began to slacken, and the train glided, with a long, shrill whistle, into Abbeville station. Here she summoned the guard and the servants; despatched Bruno for the luggage; and in a few moments had got De Benham into a kind of closed *calèche*, in which they presently found themselves rumbling along a paved country road bordered on either side by gigantic poplars.

Ill as he was, De Benham observed with surprise the calm promptitude with which his wife had at once assumed the duties of her position.

"This is a bad beginning, Claudia," he said.

"I am so sorry—for your sake."

"Not for mine—for your own. Will you lean upon me?"

"No—thanks. I feel the jolting less—this—way."

And as he spoke, he crouched forward, pressing his hand upon his side.

Claudia, seeing with what difficulty he got out the words, and with what pain he drew his breath, sat silent, and forbore to question him. And so they rumbled on their way; and the driver cracked his whip, and the harness bells jingled, and the poplars loomed through the darkness, and still Abbeville (its twinkling lights visible all along in the distance) seemed no nearer than when they started.

At length they came to a long, straggling suburb; rattled over a drawbridge and through a fortified gateway, and emerged presently upon an open Place bright with shops, gay with idlers, and ringing to the noisy music of an itinerant brass band. Here Bruno, jumping down from beside the driver, opened the door of the *calèche*, touched his cap, and said:—

"My lord will be driven to the Hôtel Tête de Bœuf?"

"To the best, whichever that is," replied Claudia, decisively.

Whereupon the courier again touched his

cap, and said, "Cocher, Tête de Bœuf;" and ran forward on foot to announce their coming. The next moment they had turned into a broad, quiet street, driven under a low archway, and drawn up in the courtyard of a rambling old hotel surrounded by wooden galleries. Here, amid much ringing of bells, they were met by the smiling landlady and her staff of waiters, and maids. Seeing De Benham alight, however, leaning on the courier, and unable to support himself without assistance, the hostess became all eager commiseration.

Milord and Miladi were welcome. Was it that Milord was ill? Heaven! but he had the air of suffering. Could Milord have a quiet chamber? But without doubt. Milord should have the yellow chamber. Nothing of more tranquil than the yellow chamber. There he would be well. A doctor? Certainly! There was Monsieur the Doctor Laportaire, at the corner of the Place. François should run for him on the instant. Miladi would have nothing to fear with Monsieur the Doctor Laportaire—a man renowned throughout the Department for his skill. Would Milord and Miladi give themselves the trouble to come this way? Perhaps Milord would prefer to be carried in an arm-chair? No? It was as Milord pleased. The staircase, happily, was not steep, and the yellow chamber was here, close by—at the end of the gallery.

Thus voluble, the landlady of the Tête de Bœuf preceded her guests to a dismal room of huge dimensions, containing a catafalque of a bed surmounted with plumes of antique funereal feathers, and hung with a brocade that might once upon a time have been yellow. On the walls were faded arabesques in fresco; on the uneven floor a few scraps of threadbare tapestry; in the recesses a couple of curious black armoires with handles and scutcheons of tarnished silver. An old man in blouse and *sabots* was already upon his knees before the cavernous fireplace, kindling with his bellows such a pile of straw and faggots as might have served to burn a mediæval heretic.

De Benham dropped into the first chair, while Bruno and the landlady wheeled a spindle-legged sofa nearer to the fire.

Claudia, bending over him, touched his hand almost timidly.

"How cold you are!" she said. "Lie down, and let me cover you with rugs till the doctor comes."

De Benham shook his head. He seemed almost past speaking.

"A few hours ago," she continued, "you talked of taking care of me; but it has come

to my turn first to take care of you. And I mean to do so—thoroughly."

A strange look—a look, as it were, of mental anguish, outweighing mere bodily pain—came upon the young man's pallid face.

"Claudia," he said falteringly, "it—it is—my fault. I might have—foreseen . . . I—I had—no right . . ."

"Hush! not a word of that. Here is the doctor."

M. Laportaire (bald, bearded, spectacled, buttoned to the throat in a sort of military frock) stood for a moment on the threshold, deciphered the situation at a glance, and glided at once into paternal possession of his patient. He felt Milord's pulse, looked at Milord's tongue, turned to Miladi for information of how the attack came on, and looked puzzled.

"There is a great want of strength," he said, taking off and wiping his glasses, "an unaccountable want of strength."

Then De Benham spoke. "I could—make my case clearer—to Monsieur Laportaire," he said, "if you would—leave us—Claudia."

The landlady and her maids had by this time dispersed to fetch sheets and other necessities; and the old fire-lighter had betaken himself with his bellows to the *salon* adjoining. Claudia at once turned thither.

"I shall be within call, Monsieur," she said, addressing herself to the doctor; and so, with a slightly heightened colour, passed into the sitting-room.

The door had scarcely closed upon her when De Benham—all unconscious that he had pained her—raised himself by a desperate effort, and holding to the back of his chair, said hurriedly,—

"Monsieur—il y a cinq mois que je suis blessé, et ma blessure n'a jamais été parfaitement cicatrisée. Elle s'est ouverte de nouveau il y a à peine deux heures. Ma femme n'en sais rien. Gardez, je vous en—suis obligé—mon secret."

With this he made two steps towards the sofa—reeled over—would have fallen headlong, but for the doctor's strong arm about his waist—and fainted dead away in the middle of the room.

All that Monsieur Laportaire could do was to break his fall, lay him gently down upon the floor, unfasten his cravat, and call for assistance. Claudia was back instantly, through the door of communication.

"Ah, no, madam—not you!" exclaimed the doctor, remembering his patient's injunction.

But Claudia silenced him with a look.

"It is my right, Monsieur," she said haughtily. And then she knelt down, and supported De Benham's head upon her arm.

By this time the landlady, the courier, and a posse of maids and waiters, had crowded back into the room. Monsieur Laportaire turned them all out, except Bruno, and bade some one fetch his assistant.

"What is this?" asked Claudia, pointing to a large dark stain upon her husband's coat, just under the left breast. Then, before the doctor could reply, she turned very white, and said in a low, shuddering voice, "It is blood!"

But though her cheek paled, and her voice trembled, the fingers with which she tenderly unbuttoned his coat and waistcoat, and laid bare the stiff, ensanguined shirt beneath, never faltered.

CHAPTER LXV.—AT THE HÔTEL TÊTE DE BŒUF.

ALL that night De Benham lay in the yellow chamber at the Hôtel Tête de Bœuf, in a state which was neither sleeping nor waking, nor suffering, but simply passive and unconscious. All that night his wife watched beside his pillow. Now and then she gently touched his wrist, to make certain that the feeble pulse was still beating. Now and then she put stimulants to his lips, and he swallowed them instinctively, not knowing what hand administered them, or upon whose arm his head was lifted to take them. A profound stillness lay upon the town—a stillness interrupted only by the stamping of the post-horses in the stables, the steam-whistle of the night-trains far away, and the chiming that pealed every quarter of an hour from the Cathedral towers hard by. Sitting there hour after hour by the faint light of the embers and the shaded lamp, Claudia could even hear the ticking of the great clock at the other side of the court-yard.

She had been urged to engage a nurse, but preferred herself to watch throughout the night. Her maid slept within call on the sofa in the *salon* adjoining; and the hotel-porter, snoring on a truckle-bed in his clothes, was prepared to start up at the first tinkle of "Miladi's" bell to fetch Monsieur Laportaire.

But the dark hours dragged by and the dawn filtered in, grey and cold, and still De Benham lay speechless, motionless, almost breathless. The doctor had desired that he might be sent for, "if there was any change." But there was neither change nor sign of change. He was apparently no worse. He

was certainly no better. That he should by-and-by cease to breathe, and so drift passively out of life, seemed now, alas! the likeliest change of all.

Then dawn became day, and the sun rose in splendour, and the town woke up with ringing of bells, and shrill foreign cries, and the noise of many wheels. And then the doctor came. He drew back curtains and blinds, let in a flood of light, lifted the sick man's heavy eyelid, listened to the languid beating of his heart, counted the few and faint pulsations at his wrist, and went away with the same words as before. There was nothing to be done but to wait, and he was to be summoned immediately "if there was any change."

So the day waxed and waned. The morning's traffic died away; the sleepy afternoon went by; evening came on, and the town woke up again to vespers, and *tables-d'hôte*, and music in the market-place. And still De Benham lay between death and life, and still his bride of yesterday watched over him with unremitting steadfastness. She made no show of grief; she shed no tears; she importuned the doctor with no questions. Her anxiety manifested itself in silence and wakefulness only. Twice in the course of the long and dreary day her maid came to her and entreated that she would lie down awhile and sleep, or at least go out for half-an-hour into the fresh air and sunshine; but she would not.

"I am not tired, my good girl," she said; "I could not sleep if I were to try."

"But you will wear yourself out, my lady; and if you mean to sit up again to-night . . ."

"I mean to sit up again to-night, Foster; but I can do so without wearing myself out. You forget how strong I am."

Then Foster went away shaking her head and sighing, and told Bruno that till now she had never dreamed my lady cared half so much for my lord.

And the truth was that Claudia had not cared for him before as she cared for him now. She had admired him, and she had been proud of him; she had desired to know more of his past life; to enter with something like sympathy into his pursuits and tastes; to be associated with him in whatever might tend to further his ambition or gratify his family pride—but she had not loved him. It was not till the man lay before her in this his extremity of helplessness, that her heart filled for him with that rare pity that is not merely akin to, but is a vital part of love. That he should be so utterly dependent upon her, and

at the same time so utterly unconscious of his dependence, was in itself enough to call forth all the unawakened tenderness of her nature. And she knew not, as yet, that she was moved by any feeling deeper than compassion or a sense of duty. She placed all her devotion, indeed, to the side of duty; she told herself that it was her duty, as his wife, to be anxious about him, to watch over him, to wait upon him hand and foot. But she dreamed not that these duties were fast becoming to her of deeper interest than aught else in life.

So, being in truth "strong"—physically strong, and able to endure fatigue and loss of sleep—she bore up unflinchingly, and sat hour after hour through the day as through the night—pale, and stern, and silent, waiting for the change.

It came at last. It came as the dusk drew on, with a slight quickening of the languid pulse and an almost imperceptible tint of colour in the lips; and Claudia believed at first that he was better. But ere long the colour became a hectic flush, and the pulse beat faster and faster; and by the time the doctor came his patient was moaning and tossing—unconscious still, but actively unconscious; with the fire of fever mounting to his brain.

Finding him thus, M. Laportaire stroked his beard, shook his head, and said:—

"Mais, oui—de la fièvre. Je la prévoyais."

And then, having scrawled an illegible prescription, he questioned Claudia upon this point and that, asking her with what kind of weapon De Benham's wound had been inflicted, how long he had lain ill at Horta, what had been the condition of his health since that time, and many like inquiries; to none of which she was able to give other than vague and unsatisfactory replies.

"I knew that my husband had been wounded, Monsieur," she said; "and that, owing to fatigue and exposure, and the want of proper assistance, he was laid up for some time with brain-fever at the Azores; but I have known no more than that."

M. Laportaire stroked his beard again.

"It is not a very uncommon case—this of Milord's," he said reflectively. "In time of war—or, rather, in the beginning of peace after war—we constantly meet with instances of wounds that refuse to heal; and in six cases out of ten the sufferer conceals that he suffers. A man is ashamed, somehow, to let it be known that he carries an unhealed wound about his person."

"I can suppose that," said Claudia.

"Milord must have been in almost daily communication with some surgeon?"

"I never heard so."

"Madame has observed of late, however, that Milord was ailing?"

"I have seen that he was delicate, and that he greatly overtaxed his strength."

"Still there must have been indications—symptoms," pursued Monsieur Laportaire. "His sleep was probably disturbed—his temper irritable—his manner moody—as the manner of one oppressed by some secret care?"

"It may have been so," she replied. "I cannot tell."

Then, seeing the surprise in the doctor's face, she added in a low voice, but with singular gravity and modesty,—

"We were married yesterday."

"Oh, Madame!"

And M. Laportaire, with all a Frenchman's ready chivalry, bowed profoundly, and looked the sympathy he might not take the liberty to express.

"One thing I beg you to tell me, Monsieur," said Claudia; "is there danger?"

The doctor hesitated.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" he replied, "Madame demands a very difficult question. There is danger—and, again, there is not danger. Milord is extremely weak. It is probable that he lost blood immensely when he received his wound; and because the deeper lesions belonging to the wound have been going on with latent mischief, his strength has not come back to him. And now that the wound has been exasperated by a sudden strain, Milord is in a hectic fever. I ask myself, how long will this fever last? Has Milord yet strength enough left to combat it? Will his wound fester? When Madame asks me if there is danger, I can only point to these possibilities; I cannot foresee results."

"At all events, Monsieur will do whatever his skill and experience can suggest?"

M. Laportaire bowed again, and pressed his hand upon his heart.

"Madame," he said, with emotion, "je ferai tout mon possible."

Then, promising to come again very early the following morning, or at any moment of the night if she saw reason to summon him, he took his leave.

Meanwhile, the evening gaiety of a French garrison town died gradually away in Abbeville, as it had died away the night before. The band in the market-place played "*Par-tant pour la Syrie*," and marched back to the barracks. The idlers dispersed. The cafés

were closed, and the streets became dark and silent. Then, once more, the stillness of night prevailed.

And now, finding that De Benham continued to sleep the same uneasy sleep into which he had drifted as the fever came on, Claudia got out her desk and prepared to pass some of the weary hours in letter-writing. She had been thinking all day that it was her duty to write to her husband's mother; but as yet, for a twofold reason, she had delayed to do so—firstly, in the hope that when a change came, it might be for the better; secondly, for fear that Lady De Benham should take alarm, and follow them to Abbeville. This last, she felt, it would be very difficult for her to bear. For she had resolved within herself that, as far as might be practicable, the sick man should be nursed by her hands only; and the mere thought that she might be dispossessed of her charge by one claiming the privileges of a mother was intolerable to her. For now, at least, he was her own; and he might never, she told herself, be so much her own again.

Yet even at the cost of resigning him—for she knew her own pride too well to doubt that it would be resignation and not sharing—she had no sooner arrived at the conviction that it was her duty to tell all to Lady De Benham, than she sat down to write the letter.

But when she had put at the top of the page—"Hôtel Tête de Bœuf, Abbeville; April 26th, 1862;" and under that again,—*"My dear Lady De Benham,"* she paused with the pen in her hand, not knowing how to go on. And, indeed, it was by no means an easy letter to write. The truth, she felt, must be told, and told quite fairly; yet she wished so to tell it that Lady De Benham should be as little alarmed by it as possible. Then she could not even guess how much of this very truth might, or might not, be already known to her husband's mother. It seemed improbable that, coming home as he did direct from Horta, De Benham should then have concealed, or have been able to conceal, the actual condition of his wound. And yet, on the other hand, he loved his mother so tenderly that if it were possible to endure in silence . . .

But when her thoughts had travelled thus far, a slight moan in the direction of the bed caused her to look round, and she saw that De Benham's eyes were open, and that he was looking at her. She dropped her pen, and went to him instantly.

"Claudia," he said, "is that you?" And

his voice was so weak that it scarcely rose above a whisper.

"It is I. Are you comfortable? Shall I turn your pillow?"

"Give me something to drink."

She gave him something that the doctor had prepared before he left, tempering it first with hot water from the kettle, and lifting his head gently upon her arm.

"What o'clock is it?" he asked, when, having drunk eagerly, he lay back again upon his pillow.

"About ten minutes to one. We are at Abbeville, you know—at the Hôtel Tête de Bœuf."

"Yes; I remember. I fell down just now. I suppose I fainted. Have I been asleep ever since?"

"You have been asleep for some time," replied Claudia.

He had evidently no idea that a night and a day had gone by since the moment of his falling.

"And you are sitting up with me? Why could not Bruno have done that? You must be very tired."

"I am not tired at all. Is your head hot?" And Claudia laid her cool hand upon his burning brow.

"Thank you. You are too good to me!"

And then he moaned again, and closed his eyes, and lay for some moments silent.

"What were you doing when I woke?" he said presently. "Were you writing letters?"

"No—not writing; only thinking what I should say, if I did write."

"To whom? Not to my mother, Claudia! I charge you not to tell—my mother—anything."

This he said with great earnestness, looking up into her face, as if to see how much she herself knew of the truth.

"Shall I not tell her that you are ill?"

"Not for the world. I will write—myself—to-morrow."

"I fear you will not be well enough to do that," replied Claudia, gently.

"No matter, she must not be alarmed—she must not know . . . Promise me."

Claudia gave the required pledge very willingly. She certainly desired nothing less than to alarm Lady De Benham.

"I will not let her know you are ill," she said, "till you bid me do so."

This seemed to satisfy him; and presently he dropped off into a feverish doze.

Then Claudia went back to her desk and began a letter to Mr. Hardwicke; but before she had reached the end of the first sentence,

it occurred to her that she could not well say anything to her brother that he might not be at liberty to repeat, supposing Lady De Benham to become impatient and apply to him for news. So, deciding that it was, upon the whole, better to write no letters for a day or two longer, she closed her desk and resumed her old place in the easy chair beside the bed.

He was now painfully flushed; starting and muttering in his sleep, and perpetually tossing his head from side to side upon the pillow. His hands, too, were hot and restless, and his breath came fast and flutteringly. Still he slept; and Claudia, watching by his side, dozed off herself every now and then for a few minutes at a time—dozed and waked, and dozed and waked again, and saw the grey beginnings of the dawn.

Suddenly, just as the sun had risen and the long, slow rumble of the country carriages began to be audible along the streets, De Benham woke, and said loudly,—

“Not for the world!”

Claudia, lying back in her chair, between sleeping and waking, started upright and found him looking at her with something of wildness in his face.

“She has never known it all this time,” he went on, hurriedly. “She must not know it now. I will write myself. But you must promise not to tell her—you must promise!”

“I do promise—I have promised already,” replied Claudia, soothingly.

“She has suffered too much—*Liebe Mutter*—and Juliet—Juliet has broken her heart. But my vow—my vow is sacred—I must not break my vow!”

And then he went on incoherently rambling about Benhampton, and Zollenstrasse, and the *Stormy Petrel*, till he fell asleep again.

But Claudia had heard that which startled her into keener watchfulness than ever.

“Who,” she asked herself, “was Juliet?—this Juliet who had broken her heart?”

CHAPTER LXVI.—NIGH UNTO DEATH.

DAYS went by—many days—and still De Benham lay in the same state, passing through all the phases of low fever; sometimes burning; sometimes shivering; sometimes sleeping torpidly for hours together; sometimes light-headed, and wandering back in fancy among all kinds of incongruous scenes and people—even back as far as the days of his early boyhood, when he first began to dream of music by the sea and sands of St. Owens. Again, there were intervals when he woke up weak, exhausted, almost speechless, but

perfectly conscious of his condition and surroundings. At such times he would strive, in his utter feebleness, to express to Claudia something of gratitude, and even of contrition, apologising for the trouble and anxiety of which he was the cause, and accusing himself (not without justice) of certain shortcomings in the way of candour and plain dealing towards herself.

“It is a miserable beginning of married life—for you—Claudia,” he would falter. “I had no right—to lead you—into it. I ought to have told you—the truth. But—I hated—to tell it. And besides—I hoped—I believed—I should get well—abroad.”

“As you will—as you surely will, when once you are better, and we can move on again,” Claudia would answer.

“Aye—if I ever do move on—again. I sometimes—doubt—if I shall.”

“Nay, I never doubt it. Monsieur Laportaire never doubts it.”

“At all events—I wish—I had not—deceived you.”

And then he would turn his face away, and sigh, and Claudia would try to divert his attention into other channels. There was one point, however, to which he always went back in these intervals of consciousness—the necessity, namely, of disguising from Lady De Benham the extent and nature of his illness. That she should know he was laid up (say with a feverish cold), and unable for the present to get beyond Abbeville, was, of course, inevitable; but she must on no account be made uneasy. For this, he said, there would be time enough if he became so much worse that M. Laportaire apprehended danger.

Even when he was too ill to speak of other things, he never forgot to speak of this, and to enforce it with such urgency of look and voice as he had strength for.

By this it will be seen that, however De Benham may have been in doubt at first, he soon knew that Claudia was in possession of his secret. And, indeed, he was now so ill that her knowledge of it was more of a relief to him than an annoyance.

In the meanwhile she waited upon him, and watched by him with unremitting steadfastness, now and then sharing her vigils with a sister of charity sent by M. Laportaire; now and then going out for a few minutes to breathe the open air, when he was asleep; but living for the most part in his room, and at his bedside. And still the quiet town waked and slumbered, and the band played, and the chimes jangled, and

the melancholy days succeeded and resembled each other.

These chimes had now become to her as the voices of familiar friends. They played some eight bars of a curious Breton melody—a cheerful tune upon any ordinary instrument, but inexpressibly wild and mournful upon the bells. Listening to them thus at all hours—in the dead of night when everything was still; by day, above all sounds of life and traffic; in the pauses of the sick man's wanderings; in the intervals of such light sleep as she herself would snatch from time to time—it seemed to Claudia as if they set themselves to the thoughts in her own mind, and echoed them. And then, indeed (for her heart was oppressed with questionings and misgivings), the tune sounded sad and strange enough.

For she saw the fever working its ravages upon him, and his strength ebbing, day by day. She saw that his attacks of wandering were becoming more frequent, his death-like torpors more prolonged, his periods of consciousness fewer and farther between. And then, gradually—very gradually, but very surely—a terrible fear began to take possession of her; a fear lest, being scarce a bride, she was destined ere long to become a widow.

And yet it seemed impossible that he should die—that he should die now, and thus; without having lived with her; without knowing that she loved him; without having even begun to love her in return. She could not bring herself to believe that Providence would deal with her so cruelly.

And then, together with these doubts and apprehensions, came two other fears—the fear that it was fast becoming a breach of duty, and even of honour, to keep her husband's mother any longer in ignorance of his condition; and the fear that he had loved and still loved, and would die loving some other woman of whom she had never heard anything but her name. And her name was Juliet. But who was Juliet? Where had he known her? In England? In Germany? In the Southern States? Had his mother ever seen her? Had he ever been engaged to her? Had he loved her and been false to her, and so “broken her heart?” Juliet . . . it was a pretty name enough; not a German name—but then the Germans were great in Shaksperian readings, and a German girl might easily be named after one of Shakspeare's heroines. On the whole, Claudia inclined to believe, and wished to believe, that this Juliet whose

name had dropped from De Benham's lips so notably in the one instance, and, since then, some twice or thrice in a more casual and unimportant connection, was in truth but some boyish fancy of his academic days.

At length there arrived an afternoon when, having for more than fifteen hours alternately wandered in his mind and slept feverishly, he came to himself, and, looking at her, wistfully, said,—

“Claudia—you had better—tell her—to come.”

“I will write by to-night's post, if you wish it.”

“Aye; and bid her—come—at once.”

“I will; but she would be sure to do that in any case.”

To this he made no reply, but closed his eyes wearily, and fell asleep again.

Then Claudia, instead of writing a letter to her mother-in-law, put together a few lines of telegraphic message, every word of which was carefully weighed and chosen.

“Dear Lady De Benham” . . . (she put “Dear Lady De Benham,” hoping thereby to soften the abruptness of the thing, and make it less alarming) “Temple continues very feverish and weak. No chance of pursuing our journey for some weeks yet. He would like to see you, and asks me to write; but I know you will prefer me to telegraph. Pray lose no time, for your presence will do him more good than anything. Our courier shall meet you at Boulogne any day and hour you appoint.”

This done, and Bruno despatched with it to the station, her mind felt easier. Then all went on as usual till about nine o'clock, when De Benham roused again and called to her by her name. She was lying on the rug before the fire, half asleep, with her head and arm supported against the sofa; but she heard that whisper instantly.

“Claudia,” he said faintly—so faintly that she had to bend down over him to catch the words distinctly—“you will restore the old place—all the same?”

“We will both restore it—we *are* both restoring it,” she replied, taking his hot and wasted hand in hers.

But of this answer he took no heed.

“You must marry,” he said, going on with his own thoughts. “You must marry—again.”

She shook her head, and tried to force a smile.

“And your husband—and your children—must take the name of—De Benham. Will you promise?”

"How is it possible? How can I give such promises as these?"

And Claudia, though she spoke very calmly, had to struggle with a sort of tightening in the throat that she was not accustomed to.

"You can do so—for my sake—and your own happiness. Marry—some man—whom you can really love. And if—if I am to die—I shall die—content—knowing that my work—will not have been—all—in vain."

Claudia averted her face and was for a moment silent.

"I cannot pledge myself to marry again," she said at length; "but this at least I promise—if ever I do marry, it shall be as you wish."

His fingers closed upon hers with a feeble pressure, and something like a smile came upon his face. Then, still holding her hand, he fell asleep again.

All that night, and all the next day, he slept much and waked occasionally; rambling somewhat in his talk from time to time; but for the most part conscious of all that was happening around him. He was now as anxious for his mother to arrive, as he had before been anxious to avoid alarming her. Every time he waked, he asked if there were yet news of her. Did Claudia think she was already on the road? Was it likely she would sleep in London on the way? How soon, at the earliest, could she reach Abbeville? To these questions Claudia replied as best she could, soothing his impatience, and calculating by the help of the Railway Guide that Lady De Benham might, if she started by the first morning train from Monmouth, and travelled incessantly, be with them between eight and nine o'clock on the second morning after receiving the message. And this in fact she did; inasmuch as her first telegram (delivered at the Hôtel Tête de Bœuf next evening) announced that she had arrived in London, and was then starting by the night mail for Folkestone.

And now his impatience became so intense and his strength had ebbed so low, that Claudia began to dread lest he should sink under the excitement of the meeting. All that last night—the third, namely, from that on which Claudia's summons was despatched—he kept starting from sleep, counting the hours, and moaning that the dawn would never come. It came at length, however; and when he roused by-and-by from a restless dose, the sun was shining. Then he begged that the curtains might be drawn back, and the light admitted.

"What o'clock is it now?" he asked.

"Just six. You mother is by this time at Boulogne, waiting for her train. She will be here by nine at the latest."

"Still three hours!"

"Only three hours. Try to sleep again, and they will soon be gone."

"And Bruno?"

"Bruno went at midnight by the *Petite Vitesse*. He is with her now."

De Benham sighed and closed his eyes.

"Claudia," he said presently, "she has loved me with a perfect love—and I—I have loved her—above all the world."

"Is that so?"

And Claudia's thoughts, as she said this, reverted to the unknown Juliet.

"Aye—above all the world. You have been very good to me—Claudia. Be good—also to her."

"I will try."

"Thank you—God bless you."

All this he said without again opening his eyes, and then lay so long silent that she thought he had fallen asleep. But he was not asleep. He was only exhausted; too weak to pursue anything like a train of thought, yet dwelling dreamily on what had last been said.

By-and-by he spoke again—only three words:—

"Kiss me, Claudia."

She bent over him quickly, and kissed him on the forehead, putting his hair back gently at the same time with her hand. Then for a moment she let her fingers linger in those long dark meshes; and her lips parted, as if she were about to speak some words of wife-like tenderness. But those words, whatever they might have been, remained unuttered. She turned away instead, and held her peace; and sat down silently in her old place behind the curtain at his bed-side.

It was the first time she had kissed him; the first time he had ever asked her to do so. Now and then, in the last weeks of their engagement, he had made some formal pretence of saluting her when they met or parted, coldly brushing her cheek with his moustache; but that was all. He had never kissed her lips, or begged a kiss from hers. Never till now. Once, and once only, had he offered her anything resembling a genuine caress; and that was when he kissed her arm as they drove from the church-door the morning of their marriage.

Many a time since then, in these long days and nights of watching, she had thought of that little incident; remembered how, for the moment, she was half offended by it; re-

membered, too, the words and the look by which it was accompanied; aye, and felt again the warmth of his breath and the sudden pressure of his lips. Many a time, also, when he was sleeping, she had longed to give back that kiss—and dared not. Dared not for fear of waking him; would not, had she dared, because of the pride that was rooted in her nature so deeply.

And now that he had said to her—"Kiss me, Claudia," and she had kissed him—what was it worth? What did it imply? Not that he loved her. Not that he was even beginning to love her. Simply that he was grateful:—grateful, somewhat, for her care of himself; but grateful, above all, for the promises she had just given to him. And then she told herself that he only cared for her as one able and willing to carry on the main purpose of his life, and to be good to his mother, if he were taken from her. In herself, and for herself, she was nothing to him.

These were the thoughts that checked what she might have said, and caused her to turn away when her whole heart was going out to him in pity and tenderness.

Meanwhile De Benham dropped asleep again; and the chimes told off quarter after quarter; and the time drew on to half-past eight o'clock, when the early train from Boulogne would be due. Then Claudia went to another room, changed her dress, smoothed her hair, and ordered breakfast to be prepared in the *salon*.

By the time she had done this, De Benham was awake and asking for her.

"It is just nine," he said querulously. "Is she never coming? Am I to die—to die in this place without seeing her again?"

"Hark!" said Claudia, holding up her hand.

There was a sound of rapid wheels turning the corner by the market-place, rumbling under the *porte-cochère*, drawing up in the court-yard. The next moment Claudia was out in the gallery, and Lady De Benham, pale, breathless, haggard from fatigue and anxiety, was hastening up to the landing at the farther end.

The two women met half-way.

"Is he dead?" said the poor mother, trembling from head to foot.

"No, no—waiting for you—asking for you! This way."

And Claudia took Lady De Benham by the arm as if she were a child; drew her on swiftly to the yellow chamber; saw her dart to the bedside; heard the first long, low, sobbing wail of mingled joy and grief; and

then, shutting the door upon that love and that greeting in which she had no part, turned away—alone.

CHAPTER LXVII.—TOO LATE.

WHAT with the suspense of expectation and the emotion of meeting, the sick man became suddenly and signally worse about half-an-hour after Lady De Benham's arrival at the *Tête de Bœuf*. Such factitious strength as fever and excitement had helped to buoy him up with deserted him at a blow. His feeble pulse went down to the lowest ebb, as the barometer drops before a storm; and he fell into a succession of fainting fits, each more prolonged and more obstinate than the last. The work of exhaustion was, in truth, so rapid, that it seemed at one time as if he could not possibly hold out through the day.

All that evening, all that night, his life was despaired of. He was quite unconscious—unconscious, that is to say, of where he was and who he was, and of the people watching by his bed; not unconscious, perhaps, of that strange Shore within sight of which his fragile bark was drifting; not unconscious, perhaps, of those sights and sounds, half from earth and half from heaven, voices of men and voices of angels, that meet and mingle midway across that dread mysterious gulf that flows between the worlds.

Monsieur Laportaire, having been in close attendance upon his patient all the day, sat up with him half the night as well; and in the morning a great physician, for whom he had telegraphed to Paris, arrived by the early train. A very great man in every sense was this famous physician from Paris. He was tall and he was bulky. He had a great head, and a great beard, and a great voice, and a great idea of his own importance. He wrote his prescription, too, in a handwriting so colossal that it sprawled over the page like the trail of some enormous beetle that had tumbled into the ink-bottle and escaped across the paper.

Now it so happened that De Benham had taken a turn for the better before this eminent man made his appearance. His breathing had become deeper and steadier; a certain warmth had begun to diffuse itself through his veins; a faint glow of returning life had dawned upon the death-like pallor of his face. It seemed as if the vital wave, having ebbed to its farthest limit, had begun to flow back again. Nature, and youth, and Monsieur Laportaire (and perhaps the prayers of two women who loved him), had saved him, in-

deed, just at that extreme moment when salvation seemed no longer within reach. And then—in strict accordance with that supreme Law of Contrary that governs things professional—the big man from Paris (having stayed a very short time and pocketed a very large fee) got the credit of it.

For some days, however, it could scarcely be said of De Benham that he was even out of danger. He was only out of danger in so far that, supposing him to have no relapses and to be tended with the most unremitting devotion, he might, by God's mercy, still recover. The fever, it is true, had left him; but it had left him as helpless, and almost as unconscious, as an infant. So he slept, and waked, and was fed, and slept again continually; scarce knowing the difference betwixt day and night; aware always of some watchful presence in the room, of some tender hand ever ready to minister to his wants; but so weak, so dreamy, so unobservant of things external, that for the most part he neither knew nor cared to know whether the noiseless footfall and the ready hand were those of wife or mother.

Then, by degrees, that which Claudia had foreseen and dreaded began to be the case. Lady De Benham fell gradually into her own old place, usurping first one, then another, of those duties upon which her daughter-in-law had come to set so high a price—usurping them, too, with a sense of undisplaced priority—that to Claudia was inexpressibly galling. And yet Lady De Benham, from her own point of view, was justified. For what, she asked herself, was this stranger's claim in comparison with her own? Of what value was that cold vow so lately taken, when weighed against the devotion of half a lifetime? The marriage, she knew but too well, had been a marriage of convenience, of interest, of ambition—no true marriage in the sight of Heaven; no irrevocable marriage, as yet, in the sight of man. Whereas she . . . was she not his mother? Had she not nursed him in sickness and adored him in absence? Had she not lived for him, prayed for him, struggled for him through as many years of exile and poverty as might twice out-number the weeks of his loveless engagement to Claudia Hardwicke?

It must be admitted, in common justice to Lady De Benham, that if she had dreamed how her son's wife had come to love him, not for his rank, but for himself, she would have acted differently. Hard as might have been the task, she would have yielded those privileges which now she believed to be reasonably and

rightfully her own. But of this love she knew nothing; and so it came about that before she had been two days at Abbeville, she had taken the patient altogether into her own hands.

And Claudia allowed her to do so; yielding more and more ground at each fresh encroachment; saying nothing; making no sign; withdrawing silently into the citadel of her pride; and, as she had all along foreseen she should do if it came to this, resigning those rights which she would condescend neither to dispute nor to share.

And now, as the days went by and De Benham began by little and little to take a firmer hold upon life, so she had to endure the unspeakable disappointment of seeing how, in all things, and for all things, he turned to his mother instead of to herself. If he thirsted, if his feet were cold, if his head was not high enough, it was towards Lady De Benham that he looked when he complained of the inconvenience; it was she who held the cup of tisane, or spread the shawl, or placed the pillow. If he fancied to be read to, it was—"Mutter, dear, another chapter of that Tauchnitz novel;" or, "Mutter, dear, do you remember where you left off yesterday in that poem of Browning's?" And then Lady De Benham would bring the book to his bedside and read to him, holding his hand the while, till he would fall asleep. Nor was this all. When his mother fetched him this or that, or arranged any little thing for his comfort, he would smile at her for it, looking pleased and peaceful, but saying nothing. Yet, if Claudia did the most trivial thing, he never failed to thank her for it, as he might have thanked a stranger. This pained her keenly.

"Don't thank me," she said one day when, seeing that he was troubled by the light, she drew down the blind.

"Why should I not thank you?" he asked, with a passing gleam of surprise.

"Because it sounds as if you thought it gave me trouble."

"But it does give you trouble."

"I do not think so."

"Ah, but—but I should be most ungrateful, if . . ."

He hesitated, and looked uncomfortable.

"You do not thank your mother," said Claudia, smiling.

"No; but then she *is* my mother, and it seems only natural that she should do these things."

Claudia iced over instantly.

"True," she said coldly. "I observe the difference."

After that, she never again desired him not to thank her.

It was just at this time, when the constraint that he felt towards his wife was constantly manifesting itself in trifles, that De Benham's love for his mother seemed to gain intensity from day to day. If she left the room, ten to one but his first word to Claudia would be something in her praise. When she came in, his whole countenance would brighten. His voice when he spoke to her had a softness, and his smile a sweetness, that Claudia never detected in them at other times.

"It is so good, *Mütterchen*, to see you sitting there," he would sometimes say. "When you first came, and I used to wake and find you by my side, I could hardly believe it was not all a dream."

Another day, when she had been reading: "I don't care what book you take up," he said tenderly. "Your voice is like Cordelia's, 'ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.' I often listen to the voice alone, and not a bit to what you are reading."

Now there was nothing little or envious in Claudia Hardwicke's nature. Her faults were masculine in their kind. She was proud; she was ambitious; she was hard; but she was not naturally jealous, or even exacting. These things, however, tried her severely. She put them from her at first, telling herself that Lady De Benham was the best of mothers and De Benham the best of sons, and that it was her duty to rejoice in their affection. But strive as she might to attain unto such rejoicing, it was impossible, as time went on, that she should not suffer, and suffer bitterly. She must have suffered if even she had not loved him. She must have suffered in the mere sense of solitude and exclusion; in the daily and hourly sight of an affection in which she had no part; in the knowledge that she was just the third person whose presence was a restraint upon them both. But loving him as cold and haughty women do love when their turn comes—silently, passionately, profoundly—great sorrow fell upon her as the weeks went on.

For, the more she suffered the more she loved; and the more she loved, the more cold and distant she became.

As De Benham progressed towards recovery (and that progress was very slow indeed) she fell into solitary habits, going out alone in the early mornings and again in the afternoons; attending most of the cathedral services; exploring the quaint old mediæval town; and leaving the mother and son to

themselves for hours together. For it was now May, and the days were long, and warm, and bright; and Abbeville, however it may have been improved into commonplace of late, was then as curious and picturesque a town as any in France. Claudia soon came to know the place by heart—all the tortuous alleys of antique gabled houses with overhanging upper storeys; all the windings of the sluggish, Flemish-looking canals and no less sluggish river; the curious bridges, some of wood and some of stone; the neglected gardens and tottering summer-houses on the banks of the Somme; the dilapidated churches that seemed to have purposely hidden themselves in the darkest court-yards and most out-of-the-way corners of the town; the ancient fortifications, now converted into pleasant slopes all green with grass and silvered over with daisies; the sleepy barges; the primitive old-world *charettes*, some drawn by oxen, that came rumbling in with country produce every morning; the wizened old women in their black hoods and cloaks; the men in their *sabots* and blouses; the *Sergents de Ville* in their cocked hats and yellow facings; the cripple who sold candles and little rosaries in the Cathedral porch; the soldiers; the beggars; the railway omnibus; the sights, and smells, and noises of the place—she knew these all familiarly ere long; even passing the gates at times and wandering along the poplar-bordered roads leading to the station, to St. Valery, and to the field of Cressy, where the great battle was fought five hundred years before.

But picturesque as the place was, Claudia was now too restless and too unhappy to derive any real pleasure from these explorations. The beauty was there, and she observed it; but that was all. It moved her to no delight—it roused in her no thankfulness. To the proud, solitary woman wandering hither and thither with her silent anguish ever shut up in her heart, what joy could there be in effects of light and shadow, of architectural detail, of colour and combination; in gabled roof, and curious iron-work, and reflections of arches in still waters?

The pleasantest sight of each day, however, in her eyes, was the great square in front of the Cathedral, which (besides the general market held there once a week) used to bloom like a garden every morning with fresh fruits and flowers and early vegetables. There the country women sat behind their stalls under parti-coloured umbrellas "beautiful, Dædalian," like variegated sunflowers of gigantic growth; and the great old grey Cathedral

filled all one side of the place, half in shadow, half in sunshine—a mountain of carved stone, and painted glass, and sumptuous tracery.

Claudia spent much of her time in the Cathedral. The doors were always open, and she used to go in and out as she pleased; resting there when she was tired; musing and dreaming up and down the shadowy aisles; listening to the friendly chimes; kneeling like others at service time, and saying her own prayers to the rolling music of the organ and the chanting of the choir. The verger came to know her by sight ere long, and, taking her for as good a Catholic as the rest, used to sprinkle her with his asperge when she went out with the congregation.

Meanwhile De Benham dragged on through all the stages of gradual convalescence, being carried first from the bed to the sofa in the middle of the day—then sitting up to dinner in an easy chair—then getting as far as the adjoining *salon*—then being wheeled into the gallery when the day was warm enough and the sun was shining. By and by, as his strength returned, he drove out daily, and even walked with the support of an arm to lean upon and the help of a stick. His wound, also, healed as it had never healed till now, and promised soon to give him no further trouble.

Abbeville, however, is not such a place as an invalid would choose to stay in when once he was strong enough to move elsewhere; and as De Benham got better, he longed to escape from the street noises, the chimes, and the comfortless hotel. M. Laportaire recommended one of the north coast watering-places—Boulogne, or Calais, or Dieppe. De Benham himself desired to push on to one of the Swiss baths—Albisbrunn, or Pfefers, or Loeche. But as yet he was too weak to undertake a long journey, or encounter prolonged fatigue of any kind. Claudia, listening meanwhile to this project and that, waited to see how soon her mother-in-law would propose to return to the cottage near Benhampton.

At length there came a morning when, Lady De Benham having gone out (it might be purposely) into the town, De Benham asked his wife how she would like to spend some weeks at Spa, in Belgium.

"I should object to no place that would be likely to do you good," replied Claudia.

"I have a notion that I should like Spa," he said.

"I have heard that it is pretty; and not wanting in amusements."

"And it is on our way to Switzerland and the Rhine."

"Yes—that is some recommendation."

He hesitated; looked down; fidgeted with a paper-knife and a book.

"You would not, I suppose, enjoy it less," he said, "if my mother accompanied us?"

The question was an awkward one, and awkwardly put. He might have said the same thing in half-a-dozen better ways; above all, without making it so difficult for Claudia to reply to him.

She paused—not because she was taken by surprise, for she had foreseen something of this request; but that she might weigh her words before uttering them.

"What *you* will enjoy most is now, I think, the point to be considered," she said at length.

De Benham looked at her anxiously. He observed that she spoke with some constraint; but her face told nothing.

"I wish nothing that you—do not wish," he said.

But Claudia would express neither inclination nor disinclination. There was nothing in the world that she desired so little as to have Lady De Benham for a permanent travelling companion; but this she was determined not to say. Neither would she affect, in the smallest degree, a willingness that she could not feel.

"For how long do you propose to stay there?" she asked.

"At Spa? Oh, a few weeks—perhaps five or six; till I am strong enough to go on in earnest."

Then Claudia was again silent, asking herself what she should do next? What she should say? Supposing Lady De Benham to spend those five or six weeks with them at Spa, would it end there? And if it did not end there, where would it end? What should then prevent her from going on with them up the Rhine, and even into Switzerland? And if to Switzerland, why not to Italy? Would it not be well, and right, and wise, to ask at once where the limit of her visit was to be drawn? She was to live with them at Benhampton. That had been settled long since; but they were to have spent a year together first. And now, perhaps, they might never be together—that is to say, really together, quite alone, learning to love each other and make each other happy. Ought she not to say something of this danger, and of the evil that might arise to both of them, if they were not careful to avert it? Yet how could she urge these things upon him? How could she ask him to travel alone with her, if he did not himself desire such close com-

panionship? Had they at any time stood in more lover-like relationship towards each other, it would have been less difficult. Had they been alone together for even one short week before he fell ill, it would have been comparatively easy. But they were still strangers—as much strangers as ever; and his illness, though at first it promised to draw them nearer to each other, had ended by widening the gulf between them.

There, however, was the gulf; and there, also, was Claudia's pride. Her common sense, her convictions, her love, all bade her speak while the opportunity was to her hand. Her pride tied her tongue and constrained her to silence. How could she speak? Would it not be like asking for his love?

These arguments, which take so long to tell, chased each other through her mind so rapidly that they seemed to come simultaneously. But this last question came last, and decided her. De Benham, seeing only her grave, pale face and averted eyes, knew nothing, guessed nothing of the conflict within. Almost before he had observed her silence, that conflict was over.

"Shall I, then, invite my mother to go on with us?" he said.

"If you please."

"Or, perhaps, if it came from you . . ."

Claudia rose abruptly.

"Many thanks," she said, with a smile of irrepressible bitterness. "I think that invitation will come best from yourself."

And with this, she swept past his chair and into the adjoining room.

Now De Benham saw that smile, and a sudden misgiving came upon him. Had Claudia conceded this point unwillingly? Was it unwise in him to have asked it? Could it be, in any way, construed by her into a lack of courtesy, or of due regard, on his part? Was he not bound, now if ever, to consider what would be most agreeable to her?

Disturbed and perplexed, he waited a few moments; then rose and followed her.

"Claudia," he said, tapping at the door.

But Claudia did not answer.

"Claudia—are you there?"

Finding that she was still silent, he opened the door and looked in; but the room was empty and the wardrobe open, and the door leading to the gallery ajar.

"Ah, well!" he muttered, half aloud, as he dropped back again into his chair, "perhaps it is best so. If she cared for me, it would be another matter."

And then Lady De Benham came in,

having passed Claudia in the court-yard, and his first words made the thing irrevocable.

"You must come with us, *Mutter*, dear," he said, eagerly. "It is all settled."

"But are you quite sure . . ."

"That I could not endure to part from you? Yes—quite sure. Ah, if you only knew how I longed for you when I was so bad! My desperate fear was lest I should die without seeing you."

Then Lady De Benham sat down beside her son, and took him in her arms, and drew his head to her bosom, as if he were a little child.

"Are you happy, my son?" she said, tenderly. "Are you happy?"

"Happy!" he repeated. "What is happiness? To live for one object, and attain it? If so, I am happy. I made a vow, and I have kept it. I thank God, that he has enabled me to keep it."

"But is that all?"

"Nay—I have yet more. *Mutter*, dear, I have you."

"And your wife?"

"My wife? Yes—I have my wife. We esteem each other. We respect each other. We have united our interests and exchanged certain advantages, and are both, I trust, so far content with our lot. But as regards love, we have never dreamt of such a possibility—and never shall dream of it. 'Tis not in the bond."

"If two persons who really esteem each other go together through life, it is strange indeed if that esteem does not become love in the course of the journey."

De Benham shook his head.

"My journey," he said, "lies through a desert."

In the meanwhile, Claudia had taken her hat and gone swiftly out, turning as usual towards the market-place. The Cathedral doors were standing open. In the market all was noise and sunshine; in the church all was silence and shadow. She went in; sat down in a dark and distant corner; and buried her face in her hands.

It was all over. The supreme moment, she told herself, was gone by. She might have spoken, and she had not spoken; and now it was too late. Now, too surely, his love and his confidence would never be hers. Now, too surely, that gulf would go on widening between them, never to be bridged over in this world. And then, as Claudia thought of the life that lay before her—of the love that would never be spoken and the solitude that would never be shared—a

dreadful sense of hopelessness fell upon her ; a hopelessness so crushing, so profound, that it seemed to deaden heart and brain within her.

Poor woman ! she had thought to be happy, according to her ideal. She had bargained for position and a title ; she had not bargained for love. And Love had come—Love the Nemesis, Love the Avenger—and the things for which she had sold herself were turned to dust and ashes on her lips. What cared she now for that coronet which once stood to her as the outward and visible type of all human felicity ? What was it now that she had married a lord, and that her servants called her “my lady ?” She would have given it all—coronet, title, and the wealth she had paid for them—in exchange for the love that would never be hers. And was this, she asked herself, the punishment of her ambition ?

She sat for a long time in the church, taking no heed of the quaters as they chimed themselves away ; conscious of nothing but her own despair. By-and-by, the choristers met in the choir to practise, and a low, melancholy sound of chanting echoed down the aisles. Then, for the first time, tears came to her relief, and she wept long and silently.

When at length the singing was over and she had recovered her self-control, she rose and went out into the town and past the gates, taking a long walk into the open country beyond. Here she sat down for awhile on a bench by the roadside, took off her hat, and let the cool air blow upon her face ; nor did she go back to the hotel till she felt sure that no trace remained to show that she had been weeping.

That same evening, De Benham received, among other letters from England, the following from Archibald Blyth :—

“Prior's Walks, May 26th, 1862.

“MY DEAR DE BENHAM,—

“I am heartily glad to learn that you are so much better. Mr. Hardwicke informs me that you will be resuming your journey very shortly.

“This is good news indeed, and I cannot tell you how glad I am to hear it. I have news for you, too—the best of news, to my mind. I am engaged to be married ; and when I tell you who the lady is, I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that I am the luckiest fellow on this side of the Atlantic.

“The lady is Miss Alleyne. When I see how beautiful, and clever, and amiable she is, I can hardly believe in my own good fortune.

That she is ever so much too good for me, I know as well as you do ; but since she is willing to put up with me, and as I love her with all my heart, I suppose there is nothing more to be said on that head. Mr. Hardwicke has kindly given me to understand that he intends still further to improve my position in the house before long ; and I have great hopes of being married before Christmas.

“Pray remember me to my cousin Claudia, and believe me, my dear De Benham, with heartiest good wishes for your health and happiness,

“Your faithful friend,

“ARCHIBALD BLYTH.

“P.S. I don't know whether I ought to give you your title, and call my cousin Lady De Benham. If I have done wrong, please forgive the omission.”

“Here is a letter that will interest you, Claudia,” said De Benham, handing it to her across the table ; for they were at dinner when the post came in. “It is from Archie—and he is engaged to be married.”

Claudia read the letter, and returned it.

“Poor Archie !” she said. “His letters are just like himself. Who is the lady ?”

“She is the daughter of that Alleyne who painted ‘The Athens of Pericles’ which your brother bought out of last year's Exhibition.”

“And is she all that he says ?”

“Yes ; she is pretty—more than pretty. And certainly clever.”

Here Lady De Benham, having read the letter in her turn, joined in the conversation.

“I never heard of this Miss Alleyne before,” she said. “Where have you seen her, Temple ?”

“We met her—Archie and I—ages ago, at Chillingford, a little place on the Wye, that time when we made our pedestrian tour, you know, and I first went to Benhampton. We all happened to be staying at the same inn—it was a mere village, and there was only one in the place. Such a primitive little inn as it was, too ! Archie and I used to eat off wooden platters and get our dinners in the kitchen.”

All this he said with apparent ease and indifference—with almost too much ease, and too much indifference, as it happened ; for Claudia guessed the truth.

“Is the lady's name Juliet ?” she asked.

De Benham flushed scarlet.

“That is—I believe—Miss Alleyne's name,” he said, with evident embarrassment. “What do you know of her ?”

"Nothing," replied Claudia, coldly. "Nothing but her name."

"You will congratulate Mr. Blyth, I suppose, by return of post," said Lady De Benham.

To which De Benham replied that he was very glad to hear of Archie's happiness—very glad, indeed; and that he would write his letter that evening.

But, somehow, the letter did not get written that evening, nor till several evenings after. For De Benham, although he had, of all men living, the least right to feel aggrieved by the turn things had taken, did feel aggrieved, nevertheless, and told himself again and again that in this matter Archie and Juliet had not treated him well. By becoming engaged to each other, it seemed to him as if they had entered into some kind of league and covenant against him. That Juliet Alleyne should some day console herself with another was reasonable—perhaps. That Archie should marry and be happy was meet and right in the highest degree. But that Juliet Alleyne should console herself with Archie, and that Archie should wed with Juliet Alleyne—this was a consummation to which De Benham could in nowise reconcile himself with a good grace. By degrees, however, the sense of soreness wore off, and he succeeded in writing a letter of congratulation sufficiently cordial and sufficiently sincere; and as a letter perfect in its way.

In the meanwhile, partly by road and partly by rail, stopping at Arras, Mons, and Liège by the way, they moved on gradually to Spa, where they arrived towards the end of the first week in June, just as the fashionable season began. At what hotel

they put up; how long they remained there; how De Benham, gaining health and strength by slow but sure degrees, became strong enough as the summer and autumn progressed, to do the Rhine and Switzerland and the Italian lakes, so getting well on the road to Rome before Christmas; how his mother constantly went on with them "a little farther," till at last there arose no more question as to her going or staying; how all went smoothly, and yet all went wrong; how they two who had vowed to become one flesh went on their long journey, together yet divided, wedded yet strangers—all this can be conceived, but need not be told.

For here our story ends. To those who may object that such ending is unsatisfactory, and that the heroes and heroines of romance should either die or be happy according to the received order of things, it may be answered that life is unsatisfactory, and death still more so; and that those men and women who neither die nor are happy constitute the great overwhelming majority upon earth. For the most part, apparently, the things of this life turn out neither wholly well nor wholly ill. Each star has its night side, and every cloud its silver lining. Prosperity is not all success; conquest is not all triumph; love is seldom an unmixed good or an unqualified evil. We have seen how Temple De Benham desired riches and Claudia Hardwicke rank; and how both attained the summit of their ambition. If, being successful, they were not also happy, then their story adds but another testimony to the truth of that maxim which tells us that to those whom the Gods chastise they grant the desires of their heart.

The End.

THE HUSS FESTIVAL AT PRAGUE.

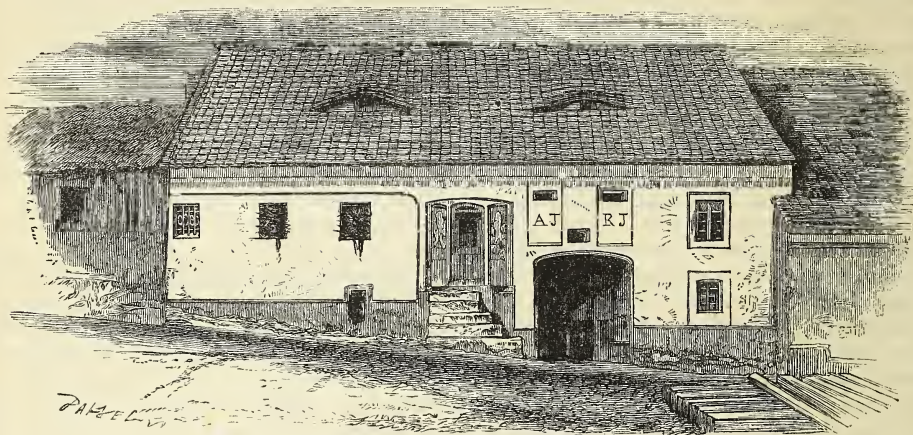
AMONG the hills which mark the confines of Bohemia and Bavaria nestles a little town called Hussinetz. Its centre lies in a hollow into which its chief street dips from either side. At one end is its church, and towards the other stands a modest little house, with white-washed walls and a red-tiled roof, out of which two small windows, much resembling half-closed eyes, look out dreamily. In this house, about five hundred years ago, a boy was born who was destined to become world-famous. Jan Hus, his compatriots called him; we know him under the name of John Huss. In this little house he spent the

early years of his life, and to it he retired when, in consequence of his preaching, Prague had been laid under an interdict. In the room which he occupied during his stay there—the upper one on the right-hand side of the archway—they still show the little cupboard in the wall in which he kept his books, and which may probably have then contained some work of Wycliffe's, which had escaped the fiery wrath of the Archbishop of Prague. On this occasion he did not leave Hussinetz until he set out upon that journey which ended in his death at Constance. How he was burnt at the stake on the 6th of July,

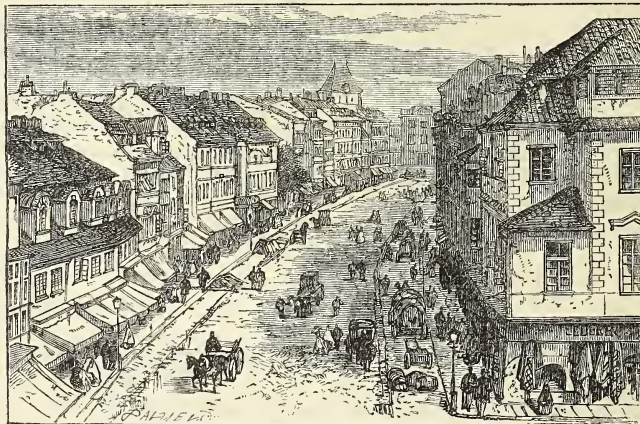
1614, and how his ashes were thrown into the Rhine, and how his countrymen rose in arms, and terribly avenged his death, making their name of Hussites, and that of their leader Ziska, sounds of terror to German ears, are facts with which most readers are doubtless well acquainted. But with the details of the Hussite wars they are not likely to be familiar; and so, if sufficient space could have been granted for the purpose,

we would gladly have tarried for a time over what is the most interesting period of Bohemian history. As it is, we must pass rapidly on to more recent times.

Before doing so, however, we may be allowed to say a few words about the most interesting of the rooms in the Bohemian Museum at Prague, being that which is devoted to the memorials of the terrible Hussite wars. It contains a very good col-



The House where Huss was born.



A Street in Modern Prague.

lection of the weapons then in vogue, and by their side are some of the horrible machines used in the torture chamber—heavy iron cramps intended to be fastened on legs and arms, and smaller ones adapted for the crushing of fingers, ingeniously fitted with rows of teeth within and an apparatus of screws without. All of them are worthy of attention, but most curious are the specimens which are here preserved of the arms used by the Hussites themselves. There are all

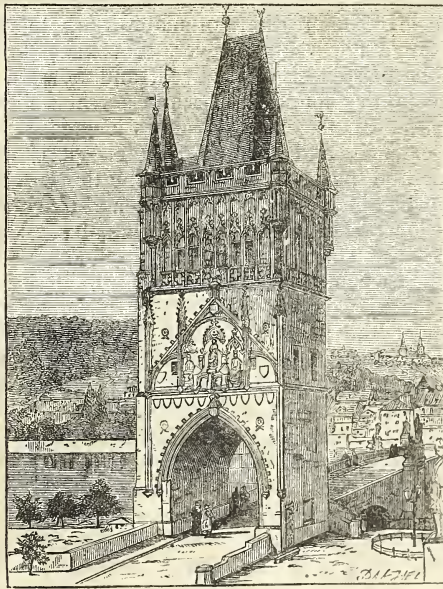
manner of swords and spears, and there are cumbrous bows of various shapes, and rudely-formed arrows, feathered with cuttings from manuscripts, on some of which a few words are still legible, showing that they had been taken from controversial theological works. And there is one ghastly implement, something like a pitch-fork in shape, but supplied with a kind of spring, opening inwards but not outwards, and intended for the purpose of seizing a horseman by the neck and drag-

ging him headlong from the saddle. But the arms which have the greatest fascination for the spectator, and to which he is sure to return again and again, are the Hussite flails of which he must have heard so much. There they are in all manner of shapes, the staff generally about three feet long, and the swinging part about half that length—terrible, cruel-looking weapons, the shorter arm generally cased with iron, or at least secured by iron clasps, and almost always bristling with spikes, or rough with knobs of metal. Another good collection may be seen at Pilsen, near which town so many fights took place, and indeed all Bohemia is rich in relics of those terrible years of contest, when the whole country was one great battle-field. Then it was that those grand hymns were composed which the Hussites used to chant in their fortified camps, and the sounds of which came to be feared in no small measure by their enemies, for when the German troops heard their slow but wild melody becoming louder and louder, and mingled with it the sounds of tramping feet, they knew that they were about to be attacked by foes who never fled when conquered, and who as conquerors gave no quarter.

Never during Ziska's life did his standard, the great black banner bearing a blood-red chalice, have to give way before the foe. But at last the plague struck down the hero whom no mortal enemy had ever overcome; and on October 11, 1424, he died. For a time the Taborites, as his followers were called, continued their successes under a new chief, Procopius; but at length a civil war broke out, and they were finally overthrown in 1434, by an army of their own countrymen at Lipan. From this period we pass rapidly on to the year 1547, when Ferdinand I., after the defeat of the German Protestants at Mühlberg, entered Prague at the head of an overwhelming force, and assembled what became infamous as the "Bloody Diet." Then commenced a time of crushing persecution. The constitutional rights of Bohemia were annulled, the king was made absolute,

an ecclesiastical censorship was instituted, and the Jesuits were invited into the country in order to carry out its decrees. Rather more than half a century later a second Ferdinand took in hand the bad work which his namesake had left unfinished. An insurrection ensued, and for a time the cause of the insurgents seemed likely to prosper, but on the 8th of November, 1620, it was irremediably ruined by the battle of the White Hill. On that fatal field all that remained of the old liberties of Bohemia perished, and to this day they have never, except for a short and feverish period, been able to renew their life.

Ferdinand now commenced a true reign of terror. By means of the axe and the gibbet he decimated the ranks of his opponents, and struck terror into all hearts. Then he deliberately set to work to deprive the country of its national tongue. All Bohemian books were condemned to be burnt, and the Jesuits went about the country seeking them out and delivering them over to the flames. They hoped, no doubt, that the Bohemian language would die out as completely as has the Celtic in Cornwall. But it is not easy to compel a nation to give up its language, and so the Czechs continued to speak their mother tongue, if not in their palaces at least in their



The Bridge of St. John of Nepomuk.

cottages, under the humble thatched roofs in which were often preserved some of their forbidden books, the Bohemian Martyrology for instance, the existence of which was known only to the father of the family and his eldest son. At length the thirty years' war came to an end, but not before half of the towns of Bohemia had been destroyed, by far the greater part of its nobles had perished, and its population had fallen from more than four millions to less than one. The remnant that remained of the nation seemed to have but little chance of maintaining its nationality, and recovering its independence.

But with the reign of Joseph II. a new era commenced for this down-trodden people. In 1791 the Diet instituted a Professorship

of Bohemian in the University of Prague. When Joseph was deliberating what tongue should be chosen as the universal language of his empire, he was for some time inclined to select the Bohemian, that being the language which could be most readily acquired by the majority of his subjects. A school of students of Bohemian was founded by the great Slavist, Dubrovsky, and early in the present century a great impulse was given to its labours by the discovery of a manuscript which contained a number of old Bohemian poems. From that time may be dated the new life of the language. A band of enthusiastic students set to work, first to learn and then to teach it, and in a short time the tongue which had been allowed to fall into disuse, except among the ignorant peasantry, became the favourite vehicle of expression in every patriotic circle. In a few years a whole literature sprang into existence. In 1818 the Bohemian Museum was founded, and a little later its *Review*—an excellent periodical—made its appearance, and two societies were founded for the purpose of publishing books for the people, in the popular tongue, and at extremely low prices. Somewhat later a national press was started, its chief founder being a journalist named Havliczek, who adopted the ingenious plan of writing about Bohemia under the name of Ireland, and attacking the Austrian Government under the pretence of defending the Irish against their English rulers, a plan which all Bohemians understood, so that the word "Repeal" became the watchword of the popular party.* Up till 1848 all went well. Then came a period which commenced with hopes and smiles, and ended in tears, and all the bitterness of hope not only deferred, but finally disappointed.

But disappointed though they were, the leaders of the National party did not despair. Some of them were in prison, others were in exile, but those who remained once more devoted themselves to the task of making the Bohemian people fit for that liberty which they so ardently desired.

Seeing clearly the advantages which the Germans in Bohemia derived from their superior culture, they determined to raise the Czechs at least to a level with their rivals in respect to education, and so they did all that lay in their power to multiply and improve the schools in their towns and villages, to foster the growth of a sound popular literature, to create a taste for study

among the masses, and in every way to dissipate the ignorance which is so apt to overshadow every people among whom the free expression of thought has been checked. The success with which they have met of late years is wonderful. Everywhere throughout Bohemia schools have been opened, libraries have been founded, the peasants have been educated, even in the remotest villages; and in the towns a large amount of true culture has been introduced among the workpeople. And everywhere, as education has spread, the love of the Fatherland has grown stronger, and with it the old yearning for political and religious freedom, the old indignation against falsehood and oppression. These feelings have never died out in Bohemia, but for a long time they had no power of manifesting themselves. Latterly, however, they have been trained and systematized, and now their expression begins to assume a real political significance. In the case of the great society called the "Sokol," for instance, it is viewed with considerable anxiety by the authorities. This Sokol is a great gymnastic society, comprising members taken from all classes, having its head-quarters at Prague, and branch establishments all over the country. Every man who belongs to it soon becomes, in all but the actual use of arms, a trained soldier, thoroughly well drilled, accustomed to prompt obedience to orders, capable of sustaining long-continued fatigue. Those who see a detachment of the Sokol swinging along in their admirable costume, at once picturesque and serviceable—a brown tunic fitting loosely over a red flannel shirt, brown trousers tucked into boots which come half-way up the calf, and a jaunty Spanish-looking cap, with a feather at one side of it—cannot fail to see that the society contains in itself the germ of a far from despicable army. Already, indeed, it is a little army in itself, for it numbers about eight thousand members, and its ranks are constantly being recruited. There is no little significance in the position attributed to the Sokol in a drawing which has had an immense sale in Bohemia. In the centre stands the national lion, the emblem of the country, looking out upon a landscape from which the storms of the passing night are drifting away, and on which the rays of the coming day are beginning to shine. By the lion's side is seen the form of the Genius of the country, worn by long and cruel suffering, and looking up to her from a thorny brake below stands a boy, the representative of the rising generation, who listens with clenched hands and spark-

* See "La Bohême Historique," &c., an excellent work edited by MM. Fricz and Leger.

ling eyes to the story told him by the man who stands by his side, dressed in the costume of the Sokol.

Among the numerous manifestations of popular discontent and patriotic feeling which have of late years taken place in Bohemia, by far the most important were the public meetings which have been held on various pretexts in divers places. On many a rising ground rendered famous in Bohemian history by some desperate deed of valour, or associated with some terrible tale of wrong, crowds gathered together by day to listen to speeches which sent a patriotic thrill along their veins, or camped out at night, dimly seen by the light of their scattered watch-fires. Especially on every Sunday morning did such gatherings take place throughout the length and breadth of the land. In vain did the authorities interfere; the tide of public feeling was too strong to be repressed. It is true that when the 6th of July arrived this year, the anniversary of both the birth and the execution of John Huss, a proposed pilgrimage in his honour to Hussinetz was forbidden, and the intending pilgrims had to wend their way to Constance, and to visit the spot on which he died instead of the house in which he was born. But a little later the original plan was after all carried out, and the forbidden demonstration took place, attended by the most unmistakable expressions of love and veneration for the man who had died a martyr's death four centuries and a half before, and to whose memory, during all that time, it had never been possible to pay its fitting meed of honour.

On the 4th of last September Prague wore indeed a gay and festal aspect. But a short time before the city had been in a state of siege, and men had moved about uneasily, not knowing what news the morrow might bring; but now all seemed bright and cheerful, as the sun shone down pleasantly on a better order of things. Fine weather is of great account as regards the success of a festival, and the elements combined to ensure that of the commemoration of John Huss. At one time, indeed, on the third day, the sky became veiled, and a thick cloud seemed to threaten mischief; but it only grumbled sulkily in the distance, and never fulfilled its menaces. The proceedings on the first day commenced with a morning performance of an oratorio, called *Jan Hus*, which took place in the New Theatre, and was attended by a very enthusiastic audience. In the evening a drama bearing the same name was performed in the same house

in the presence of a very similar assembly, and was received with even more rapturous applause than had greeted the morning's music and song. Each piece was, as it were, an epitome of Huss's life, and each appealed strongly to the sympathies of an audience which was disposed to find an allusion to the present and the future of Bohemia in every statement about its past history. This was especially the case during the performance of the play, for the feelings of the people had been worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the events which preceded its representation. It would have been strange, indeed, if it had been otherwise, for even the foreigners who were present were unable, after witnessing what took place in the afternoon before the house in which Huss once lived, and the chapel in which he used to preach—to look on in the evening unmoved while the concluding scenes of the drama were being performed—while Huss was taking a last farewell of his aged mother before starting on what was to prove so fatal a journey, while he was boldly maintaining the cause of truth and freedom in the midst of an angry crowd of enemies, while he was slowly moving, attending monks singing the while *Miserere ei Domine*, to the spot appointed for his execution, and, finally, while the stage was lighted up by the lurid glow which told that he was passing through the terrors of his fiery trial.

The scene which was presented by the Bethlehem Place during the interval between the performance of the oratorio and that of the drama was one which none who saw it will readily forget. Few spots in Prague are richer in historical associations than this "Place," which still retains its old size and shape, though most of the houses which surround it have been rebuilt, or at least modernised. Here used to stand the house in which John Huss lived, and that Bethlehem Chapel in which he first preached the doctrines which were fraught with such important results both for himself and his country, and into this open space used to press the eager crowds which drank in the bold truths he uttered. At one end of the Place stands a house which dates from so early a period that its massive walls may have looked down upon the compact bands of students and townspeople who came to hear their favourite teacher thunder forth his protests against the falsehood and corruption of the age, and on the crowds of angry men who met together there a little later to talk over the news which had arrived from Constance, and how he had been

put to a terrible death there, and on the wild troops of Hussite insurgents who, a little later still, swept past to the stern music of their sombre hymns, bent upon pillage and destruction, eager to make red with the blood of their foes the rude weapons they bore. In front of this quaint old house, by the side of the great yawning archway within which the shadows lie dark and cool even on the brightest and the hottest day, a sort of balcony had been erected, which was occupied by about a hundred ladies, and above it from out of a mass of green leaves and flowers a life-size figure of Huss gleamed brightly. Most of the other houses, also, were decked with boughs and flags, and streamers of various hues, and almost all the numerous windows which look out upon the Place were occupied by closely-packed spectators. Down below a vast crowd surged to and fro, almost setting at defiance the efforts of a strong detachment of the Sokol to keep the ground open around the tribune erected in front of Huss's former dwelling-place. About three o'clock a long procession made its way through the crowd with banners flying and music playing, and a little later the appointed speeches in honour of Huss were delivered. When the orators began to speak their hearers at first kept silence, but after a little while a loud chorus of cheering broke forth, which was repeated enthusiastically from time to time, and which reached its climax when at a given signal a curtain was let fall from before Huss's house, and a large medallion of the martyr was exposed to view on the wall. Four centuries and a half had passed since he had been unjustly done to death, and for more than two hundred years it had scarcely been possible even so much as to utter his name in public, and now it was uttered amid the enthusiastic plaudits of many thousands of his countrymen, met together there to do public honour to his memory. It was pleasant to observe the expression of sober joy which marked their countenances. The day was one of triumph for them, but they did not carry its manifestation to excess, great as must have been the excitement of tasting liberty once more after so long a time of wearisome waiting. But a few months before such a crowd as this would have been driven away by a strong detachment of the great army which occupies Prague. Now it was allowed to assemble in peace, and scarcely a sign of government interference was perceptible, beyond the presence of a couple of policemen who looked on tranquilly, and an Imperial Commissary who fidgeted a good deal, but

took no decided step to muzzle the speakers. The proceedings terminated with the singing of one of the grand old Hussite hymns, a slow, majestic choral which seemed to speak of the terrors of those troublous days in which Ziska's terrible soldiers held their own on the bare hill-sides, amid whistling storms and biting cold, and driving rain and snow, and from within the strong circles of their linked chariots defied the serried ranks of the foe, who outnumbered them by ten to one. You had only to shut your eyes, and, as the modern scene vanished, you could see that of the olden times appear—could scan the ranks of the German knights and men-at-arms without the line of waggons chained together, the wild and haggard bands of the Hussites within, and in their centre Ziska standing calm and resolute, easily to be recognised by the veil over his sightless eye, the stern joy of combat scarcely lighting up his sombre and resolute countenance as he gave his curt orders to the fierce warriors who stood grimly swinging their spiked flails, and behind a background of unflinching women preparing supplies of food and ammunition, and children bending little crossbows in readiness for the coming fight. Then the hymn came to an end, and the crowds moved slowly away from the scene, and all was quiet for a time. But some hours later, when the daylight had faded from the sky, the Bethlehem Place was brightly illuminated, lights being set in the windows of all the neighbouring houses, except two which belonged to a German proprietor, and the statue of Huss at the further end being encircled by a blazing curve of fire. For some hours the place swarmed with crowds of visitors, in the midst of whom tramped up and down a detachment of policemen carrying, according to the cheerful custom in vogue here, rifles with fixed bayonets. Then the lights gradually went out, the crowds dispersed, and by midnight the stars which looked down upon the Bethlehem Place saw no figures moving there but those of the policemen, who slowly continued their monotonous walk to and fro.

On the following morning a special train started from Prague, conveying some six hundred excursionists, and among others the writer of the present article, to the points from which Hussinetz could most conveniently be reached. The great majority of our party were, of course, Bohemians, but all the Slavonic nations were well represented, there being a number of Russians present—the Russian press having sent no less than five special correspondents—and several Bulgarians, Ser-

vians, Croats, Slovaks, and Poles. Before starting we met at the rooms of one of the literary societies, and from their windows looked down upon a bright and lively scene. Although the hour was an early one, all Prague was astir, and vast masses of people thronged the wide street in front of us, and the noble Wenceslaus Place, which leads from it up to the Bastions. Presently the sounds of music were heard, and a long procession passed through the crowd on its way to the railway station. All the trade societies of Prague were represented there, each in its own costume, and each bearing its own banner, the gay colours worn by some of the companies giving an added brilliance to the bright picture which seemed to unroll itself before our eyes. Here marched the green-clad brewers, there the butchers clothed in spotless white; at one moment the street was blue with the tunics of a great society of working men, at another it was a mixture of russet brown and rich reds, as a detachment of the Sokol swung past with lissom step. Then perhaps a band of firemen would go by, their helmets and axes blazing in the sun, or a company of the National Guard would advance in military array, or a band of students in fantastic dress and armed with long rapiers. At last appeared, amid vociferous cheering, the great black banner of Ziska, and the foreign guests were marshalled behind it and walked off to the station between two lines of enthusiastic spectators, who favoured them with a trying amount of attention and applause. It took some time to get the whole of our party seated in the carriages which awaited us, but at last we got fairly off, and glided from among the crowds of shouting sympathisers at the station into the open country.

For about eight hours we sped along the line, passing in that time from the middle of Bohemia almost to its southern boundary, and everywhere we were received with the greatest enthusiasm. During the early parts of the journey we traversed a country which is not over picturesque, slightly undulating, sandy flats, roads that looked like dried-up water-courses, and meadows from which the late hay crop had just been carried away. But as we went further the scenery began to improve, and towards the evening we found ourselves in a district to which frequent hills and dales lent a pleasant variety. But more interesting to us than the country itself was the reception given to us by its inhabitants. It was well known that the authorities had done all they could to throw discredit upon

the expedition, and, at least in some places, the clergy had assisted them to the best of their power; so we were at first curious to know what sort of greeting would await us at the various stations. But a very short time sufficed to give the information. At station after station as we passed along the line we were received with a rapturous welcome. Everywhere an enthusiastic crowd was eagerly looking out for our arrival, and as we ran alongside the platform we were greeted by a chorus of friendly cries, by the banging of guns, and by the din of a band playing the most inspiring of national tunes. The brown jackets and red shirts of the Sokol were prominent everywhere; and when we had got a little distance from Prague the costumes of the peasants lent colour and picturesqueness to the scene, while at most of the stations groups of ladies decked with special ribbons in honour of the occasion helped to make up a picture which, lit with bright sunshine, was very pleasant to look upon. And amid such pictures as these we passed onwards along the line until we reached the town of Strakonitz, at which our party was to pass the night.

Towards four o'clock the next morning we found ourselves jolting along the road which leads from Strakonitz in the direction of Hussinetz. As we slowly mounted the hill which rises above the little town, the light of the stars which shone brightly above us just enabled us to make out the principal features of the scene below, the faintly glimmering houses, and the indistinct river, and the ghostly church tower, from which the sounds of the striking clock boomed mysteriously. A little later, and the sky was flushed with rosy colour, and the mists had risen from the valleys and gathered in fleecy clouds among the windings of the hills, and we could see the long file of carts which preceded and which followed us—strange vehicles, for the most part mere peasant waggons with wattled sides, but gaily decked with flags and green with leafy branches. A little later still, and we were rattling along amid a cloud of dust and under a blazing sun, exchanging friendly greetings of *Ná-zdar* with the peasants we passed in the fields or on the road; and being received with joyful acclamation in the two or three little towns which we traversed on our way, and which had erected triumphal arches in our honour, and got ready music and beer for our enlivenment and refreshment. By nine o'clock we had reached the top of the steep descent which leads into Hussinetz, and before long we had taken our

seats on the platform which had been erected in front of the centre of attraction—the modest little house in which John Huss used to live.

At about eleven o'clock the head of a long procession began to mount the steep street. First came a number of horsemen, sturdy Bohemian yeomen, evidently thrifty, sober men, such as a nation may well be proud of possessing. After them followed a number of deputations, each bearing its own flag, and many of them dressed in striking costumes. As they passed up the hill their standard-bearers fell out from the ranks and passed behind the tribune erected in front of our platform, round which eventually upwards of forty flags were waving. Every here and there in the procession walked a band of girls, dressed in white and wearing white flowers in their hair, or little round hats with white feathers in them on their heads, and white and blue scarves across one shoulder. At length the last of the companies forming the procession had passed by, and its various ranks were grouped around the tribune. Then rose from beneath it the solemn sounds of one of the grand old Hussite songs, and when that was over the President of the Festival, Dr. Sladkowsky, mounted the tribune, and delivered an address, which was received with the most tumultuous applause. As he spoke of Huss's noble life and most courageous death, of his bold utterances in defence of truth and justice, of his determination never to yield, whatever force might be brought to bear against him, and of the undaunted valour with which he maintained his resolution even when the flames were rising around him as he stood bound to the stake, one could feel a thrill pass through the vast crowd which swarmed around. And when the curtain fell, which until that moment had concealed the medallion of Huss, newly fixed upon the walls of the house in which he used to live, such an outburst of hearty enthusiasm took place as cannot often be heard.

A few hours later we were once more in our waggon, slowly climbing the hill which looks down upon Hussinetz. Below us in the valley the white walls of the old church and of the irregular line of houses shone bright as the rays of the sun, which was now low in the sky, lighted them up and blazed here and there reflected from their windows. The long street was still thronged by numerous groups, chiefly of peasants, for the greater part of the visitors from a distance had already left, or were preparing to start in the large field at the end of the town in

which the waggons and other vehicles had been stationed. That open space looked somewhat as if a fair were being held on it, numbers of tents having been pitched there, in which many of the visitors, chiefly the pedestrians, had encamped for the nights preceding and following the festival, and booths having been opened for the sale of refreshments. The night before all the surrounding hills had been lit up with bonfires, and the scene must have borne some resemblance to those on which the old Hussites were accustomed to look, when, from out of the circle formed by their linked waggons, they gazed through the darkness of the night at the signal fires which glowed on the hill-tops around, to tell them of the movements of their foes. The sun sank lower as we continued our journey, its last rays serving to light up the first of the little towns through which we had to pass, and in which the enthusiasm which had greeted us in the morning was renewed on our return. Long before we reached the railway station of Strakonitz all was darkness around. Even the starlight of our morning journey was absent now, for the heavens were covered by a veil of cloud foreboding rain. Three weary hours had we to wait at the station before the train arrived, and then came a night journey which could scarcely be considered a pleasure, for every seat was occupied in the carriage in which we were, and any other sort of sleep than a restless doze was out of the question. We were glad when the day dawned and we had something to look at out of the windows. It was a lovely morning, and in the bright sunshine the groups of peasants working in the fields on either side were set off to great advantage. The women do a great deal of field labour in Bohemia, as their prematurely wrinkled and wizened faces testify. It by no means improves their personal appearance, as may be seen when one observes them closely, but at a little distance they looked very picturesque as they worked in the meadows along the line, their bright red or blue handkerchiefs and petticoats dotting the landscape with telling bits of colour. Here and there a little company, chiefly consisting of women and children, might be seen among the fruit trees of some orchard adjoining the railway, and the green of the leaves and the gold of the fresh sunlight and the reds and blues of the dresses of the women made up a charming picture. Amid the friendly greetings of these wayside groups, with many an interchanged salutation of *Slava* and *Na-zdar*, we ran swiftly on our

way, and about eight o'clock we found ourselves once more in Prague.

In the afternoon of the same day the foreign visitors reassembled in the banquetting hall on the Sophia Island, where they were received by their Bohemian hosts and sumptuously entertained. To any one who was acquainted with the sufferings through which the country had passed, and the difficulties with which even now it had to contend, the scene could not fail to be as interesting as exciting, especially when Dr. Rieger, the greatest of Bohemian orators and one of the most influential among the leaders of the national party, was uttering the noble speech in which he alluded to the sufferings of the past and the promise of the future, and after he had sat down, and, while the echoes of his strong words were still ringing in all ears, the spirit-stirring notes of the Bohemian National Anthem clanged forth from the orchestra. None of the foreigners who were present could help feeling their hearts beat faster than before as they listened to its dashing strains, or could avoid responding heartily to the hope expressed by

the Burgomaster of the City, in proposing the health of the guests, that they had been pleased with the appearance of the people whom they had been visiting, and that they would carry back with them a pleasant recollection of their stay.

The day before the festival took place at Hussinetz a sermon was preached in its church, in which the officiating priest predicted all sorts of woes as likely to be brought upon the town by the honour it was about to pay to an ecclesiastical rebel. Many of his hearers were no doubt greatly alarmed, and went home full of gloomy forebodings as to the future. A few days later a misfortune did indeed befall the town, for a fire broke out which consumed many houses before it could be extinguished. But the preacher could scarcely triumph in the success of his prediction, for the flames nearly burnt his church down, while the house of John Huss remained unscathed. It is to be hoped that Huss's country may emerge equally uninjured from the terrible struggle in which it has so long been engaged.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

AN old house, crumbling half away, all barnacled and lichen-grown,
Of saddest, mellowest, softest grey—with a grand history of its own,
Grand with the work and strife and tears of more than half a thousand years.

Such delicate, tender russet tones of colour on its gables slept,
With streaks of gold betwixt the stones, where wind-sown flowers and mosses crept.
Wild grasses waved in sun and shade, o'er terrace, slab, and balustrade.

Around the clustered chimneys clung the ivy's wreathed and braided threads,
And dappled lights and shadows flung across the sombre browns and reds;
Where'er the graver's hand had been it spread its tendrils bright and green.

Far-stretching branches shadowed deep the blazoned windows and broad eaves,
And rocked the faithful rooks asleep, and strewed the terraces with leaves.
A broken dial marked the hours amid damp lawns and garden bowers.

An old house, silent, sad, forlorn, yet proud and haughty to the last;
Of all its power and splendour shorn, but rich with memories of the past;
And pitying from its own decay the gilded piles of yesterday.

I saw it first in summer time. The warm air hummed and buzzed with bees,
Where now the pale-green hop-vines climb about the sere trunks of the trees;
And waves of roses on the ground scented the tangled glades around.

Some long fern-plumes drooped there, below; above, the sky was still and blue;
Just here—between the gloom and glow—a cedar and an aged yew
Parted their dusky arms, to let the glory fall on Margaret.

She leaned on that old balustrade, her white dress tinged with golden air,
Her small hand loosely clasped and laid amongst the moss and maiden-hair.
I watched her, hearing, as I stood, the turtle cooing in the wood;

Hearing a mavis far away, piping his dreamy interludes,
While gusts of soft wind, sweet with hay, swept through those garden solitudes;
And thinking she was lovelier e'en than my young ideal-love had been.

Tall, with that subtle, sensitive grace, which made so plainly manifest
That she was born of noble race,—a cool hushed presence, bringing rest,
Of one who felt and understood the dignity of womanhood.

Tall, with a slow, proud step and air; with skin half marble and half milk;
With twisted coils of raven hair, blue-tinged, and fine and soft as silk;
With haughty, clear-cut chin and cheek, and broad brows exquisitely Greek.

With still, calm mouth, whose dreamy smile possessed me like a haunting pain,
So rare, so sweet, so free from guile, with that slight accent of disdain;
With level, liquid tones that fell like chimings of a vesper bell.

With large, grave stag-eyes, soft yet keen with slumbering passion, hazel brown,
Long-lashed and dark, whose limpid sheen my thirsty spirit swallowed down.
O poor, pale words, wherewith to paint my queen, my goddess, and my saint!

You see that oriel, ivy-grown, with the blurred sculpture underneath?
Her sweet head, like the Clytie's own, with a white stephanotis wreath
Inwoven with its coil of hair, first bent to me in greeting there.

I shall remember till I die that night when we were introduced!
The great Sir Hildebrand stood by—her cousin—scowling as he used
To scowl if e'en a poor dumb cur ventured to lift his eyes to her.

I cared not. Well I knew her grace was not for him. I watched them dance,
And knew it by her locked-up face, and her slow, haughty utterance.
I knew he chafed and raged to see how kind and sweet she was to me.

O dear old window! nevermore the red and purple lights that stray
Through your dim panes upon the floor on sunny summer nights, will lay
Soft rainbows on her glossy hair, and the white dress she used to wear!

'Twas there, when fell the twilight hush, I used to feed her wistful ears,
And make her cheek and forehead flush, and her dark eyes fill full of tears,
With tales of my wild fighting life—our bitter, brave Crimean strife.

'Twas on that terrace that we read the "Idylls," sauntering up and down,
With gentle, musing, measured tread, while leaves kept falling, gold and brown;
And mists kept rising, silver-grey—one still and peaceful autumn day.

In that green nook we used to sit; and I would watch her as she worked.
Her face had such a spell in it! and such a subtle glamour lurked
In even the motion of her hand! Why, I could never understand.

'Twas there I tied the little strap that held her netting down, one day,
And kissed the soft palm in her lap, that she so gently drew away;
Ay me, we held our tongues for hours, and I plucked off and ate the flowers.

'Twas there, soon after, in a ray of moonlight, standing still and dumb,
That first my straining strength gave way, and her reserve was overcome.
My glad arms had her then to hold, and all my burning love was told.

'Twas on that broken step we sat—where the yew branch is fall'n and bent—
And read the Colonel's letter that recalled me to my regiment:

'Twas there, on such a night as this, we took our first, long, parting kiss.

'Twas there I hugged the small Greek head upon my bosom, damp with dew;
'Twas there she soothed my grief and said, "But I shall still belong to you."
O my sweet Eve, with your pure eyes! you're mine now, in God's Paradise.

I sailed, you know, within a week *en route* for Malta's heat and blaze;
And tender letters came, to speak of love and comfort and bright days.
I tried to think it was not hard—of what was coming afterward.

I used to dream and dream and dream, from night till morn, from morn till night;
My future life just then did seem so full, so beautiful, so bright,
I could not see, I could not feel, the sorrow dogging at my heel.

At length it touched me. By-and-by the letters ceased. I looked in vain;
I roamed the streets dejectedly, and gnawed my long moustache in pain.
I wrote twice—thrice; no answer still; surely, I thought, she must be ill.

Until one evening Eyre came in, to lounge and gossip, drink and smoke.
I gave him leisure to begin; and, when his pipe was lit, he spoke
Through curling vapour, soft and blue—"Guy, I've a piece of news for you.

"One of the girls you met last year at that poor, tumble-down old place—
The dark-haired one,—she with the clear white skin and sweet Madonna face,—
She's married now, I understand, to her rich cousin, Hildebrand."

I felt my limbs grow stark and stiff; I felt my heart grow cold as lead;
I heard Eyre's quiet, musing whiff—the noise swam round and round my head.
I veiled my eyes lest he should see their passionate, mute misery.

"I only heard," he said, "to-day. It's out in all the papers though.
She did not care for him, they say. But the old house was falling low—
Her father's name and fame at stake. She would do anything for his sake.

"Some mortgages foreclosed—the price of years and centuries of debt;
The manor doomed for sacrifice—or else the Lady Margaret.
Doubtless for Hildebrand's red gold the rare Madonna face was sold.

"I fancy that's the history," he ended in a bitter tone.
 "It's not a new one, by-the-bye." And, when he went, I sat alone,
 And tried to ease me with a prayer, but ground my teeth in my despair.

Then I grew stupid, numb, and tired. A fever crept through all my veins,
 And wearied out my heart, and fired my dazed, tumultuous, teeming brains.
 I hung, suspended by a breath, for weeks and months 'twixt life and death.

Then I recovered, and had leave to go to England—where she dwelt—
 In my home climate to retrieve my broken health and strength. I felt
 Twice ten years older than before. I knew I should come back no more.

Soon as I touched my native land, my feet turned toward the Manor-House.
 They told me that Sir Hildebrand was in the Highlands, shooting grouse—
 That she was in her father's care. That night I found her, sitting there,



On that third step, just where the trees cast down their greenest, coolest shade;
 Her weary hands about her knees, her head against the balustrade;
 And such dumb woe in her sweet eyes, uplifted to the fading skies.

She did not see me till I burst through the rose-thickets round about.
 She sprang up with a cry at first—and then her arms were half stretched out—
 And then caught backward, for *his* sake. I felt as if my heart would break.

I knew the truth. I did not care,—I did not think. I flung me down,
 And kissed her hands, her wrists, her hair, the very fringes of her gown;
 While she sat cowering in a heap, and moaned, and shook, but could not weep.

It was soon over. O good God, forgive me!—I was sorely tried.
 'Twas a dark pathway that I trod; I could not see Thee at my side.
 It was soon over. "I shall die," she whispered, "if you stay here, Guy!

"O Guy, Guy! you were kind to me in our old days,—be kinder now,
 Be kind and go and let me be!" And then I felt on my hot brow
 The brush of her cold finger-tips—the last soft contact of her lips.

And I obeyed her will and went, and vowed to tempt her nevermore.
 I tried hard, too, to be content, and think of that which lay before.
 I knew my dream of love was past, yet strove to serve her to the last.

With strange companions did I dwell one scorching summer, on the heights
 Of Tangier's Moorish citadel, and mused away the days and nights.
 With loose white garments and long gun, I roamed the deserts in the sun.

I painted Atlas, capped with snow, and lifted, cool, and still, and fair,
 Out of the burning heat and glow into the solemn upper air;
 And Tetuan's gleaming walls I drew on fields of Mediterranean blue.

I haunted Cairo's crowded ways, and sketched carved doors and gilded grates,
 Mosque-domes and minarets ablaze, and sweet dark heads with shining plaits;
 And now a grave old Arab sheikh, and then a slim, straight-featured Greek.

I roamed through Nubian desert flats, where vultures sailed o'er burning seas;
 And forests where the yellow bats hung large and lifeless from the trees;
 And marshy wastes where crocodiles slept on the shores of sandy isles.

Roaming through India's burning plains, I chased wild boars and antelopes,
 Swam brawling nullahs in the rains, and haunted dew-wet mango-topes;
 Shot bears and tigers in the gloom of the dense forests of Beerbhoom.

I crept with curious feet within imperial China's sacred bounds;
 I saw the palace of Pekin and all its fairy garden-grounds;
 The green rice-fields, the tremulous rills, the white azaleas on the hills;

The tea-groves climbing mountain backs; the girls' rich robes of blue and white;
 The cattle 'neath the paddy stacks; the gilt pagodas, tall and bright;
 And in a merchant-junk I ran across the waters to Japan.

I saw, where silk-fringed mats were spread, within his lacquered, bare saloon,
 With his curled roofs above his head, on muffled heels, the great Tycoon.
 Familiar things they were to me—the pipes, and betel-nuts, and tea.

I dug in Californian ground, at Sacramento's golden brim,
 With hunger, murder, all around, and fever shaking every limb;
 Saw, in lush forests and rude sheds, the Dyaks roasting pirates' heads.

I shot white condors on the brows of snowy Andes; and I chased
 Wild horses, and wild bulls and cows, o'er the wide Pampas' jungle-waste;
 And saw, while wandering to and fro, the silver mines of Mexico.

In Caffre waggons I was drawn up wild Cape gorges, green and steep,
 And camped by river-grove and lawn, where nightly tryst the wild things keep;
 Where glaring eyes without the line of circling watchfires used to shine.

I built an Australian hut of logs, and lived alone—with just a nooze,
 A trap, a gun, my horse and dogs; I hunted long-legged kangaroos;
 And oft I spent the calm night hours beneath the gum trees' forest bowers.

I threaded miles and miles and miles, where Lena's sad, slow waters flow
 'Mid silent rocks and woods and isles, and drear Siberian steppes of snow;
 Where pines and larches, set alight, blaze in the dark and windless night.

I saw when, in my flying sledge, I swept the frozen tundra slopes,
 The white bears on some craggy ledge, far off, where ocean blindly gropes
 In her dim caves—where bones lie furled, the tokens of a vanished world.

I saw across the dread blue sky, spanning blue ice and bluer mist
 (That shows where open waters lie), the bright Aurora keep her tryst,—
 That arch of tinted flame—so fair! lighting the crystals in the air.

Then, all at once—I know not why—I felt I could no longer roam;
 My feet were irresistibly drawn toward my England and my home.
 And I began to pine and fret for one more glimpse of Margaret.

So on a sudden I returned. I reached the village in the night.
 At one small inn a candle burned with feeble, pale, unsteady light.
 The hostess curtsied, grave and strange. She did not know me for the change.

My broad white brows were bronzed, and scarred with lines of trouble, thought, and care;
 My young bright eyes were dim and hard—the sunshine was no longer there;
 My brown moustache was hid away in a great beard of iron-grey.

"The manor-house is habited," to my brief question she replied.
 "To-night my lady lies there dead. She's long been ailing, and she died
 At noon. A happy thing for her. Were you acquainted with her, sir?"

"A sweeter lady never walked! So kind and good to all the poor!
 She ne'er disdained us when she talked—ne'er turned a beggar from her door!
 Ah, sir, but we may look in vain; we ne'er shall see her likes again!"

"I heard the squire's great bloodhounds bark, and woke, and shook, and held my breath.
 My man, he stirred too in the dark. Said he to me, 'My lady's death
 Is not far off. Another night she'll never see.' And he was right."

"'Twas over in twelve hours, or less. They laid her on the golden bed,
 In her old confirmation dress, with the small white cap on her head
 Which bore the Bishop's blessing hand,—she asked that of Sir Hildebrand."

You see that window in the shade of those old beeches? 'Twas that room
 Wherein my dear dead love was laid. I climbed the ivy in the gloom
 And silence—just once more to see the face that *had* belonged to me.

I stood beside her. No one heard. On the great rajah's bed, alone
 She lay. The night-breeze softly stirred the Cashmere curtains, and the moan
 Of my wild kisses seemed to thrill the solitude: all else was still.

In the pale yellow taper-light I gazed upon her till the morn.
 I see her now—so sweet and white! the fair pure face, so trouble-worn!
 The thin hands folded on her breast, in peace at last, in perfect rest.

* * * * *

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

THE return of Christmas calls forth year by year a fresh crop of sentiment: it has become fashionable, and we are now determined to *do* Christmas in England after an English fashion, and to let the Germans and the Romans keep it in theirs. Our celebration of the holiday (as distinct from the festival) takes the shape of eating and drinking, of family gatherings, long bills, large puddings, and a profusion of evergreens. The literature of the season has a certain gorgeousness about it, from the reward cards for schools, illuminated with robins and red berries, up to the pretty books of the Etching Club, and to the beautifully bound copies of favourite authors intended for Christmas presents. Within recent years too there has been a touch of archæology in our Christmas works, and gift books now contain a fair proportion of old as well as of new pieces bearing on the Feast of the Nativity. These bits of poetry or prose are all more or less familiar to us in their tone, because, though "Christmas," as the carol says, "comes but once a year," it occurs on an average thirty times in every life: and yet these Christmas feelings are ever new, because it is individually that each man realises for himself all that the season has to convey of sadness and of hope.

Holidays, games, and pies make Christmas merry to the young; but it is in later life, when we are tired of Christmas games, when we are made sad by Christmas gatherings, despondent by Christmas bills, and dyspeptic by Christmas fare, that we really under-

stand why so much enthusiasm is got up every year about the matter, both connected with and apart from the deep religious gratitude which commemorates the birth of Christ. There is a fascination in the Festival derived from contrast and from hope. The year, having tried all forms of life, having been gay and then sober, seems finally to do penance in a white sheet. The earth, having been so fruitful and active, now sleeps passive and silent, letting men plough long furrows in her breast, as the December winds rock her in her sleep. But in this blank time of the world men find pleasure: for this sleep is not unto death, but unto more work and always more life. It is fitting then that Christians should celebrate at such a time the birthday of the Christian year.

Yet Christmas doings have not all got their origin in Christian sources. Its cakes and ale have now, as we know, an antiquarian value on account of old pagan draughts in honour of Thor, and of cakes once baked for the Queen of Heaven, though it is true that pies, rounded at the ends in memory of the cradle, have replaced the crescent-shaped loaves dedicated to Astarte. Some such superstitious origin doubtless gave rise to the horribly tough paste made of pine-kernels, almonds, and the like, which the Roman peasants devour at Christmas—perhaps, to the *pan calendan* of Languedoc; but it is an undoubtedly Christian, if irreverent, association of ideas, that first suggested to an Italian confectioner to prepare a model of

the stable and manger of Bethlehem in burnt sugar for a gala dinner at this season: a bakement that we have ourselves really seen handed round in Nice.

No doubt the superstitions about Christmas are many. If the eve be serene and cloudless, this is held in Languedoc to be a good promise for the harvest of the year. The day is thought a lucky one all over Christendom: it is often ushered in with a discharge of guns and with merry chimes, and people exchange good wishes with each other, in accordance with the belief mentioned in the "Golden Legend," that any wish formed on that day, "by a person of righteous life and clean lips," is granted by the Almighty. Many of these old symbolical customs are pretty, whatever be their origin—such as the night-watch, which tells of "the people that sat in darkness;" or the lamp which the Burgundian peasant keeps burning throughout his vigil, ere the ringers touch the slumbering bells.

From the chimes that announce the glad day to the carols that hymn its praises the transition is easy. The custom of carol singing lingers still in the more primitive parts of England; and the modern revival of many old fashions has brought carols greatly into notice. These carols, or *noëls* as they are called in France, form a mass of curious old literature; and though an acquaintance with them is now confined mostly to parish singers, curates, and persons of archæological taste, they once occupied the attention of priests and poets. "As for songs and carols, brethren, they are collected and composed out of the Scriptures, and contain matter of instruction and edification; they implant the history and benefit of Christ's birth in the minds of poor, ignorant people, and sometimes *he* will be taken by a song that will flye a sermon." So says an old author in 1652; and in 1868 some of our readers may care to bestow a glance on these old Christmas songs.

The word *carol* has been variously derived: by some it is taken from *karole* (an early English word for a ring or *circle*); but it more truly seems to mean a little chorus, a diminutive form of the word *choro*, thence *chorollo*. And it is noteworthy that all genuine carols have a chorus or burden, and that this chorus is prefixed to them in every instance, whether it consists of one or, as is more common, of two lines, thus:—

DE NATIVITATE.
*Jhesu, fili Virginis,
Miserere nobis.*

I.

Jhesu of a mayde ye woldest be born,
To save mankynde that was forlorne, &c.

The derivation of the word *noël* is more disputable. It was long said that it was a mere corruption of *natale* (nativity); but this would not seem to be a satisfactory reading. Preferable is its origin in *nova*, thence *nouvelles*, or news; *nowells*, the old English form of the word; *nouvê*, the Romance, and *noël*, the modern French terms. In short, *noël*, rightly understood, is nothing but *news*, a name for the thing, the good news of God, the glad tidings of good-will, the birth of the Saviour of the world. The oldest carols confirm the use of the word in such a sense; and so, in an indirect manner, do many fifteenth-century books. It was, for example, the custom to cry *nowells* for any king or hero in a triumphal procession. "Item—to the boys who cried *nowells* before the king's majesty," appears in the municipal expenditure of an English town during a royal visit. "To ride and cry *nowells* on high days is not the only business of a true knight," hints Gutierre de Gamez, in his great Spanish chronicle, called the "Victorial." And so on, for it would be easy to multiply examples of this custom; but the carols speak for themselves. Take this one, for example:—

A child this day is born,
A child of high renown;
Most worthy of a sceptre,
A sceptre and a crown.
Novels, novels, novels,
Sing all we may,
Because the King of all kings
Was born this blessed day.

Also, of older date, the following:—

ANE SANG OF THE BIRTH OF CHRIST
(With the tune of *Bawulalaw*).

I.

I come from hevyn to tell
The best nouvelles that ever befell
To you these tidings true I bring,
And I will of them say and sing, &c.

The many collections of authentic English carols are excellent and curious. Wright's is perhaps the finest, but Sandys' book will be found full of interest, and he has admitted some translations of French *noëls* with their notes. As regards MSS. collections, one of the rarest is at Oxford, in the commonplace book of one Richard Hill, servant to an Alderman Whynger, afterwards Lord Mayor of London in 1505.

Of French *noëls* there is no lack either, the best being the "Noëls Bourignon," collected by M. la Monnaye (the ingenious author of "M. de la Palisse"), and a volume dating from the reign of Louis XIII., the work of Michael Saboly, a priest of Avignon. Yet of carols both French and English it must be admitted as a rule, that the authors are long since forgotten, and that they, in

their turn, probably drew from older sources. What, for example, has become of all the airs Saboly loved? of the tune of "l'Ecò," to which one of the quaintest of his poems is set? or of the tune and words of "Dans a beau jour," or of "Dis-moi, Grisel?" or who was the composer of that tune of *Bawul-lalaw*, which we have seen was of fifteenth-century reputation in England? They are all past recovery, and any classification of the carols can only be made by guessing their date from their spelling, and by noticing some peculiarities which are found alike in the carols of France and of England.

The first place we shall assign to those which are written partly in Latin and partly in the vulgar tongue, and which we can imagine to have been composed by *clerks*, and persons conversant with the ritual and phraseology of the Church. The chorus, or *chorollo*, of these pieces is in Latin; sometimes the last line of each verse is in Latin, and the rhyme is thus carried on in what may really be called tags of verse.

An example of the first method is taken from Hill's MSS.; of the second, from a rare French tract of the sixteenth century:—

Alleluja! Alleluia!
Deo patria, sit gloria.

Ther ys a blossom sprung of a thorn,
To save man-kynd that was forlorne,
As the Profittis sayd before,
Deo patria, sit gloria.

* * *
Ther shon a star out of hevyn bryght,
That men of earth should deme aright,
That *this* was Jhesus fulle of myght:
Deo patria, sit gloria.

NOËL NOUVEAU, SUR L'AIR DE "OR DITES-NOUS, MARIE!"

Célébrons la naissance,
Nostri Salvatoris,
Qui fait la complaisance,
Dei sui Patris.

Cet enfant tout aimable,
In nocte media,
Est né dans une étable,
De Casta Maria.

A second class is the historical ballad. Of such are the carols—

When God at first created man;
On Christmas-day in the morning;
Augustus Cæsar having brought
The world to quiet peace;
When Jesus Christ was twelve years old;
Joseph being an aged man truly;

and—

A Virgin most pure, as Prophets do tell:

all carols still in use in the West of England, and familiar to many of us. These are just passages of Gospel history done into rough verse; and besides the songs intended for Christmas there are similar carols suited to

Innocents', St. John the Baptist, and St. Stephen's Days, as indeed also for the Feast of the Epiphany, and pieces which commemorate the later events in the Saviour's life, as connected with his Advent into the world.

A third kind of carol is founded on a legend. Take, for example, the well-known one—

Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary, the Maid of Galilee, &c.

This carol tells how a cherry-tree was made to bend and yield its fruit to the Virgin Mother at the command of her Divine but yet unborn Son. It is a tradition familiar, in one shape or other, to the whole of Europe, though in Spain the tall and beautiful date-palm replaces the cherry-tree of the northern nations. It is probably therefore a fragment out of that vast mass of unwritten, fanciful, and semi-pagan tradition which occupied the mouths and memories of men even in the earliest Christian centuries, which assumed shape and consistency in the so-called apocryphal Gospels of Nicodemus and others, and which went, at a later period, to fill the pages of the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacopo de Vorragine. Two of Saboly's carols bear marks of such an origin, viz., a dialogue between Lucifer and the Archangel on the subject of the Nativity, and the altercation between St. Joseph and the landlord of the inn at Bethlehem. Of the same kind is a thirteenth-century hymn for St. Stephen's Day, where it is set forth that St. Stephen "was a clerk, i kyg Heronde halle;" and a more modern one, which has been arranged to a pleasing air—

King Wenceslaüs looked out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the stars were shining bright,
And the snow lay even, &c., &c.

This goes on to record a miracle and the alms-deeds wrought on St. Stephen's Eve by the patron saint of Bohemia, but we searched in vain last summer in Bohemia for any further traces of the legend. Either King Wenceslaüs and his little page are forgotten, or this act of charity has been confounded with his other *faits et gestes*.

We are next brought to observe a fourth set of Christmas songs: the begging letters of a former age, still practised by the waits, with a view to extracting *largesse* from sleepy-headed citizens. A fifth class relates to wassail and feasting, and as these represent practices still in vogue among us, we need not expatiate on them; the songs for the "Bringing in of the Boar's head" being the

most picturesque, and the "Beggars' Complaints" the more monotonous of the two.

There is however a kind of carol now quite forgotten, which, for want of a better name, we shall call the Christmas pastoral, and explain our meaning by quotations from English and Provençal sources. We are convinced our readers will be glad to know—

JOLY, JOLY WAT, THE SHEPHERD.*

Can I not sing but hoy !
When the joly shepherd made so mych joy ?

I.

A shepherd upon a hill he satt,
He had on hym his tabard and hatt,
Hys tarbox, hys pype, and hys flaggatt ;
Hys name was called Joly, Joly Wat.
Can I not sing but hoy !
When the joly shepherd he made mych joy ?
For he was a gude herdis boy,
Ut hoy !
For in hys pype he made so mych joy !

II.

The shepherd upon a hille was layd,
His doge to his gyrdyle was taid ;
He had not slept but a lytelle brayd,
But "Gloria in Excelsis" to hym was sayd.
Can I not sing, &c.

III.

The shepherd upon a hille he stode,
Rownd about hym his shepe they yode ;
He put hys hand under hys hode,
He saw a star as rede as blade :
Can I not sing, &c.

IV.

The shepherd sayd a-non-right,
"I wille go see yon farly syght,
Wher as the angelle syngeth on hight,
And the star that shyneth so bryght."
Can I not sing, &c.

V.

"Now farewell Mall, and also Will !
For my love go ye all styll,
Unto I cum agayn you till ;
And ever more, Will, ring well thy bell."
Can I not sing, &c.

VI.

"Now must I go ther Cryst was borne.
Farewell ! I cum a-gayn to-morn,
Dog, kepe well my shep for the corn,
And warn well warroke when I blow my horne."
Can I not sing, &c.

VII.

When Wat to Bedlem cum was,
He swet : he had gon faster than a pace :
He fownd Jhesu in a symple place,
Be-twen an ox and an asse.
Can I not sing, &c.

VIII.

"Jhesu ! I offer to thee here my pype,
My skyrte, my tarbox, and my srype,
Home to my fellows now wille I skype,
And loke unto my shepe."
Can I not sing but hoy !
When the joly, joly shepherd made such joy ?

No gleanings from sixteenth-century song-books can be pleasanter than this, and the volume of Provençal *Nouvè*, which we have already alluded to, is full of similar pieces. It is written in dialect, the "lengo de las pastouras," as the Provençals say, and their patois certainly lends itself with infinite grace to the subject.

Micoulau, or Michael Saboly was born in 1614. Jan Saboly, of Montèri, his father,

and Felise Meliorat, his mother, were of gentle blood ; and the boy's education in the Jesuit College of Carpentras removed him early from the peasantry of his native district ; but he had found apparently both love and piety, and their handmaid poetry, in huts where the poor men lie, and, speaking and writing in their language, once that of kings and troubadours, he still survives as a poet of the people. His verses even now gladden the peasants at the time of *Calendes*, for so this population, which uses the oldest of the Romance dialects, persists in calling the season which in the pagan division of the year fell into the Kalends of January. The Provençals are naturally religious : gifted with lively and sensitive imaginations they write and read a quantity of religious poetry, and their genius is apt to express itself in this way, whether the subject be the sufferings of the Protestants during the persecutions, or the great festivals of the Latin Church. To them Christmas is what they call it, "the mother of nights ;" and the *Nouvè* of Saboly are still living poems, not scraps of antiquarian lore exhumed by the ritualist or the antiquarian. The good old priest who composed them was for twenty-five years prior of Sainte Madelaine of Carpentras, and was then removed to the collegiate church of St. Peter in Avignon ; the university bestowing on him the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In Avignon, as *maestro di capello*, Saboly lived ; he played on the great organ of the church, and he played on the hearts of the people by his beautiful Christmas hymns. He has been fondly called "the troubadour of Bethlehem ;" and when he died, he was buried in the church where he had sung : and there by the swift Rhone he rests. There has been a new edition of his *Nouvè* brought out within the last three years by Roumanille, the poet-bookseller of Avignon ; and it is in general use, for the Avignonese still speak the same dialect, the softest, if not the purest, of all the patois of the south ; and by them the *Nouvè* are yet often said and sung, though perhaps in St. Peter's choir the congregation may have learnt to prefer to the quaint tunes that Saboly played on his organ, Adam's magnificent Christmas music ; for that splendid hymn, "Minuit, Chrétiens ! c'est l'heure solennelle," is now the most popular piece of church music in all France.

Saboly's *noëls* are, for the most part of the kind we have called pastorals ; sometimes he makes us hear the shepherds asking leave of their employers to go and see the babe of Bethlehem. Thus :—

* From the MSS. of Richard Hill.

LOU PASTRE.

"Es fort bien veritable
(It is very really true)
Que lou pichet innocent,
(That the little innocent)
Es na dins un estable,
(Is born in a stable.)
Qui es auprès de Betelem,"
(Which is near Bethelem.)

SÒN MESTRE (*The Master*).

"Que lou Ficù de Dien sie nas,
(That the Son of God is born,)
Per lou creire
(To believe it)
Lou fau veire :
(One must see it :)
Jeu pòde pas me l'imagina."
(I cannot fancy it.)

After some more altercation both master and servants depart on the joyful errand.

Sometimes he shows us the shepherds carrying pine wood for the fire, and woollen stuffs for the clothing of the marvellous Babe. Sometimes we hear them calling to each other:—

"Venès leu !
(Come along !)
Veire la Picucello.
(See the Little One.)
Venès leu !

Gentil pastoureux :
(Come, gentle shepherds :)

Soun Enfant es pu blanc que la nèu,
(Her Child is more white than the snow,)
E trèlús coume un' estello.
(And shineth as a star.)
Ai, ai, ai ! que la Maïre es bello !
(Ah, but the Mother is fair !)
Ai, ai ! que l'Enfant es beù !"
(Ah, beautiful is the Child !)

On arriving at the stable they are refused admittance, because they are too noisy:—

"Chut, chut, chut ! que l'Enfant soumiho !
(Hush ! let the Infant slumber !)
Chut ! que lou Petit dor."
(Hush ! let the Little One sleep !) &c.

It is no small praise to say of a modern carol of Joseph Roumanille's, that he has absolutely improved upon the *naïve* tenderness of this piece; in his poem, the shepherds, when refused, begin to pray, and the door is instantly opened to them. "Enter," says the mother, "since Jesus, O my friends! when men are praying, *cannot* sleep."

One of Saboly's happiest efforts is his Carillon or Carillon, or a "Song of the Christmas Bells," page 87:—

"Sus ! campainé ! revihaz-vous !
Lou jour pareis, l'aubo es levado :
Voici l'rouss matinado !
Mounte devèn renaisse tous :
Dieu vèn, e pèr soun arribado
Sounas la proumièro sounado :
Fès que la grosso sone avan—
Din, don ! din, dan !
Dique, dique ! dique dan !
Din, don ! din, dan !
Dieù s'es fach Enfant,
Pèr sauva lon genre uman—
Din, don ! din, dan !
Fòro, Satan ! (*Bis.*)
Plusgès de guerro,
Que tout sie nouvé !
La glori au ceù,
E la pas sus la terro !"

(Up ! bells ! Awake !
The day appears, the dawn is breaking :
Behold the happy morn !
Let all arise and meet it :
God comes, and at his coming
Ring the first rounds !
Make the great bell ring—
Din, don ! din, dan !
God makes Himself a child,
To save the race of man—
Din, don ! din, dan !
Avaunt, Satan !
No more of war
Since all is new !
Glory in heaven,
And peace upon the earth !)

And now, as we take leave of the old priest of Avignon, whose bells are still chiming above his grave in St. Peter's choir, we enter a little into the joy of his song. This day is bright, even in the saddest year; it is an anniversary of youth, and peace, and heavenly hope in the loneliest lie; in every life from which the birthdays and the holidays have been erased by death or change, or have been blotted out with tears. Under the crumbling porticoes of Rome, through all the short and rainy Advent days, you may hear the Pifferari piping and singing to their Madonna of the joys of the coming Nativity; and we ourselves, beside the broken idols and in the dismantled homes of this life, can sing our carols before the dawn. However irreparable be the loss, however harassing be the memories, yet glad is the promise of His Second Advent: "Behold, I make all things new." "Noël ! Noël !"
L. H.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

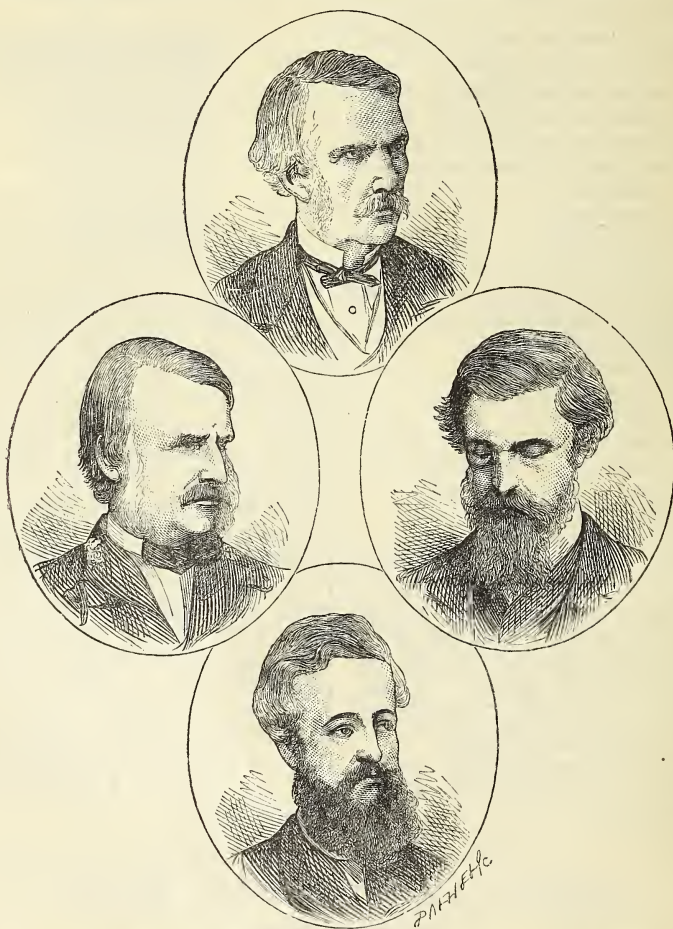
XI.—CALCUTTA.

ONE of the most painful experiences of a traveller is to know how much is to be seen and learned in any place he visits; and yet to be unable, owing to circumstances over which he has no control, to take full advantage of his opportunities for acquiring knowledge. Such was my case at Calcutta. It was a grievous disappointment to be beside so many scenes of interest without seeing them;

so near many streams of Eastern thought and life, without being able to taste of their waters ! But my days were, in a special sense, numbered, and they were few. Nor was it possible to prolong them. An ailment seized me which, though not serious, might have become so had it been trifled with. So I was obliged to submit, and to make the most of my time and opportunities.

I recall with peculiar pleasure an evening party at the "palace" of the Bishop of Calcutta, who heartily welcomed us and assisted us in our mission. This party was full of interest to me. Nowhere else had I seen in India—though possibly similar meetings may take place—such an assemblage of Europeans and natives of all ranks and professions. The Viceroy and state officers, missionaries, judges, merchants, and professors, repre-

sented European society; while natives of rank—rajahs, princes, Hindoos and Mahomedans, barristers, editors of native papers, represented native society. Here they all met in the home of a Christian bishop, as his friends and guests. How wise, how conciliatory, how Christian, was the idea of such an assemblage! And what an advantage it was, too, to have a clergyman who had such means and social position as enabled him



1. Lord Lawrence.—2. Sir William Muir.—3. General Sir W. Mansfield.—4. Colonel Norman.

to exercise this gift of hospitality! The more we know of the world as it is, the more we feel the vast power of personal intercourse as a means of creating a better understanding between man and man; of increasing charity; and of destroying prejudices, and diffusing that *spirit* of good-will which is essential to the best and surest kind of Christian progress. Nowhere on earth is this personal intercourse more difficult, and yet

nowhere is it more needed, than among the natives and Europeans in India. It is much needed between governors and governed, as a means of creating that sympathy which is the soul of true union and the secret of real and lasting political power. It is immensely wanted between missionaries and those whom they instruct, in order that, as members of God's family, they may realise what they have in common with each other, alike in their

joys and their sorrows, their affections and their hopes, their doubts and their fears, their pleasures and their pains. It is wanted between the native and European laity—at present separated so widely! Sacrifices there must be on both sides—sacrifices of tastes, of feelings and prejudices. Let the best and noblest who have most to give begin the great work! Above all, let Christians do so, following Him who was rich, yet for our sakes be-

came poor. The meeting at the Bishop's was to me peculiarly pleasing, as recognising, and in as far as possible meeting, this great want.

Whilst I was in that episcopal residence, I could not but think of him who had last occupied it, and whom, above all other men in India, I had longed to see—the good and noble Bishop Cotton! As with my heart I searched for him in vain during my journey in Bengal, and thought of him



1. Baboo Goroopersaul Bose, late Head Accountant, Bengal Bank.—2. Baboo Tarachand Chukruburtee, Author of a Bengalee and English Dictionary.—3. Sre Mohes Chunder Desburma, Brahmin Pundit.—4. Baboo Bishonauth Mutyajoli, Calcutta.

in his helplessness, falling at night into the Ganges, I could not but repeat to myself these lines—giving to the words a meaning not their own :—

“ I sought him east, I sought him west,
I sought him far with moan and sorrow;
I only saw the cloud of night,
I only heard the roar of Yarrow ! ”

The question of female education in India is one which, I need not say, is full of diffi-

culties owing to the peculiar position of the women in relation to their husbands and families, and especially in relation to European society. Their ignorance is very great, their inferior position incredible, their seclusion from the outside world complete. All this, combined with native orthodox prejudices, which have lived down through long ages, and have been wrought into the warp and woof of native society, make the condi-

tion of women most deplorable, but most difficult to deal with. Our readers may appreciate some of these obstacles to Western influences when they remember that Hindoo girls may be betrothed, or formally married, as early as their fourth year; may occupy their husbands' house at eight; and may be mothers at twelve! So long as the natives themselves do not revolutionize their national customs, an efficient system of female education is almost an impossibility, especially among the higher castes. But the natives are beginning to do this. The education, knowledge, and tastes acquired by the men, together with what they see among the Europeans as to the position occupied by women, have of themselves gradually created an impression which is every day taking a deeper hold of the more intelligent natives, that their women *must* be educated and be able to sympathise more thoroughly with them both intellectually and morally. A revolution in the right direction has long been slowly but surely advancing. Though as yet comparatively weak, it is fast gathering strength, and its results will, I have no doubt, appear before many years are over. This will not only affect the women themselves, but react on their husbands, as well as on their families. It will be the means also of making personal intercourse between the ladies of the East and West more and more possible and pleasant.

It is about twenty years since Mr. Bethune opened a female school for natives in Calcutta, which was afterwards supported by Lord Dalhousie. Since his death it has been upheld by the State. This was the beginning of that movement which has advanced more rapidly in Bengal and the North-west Provinces and the Punjab than in any other part of India.*

The purpose of the *Zenana* mission is, by the aid of female missionaries from Europe

or America, to gain access to the native Zenanas, and to influence the native women in their own homes. This mission is partly evangelistic, in so far as it endeavours to convey to the adults, by conversation only, a knowledge of the Gospel, not, however, to the exclusion of instruction in what are called the "secular" branches, as they are disposed to receive it. But one of its first objects is to get the female children of the different families taught in the Zenana. We had the greatest pleasure in meeting at the house of Sir William and Lady Muir—names dear to all who know them—nine ladies who are employed in this work, in connection with the leading missionary societies in England and America. They had then altogether twenty-two schools and five hundred scholars in the Zenanas. It should be remembered, however, that owing to the patriarchal customs of the East, these families contain the representatives and offshoots of more than three generations, and have from fifty to a hundred and twenty souls in each. There is no more hopeful mission work in India than this when such agents can be found to undertake it as those we had the pleasure of meeting. All of them were earnest-minded and thoughtful, possessing too what is of vast importance—very pleasing manners. And I may here take the liberty of expressing the desire that home societies, which have the easiest portion of the work to do, would not so greedily demand from their agents "interesting" information, and "interesting" stories, as if our home Christians were like babies to be kept in good humour with sweetmeats! Such demands are a stumbling-block and a snare in the way of true and honest missionaries. Let us carefully select our agents; *trust* them out and out; pray for them earnestly; support them liberally; and be willing to wait *long* and *patiently* for the fruit of their labours.

This Zenana mission affords a grand opening for the energies, talents, and devotion of many of our ladies who now sit idle and listless at home. I hope also that those who are engaged in it may meet with much encouragement *from their countrywomen in India*. Certainly, they ought not selfishly to ignore this work, but, as they can, should help those labouring in it, and this, too, for their own personal good as much as for the good of others.

Another visit we paid was to the mission schools of the Free Church, and of the Church of Scotland. I have already said so much in these papers regarding this phase of mission work, that I should only weary the general

* I regret to have no information later than 1866-7 on female education. At this date there were, in connection with Government in Bengal, 244 schools, attended by 4,844 pupils; 2 normal schools with 34 pupils; and in the North-west Provinces, 595 schools, with 12,002 pupils; and normal schools 2, with 31 pupils. In the Punjab, which began in earnest only in 1862-3, there are no fewer than 650 schools, with 20,534 scholars. But in addition to these there are a very large number of private female schools. In Bengal there were—at the date of Mr. Marshall's report in 1865-6—217 schools, with 5,559 pupils. In the North-west Provinces, 77, with 1,494 pupils. In the Punjab there were 223 elementary schools, in Lahore and Umritzer, superintended solely by native gentlemen, and having 3,841 pupils. Missionaries besides have done their share in this work, and support many female orphanages as well as schools, which are not reckoned in the above estimate. All this shows what great strides female education has made during the last ten years, about which period the movement began in anything like earnest. What may we hope for it in the future! We rejoice in the noble and self-sacrificing attempt of Miss Mary Carpenter to organize well-taught female normal schools, which are essential for the carrying out of this work, which must eventually, like mission work, be accomplished by the natives themselves. The seed is but sown. We must wait with patience, and labour with earnestness and hope.

reader by attempting to say more. The battle in favour of educational missions as being the best for preparing the way, and ultimately affecting most deeply and permanently the opinions and character of *Hindoo* society, need not be engaged in here. Any convictions which I had on this point before going to India were confirmed, and any doubts dispelled by what I saw and heard when abroad.

There is one great department of education which one would like to have seen represented in Calcutta or anywhere else in India. This is a native Eton, or Oxford, where the children or young men of the old aristocratic families could receive such an education as would fit them to occupy positions of power and influence in their native country. The Imperial Government is fully alive to the importance and the desirableness of thus employing natives as a measure of justice and as a means of consolidating and strengthening the empire; and would no doubt be glad to find among the higher classes persons fitted for such employment. This, too, would probably prove the best practical solution of the difficult question—how to utilise for the good of the country those who were connected with once powerful but now broken-down dynasties; who supplied the native armies with officers, and filled, sometimes to their credit, various places in the native states. These youths must be educated in the true sense of the word, and not *crammed* merely. They will thus be enabled to take a worthy place in the government of their country. There is no reason I can see why all their prejudices in regard to caste should not be as fully respected in any Government schools specially established for the higher classes, as the prejudices or claims of rank are recognised at home.

I was glad to form an acquaintance with even one of our worthy missionaries, Dr. Ogilvie, with whom my old friend Mr. Wilson is associated. For a quarter of a century, without his ever having come home for rest, Dr. Ogilvie has modestly and perseveringly laboured as teacher and superintendent of our Institution. The Free Church missionaries were kind enough to join their numerous English-speaking pupils to ours, to hear a parting address from me in the great hall of our Institution, which was crowded. It was to me a most interesting occasion, and not the less so that it was my last day in Calcutta before starting for the North.

The native lads were very interesting-looking. There is a peculiar expression in the Bengalee which I saw nowhere else in India—

a sleepy droop in the eyelids, which gives to the countenance a cast of melancholy and weakness, yet a certain suggestion of meditateness.

One great object of missionary schools, by whatever Church upheld, has been to raise a native ministry, so as to realise, sooner or later, that one hope of establishing Christianity in India—a native self-supporting Church. To some extent they have succeeded. A few able, well-educated, and good men, have been ordained. But there are grave difficulties in the way of fully attaining this—difficulties which are not sufficiently estimated by the Churches at home. For example, it is far from easy in a large *heathen* school to fix upon any pupil who, from his talents, and from indications of character, seems likely to have in him the embryo evangelist; and there are, as yet, no schools among the *Hindoo Christian* families, where the experiment, as at home, might be hopefully made. And if one or more lads give promise of higher and better things, there must follow, on their part, the profession of Christianity, together with such evidences of their sincerity and intelligence as, for their own sake as well as for the sake of others who are "without," will warrant their baptism. But this baptism again involves not only serious consequences to the convert himself, but to the mission also, in as far as temporal support for him may be required; and such support may affect the *morale* of the convert himself, and the judgments of the heathen. Even should all these difficulties be got over, there arises the further question as to his education for the ministry. This not only requires some years of special study, but the missionary is compelled to ask himself: Am I warranted in hindering this young man from providing for himself in other ways, and in educating him for the ministry when there is no native congregation ready either to call him or to support him? And can I assure him that the home Church, or any other party, will aid in his support? *What amount will they guarantee?* This last question is by no means easy to dispose of.*

* I take this opportunity of saying that, owing possibly to incorrect reports of my speeches, I have been grossly misunderstood by native preachers. I have been held to have asserted that native agents demanded salaries equal to those given to Europeans, and, still worse, that—as quoted by Mr. Chandra Mitter—"ordination ceased as the feeling of the converts ceased!" I was to a small extent led astray on the former point by the pamphlet of Mr. Chandra, sent to me when in Calcutta. As to the latter assertion, I spoke of *baptism* only as having ceased in our institution with "the barrack system"—for such was the information given me. Of all men in India the Native pastors are those to whom I should be sorry to do injustice by any mistake on my part. I was led to form a high opinion of their worth and their self-sacrifice, and I believe that upon them depends ultimately the Church of the Future in India. This being so, I need hardly say that I have a profound interest in their well-being.

As to the European missionary, the principle I wished to apply was this:—Whatever *his* sense of duty is in regard to the emolument he demands, the duty of *the Church as his employer* is clear, being bound to give him not only such a sum as is adequate for his support, but likewise a fair compensation, as far as mere *money* is concerned, for the temporal prospects he has given up at home. I applied the same rule to the native pastor, and the question I asked was this: What amount of remuneration—taking into account his education, and duly estimating the fact of his having obtained it as *capital* from the mission school—might he reasonably expect to obtain if he entered any department of the Government civil service? The reply, fairly made, came to this—what those who employed him as a missionary should feel *liable* to secure to him. But I did not intend by this conclusion to *blame* the native evangelist as if he asked too much, but rather to prove that the Church at home was not likely to raise the funds required to Christianize India by taking up such a number of men of *this stamp* reared in our colleges, as would *tell* on British India. Besides, the Bengalees raised in Calcutta colleges, while possibly fitted to give *prestige* to a native ministry; to command the respect of educated natives; and to *begin* an influential native Church, were *not* well fitted—as far as one could see—to undertake the rough, commonplace work in the Mofussil. These remarks, which apply especially to Calcutta, are in most respects equally applicable to the other Presidency Mission Colleges. And they are made chiefly for the purpose of enabling people at home to form some idea of the practical difficulties which missionaries encounter, in trying to meet the demands made by their eager but impatient supporters, who, because a native clergy are not poured in among the Hindoos like a flood, are disposed to fly for immediate results to the aborigines, and to leave the Hindoos alone to themselves or to Satan!

But it occurs to me that while these and other difficulties I could mention, are being overcome, we might do something more to meet the wants of the many who we saw were already so far taught, I cannot say *educated*, as to receive instruction in the English language. Why should not men, both laymen and clergymen in this country, whose names are known in India—some of them like household words—men who have a firm belief in Christianity as taught by Christ and his Apostles, and possess a knowledge of those questions of the day bearing upon it—why should they not

go to India for at least one season, to preach or lecture to the educated natives? They might not, possibly, know more than *the best educated* Christian clergy or laity on the spot; but the very fact of their going for such an unselfish purpose would command a large, intelligent, and most attentive audience everywhere. What a noble use this would be for the highest talents! What knowledge might they themselves acquire, and afterwards turn to account for the good of the Church, and of the nation! and what encouragement would they give to the labourers in that difficult and far-off vineyard! Such a work as this would be worthy of the highest dignitaries, the ablest men, of any Church or of any profession. It would be a high honour conferred upon them to be permitted to aid in building up Christ's kingdom of truth in India; and if they engaged in the work in a right spirit, would it not be like the work of Christ?

Why again should a residence of a lifetime in India be insisted upon any more than in an English or Scotch parish or village? This is going ahead of Providence, and is in no wise called for. We would rather engage every missionary for, say, five or seven years, and insist that he should come home before his constitution is broken, and his energies weakened. But at the same time, to get *quality* as well as quantity, the churches at home must pay their missionaries better; and when they spend their strength in India, and are called home to make room for younger soldiers, we *must* have some fixed provision made for them and their families.

We are in this matter to determine our own duty towards missionaries, and not the duties of missionaries towards the Church. On what conditions a missionary may be disposed to give his services—for what amount of salary, small or great, or whether for any guaranteed to him—this is what he alone can determine. It is a question between himself and his conscience. But, on the other hand, it is for the Church to determine what she ought, in justice, to guarantee to any labourer whom she sends to work in the vineyard, and who is thereby declared to be worthy of his hire. No salary, of course, can make a good missionary, but neither does it need to make a good missionary worse, or to lessen the probability of his services being obtained. We must not apply one principle to clergy at home and another to clergy abroad. The Apostle Paul—and by what money-standard could *his* services to the world be measured?—went forth, casting

himself on God's providence for support, at the same time labouring with his own hands to gain it. But while this was noble self-sacrifice and sublime faith on his part, specially demanded by the circumstances of the Church, was it like worthy conduct on the part of the members of the various Churches not only to permit such a man to be sometimes in want and nakedness, but even to taunt him with being actuated by motives of selfish aggrandisement? He was too noble to complain, yet he was also too much alive to the duties of Christian love and justice not to assert his claims as a missionary for support, and to express in deeply touching language his gratitude to those who ministered to his necessities. It follows, therefore, that whatever sacrifices any missionary may be willing to make in serving us, we are ourselves bound to make such sacrifices as will adequately support him while doing so. It must not be forgotten that, after long years spent in India, with comparatively few opportunities for cultivating the gift of preaching to an English audience, and probably with a constitution weakened by climate, a missionary, in spite of all his experience, is placed at some disadvantage if he presents himself as a candidate for employment at home. I am persuaded that such an arrangement as this, with a competent salary guaranteed, would be much more satisfactory to the missionaries themselves than that of supplementing their salaries in other ways, such as by making allowances for widows, and for the education of orphans, &c. The missionary abroad, like the minister at home, would thus be enabled to provide for his family and to settle their affairs as he thinks best. But let me protest here against the idea which seems to be entertained by some, that missionaries live in luxurious ease and enjoy large salaries. Will any man affirm that £350 or £400 a-year is too much for an educated minister at home? As yet no higher salaries are paid to our missionaries in India! What commercial man, after eight years spent in preparatory study, would go abroad for the same sum, and under the same conditions? But *there are very few missionaries in India who enjoy even this salary*; and when one knows their noble struggles, and the large fortunes they might obtain in other spheres of labour, and the large share they contribute to the good and happiness of the world, it makes us blush for those who grudge them their miserable pittance! To the honour of the Church Missionary Society be it told that there are (I believe) six university men among its India missionaries

who support themselves from their own private funds. It will not do, by way of reply, to point to the small salaries which good and able ministers receive in Britain and in America. This is only additional evidence of the want of consideration—to use the mildest term—of those who demand self-sacrifice from all but themselves. While the cry is raised by Christians for learned, able, and devoted missionaries, let the sincerity and earnestness of it be evidenced by their giving—what is much more easily obtained than such labourers—salaries adequate for their decent support.

In saying all this, however, I am not forgetful of those gifts and graces which God alone can give, which are essential to every true missionary, whether at home or abroad, and without which “churches” and “missions” are but dead machinery.

I have said nothing here as to the means by which native missionaries are to be supplied to the millions in the Mofussil! I see no light on the question. It must, however, be solved, as far as I see, in connection with the education of the people.*

The short period which we had at our disposal for Calcutta was rapidly drawing to an end, and even this was practically lessened, to me at least, by temporary illness. But even this time was not wholly lost. A number of the missionaries in Calcutta, at my request visited me, and formed such a cordon of brotherly kindness and instruction around my bed, as made this a time of improvement and happiness which is gratefully remembered by me.

One great disappointment was my being prevented from accompanying my colleague to a dinner at Government House, which the Viceroy had prepared in our honour, and

* Although, in one sense, the education of the natives by Government has hardly begun, it must not be imagined that nothing has been attempted. In the famous Government minute which inaugurated the Government Education movement they were included. Little has been done as yet, but it is doing; and from the interest taken in this great question in Calcutta much more we believe will soon be done, and on a scale worthy of the cause and of the Government. The Government scheme, as hitherto worked, was reared on the foundation of the native schools already in existence. These are divided into two classes, the superior native schools, in which, by means of Sanscrit, the philosophy and the religion of the Hindoos are taught; and the tens of thousands of village schools, in which the teaching is of the very lowest kind. Government, accepting these facts, endeavoured, by small contributions of about £6 per annum, to induce the teachers to attend a normal school for a year, and if they passed the required examination, and submitted to government inspection, generally by educated natives, to give them some aid when they returned to their village schools. In this way there were (in 65-66) 19 deputy inspectors in Bengal, several training schools, 521 village schools with 10,561 pupils, paying £2,650 in fees. Yet what is this among forty millions! It is a beginning, and that is something. But it is a mere drop in the bucket to what will yet be. There are other features in this scheme on which I have neither space nor time to touch. It is a noble virgin field, calling with the eloquence of ignorance and downtrodden misery for a Christian Government to help it.

to which he had, with his considerate kindness, asked many to meet us.

I have not alluded to the Sunday services which we had the privilege of conducting in Calcutta. The crowded audiences included the highest functionaries in Calcutta, with all the leading natives. The sight of those congregations, so full of varied and overwhelming interest to a Christian minister, and the like of which was not probably to be seen by him again in this world, will remain in my memory, with such freshness and vividness as cannot fade with years, or become dim even to the eyes of old age.*

The last day we spent together at Calcutta, immediately before our intended visit to the Punjab, was the busiest, the most interesting, and the most fatiguing, I ever spent in my life! It was closed by a magnificent public festival, given in our honour as public men who had been deputed to do some work intended for the good of India, and who had done it so far as to meet the approval of those best able to judge. It took place in the Town-hall, and was attended by about a hundred and fifty persons, including his excellency the Viceroy, the Lieutenant-governor of Bengal, the Commander-in-chief, &c. It was the highest honour we had received, and in strict truth I felt it to be "the proudest moment of my life," and as such I now look back upon it. Wishing in these pages to avoid as much as possible allusions to personal matters, I trust I may yet be pardoned for recording this event, which was so gratifying to us, as evidencing the sympathies of all ranks of our countrymen in India. This was a good ending of our work in Calcutta. We thanked God and took courage!

The question has sometimes been asked as to the impressions made upon me by English society in India. The only reply I can give is that it is much the same as English society at home!—although, I would add, English society of the best kind. Whatever defects may be attributed to the administration of patronage by the old company, they certainly managed to send to India such a number of well-bred gentlemen as to found a type of *high caste* refined manners which has lived down to our own day, and has become traditional in India. If it has a weakness, it is a tendency to degenerate into Pomposity. It was supposed by some that the "Competition Walla," from the mode of his selection, would disturb this tradition, and introduce a lower *caste*. But, while he is superior in

other respects to the average of his predecessors, he has not done so. In point of intellect and statesmanship, the civil servants are, I think, higher than the average members of the House of Commons. With all due reverence for that distinguished House, I would dare to hazard the assertion that Great Britain would gain much more than India by an exchange, say, of five hundred of her M.P.'s for a similar number of India's best civilians. As regards forms of religious thought, India reflects England. If there is any difference between them it appeared to me to consist in this—that our countrymen abroad were more pronounced and decided, whatever side they determinately embraced—Christian men on the one hand confessing their faith more openly; while on the other, unbelief uttered its dicta with less hesitation. The public native opinion against Christianity tends of course to strengthen the tendencies of both parties.

During this my last busy day in Calcutta I knew that I was running risks as to health, and that the "bull was after me." But I hoped, if I survived till ten next morning, to escape his horns; and then, all severe work being over, I should be refreshed by my northern journey, and find sleep and repose even in a railway carriage. At night I was surprised, and rather amused, at my teeth chattering beyond my power of checking them. I awoke refreshed, however, and early in the morning we sent our first telegram home—"All well; off for the Punjab." But an hour afterwards the bull caught and tossed me! and I was laid down again. A medical order, signed by three good friends, physicians, forbade my going to the Punjab. So Dr. Watson had to go alone. Fortunately, I so far recovered in a few days as to be permitted to join him at Patna, he having taken a *détour* in Gyah. I accompanied him as far as I could travel by railway, and this, to my great satisfaction, included all the north to Delhi. I left Calcutta for the northern tour on February 11.

It was my intention, when I began these papers for this year, to have included in them my return home *via* Ceylon. But writing as I have done, with little leisure time at my command, from month to month, with few notes to guide me, and with new subjects constantly rising up from memory to be described, together with the fact of one month being lost as regards writing while I was occupied in preparing for, or in presiding over, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—all this has made it impossible for me so

* £500 was collected for our mission after our two Sunday services.

"to time my stages" (to use an old coachman's phrase),* as to do the whole journey within the prescribed limits. But, good readers, we must have a "Peep" or two together at the splendid North, including Benares, Cawnpore, Luck-

now, Agra, and Delhi. This I hope to give in a few papers in the beginning of the year, and before we "hear the birds of spring." For the present, Farewell! We shall again, I hope, meet at Calcutta before we finally part.

HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY.

BY THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

XI.—SAMUEL THE PROPHET.

WHILST the troubled life of the Danite judge was running out its wild course, another Nazarite from the womb was growing up in Israel under other influences and with a far different destiny before him. He, too, was given to a long barren mother, in answer to the cry of her half-broken heart. Deep sorrow had, through the grace of God, wrought in her its true work, and brought her to cast herself, with all her cares and oppressions, at His feet. In every sense of the words, Samuel was given to her prayers. Given in his natural life; given, too, as St. Augustine was given to the prayers of Monica, and as so many saints besides have one by one been given, in his spiritual life, to the cry of her heart to her God. She herself practised the abstinence from wine and strong drink which formed so large a part of the Nazarite vow, and she devoted the child for whom she prayed, not only to bear from his birth the ordinary obligations of a Nazarite, but also to render to the Lord a life-long service. Accordingly, when he is three years old, she brings him up to the sanctuary at Shiloh, and leaves that precious life with the high priest Eli. There that holy childhood grew on, fed by the special dews of the blessed Spirit. Every opening faculty of his young heart was thus from the first consecrated to God, whilst with childish blamelessness, girded with a linen ephod, he ministered in the sanctuary

by day, and lay down within its precincts to sleep at night.

It was a great life, and pregnant with mighty issues, which was being thus guarded. In him the line of the judges was to end, in him the mysterious line of the prophets was to begin. It was a great crisis in the dealings of God with His people. They were to be recalled to Him, to be roused out of their apathy and spiritual deadness, to be consecrated anew to Him. They were to be delivered from the yoke of their oppressing enemies; their national life was to be developed; they were to be consolidated into a kingdom, instead of being held loosely together as a congeries of tribes.

To meet the needs which this new development of national life must create, the prophetic office was called into being. The throne of the King of Israel was to have beside it this special honour, that one should be ever near who could speak the utterances of Israel's God. For reproof, for direction, for counsel, that voice could ever be awake. To Saul, to David, to Solomon, to Rehoboam, to Hezekiah, to the founder of the northern kingdom, and to his successors, we hear it from time to time speaking its solemn, its alarming, its consoling accents. It is ever present as a real abiding power to the kingdom's end; dying out, at last, in the sad wail of Jeremiah's lamentations.

For this office in its earliest, and, in some respects, never equalled strength, Samuel's youth was training within that shelter of the tabernacle at Shiloh. Those were dark days with Israel. The tribes had, one and all, wandered far from Jehovah, and yielded themselves up to the abominations and impurities of the heathendom around them. They chose new gods; then was war in their gates. And in those wars they were continually worsted; until the Philistines had brought them so utterly into subjection that they had almost ceased to rebel against the yoke of their oppressors. Samson in the west, and Gideon

* One or two words of explanation. If in these papers I have mentioned very seldom the name of my dear colleague and fellow-traveller, Dr. Watson, it has been solely as a matter of taste and convenience, and to avoid repetitions in every page. We were one in everything—in travel, in duty, in labour, in heart. Without his unwearied kindness, and wise counsels, the mission, as far as I am concerned, would have been impossible, instead of being what it was—unbroken success and unbroken happiness. As to the several correspondents, at home and in India, who have pointed out and corrected minor errors in my narrative, I am much obliged to them, and shall pay every attention to their corrections. Should my papers ever take the form of a book, these corrections will be duly attended to, and likewise many repetitions avoided which have occurred from my forgetting, and not again reading my previous articles. I shall be very thankful, however, for any fair and honest criticism, and glad also if those who know India will recognise my "Peeps" as being on the whole correct; and as tending to excite in any degree a greater interest in that grand country, and in the grandest work in it—the spread of Christianity.

in the east, had indeed, in some measure, rebelled against this evil domination, and whispered some hopes to the downcast heart of Israel. But they had wrought no enduring deliverance for their people. To work such an emancipation far more was needed than the mere overthrow of their enemies. Israel's subjection was the fruit of Israel's sin: and the heart of the people must be brought back to Jehovah before they could break the heathen yoke asunder. But whence was this deliverance to come? It could not come from the mass of the degraded people, nor could it spring from the line of the priests. For it was then, as with the people so with the priests. They, indeed, as being set apart to witness for Jehovah, were sunk into a debasement greater than that of the ordinary Israelites around them. Nothing can be darker than the figures portrayed for us by the hand of Revelation as constituting the very heart of the priesthood. The high priest's office, and that, as it seems, of the judge of Israel, was now in the hands of Eli, of the house of Ithamar. How it had travelled to that branch of Aaron's family is nowhere distinctly stated, though there is a shadowy revelation of the youth of Eli as having been marked by martial prowess, which, it seems probable, had secured for him the judge's office. In it he had grown old and feeble. God's honour was really dear to the heart of the ancient man; and the loss of the ark of the covenant broke down his spirit as as not even the destruction of his two sons could do. But his rule was lax and feeble; feeblest and most lax where, above all others, it should have been strong—over his own sons, who bore the priestly office, and shared the trust and duties of his judgeship. Utter godless worldliness in its two terrible outbreaks of grasping avaricious oppression and flagitious all sacrificing lust, defaced in them the priestly character; whilst a superstitious valuing of the mere externals of their covenanted service alone lingered on amongst them, witnessing, by its dark presence, against those who had put out the light which once those outward instruments were the divinely fashioned channels to convey to Israel.

To purge out such evils judgment must begin at the house of God. Nor would one act of judgment, however terrible, suffice. The violent death of the high priest, the fall of his two sons in battle, the desecration of Shiloh, and the captivity of the ark—these startling judgments would help perhaps to stir the sleeping heart of Israel. But beyond these the deep degradation of the priesthood had

made it needful that the new office of the prophet should stand beside the priest as well as beside the king. The dim outlines of such an approaching dispensation may be traced in the coming of the man of God to Eli with that fearful denunciation whose burning letters of fire have witnessed now in God's volume for nearly four thousand years to His separated ministers in every age of what must be the end of using for themselves the mighty trust for others committed by the Lord's election to the keeping of His priests (1 Sam. ii. 27-36). But it was in Samuel first that this new ministry was embodied, and the great features of his life are the history of its fulfilment. We see the outlines of the great office beginning to fashion themselves forth even at that tender age when first distinct self-consciousness tremblingly reveals itself within him. The child Samuel—ministering in his linen ephod, clothed with the long garment of honourable proportions which his saint-like mother brought him year by year when with his Levitical father she journeyed from Ramah to offer the appointed sacrifice—comes forth first before us from that shrouding which ever hangs so thick around a holy childhood as supernaturally called by God to this prophetic office. How that "uncovering of the ear" was wrought we are not distinctly told; but the whole narrative forbids the supposition that it was upon the mind alone of Samuel that the voice of the Almighty fell. Into all the mystery of that secret visitation which in the dim shadowy light of the sacred precincts, through which the rays of the seven-branched lamp scarcely struggled, we may not safely gaze, but the words "the Lord came, and stood, and called" (1 Sam. iii. 10) must not be weakened or explained away. There was, it is plain, an act upon the part of God antecedent to the impression made on Samuel; and the voice which spoke was doubtless real, as through the still silence of the holy tent its mysterious accents fell upon his watching ear, and syllabled out to his trembling soul the singleness of his own name.

So the long silence of God to His people was broken. That word of God which was so "precious" from its rarity began again to sound in Israel, and the "open vision" which the mists of idol-worship had veiled revealed to the holy child its sacred proportions. At once the special character of the new office is declared by the prophetic youth being sent to the high priest himself with the message of the Lord. Those young lips utter the tremendous doom, declaring by the natural feebleness of the instrument how entirely it is

the voice of another which speaks through them ; and so the old man receives the words. To him plainly they are not Samuel's ; his dim eyes can trace "the Presence" being now restored to Israel, and his saddened utterance is that of one who felt through all his frame Jehovah's nearness when he said, "It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good" (1 Sam. iii. 18). How does the startling sight of the lad of twelve years old (for so his age has been reckoned), standing with such a word of prophecy before the marvelling chief priest, point on to Him, the one true Prophet, in whom all the lines of God's dealings with man converge, of whose days "all the prophets from Samuel, and those that follow after, have foretold," as He too, coming forth from His holy home at Nazareth, was found at twelve years old sitting in the Temple in the midst of the astonished doctors of the law, both hearing them and asking them questions !

When next the prophetic power rested upon Samuel we know not ; but that it did again and again reveal itself is most distinctly stated in the words, "Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord. And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh : for the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord" (1 Sam. iii. 19-21).

Such had been his childhood and his youth, when the storm of predicted judgment fell upon his people. Roused at last to resistance by intolerable oppression, Israel went out to battle against the Philistines. But though "the word of Samuel came to all Israel," it is not written that they took any counsel of the Lord through him. Their insurrection was but the natural outbreak of the oppressed against the oppressor. There had been no putting away of their idols, no turning to their fathers' God, no seeking, as it seems, of His direction ; and so, when "they joined battle Israel was smitten before the Philistines." Then came another exhibition of that spiritual blindness with which the evil lives of their priests had done so much to darken their souls. They had seen abominable iniquity so ostentatiously united with the performance of all the outward acts of their enjoined worship, so abundant around the very doors of the tabernacle (1 Sam. ii. 22) itself, that they had grown to trust in the visible tokens of the invisible presence, instead of believing in the Lord their God. "Let us fetch," was the cry of this dark superstition, "the ark of the covenant of

the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, that when it cometh among us, it may save us out of the hand of our enemies." This was a form of misbelief into which the dark hosts of infidel Philistia could enter, and they too trembled at the coming of the ark. But they trembled needlessly. Israel must be taught its lesson by the hands of the heathen. The people of Jehovah must know that not in the priesthood, or in sacrifice, or in the shrine of Shiloh, or in the ark itself, but in the living God was their defence against their enemies ; and so, as before, "Israel was smitten, and there was a very great slaughter, and the ark of God was taken, and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain." Then was Ichabod indeed written on Shiloh, and upon every door-post in Israel. Then indeed did Philistia triumph. For twenty years, as it seems, from this decisive victory she held her cruel heathen sway over the people of Jehovah.

Where Samuel was during this interval, we know not. It was doubtless needful for him to be thus for a season withdrawn from action and observation. His holy childhood and his prophetic youth needed calm, silence, introspection, and secret communion with God, to mature the great strength of his after life. Like St. Paul in Arabia, like a greater than Paul at Nazareth after that communing in the temple, he was hidden away by God ; hidden, it would seem, like the son of Mary when he left Jerusalem with her for almost twenty years before he was manifested to Israel.

Those twenty years of Samuel's hidden life were a weary time for Israel. Throughout their span Philistia asserted and cemented his dominion over the chosen people. This was probably the season of Samson's single-handed acts of heroic bravery, ending with his mighty destruction of his enemies under the crashing ruins of the Dagon house of Gaza. Samson's deeds of heroism must have stirred many hearts in Israel and aroused their sunken spirits. But they needed a deeper awakening yet before they could break the yoke of the heathen. There must be a turning of their heart to God before He would bare His arm for their deliverance. For such a return to Him the sorrows of these twenty years had been preparing their hearts. The ark abode in Kirjath Jearim. The time was long ; for it was twenty years, and all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord. For such a time the prophet had been kept in that still shelter of the hand of the Almighty. Now he suddenly appears again in Israel. His words catch the tone of that

lamenting penitence which had at last begun to stir the national heart. "If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord and serve Him only, and He will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines." And they answered to his call, and put away the strange gods. And He gathered them at Mizpeh for a searching national humiliation. Then in the absence of the ark, and with Shiloh desolate, and the great priestly office in abeyance, the Prophet, under the leading of the Spirit, himself offered a burnt-offering, and made intercession for his people, and God accepted them. To the wild, passionate Samson it had been given "*to begin* to deliver Israel out of the hands of the Philistines." But the strong man had lacked that turning of the heart to God with which the new Nazarite opened his commission. He was to effect what the other had begun; to him was given the far greater charge of beating down Philistia, and at once he set about fulfilling it. Even as he offered the sacrifice the fierce cry of a coming multitude mingled wildly with his prayer; the weeping penitents looked up to see the great Prophet in the long mantle, which from his holy childhood had ever been his garb, standing with his long Nazarite locks floating on the hill-side breeze, in the energy of supplication; "crying unto the Lord" before the altar of burnt-offering, whilst on the other side they could already note the dark hosts of Philistia marching on with all the confidence bred by accustomed victory to the dread encounter. Then in his prophetic power Samuel poured down upon the astonished assailants the ancient might of Israel, when loud above all the din of the battle broke forth on every side of heaven the pealing answer of Jehovah's thunder. A panic-dread fell upon the uncircumcised, and they were utterly discomfited, and slain with such a slaughter that they were "subdued and came no more unto the coast of Israel; and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistine all the days of Samuel."

The wearied land rested and breathed again with ease under the great deliverance. The cities which the Philistines had taken from Israel were delivered out of the hands of the heathen; the neighbouring Amorite tribes made peace with the conquerors, and "Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life. He went from year to year in circuit to Bethel, and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and

judged Israel in all those places, and his return was to Ramah, for there was his house, and there he judged Israel, and there he built an altar unto the Lord." Such he was in his official life as judge over Israel; of an incorruptible purity, of unwearied diligence, of undisputed power, of life-long continuance.

But there was another side to this great character. In him the temporal administration of the judge, noble as it was, is cast wholly into the shade by the brightness of his prophetic office. This was, as we have seen, a new administration of the One Spirit. So new was it that St. Peter dates from Samuel the rise of the prophetic utterances which announced the coming of Messiah's kingdom of grace. "Yea, and all the prophets, from Samuel and those that follow after, have likewise foretold of these days" (Acts iii. 24). This novelty of the office would of itself make its first administration as a new development of the working of the Spirit of God a matter of the deepest interest. But beside this, two circumstances of the life of Samuel tend to aggravate its grandeur and bring out all its variety of aspect. The first was, that for him it was appointed to guide the difficult transition of Israel's political organization from a Divinely ruled republic into a regularly constituted monarchy. He was the last of the judges, and under his rule their long line, which through four hundred and fifty years had been God's gift to His people, passed into that of the anointed kings of Israel. The second cause of the greatness of Samuel's prophetic administration is to be found in the character of Saul, by whom he stood as an external conscience; as a director, and revealer, and speaker of the Will of God to one of the most wayward of men. It was not without a struggle of his human will and a shock to his natural affections that Samuel heard the first cry of the people for a king. There was in it ingratitude to him; there was a rebellion against the order of deliverers which God had already given them; there was an earthly craving to be like unto the nations round about them. "The thing displeased Samuel;" but his refuge was near, and he "prayed unto the Lord." "Hearken," was the answer, "unto their voice, for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me." Their sin was an impatient forestalling of what it was the Will of God that they should have in His way and at His time. How grandly does the great prophet's form stand out when

seen against the background of the restless people's earthly clamouring! In him all natural indignation dies out at once. The Voice has spoken to him, and it is enough. His faith accepts without the shadow of a struggle what he now knows to be "the Will of God." At once he proceeds to prepare the chosen of the Lord for his vocation, and then to anoint him king, and to secure to him the undivided following of the people. Hero-like, he is free from every taint of jealousy—he exalts to the uttermost the new monarch. "See ye," he says to all the people, "him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people" (1 Sam. x. 24); and the people, catching the enthusiasm from him, "shouted and said, God save the King."

All the attributes of the young king tended to kindle such a passion of loyalty. Commanding in stature, eminent in personal beauty, brave and successful when first tried on the field of battle, his bearing was ennobled by a most gracious and winning modesty. Doubtless the prophet's eye looked on to a reign of holy obedience to Jehovah's Will; to the earthly monarchy being indeed the true reflection upon earth of the heavenly King; to the consolidation of the tribes of Israel; to the subjugation of all their enemies; to their establishment, as a true world-kingdom amongst the nations of the earth, bearing Jehovah's name and upheld by His might. But, alas! beneath those flowery meadows and graceful uplands there were already struggling volcanic fires which wanted opportunity alone to burst forth with destructive vehemence. The real temper of the young monarch was too soon shown. The relation between the king and the prophet, as it was established by God, was, that prophetic utterances were to be received by the ruler of His people as coming direct from His own mouth. Early in Saul's reign his obedience to such "a word" was tried with some severity. In the third year of his reign his gallant son Jonathan smote the garrison of the Philistines on the hill of Geba. Forthwith the whole might of their old oppressors was put forth for one great effort, to reimpose upon their old victims the detested yoke of the uncircumcised.

The Philistines gathered themselves together to fight with Israel, thirty thousand chariots and six thousand horsemen, "a people as the sand that is on the sea-shore in multitude." The scarcely recovered courage of the men of Israel fainted at the sight. The greater number hid themselves

away from the terrible enemy "in caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits;" even the few less faint-hearted men who still kept the field "followed Saul trembling." It seemed to the eye of sense that there was madness in waiting, as the prophet had bid him do, seven days in Gilgal, until he came down and offered sacrifice, and showed him what he should do (1 Sam. x. 8). That waiting seemed simply ruinous. Day by day the enemy grew bolder; day by day his own troops more down-hearted and demoralised. The winds of danger told sorely upon the ill-cemented mass, and like the sands under the blast of the desert, they were scattered from him.

Still for seven days he waited, fretting under the command, and with a growing impatience at its unreasonable requirement. The seventh day came, and the prophet still tarried; longer the rising wilfulness of his nature could not submit, and disobediently he himself offered the sacrifice. His disobedience was his sin. The ark of God was not in its place: the prophetic commission superseded the priestly. Samuel himself offered not as a priest, which he was not, but as a prophet. The king's sin was not an intrusion of himself into the priestly office, it was a simple sin of wilful neglect, under strong temptation, of the word of Jehovah, spoken by the mouth of His prophet. No sooner has he offered than Samuel appears. Saul goes out to seek his blessing; but that blessing is turned into reproofs, which the excuses of the wayward king cannot turn aside—"Thou hast done foolishly: thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God. Thy kingdom shall not continue: the Lord hath sought Him a man after his own heart, and commanded him to be captain over His people, because thou hast not kept that which the Lord commanded thee" (1 Sam. xiii. 14). Here is the first voice of the thunder of coming judgment; distant, undefined, as from an almost unclouded sky, capable of being averted. It leads to no separation between him and the prophet. Samuel goes up to Gibeah of Benjamin with the king. The Spirit of God has been grieved, but it does not leave him. He strengthens himself on his throne. Years pass on, and bring with them victories and power. "He took the kingdom over Israel, and fought against all his enemies on every side, and whithersoever he turned he vexed them." Once or twice the wilful temper of his soul breaks forth: but on the whole he fights bravely the battle of Israel, and prospers in his ways. Fourteen

years have passed away, when again the discipline of his life gathers itself up into a special trial. The great prophet's voice brings him a new commission from his God, and preludes it by a note of very special warning. "The Lord sent me to anoint thee to be king over his people; now therefore hearken thou unto the voice of the Lord." That tone of adjuration surely tells all. It speaks the prophet's judgment of his character, of prayers and intercession, of days of watching and nights of grief, for one he loved so well, as he saw growing on that darkening countenance the deepening lines of wilfulness. The prophet sees that this will be a crisis in that life-history, with which, by God's own hand, his own has been so strangely intertwined. He gives the king the charge of God to "smite Amalek, to destroy them utterly, and spare none." To go forth on this campaign suited well the martial and violent temper of Saul, and he readily obeyed. The assault was perfectly successful. But the wilful heart of the conqueror could not obey entirely. He could not resist the temptation to bring back in triumph the captive king of Amalek, or to spare the flocks and herds which might enrich Israel. The sentence of God was not long delayed. As he returned with his victorious troops, the prophet met him. That sorrow-stricken countenance, around which hung the long Nazarite locks, now whitened by the snows of ninety years, pale and worn with the long night's unbroken, but ungranted, intercession, as in grief for the offender he had cried unto the Lord all night, might have told all. But he was bidden to speak it out, and so he meets the king in the triumph of his return with a reproof, sterner far than when fourteen years before he had chidden his early disobedience. Now the thunder-cloud, then distant and well-nigh undiscernible, darkens the whole sky, and peals over the sinner's head. "Stay," is the sad and terrible voice as it breaks through the cobweb films of self-deception and excuse, "and I will tell THEE what the Lord hath said to me this night. . . . The Lord sent thee . . . and said, Go and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites. Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst fly upon the spoil?" Then comes again, with trembling dishonesty, out of that once strong man's mouth, the poor excuse, "The people . . . took of the spoil to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in Gilgal"—the very utterance of dark superstition and mean equivocation. And forthwith, like the darting down of the brightness of the lightning's flash, the prophet's

voice, gathering itself up into one of those magnificent utterances which, belonging to another and a later dispensation, antedate the coming revelation, and are evidently launched forth from the opened ark of the testimony of the Highest—"Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and in sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. Because THOU hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected THEE from being king." And now judgment—as is its terrible wont—gathered round him in contracting circles. The doom was irresistible. "The Strength of Israel is not a man . . . that He should repent."

It was a fearful meeting—it was followed by an almost life-long parting. "Samuel came no more to see Saul until the day of his death." Once only in life, some seventeen years later, the king, when too far hardened in his wilfulness for instruction or reproof, saw again his face, to sink at Naioth under his prophetic power. But now upon the hill of Ramah, where the prophet dwelt, the cry of mourning intercession ceased not: "Nevertheless Samuel mourned for Saul." The judgments of the God that heareth prayer seem to have been stayed by that mighty supplication of him who is classed by the Word of God with Moses, as the greatest of human intercessors. And so, with faithful love, the prophet cried unto his God, until the voice which in his childhood had spoken to him the transference of the priesthood of Eli, now told him of the removal of God's anointing from Saul to David in these fearful tones: "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel? Fill thine horn with oil, and go unto Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided me a king among his sons."

At the peril of his life from the anger of the king, Samuel goes, and, guided against his natural judgment to David, pours on his head the anointing oil, and the Spirit of the Lord owns the commanded act, and comes from that day forward upon David. Then the cloud settles darker and darker upon the rejected king. The Spirit of the Lord had departed from him, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. That dark heart was haunted by the gloomy delusions which usher in despair. Reason trembled on her seat of rule; whilst passion and hatred led madness on, and seated her instead upon that throne of inward mystery. For years the awful conflict lasted; gleams of light there were, but

evermore the darkness deepened, and its evil, half-discerned figures thronged him in wilder and denser companionship, and gathered closer around him. Upon David, his preferred successor, all the hatred of his soul concentrated its venom. How must the ever-during "mourning" of the prophet have deepened in its tones as he saw the utter wreck of that early brightened life! Happy was it for him that he lived not to see its bitter end upon the mountains of Gilboa. But he had set for all time the great example of the office of the prophet of the Lord, when called to stand in God's name not only by the side of His willing and obedient servant, but also in the deep shadows which settled on the wilful king.

Nor was it only the lineaments of this great model and example which this first of the prophets left for after times. With that prescient eye which belonged to one employed to conduct the nation and the Church of Israel through a great transition in its history, he foresaw the need of providing a new system of training for those who should be his successors in the prophetic office. For this end he formed into fixed societies the sharers of the mysterious gift, which was plainly capable of cultivation and enlargement. As at every leading crisis of the dealings of God with man, unusual operations of the Spirit marked the time of Samuel. They were not confined to him, though his is far the most conspicuous figure on the canvas. "There was the company of the prophets, and Samuel standing as appointed over them" (1 Sam. xix. 20). These companies of the prophets eminently foreshadow that Church which the greater than Samuel should form. In it, as amongst them, the gift is diffused throughout the whole body; is capable of increase; breaks out in one and in another in separate manifestations, but is still the One Spirit; abounds when sought by all as one, and by each as a part of the whole, but dies out in separation, and languishes in each as it ebbs from the common body.

Therefore were they gathered by the great Seer, from his insight into the future, into these communions. From these came the spiritual successions which gave Gad and Nathan and Samuel's own grandson Heman to the Church of Israel. Thus he provided for the time when he no longer could uphold in person the new institution. For he too was bowed by age and must sleep with his fathers. Peacefully and gradually the change passed over him. It was the due end of his even and consistent life. It was a grand parting between him and Israel when he laid down the

active exercises of the judge's office to hand it over to the king they had desired. Equable progression from the beginning to the end was the special characteristic of the life of Samuel. No sudden development of military prowess lifted him from common life into the judge's office. The Nazarite vow was marked on him by promise even before he was born; the morning dew of grace glistened on him from his birth; his childhood was opened to special visitations of God's grace in the stillness of the sanctuary and amidst the sanctities of Shiloh. Of the life which followed this he could speak without contradiction or dispute: "I am old and grey headed . . . and I have walked before you from my childhood to this day. Behold, here I am, witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed." The death was like the life; it was the gathering up of the feet into the bed, the calmest lying down to die; the whole inspired record of it is the three solemn words, "And Samuel died." So giveth He His beloved rest. He is buried in his own house at Ramah: there he was born; thither probably he withdrew at the desecration of Shiloh; thence he judged Israel; there he lay down and died. Around him were the lamentations of his people. It is written with expressness of emphasis, "ALL the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him and buried him." All had known him,—the tall figure, mantle clad, the long white locks, the reverend countenance—they should see them no more; no more hear that voice of wise counsel and of brave rebuke. Another mighty one had passed away; one who, like Moses and Joshua, had inaugurated a new dispensation; he, too, was gone—the great prophet, the gifted seer, the upright judge, the inspired hero, he had passed away: the very heart of the nation sighed out its loving, weeping requiem. All Israel, with a mighty lamentation, mourned for Samuel. Who amongst them all mourned as that son of Jesse on whose head he had, at God's command, poured the anointing oil? Heavy thoughts were in that mighty heart as David passed again from under the shadow of Samuel's dwelling-place at Ramah into the cold bare world which had no resting-place for him, as he "arose and went down to the wilderness of Paran." Doubtless in its waste places he heard again, in loving memory, the echoes of the prevailing "cry" of him who was so great amongst those who "called upon the name of the Lord." Doubtless his own discipline was perfected in this new sorrow, and he learned in losing Samuel to lean more simply and alone on Samuel's God.

A GIRL'S FAITH.

No two leaves above us waving
Are quite like in form and hue,
No two flowers in equal measure
Hold the blessing of the dew;
Nothing is on earth repeated,
All is special, all is new.

So of all the hosts of lovers,
Now and in the days of yore,
Loving deeply, loving lightly,
Loving less, or loving more,
None have loved—I hold it certain—
Quite as you and I before!

Hearts have beat, but not as ours did
When this hope upon us broke;
All our former life mere dreaming,
Till to consciousness we woke,
In a world anew created
By a little word each spoke.

Not as ours! for that was needed
What belongs to us alone;
Just the years we two have counted,
Just the sorrows we have known,
Just your strength, and just my weakness—
Love! our love is all our own!

L. C. S.

A WIFE'S WONDER.

If I had never met thee, my beloved,
As in this world, where so much waste is seen,
Or seeming waste, might easily have been,
I wonder what my nature would have proved!

I am so much thy work; thy thoughts rule mine,
Give them direction, lift from what is low;
What grasp or play of mind I have, I owe
To the strong happiness of being thine.

I catch thy tastes, enjoy what pleases thee,
Learn what is beautiful from thy delight,
Wait on thy choosing to decide aright;
'Tis but thy shadow any praise in me!

To love, to pity, to forgive with ease,
In others' hopes and fears to claim a part—
Are but the o'erflow of a blissful heart;
And having *thee*, how should I fail in these?

If thou shouldst leave me!—in that utter woe
I wonder what of life could still be mine!
Would mind be quench'd, and heart grow cold
with thine?
O God! forbid that ever I should know!

L. C. S.

“NOBLESSE OBLIGE.”

An English Story of To-day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.”

CHAPTER LII.—A SUDDEN SUMMONS.



THE whole group were still standing before the picture in the centre of the great wareroom, when a telegram was handed to Phœbe. It had been delivered at Stephenson Street, and forwarded by her landlady. Phœbe read the telegram, and

held it out mechanically without saying a word. It was from Lady Dorothea, and ran:—

“Lord Wriothesley is dying. Come immediately. Travel with one of your aunt’s

servants. Sleep at Mrs. Skinner’s in Edinburgh. A carriage will be waiting at Strathavie Station.”

Phœbe did not scream, or drop down, or even exclaim. She left it to her mother and the Clays to moralise, which they duly contrived to do.

She did not believe the information, as she stood there, with bloodless face, staring straight before her. She had not so much as heard that he had been ill.

But whether Phœbe believed the information or not, she must act upon it. To reach Edinburgh next night, she knew enough of distances to be aware that she must start from Folksbridge by the first train next morning. Yet the better part of a second day would pass before she could reach the Highland station where the Exmoor carriage was to be in waiting for her. She was mistress of herself again, only eager and intent on setting out and reaching her destination.

“Let me take charge of you and your maid. It is my part to your father’s daughter,” said Barty, coming forward. “I shall not be in your way at all, while it will be the

easiest thing in the world for me, and it will set your mother's mind at rest."

Mrs. Paston closed with the offer on the instant; while she put in a plaintive dogma that her mind—her mother's mind—was the very last thing that Phœbe or Lady Dorothea would think of.

The Messrs. Clay seconded and applauded this plan, although it sounded irrelevantly in the half-inattentive ear which barely caught the old gentlemen's sympathetic compliments.

"Very good and handsome of Barty. There is nothing need detain him, madam, from offering his services under the afflicting circumstances in which the young lady, his old friend's daughter, is placed. Barty's attendance is a very proper piece of respect to poor Lord Exmoor, who is really an excellent nobleman, and deeply to be felt for. His Lordship will value this evidence of our regard as it deserves."

Mrs. Paston insisted that, if Phœbe were to go, it was to be under Barty Wooler's escort, since she could not bestow her own. She would not be fit to stand after the fatigue of such a journey. Moreover, Strathavie House would be but a dreary dwelling for the present, and a bad bath for her nerves, which had been torn to tatters, and had never recovered the injuries done to her by the loss of her poor, dear Paston.

Phœbe was too much set on starting to be able to dispute and resist the combined opinion and authority in arms against her. Nor was she greatly helped by having to supplement with her own thought her mother's dislocated jumble of preparations and injunctions.

Phœbe, still in a dream, was seen away by her mother in solemn testimony to everybody's doing his or her duty, and she was joined by Barty Wooler at the North station, from which they were to leave in the cool morning that was rising over the huge seaport.

She was thankful for the early hour which delivered them from curious remark and knots of gazers. But she remained quite sceptical and unprepared for Lord Wriothésley's extremity. Neither did it shake her confidence when, a few stations on, Mrs. Edgecumbe came out of a waiting-room, and, after a little search, came up to Phœbe's carriage. Mrs. Edgecumbe caught her hand and whispered—

"My dear, I know. I do not presume to say anything, not that even I foreboded you were both too good and patient. It seems like protanation to speak of my sorrow, but

I could not rest till I came down and watched to see you pass. And I think I may say, God bless you, poor child! You are to be pitied, and yet you are better off than you think."

To this Phœbe was unable to give any response, and simply shook Mrs. Edgecumbe's hand as the train moved off.

Sitting gazing out abstractedly on reaped fields, and the woods getting sombre and dusky, she was tempted to forget, at times, the object of her journey in the marvel of finding herself travelling for hundreds of miles alone among strangers, except for Margaret Coutts and Barty Wooler.

Barty did not discuss probabilities with her, or set before her the calamity which was in store for her. He kept as much out of her way as he could. He did not even seek to divert her from her anxiety by pointing out the features of the country, which were new to her, but well enough known to him. He was studying his railway-guide, reading his newspaper, and leaning back in his corner with his cap over his eyes, thinking his own thoughts, even when the day was drawing to a close, and Phœbe was raising herself mechanically to catch a first glimpse of the peerless picturesqueness of Edinburgh so soon as it should disclose itself.

Mrs. Skinner was an old housekeeper of the Exmoors who had married one of their butlers, and Phœbe was quite familiar with her name. Instead of having a hotel, she kept furnished lodgings, which were patronised by the family and their friends. Mrs. Skinner also had got a telegram apprising her of her guest's coming, and requesting her to be waiting for Phœbe at the station.

The two easily recognised each other, and Barty Wooler, with grave punctilio and precise information for the following morning, gave over Phœbe into safe keeping.

Mrs. Skinner had neither more particular nor later intelligence from Strathavie than what Phœbe herself had received, and was equally satisfied that Lord Wriothésley would not die. No wonder Mrs. Skinner was incredulous, when she remembered the rejoicings at his birth, the festival at his christening, the sedulousness and success of his rearing, and the triumph of his coming of age. Another difficulty was, that while she was prepared to show all respect and attention to Phœbe, she was at a loss to determine the extent of it, because of her ignorance of the young lady's exact relation to the family, which, in Mrs. Skinner's eyes, was something more than of

sovereigns. It would never do for a person trusted as Mrs. Skinner was to make an awkward mistake. Luckily, Phœbe was too much preoccupied during her short stay to weigh the ambiguity of Mrs. Skinner's manner.

CHAPTER LIII. — "A HEAVY HEART MAKES A LONG ROAD."

PHŒBE was punctual to her appointment next day, and quite able to proceed on her journey.

It was one of those silvery, hazy days, which precede autumn. The harvest-work,

which was past in England, was still going on briskly and cheerfully on the Scotch leas. But the giant mountains beginning to rise before her, and to awe her unaccustomed eyes, frowned upon her in her growing fear, and struck her with an impression of savageness and horror. Under these grim precipices, and on these barren wastes, the freedom and the grandeur of which would have chiefly laid hold of her in happier circumstances, there was brought home to her, for the first time, amidst the care which travelled with her, a sense of shivering desolation.



Page 875.

The little bark-covered shed which stood for the station at Strathavie was reached before sunset. The Exmoor carriage, with the coat of arms and family livery, was in waiting.

Phœbe knew the sober Wellfield face of the man-servant, who knew her and her errand, and who came forward, saying quickly, as he touched his hat—

"My Lord is neither better nor worse."

Then he gave his mind to business, and looked for the maid to point out the traps he was to appropriate. Phœbe drew a sigh

of relief, though she could not say what she had dreaded.

"Will you not come on with me?" and Phœbe faltered, as Barty Wooler was about to take leave of her, after helping her into the carriage. "It seems so strange to come so far, and part here. You do not need me to tell you how hospitably Lord Exmoor would have welcomed you any other time, and seen that you had plenty of sport, which, in ordinary times, is what men think most of in these quarters, I fancy."

"No, thanks. I shall hear, every one will

hear. This is not a case which will be hidden. He may recover yet, who knows? He has youth and everything in his favour. Don't begin to despair now. And keep your wraps about you, the air is much colder here," said Barty, turning his head, and looking at the horses, as if he were impatient for them to be gone. "I shall go back to the large hotel at Balnabhair, and have a little fishing and shooting and sketching. Let me know if you want me: I shall be at hand ready."

And in a moment he was gone, as if his act of mercy being accomplished, there was nothing more for him to do.

The drive between the station and the house took Phœbe through some of the loveliness of wood, water, and rock, which lay within the girdling mountains. The features of the scenery were very striking, both in colour and form. The brown burn leaped, foaming, into the blue loch; the tangled thicket of mountain-ash, weeping-birch, and oak coppice rose on the slopes, relieved by patches of golden oats; while the olive shoulder of the mountain, where the line of the horizon was beginning to be dyed with a blush, swelled in the sunlight, the grey splintered rock broke through the red bloom, and behind all rose a chain of delicate lilac peaks. There were fragrant, novel scents of bog-myrtle, heather, and peat-reek, and a mingled melody of sounds—bees humming, blackcocks crowing, sheep bleating, along with the constant trickle and splash of water. Phœbe could not help being a little comforted. She thought God was so good to make so much beauty and delight, He would not break and bruise the hearts of His human creatures, as if His works of nature were around men and women to mock and taunt them.

Below the rustic porch of the house, which commanded the little lake, reflecting the sky above it, stood Lady Dorothea, young, fair, and noble, if ever woman was so. When she saw Phœbe, who had seen her offer a brave front to every trouble she had met, there was nothing left for her to do but lift up her voice and weep.

"Yes, it is true, Phœbe; we are to lose the chief of our strength. The great thing Wriothsley is to do, is to die in his promise without a stain on his shield. And that is something too; but God knows it is hard for us to give him up."

"Is there no hope?" besought Phœbe.

"None, my child; skill and science, and the wealth of worlds, if we had as much,

can do nothing for him. But I am forgetting you, and how tired, as well as sick at heart, you must be. You must come and rest, and have something to eat, or—I was going to say—Wriothsley will never forgive me."

Lord Wriothsley's illness had seemed nothing out of the common when he was attacked by it ten days before. He had caught a chill, which had been followed by fever, such as he had often suffered from. The attack had been more obstinate than usual; but there was nothing so extraordinary in it as to excite apprehension. Lord Exmoor did not even send for additional advice to that of the experienced country-doctor who was watching the case along with Dr. Mitford, who was living in the house, till at the crisis, when the bodily forces should have rallied, ominous symptoms suddenly presented themselves. He had not thought himself in danger until he looked on the faces, subdued in their forced cheerfulness, which gathered about his bed, and heard of the medical men who were summoned from Edinburgh and London to his aid.

CHAPTER LIV.—A BEATEN MAN.

"WHEN we were studying time-tables and calculating distances for the arrival of the doctors," Lady Dorothea explained to Phœbe, "I met Wriothsley's eye, and I knew there was somebody not here whom he wished to see, and I remembered you. I inquired of him, 'Shall we send for Phœbe Paston, Wriothsley?' he replied instantly, 'Yes, the time is so short now, that it is my turn and hers at last.' Mamma dictated the telegram, I wrote it, and papa went with it himself to the station and sent it off. We were sure you would come. You understood us, and did not blame us any more than we blamed you."

"You are right," murmured Phœbe.

"Mamma is with him almost always. She seems to be learning to live without rest or refreshment of any kind, for as small and frail as she is. We let her do it, for we know that all her rest is in being with him while he is here. I think he must be dozing, for she must have heard the carriage, and otherwise she would have sent for you. You must let me take you to papa. Poor papa! Men do not know what to do with great sorrow any more than with great joy, and it sits the more heavily on them."

Phœbe found Lord Exmoor much the same as she had always found him, except that he looked shockingly haggard, and was more nervous than ever. He made no allusion to

his son and Phœbe. He was good-naturedly kind to her, anxious to ascertain that she had not done herself up with travelling, and very solicitous to discover what solace she was capable of taking in the way of soup or wine. Indeed, save for the absence of the Countess, and for the family's dining strictly in private, and dispensing with the rite of Lady Dorothea and Phœbe dressing for dinner, social state and form went on unimpaired. To Phœbe, while they were a wearisome burden, the circumstance of her dining for the first time with Lord Exmoor, which would have been a trial for her to think of a month ago, dwindled into a mere necessary ceremony.

Lord Exmoor plunged into Wellfield gossip, in order to keep up a semblance of conversation, and to avoid another topic, as if both he and Phœbe had left the town but yesterday. During all the time he spoke, he was listening intently to every sound in the house, making suggestions and comments upon them to Lady Dorothea, and sighing inadvertently woeful sighs. At one time, when he asked abruptly, "And how goes the painting, Miss Paston?" Phœbe was afraid that he had forgotten her father's death, and that the next question would refer to him as still living and working in Woovers' Alley. She was sure Lady Dorothea had the same fear, for she interrupted her father, prompting him gently:

"You mean Mr. Woole's commissions for Mr. Paston's pictures, don't you, papa?"

"Certainly. What should I mean?" answered the Earl, confused and testy in his confusion. Then he thought no more about it, observing hastily—

"There, that is your mamma's step"—at the same time starting up from his walnuts and wine to forestall the servant in opening the door for the Countess, in order to ascertain what was poor Wriothlesley's state now.

If the Earl was friendly to Phœbe, with a little agitated chivalrousness that had not appeared before in his tone to Paston's daughter, the ice of the Countess's manners melted at once into the quiet, devoted motherliness which rendered her so dear to her children. She came forward, looking smaller—more like a piece of old, discoloured china than ever. Yet she walked steadily, though slowly, from being more or less crippled by rheumatism. She took Phœbe by both hands, drew the girl close to her, and kissed her.

"My dear, you are cold yet! Has Dorothea not managed to have you warmed?"

We have always fires in the rooms here of an evening, for the hill air is so keen. If no other room was sufficiently heated, Dolly ought to have taken you to mine; I should have been so glad to have had you there."

"Did you not hear the carriage, mamma, or was Wriothlesley dozing?" asked Lady Dorothea, with a little flutter in her manner.

"We heard the carriage come up, yes; Wriothlesley knew the time and the hour of the train, and he has not been dozing at all. But he would not have you come to see him till you have rested and dined. Will you come now, Phœbe? I shall show you the way, if you please."

"But that is giving you so much trouble," objected Phœbe, with bated breath.

"No, don't say anything of the trouble. I should like to take you myself, Miss Paston—Phœbe. I am not tired; somehow I am never tired just now; I have ceased to know what the feeling is, I think. I am sure you know what it is not to be able to feel tired; for I remember Wriothlesley's telling how you nursed your father."

Then, as Phœbe and she went up the stair together, the Countess said in a low tone—

"I shall give up my place to you for the quarter of an hour which Dr. Ashby thinks will not be too much for him. He is very weak, but you need not be frightened; there is no immediate danger, and he is too good to hurt himself and you. I can trust you."

What eyes were those light grey eyes of the Countess's, when they melted like the rest of her, in faithful, fond, self-abnegation! and what tones her thin, weak voice acquired of single-hearted, vibrating sweetness!

The Countess left Phœbe in the dressing-room, while she went in herself to Lord Wriothlesley. A doctor, who was a stranger to Phœbe, and who was sitting with his patient, rose and withdrew by the opposite door. Lady Exmoor called Phœbe forward, and her Ladyship's stammer was gone for the moment, when she announced, "Here is Phœbe, Gerard," and followed the doctor.

Phœbe was not frightened, as Lady Exmoor had apprehended. Neither was the white face on the pillows so changed as to distress her. The fine traits were all brought out, and refined, as it were, by the removing of every grosser line in what had never had much grossness. Phœbe could not bear to see him lying there looking so bright. She began to cry, unable to keep back her sobs and tears, vexed and shocked although she was at her weakness.

In his kindness, Lord Wriothlesley took no

notice of Phœbe's emotion. With a faint but audible voice, he was thanking her over and over again for coming, and praising her for her goodness. When she had composed herself, he wanted to hear of her journey, and what she thought of Strathavie. The next moment he was repeating what he should have shown Phœbe at Strathavie—the Rock of Lamentation, the Black Spout Waterfall, the Corrie-Nan-Ban; and then he was calling himself back to inquire for Mrs. Paston, for the Halls, for little Bess. Phœbe could hardly believe that he knew and was reconciling himself to going away from them, from all his friends, honours, and ambitions, in a few days or hours.

With that conversation in the sick-room the time was up. A servant knocked at the door, and delivered a message from the doctor requesting Phœbe to withdraw.

Lord Wriothlesley smiled a little at the implied authority, took her hand, and held it, reluctant to part from her. He told her once more how kind it had been of her to come so far to see him, and how good she was. He added, that if she was not very tired—he was a terribly selfish fellow to ask it, but he had no choice—would she let him see her again by relieving his mother, and sending her Ladyship to lie down in the dressing-room, instead of sitting with him, in the early part of the night? His nights were apt to be bad, and—no one could tell.

In the beginning of the night Phœbe was back at his side. At his desire she unfastened the shutters, pulled up the Venetian blind, and drew aside the curtains for a few minutes, to enable him to see the harvest moonlight on the loch. He began to murmur some lines which had once caught his fancy:—

"Lay him down, his work is done;
Vain for him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman."

"You have been my one true love, Phœbe. Though I have not been able to say it to you in so many words before, I think you knew it. Have I been yours?"

"You have been very dear to me, Lord Wriothlesley," replied Phœbe, trembling.

"But have I been the dearest, Phœbe—dear before every other?"

"Great death" appeared already to look Phœbe through and through, demanding that truth without which tenderness is worthless.

"I never had a brother, but I do not

think I could have had one dearer than you," Phœbe said, faintly.

"That answer would not have served me living—it hardly serves me dying. Have you no other answer for me, Phœbe?"

There was silence in the room save for the beating of Phœbe's heart, and the labouring of his breath.

"Then you have the answer for another?"

Still there was only the silence that is assent.

It was a great shock to him, even at that hour—like a second shivering of life, and what was dearest to him in it. But there was not only justice, there was magnanimity, too, in the blood of these Exmoors.

"Never mind, Phœbe," he spoke again, gently. "I daresay you loved me as well as you could, a great deal better than I deserved. I suppose everything is right, even to Wooler's being conqueror, and I the beaten man."

"If he were to know, he would not call you beaten," Phœbe vowed solemnly, "though I have heard him say heaven was for beaten men. All you have given me—(would you had given it to a worthier woman!)—I shall prize to my dying day."

Until Lord Wriothlesley's death, his eyes never rested on her whom, to the end, he desired to have near him, without repeating, with tender gallantry in their glance, "Never mind, Phœbe."

His last feeble gesture, after his eyes were dim, was still to put away the most distant shadow of reproach from the love, grown ripe beyond measuring love in return.

Phœbe remained at Strathavie, and returned with Lady Dorothea and the Countess, who followed Lord Exmoor and his melancholy charge to Brockcotes in time for the funeral. Then she bowed her head in her hands, and remembered that a thousand years are with God as one day, and one day as a thousand years; and she found unspeakable consolation in the remembrance.

The funeral was one of those spectacles which belonged to Wellfield, and was witnessed by crowds of strangers, who arrived for the purpose. It was a poor and passing compensation for what was a special blow to the town as well as to Lord Exmoor. When the present Earl died, and the titles and estates passed out of the direct line to the Essex branch of the Latimers, it would be to bring in a race which, though it was fairly creditable to the main stock, and possessed at least a share of the traditional virtues of the house, yet knew not Wellfield.

Among the swollen train of noble relatives, connections, friends, tenants, and retainers, there was one carriage, the occupants of which could afford to be private in the show, and to consider only who had been nearest and dearest to Lord Wriothlesley. The women of the family were not part of the sight. By the shortest, most private road, a carriage carried a company of them within the bounds of the family burial-ground in the park, and set them down close to the mouth of the vault. These cloaked and hooded mourners were the Countess, Lady Dorothea, and Phœbe Paston.

When dust had been given back to dust, and the carriage on its return was about to drive up to Brockcotes in the state of its pile, and the magnificence of its autumn verdure, the cold, stiff little Countess pulled down Phœbe's head for a moment on her poor shoulder, and told her, "You were his darling; you must consent to be mine."

Before night all Wellfield was apprised of the members of the group. The knowledge afforded foundation for the extravaganza that Lord Wriothlesley had left Phœbe Paston his sole heir, and that he had got Lord Exmoor to swear to adopt her, and make her the same in the family as Lady Dorothea.

Mrs. Paston was exceedingly proud of Phœbe's visits to the Exmoors, and eager to spare her daughter for them, each time they were proposed, reserving her grumbling over her own loneliness till she had gone. On each occasion of Phœbe's return, Mrs. Paston did not fail to wonder and feel aggrieved that Lord Exmoor had not executed some deed of settlement on Phœbe, as in a sense the widow of poor Lord Wriothlesley, the word of whom had kept away others.

It might be more in reference to what had been Phœbe's relation to Lord Wriothlesley than poor Mrs. Paston at all comprehended that she brought back with her at last a curtain of the Countess's hangings.

"This is all there is left to finish, mamma; but Lady Exmoor's sight is impaired. She has asked me to do what remains of the work."

"Upon my word, a modest request—if this is all the Exmoors can do for you! Why, child, you will stitch yourself blind; and why doesn't her mother blind Lady Dorothea? They have done you enough harm already."

"Lady Dorothea does not like to embroider, and cannot do it. I like it, and can, though, perhaps, I should not say so. Besides, Lady Dorothea has so much to do—more than ever now. I am allowed my own

time to this work; and if Uncle Hall do not succeed and win back his wealth, I shall think no shame of taking, nor Lady Exmoor of giving, wages for my work."

"She may think shame, considering all that has come and gone," protested Mrs. Paston, indignantly; "and I think, Phœbe, that you are a poor-spirited girl to mention such a thing."

Phœbe did not notice the little spurt of pride and anger, but hurried on with the compensation.

"The best thing of it is, that these hangings, which have been more than a century in working, and which the present Countess, after having done so much to them, naturally wishes to see in their place before Brockcotes passes to the younger branch of the family, have been, till now, embroidered only by the Countesses of Exmoor. Don't you see it is the highest compliment our Countess can pay me, to ask me to complete the hangings?" Phœbe urged, eagerly.

Mrs. Paston did not quite see it; but she did not interfere with her daughter's grateful response to the compliment. So Phœbe lost a little of the listlessness which tarried with her, and grew busy and interested in her work, until her pensiveness brightened in the business. By the time she had accomplished a great centre-piece of tiger-lilies, white roses, and love-lies-bleeding, the autumn and the winter of a third year in the lodging in Stephenson Street had given place to a fresh spring. She still put up her nightly piteous prayer—"Lord Jesus, wilt Thou not come to set the wrong right, and bring back the lost, as Thou wert wont? Lord, forgive our unworthiness and unwillingness, and make us less unworthy, more willing." But the keenness of the anguish and the yearning of the prayer was dying out, and hope and peace were taking the room of sharp pain.

CHAPTER LV.—THE TRUE ELIXIR.

ONE evening in March, Phœbe had drawn the window-curtains earlier than usual to shut out the dispiriting sight of a late shower of snow. She was a little reconciled to the untimely fall which had secured her and her mother all day from visitors—those somewhat constrained, shallow, and idle acquaintances of the upper ranks of Folksbridge into which the Halls had eventually succeeded in introducing them.

On the back of Phœbe's finally assuring herself of immunity from company, even from that of her cousins, and of Mrs. Paston's being seized with a formidable fit of yawning,

a carriage drove up to the door. A double knock was heard; and while Mrs. Paston was balancing her cap, and Phœbe was insisting that there must be a mistake, Lady Dorothea was shown in.

Her Ladyship had not been in Folksbridge since the Pastons came to it, and Phœbe had received no intimation of this visit. The Exmoors had begun to go into the world again, and Phœbe had seen and heard less of them lately.

Phœbe's impression was that some extraordinary event must be in the wind; and then, as the fire-light flickered up from the black dress which Lady Dorothea still wore, to her little white face, Phœbe's heart sank in thinking what that something might be. Lady Dorothea, with her old quickness, speedily read the look.

"No, Phœbe, I am not going to die yet,—though I was very near it a month ago; but I am going to be married to-morrow, and I am come myself to carry you away with me to Phantasy, to stay with me there till it is all over. You need not see any of the Essex Latimers, who are at Phantasy just now, unless you like; but you must come with me."

"Yes, I will go with you," promised Phœbe, but with the most urgent look of inquiry.

"Of course," said Lady Dorothea, anticipating the question Phœbe insisted on putting, "the bridegroom is Mr. Blount, who has come across from Canada to make a settlement with his cousin, in which his sisters are concerned. Mr. Blount offered them a home with him, but they would not think of it. Mamma and papa are coming down to-morrow on purpose. Is it not very good of them, when mamma has to make such an effort?—and there is no doubt the marriage is a great trial to them, though you may be sure I have their consent, otherwise I should not take the step."

Phœbe asked no questions then, but left her mother to offer the puzzled *malapropos* congratulations, which were brought to a sudden stop by Lady Dorothea's candid, naive confession.

"Oh, dear, no! I am getting no fine things this time, Mrs. Paston. Don't you know, I am leaving all my fine things behind me? Of what use could they possibly be to a farmer's wife in Canada?"

It was sufficient occupation for Phœbe during the half-hour Lady Dorothea waited for her, to equip herself for her expedition, and find a dress not altogether out of keeping with a wedding.

It was like another dream to Phœbe that

Lady Dorothea was going to be married in this offhand fashion; and, after all, to Mr. Blount, a colonist, working on borrowed money, with the slur of the bar-sinister on his shield. Phœbe could not quickly take it all in.

Lady Dorothea was too wearied to enter on explanations on the road to Phantasy. She had driven to Stephenson Street, leaving the carriage, with her maid in the rumble, at the Pastons' door. She was on her way from the station where the Essex Latimers had met her, and whence they had gone on before, at her request, to Phantasy. She was just recovered from a severe illness, of which Phœbe had got no intimation. Lady Dorothea was keeping herself up for the fatigue of the next day, and of the journey, till, as she trusted, the voyage should recruit her; for Mr. Blount could neither afford to remain in this country absent from the bringing in of his lots of land and the reaping of their virgin crops, nor could he come back for her in less than a year. But Lady Dorothea told Phœbe that once they had arrived and got a cup of tea, she would be able to chat to her, and tell her everything.

Lady Dorothea decided that she must exert herself, and go down and dine with the family, and that Phœbe had better show herself under her wing. "They are commonplace, goodish sort of people, and perfectly harmless, these Essex Latimers. They will stare a little at you, but I shall divide their attention. Certainly, they have been very friendly in lending us their house and their countenance just now."

Lady Dorothea spoke always of her marriage as an act to be done in a corner, and yet she never alluded to Mr. Blount without a glistening of her clear eyes, and a sweet suspicion of colour coming into her pale cheek.

Phœbe was in no perturbation at facing the commonplace, harmless Latimers. She had come to stand such fire. Lady Dorothea looked at her in approbation.

"You have got the one thing you wanted, Phœbe—unconsciousness, which is nine-tenths of ease and breeding."

"I am glad I have got anything I wanted, and am the better of," Phœbe answered. "I am only afraid it has been a little dearly bought," she finished, with a sigh.

There were only Mr. and Mrs. Latimer and three of their daughters at Phantasy. There was no company staying in the house beyond Lady Dorothea and her friend—not even Mr. Blount, who was not to come down till before church-time the next day.

The Latimers' stares were all within the

bounds of conventionality and courtesy, and, as Lady Dorothea had promised, she divided them fully. In spite of everything, had it not been for her wretched health, Lady Dorothea looked as sure of her own mind, and as satisfied as if Mr. Blount were still Marquis of Fairchester, and Lord of Sans Pareil and Ford-in-the-Marsh.

There was one good in Lady Dorothea's recent illness, that it afforded her a pretext for retiring early to her own room. No sooner was she in her dressing-gown, than she sent to Phœbe, whom she had taken care to have established in the room next to hers. She begged her to permit the door of communication between the rooms to be opened, and to come in and sit with her till it was a Christian hour to go to sleep. She dismissed her maid—no longer Thorpie. As Lady Dorothea had told Phœbe, Thorpie, with many expressions of regret, and with much to suffer from the righteous reprobation of her aunt, Miss Thorpe, had given her leave from the hour Lady Dorothea's marriage was announced.

"I don't deny Thorpie's instant secession was mortifying, but it was so far good," declared Lady Dorothea. "I cannot afford any but the plainest sewing-maid in my new condition; and as I have told you often, Thorpie was a terrible handful in a strange place."

"Now we shall have it out, Phœbe," Lady Dorothea proposed, when Phœbe was seated close to her in the cosiness of Lady Dorothea's room. "The evening is my best time still. I feel so washed-out and run down in the morning—a weakness which, it is to be hoped, will mend by-and-by, else I shall be a great drag on my colonist. Now, I have got over all the sickening aches of my journey from town. How little I used to feel it all the way down to Brockcotes! When shall I travel that road again, I wonder? Only in dreams for many a long day, and I am not a bit sleepy to get a chance of dreaming to-night."

Notwithstanding Lady Dorothea's assertion, she sat long silent, dreaming by the hearth, with her head on her hand, and her hair falling round her like a cloud, out of which her eyes shone like stars.

"I wanted only to be a dutiful daughter," Lady Dorothea continued, "unexceptionable in my conduct and my submission, in order to give pleasure to poor papa and mamma in the end. But it would not do," continued Lady Dorothea, shaking her head. "I think I took too much out of myself, as Wriothlesley

wouldn't be persuaded not to do. What brought the climax and broke the camel's back was the new Lord Fairchester, Edmund Blount, presuming to pay his addresses to me, and to suppose he could fill his cousin's place. The Earl and Countess were as much shocked and affronted as I was. But we began to meet him everywhere, and he would take no repulse. It was so like profanation, that I think it turned me sick and made me light-headed, for I got ill just at that time."

"One could scarcely wonder, I think," protested Phœbe, indignantly.

"Well, I was so ill, and so like Wriothlesley, that even when the fever left me, I and everybody else thought it was no more than a reprieve, and that I was going to die, too. As that was the case, I thought I might see John Blount, who had come home then on his sisters' business. I could not tell whether I should be permitted to go to him and help him as a disembodied spirit, though I hoped so with all my heart; and while I was still in the body, it would be such a comfort to meet him and hear his honest, kindly voice again. As I was to die in a month or two at the latest, the indulgence could not signify, would not harm anybody much. You cannot think how sorry he was for me, and how he was distracted—he who was so staid—between his sorrow and his gladness to be with me once more. I had somehow made him so fond of me, we had grown so fond of each other. I got him to tell me about Canada and his settler's life. It was so nice and primitive to hear of, and reminded me so forcibly of my little bit of New-found-land which I was wont to be so busy and happy about, that I forgot the hopelessness and mournfulness of our position, and felt quite freshened and brightened. The next day I was a great deal better instead of worse, and so I was every day after he sat with me, nursed me, and cheered me. And then it entered into dear mamma's wise head whether, instead of dying to them, I might not live to him? My heart cried out for that other dying before mamma whispered it to me, and when he, poor fellow, could only look the possibility. It was a common, human cry that of my heart, Phœbe; but it taught me, right or wrong, that common humanity, in its sacredness, is the highest nobleness. Its rights and needs are surely the first obligations and lie at the root of all others."

"Yea and amen to these words, Lady Dorothea," responded Phœbe.

"I had sacrificed them once, and it might have been a mistake. Was I again to sacri-

fice both them and him? Besides, many of the reasons for the sacrifice have ceased. It was to serve my brother's career, and extend the Exmoor influence. It is papa and mamma who have to suffer loss, but they will do it for me. Mamma had some difficulty in talking over the Earl, but he has got over his scruples, and he is coming down to-morrow, poor dear old man, to give me away."

The tears fell from more eyes than Lady Dorothea's.

"There is one thing that troubles me, Phœbe," Lady Dorothea went on wistfully. "You may think that I have been kinder to myself than I was to you, because I had not then learnt to understand all that I understand now."

"No, Lady Dorothea," Phœbe declared, deliberately; "I think more of you than ever; I was never so proud of my friend as now."

"But our marriage as it is would have been horribly out of place at Brockcotes. It would have been only mocking Wellfield, you know. I am sure I ought to spare papa and mamma, Richardson, Clarges, Mrs. Bald, and Miss Thorpe, and the rest, as much mortification as I can."

Phœbe did not see how Lady Dorothea's marriage could be anything else to Wellfield but a lesson in true nobility, latent unworldliness, and tender fidelity. But she could not see everything.

"Phœbe," Lady Dorothea took up the conversation again, "Mr. Blount and I owe our re-union in one light to Mr. Wooler. If it had not been for your friend's confidence and liberality, it is very likely a marriage would not have been feasible. Since Mr. Blount came over, he has been seeing Mr. Wooler, and I need not say how favourably the one man has impressed the other. I had always a favour for Mr. Wooler from what I had heard of him."

"I think Mr. Wooler deserves your favour on the whole," answered Phœbe, a little dryly and a little shyly. She would have turned away her head, but she could not do it with a grace. It was not an easy ordeal to undergo the light of those eyes of Lady Dorothea's.

"We know that Wriothlesley loved you to the last with a love that might well pass beyond time," said Lady Dorothea, softly. "But I never thought that Wriothlesley living would stand between you and another man. If that is true, Wriothlesley dead would have been the very last man to have wished to stand between you and Mr. Wooler."

"Lady Dorothea," exclaimed Phœbe, smarting under a sense of humiliation, "I have no

more to do with Mr. Wooler than you have. He owes no love to me. All that was over an age ago. I have not spoken half a dozen words to him for a year and a half. Even when he sold the last of the pictures at which both papa and he had worked, he sent our share of the price through a bank."

"Possibly; but he cannot remain always absent from Folksbridge, where he has gone into his uncles' business," Lady Dorothea arrived at the logical conclusion; "you cannot escape speaking to each other for the term of your lives. And, my dear child, you may find, to your tremendous confusion, as I have done, that things you thought over and done with, have no end at all. But let us suppose them over, by all means. What was I going to say next? Oh! Mr. Wooler has promised to cross the Atlantic—he has crossed it more than once already, it seems, and it is a holiday-trip nowadays—in order to visit Mr. Blount."

"He will be very fond of you, when he comes to know you, as my cousin Frank Hall was," proclaimed Phœbe, impulsively.

"Ah! I can but recollect Mr. Hall, which sounds ungrateful, and he was Wriothlesley's friend, too. It is not that my memory is bad. I used to pique myself on not forgetting anybody. But we saw so many people, and I seem to have gone through so much. You cannot think how old I feel—old enough to be John Blount's mother—so that I wonder he has anything to say to me in so juvenile a sense as love and marriage. I have much need to go to the Far West till it reaches round to the East, and the sunset wears back into the sunrise. What I suspect I shall miss most, when I grow young again, is loads of people to think for and look after. What shall I make of myself with only him to mind? He says I must begin anew and try—humanising the log-cutters and the waggoners. Mr. Wooler, when he comes, will bring his wife with him, Phœbe. It stands to reason that a man in the prime of life, and in the possession of a large fortune, will marry some day yet—above all, when any disappointment he may have had in early days is 'over an age ago.' When Mr. Wooler comes to Blount's Land with his wife, I do hope she will be a dear soul. Don't you, Phœbe, for Mr. Wooler's sake, as well as for mine? When we drive in the forest, and work in the newly-laid-out gardens, it will be like old days, though the scene be in Canada-West and not in England."

Phœbe turned away.

"I never imagined," Lady Dorothea re-

sumed, after a silence, wandering back, as she did naturally and perpetually this night, to her own affairs, "I never imagined, though I had been a traveller in my own estimation, that I should ever set eyes on the real Newfoundland, or that my little wilderness was only to furnish practice for my settlement in a great one. And did I tell you, Phœbe?—he has brought me such a love of a fur-cloak. I never had anything so rich in fur to wrap round my poor meagre bones, in place of the fragments of his old travelling-cloak which he gave me to cover the bare boards in Germany, and which he found me hugging still when he came back this time."

CHAPTER LVI.—"THROWING HERSELF AWAY."

LADY DOROTHEA'S marriage was as different as possible from the grand marriage which had been arranged for her years before at Brockcotes, although the principal performers remained the same. It was celebrated on a blustering March morning, in the little parish church nearest Phantasy. Nobody was present beyond a few of the relations and Phœbe Paston. The most of the company were still in mourning. The bride herself was neither in Honiton nor in Brussels lace, but in the plainest of white silks. The very season seemed to be against a wedding: it did not admit of many flowers, and the whole marriage-party were shivering with cold, if not with agitation. Only the bells in the tower up in the air sent forth an unmistakable sign of rejoicing. Lady Exmoor walked into church, but was forced to sit throughout the service. Lord Exmoor brought in his daughter, in a violent hurry, as if he were afraid lest he should repent and forbid the ceremony at the last moment. Then he took up his position, keeping guard over his wife, and looking sterner than he had ever looked before, in his thin-haired long-legged dignity.

Phœbe could not say that the world would have called it a beautiful marriage, though the bride had been one of the reigning beauties of her first season; and she held that it was one of the finest elements of Lady Dorothea's beauty that care and thought did not impair it. And Mr. Blount was young and manly, not without inherent nobility in his adversity—without doubt something of a hero to others as well as to Lady Dorothea.

There was one relative present at Lady Dorothea's marriage, who, like Lord and Lady Exmoor and Mr. Blount, arrived on the wedding morning, but unlike them, un-

expectedly and without receiving a cordial reception from the owners of Phantasy.

This was Mrs. Edgecumbe.

"Never mind," she said to Phœbe, drawing her aside when the register was being signed. "I have been accustomed to have people turn up their noses at me, even such small noses as that of Mrs. Latimer—the greater sinner and fool I, my dear, to have given them the opportunity. But at least I won't contaminate the may-poles of daughters;—and what successors to Lady Dorothea! Each would make half-a-dozen of her Ladyship out of bread and mutton material. I hope I'm above taking the shabby welcome out of the woman, or retaliating in any way. But I won't go in for the *déjeuner*. I can do without champagne and lobster *pâtés*. I have got sherry and sandwiches in the carriage, and it is due to the Squire, who swore over me for coming at all, thus exposing myself to their squeamishness and impudence, that I should not stay. I only wanted to see Lady Dorothea throw herself away; and I declare I think there must be more soul in me, smirched though it may be, than in these people, for I saw it with all the pleasure in life. I protest I don't grudge her, who is the jewel of the Latimers, the only jewel left, to a man of honour like Mr. Blount. We are turning over a new leaf, after all; and this is the finest thing that has been done among us these fifty years. It will be your turn next, Phœbe. Don't look vexed; I don't mean to hurt you. What I want to say is, that I never see a coy, reasonable girl coaxed and coerced into a romance and tragedy, without guessing that, in the reaction, she will go off at last with some fellow the very opposite of the first—a humdrum, middle-aged man of business, who will seek her for somebody to play with, to keep his keys, and make his bread and butter."

And with this Mrs. Edgecumbe entered her carriage, without so much as allowing Phœbe to reply.

CHAPTER LVII.—MRS. WOOLER'S AMBITION.

THE last popular prediction of Phœbe's fate was that she would go and live with the ailing Countess of Exmoor, since Lady Dorothea was "married in Canada." Her own mother was hale for her years, lived quietly in lodgings near her own relatives, and in the world's opinion could do without her daughter for the present; while it would be a fine thing for the family of a deceased painter, who had lost money by Mr. Hall of Garnet Lodge, to have the daughter adopted

and carried about in the train of Lady Exmoor. On the other hand, it would be the easiest way for the Exmoors to provide for the young lady, from whom, for their own credit, they could not withhold a provision, since she had been so near to becoming Countess of Exmoor.

But although Phœbe continued to visit Lady Exmoor occasionally, and although she was assured by many a kind remembrance that her Ladyship did not forget her, and that it was not by mere forms of words that the Countess, in the letters which she still contrived with her crippled fingers to write to her, addressed her as "Dear Phœbe," and signed herself "Your true friend, Anne Exmoor;" and although there came to Stephenson Street "no end of game and fruit," as the Halls reported, there was not the smallest ground for the supposition that Phœbe was to be transplanted to Broockotes or Piccadilly.

The single change which was likely to take place in Phœbe's circle was the marriage of Frank Hall. After a somewhat lengthened career of bachelorhood, and on his bare income as a journalist, he was about to rush into matrimony, after the slightest possible acquaintance, with a young lady of slender expectations.

The one particular which tallied with Lady Dorothea's argument for Phœbe's future experience in Folksbridge was that Barty Wooler was stationary there this summer, more stationary than he had ever been. He was tied down by a bond, the obligation of which he had never slighted. The Messrs. Clay were as much specimens of *immortelles* as ever. They were as dry and shrivelled, and as likely to see out the century as he was. But their niece, who had been buxom Judith Clay when they were middle-aged men, on coming to spend a few days with her son in his rooms above the great shop, was smitten by a stroke of the disease of which she had long before had an incipient touch, and was deprived in a great measure of the power of motion, being reduced for the rest of her days to an invalid's chair.

After the first few weeks there did not seem to be much more danger to her life than there was to that of the strong man her son. Her mental faculties were unimpaired, her speech was preserved. With Barty by her side, and the memory of an honest life to ponder upon, Mrs. Wooler announced that she could bear her captivity.

"It is not worse than the county prison, Barty; and it is without the bread and the water and the disgrace," she said, with a gleam

of her old humour. "I daresay I'll get in time to doing coarse sewing and knitting with these quaking hands of mine. It is well that I can put my food into my mouth, and read a verse or two till I've served my 'prenticeship to being helpless and a burden. But you'll have to bring Becky, lad, and give up the house in Wellfield, if you are to keep me here. My word! if it be shut up, or get a careless tenant, the boys will riot among the laburnums."

Deprived of her old occupation as vigilant watcher over the public morals, and as vigorous administrator of justice on her own account, Mrs. Wooler was reduced to the consideration that a daughter-in-law might be an acceptable addition to the household. She would not have coveted such an arrangement when she was well, but now that she was sickly matters were altered. It would be an advantage to Becky too; for Becky was likely to be lost without a mistress's active superintendence.

With characteristic freedom from scruples, and complete independence of consultation with the individuals principally concerned, Mrs. Wooler sent Becky with a summary message to Miss Paston, bidding her come and speak with her.

Phœbe had frequently sent to make inquiries after Mrs. Wooler during the first weeks of her illness, and had several times gone there with her mother to see the invalid. But she was not the less startled and a little alarmed by Mrs. Wooler's demand. She complied, however, with the request.

"Of course you'll go instantly, Phœbe. I wonder if the old lady would like anything you could take to her?" said Mrs. Paston.

Phœbe went just before tea-time, when she had some notion that Barty would be smoking and reading in the Folksbridge reading-room; and this though the cool of the morning or of the evening would have been a more seasonable time for a walk from Stephenson Street.

She did not go into any of the several doors of the swarming shop, where she had been introduced to the Messrs. Clay, but walked round the corner and applied herself to a private door. It was opened to her by Becky—no longer distracted by swift chase after urchins, but having time granted her to attend to her toilette as well as to her old mistress. Becky testified to the improvement by presenting a broad face, with all her processes of hooking and buttoning completed.

Phœbe was shown into the sitting-room beyond the great wareroom where Barty had

done his part of the picture of the rebel lords, and where she had received the telegram requesting her to join Lord Wriothesley. She had been within these walls since then, but the neighbourhood recalled freshly to her mind the events of two years back.

Barty Wooler's bachelor rooms, with their artist's sketches and relics of travel, had their temporary, tent-like character very much modified by the figure of the old woman, a fixture in her chair set by the window, and by the elaborate provisions for her comfort.

Phœbe went up with some alacrity, and clasped the nerveless hand, in whose power and craft Mrs. Wooler had once had her pride.

She received Phœbe graciously, and was some time in coming to the point of explaining why she had sent for her. The old woman was so ready to talk of the weather and of trade, of Phœbe's mother, and the Messrs. Clay, of old Wellfield people and stories, and so slow to introduce her object, that Phœbe fell into a suppressed fidgeting to be gone, lest a third person should break in on the prolonged *tête-à-tête*. This covert fidgeting, which Mrs. Wooler was still acute enough to detect, roused the old woman's ire.

"You may rest and keep yourself cool in this summer weather, Miss Paston," said Mrs. Wooler, with a gleam in her eyes; "you won't be put about by Barty intruding upon us. He is away out to dine at his uncles', and won't be back till past my bed-time. There, now, that must relieve you. I am not so stupid yet, though I am become such a poor creature, that I can't see you looking at the shadow on the foundry wall over the way, setting your glove and pulling your bonnet-strings, because time is on the wing, as the hymn-book says, and you are wild to be on the wing too, in terror of whom my tea-hour may bring to me. By all the world it reminds me of the tea-party I gave to please Barty in our house at Wellfield, the first time you set foot in it. You remember that, Miss Paston? You were so toity because your mother brought you, and you were forced to sit among the company and suffer that poor Barty should betray he had no eyes for any lass but you, and would give his two eyes for a kind look from yours, the more fool he! but there do be no fools like old ones—you mind me of that, Miss Paston."

Mrs. Wooler, having delivered herself of her piece of temper, was softening in the very act.

"Not that I'll say you weren't a fine girl,"

she began again, in a deprecating tone, "and deserved that Barty should set his heart on you, and our young Lord should forget what he were come of and go after you in his turn. But now, Phœbe Paston," she said, starting to execute her purpose, and directly pressing on to it, "you've had to wade in the waters Scripture tells of, and lift your own load in the old, old story, which quiets both men and women, but most women. You were cast down, as you might be, when we were all fain to hang our heads for Lord Wriothesley. It was natural you should take the wind when it blew in your barn-door. I do not blame you, my dear, that you said Yes to being a great lady. I thought something in my day of being a parson's wife, but I thought more of being Clerk Wooler's dear, so I know something that you do not know, for as hard a woman as you may think me, Phœbe. You do not look to have buried your heart as well as him."

Phœbe wondered disconsolately, as she sat in the shadow of the window-curtain, her tell-tale woman's face showing her confusion.

"Phœbe Paston, I am not an unreasonable woman, or blindly dotting either. But," and Mrs. Wooler now gave out her line with due emphasis, "I will speak out what I've held my tongue upon so long, though Barty forbade me to tell it; a mother owes no obedience to her bairn, though he be a big man. Phœbe Paston, you know Barty and your father were thick together when they were lads, so thick that their regard could survive quarrels, separation, and all, and yoke them in the same team again at the end. They were main clever lads. I do not say that there are not any so bright and helpful now. But Barty has long been a kind of broken man, in spite of his health and strength. He wanted then what he wants yet—a woman to sit by his side, like he told me Gainsborough's wife sat, and settle him by showing him she is waiting to glory in his success. I had my own fight then to keep myself, and rear my lad as Clerk Wooler's lad ought to be reared. More than that, a lad will not stand from his mother what a man will relish and prize from his love or his wife."

Phœbe thought to interrupt the old woman, and urge what she could mean by saying all these things to her; but before she could get words Mrs. Wooler resumed—

"Old Lord Exmoor—that's the one before the present Lord, Phœbe, for I remember three old Lord Exmoors—happened to see

some of the lads'—Caleb's and Barty's—copies from the paintings at Brockcotes, and was struck with what they had done. He said, my Lord did, that he did not know what talent might be lying lost in the town and among the clods in the neighbourhood. To draw the talent out, Lord Exmoor offered a great prize—two years' lessons in the London Academy and the expenses of a journey to Rome—to the artist who should paint the best picture—the subject to be left to the artist—within four months. The offer made a great noise. Both your father, who was five or six and twenty—he had been kept back by his hard youth—and Barty, who was nineteen, were to compete among older men, drawing-masters and daubers for their own fancies, who would have a try for the chance of honour and a visit to Rome."

"I have heard of it," murmured Phœbe.

"But if Barty or Caleb won, the winner was to share as far as might be with the loser, so that there was to be no loss where they were concerned. They had many a consultation on their subjects. I heard them till I was fair sick of the clatter, leastways I professed it, to keep the lads in their proper places. At last Barty hit on a new idea, and dead set he was upon it. He would paint the repentance of the prodigal Lord Thomas, instead of a scene from the battle of Agincourt, or the visit of his Majesty King Charles. It was a bold venture of Barty, for Lord Thomas and his misdeeds had always been held a scandal since they had brought disgrace on the virtuous Exmoors. But Barty maintained that Lord Thomas had suffered for his sins in his day, and that it was time his atonement held honourable mention among other valiant deeds of the Latimers, and that Lord Exmoor should be both pitiful and proud of this forefather as well as of the others."

"I think he was right," granted Phœbe.

"But who could say till Lord Exmoor was tried, and who thought of it till it entered into Barty's head? He was always fighting the battles of the men whose backs were at the wall, and calling on the world to see to it and right them."

"I believe it," accorded Phœbe, lifting up her head.

"How Barty descanted on his poor, gallant, weary reprobate, who had been dust and ashes for a good hundred years, as if to win his righting late in the day should be the best of the prize, till we almost thought we had set eyes on him, as we believed we were never to hear the last of Lord Thomas.

Caleb Paston listened: he was, for the most part, the listener; and I heard Caleb say that Barty fired his imagination, whatever that might be. Caleb spoke less of his subject. He tried first one thing, and then another, pondered and altered, and began all over again, according to his way."

"I know it: he was self-distrustful and patient," put in Phœbe.

"Barty had but thrown his idea on the canvas, when his Uncle Jonathan proposed to treat the lad to a jaunt to London, when he went to buy goods. Barty was wild after the great city, where he had not been above once before. Besides, he trusted to get hints out of the galleries there. He meant to be back with good elbow-room for his work. But Jonathan Clay was detained, and persuaded Barty to remain with him to the last moment."

"That was the evil," alleged Phœbe, strongly. Mrs. Wooler looked at the girl, and went on—

"I do not know whether there was a plot in Jonathan Clay's head to keep Barty back from the trial, and disgust him with the whole business. If Jonathan had so much guile, he was punished for it. Barty broke away from his granduncle in the long run, and came tearing down night and day by the mail-coach, in a very jimp time. I was out of sorts and out of conceit with Barty for letting himself be made a weathercock of, but Caleb was full of desperate excuses for his friend. The very night Barty returned, your father met him at the coach, and took him to the old brewery, where he was allowed to paint. Caleb let Barty see his own design of Lord Thomas, worked up as your father could work up his pictures even then, and confessed that he had been tempted to borrow Barty's idea. But what then? There was no harm done on two counts: the story was common property, and open to all competitors, when you came to consider the question, and there were still three weeks in which Barty might supply his own version of the prodigal's repentance. But Barty withdrew his name from the list of competitors a week before the trial."

"Yes," assented Phœbe, heavily.

"When Caleb Paston gained the prize and favour of Lord Exmoor, and of his son alter him, there was no more word of halving the gain. Barty went up to London when he was a little older, and struggled and studied for a footing to himself; and he went abroad too, but not because he was not light-minded and fickle, to be easily set aside.

He went abroad, and he stayed abroad; he travelled wherever his fancy took him. He pleased himself with roaming and roving and laughing at himself and at others; only he trifled with his youth and his powers, and threw them away as a reckless jockey gambles at the Wellfield races. His early pride had gotten a sore wound. What if the best and bonniest lass in the land were to go a step out of her way to heal the old wound in the man's pride, and give the loser back his faith? Would that be a mighty favour, Phœbe, from you to Barty Wooler, now you have heard my story?"

"Mrs. Wooler!" exclaimed Phœbe, with a mixture of pride and humility, of defiance and sadness, "I heard every syllable of it, and more, from papa's lips one night before he died. Do you think he died with a lie on his lips? He would have told the story to the whole world if it could have done any good then, or if Mr. Wooler would have suffered him to do so."

CHAPTER LVIII.—FORTY-SIX AND TWENTY-SIX.

MRS. WOOLER was taken aback. Her great fire was but spent shot after all. She had risked offending Barty, and wrung Phœbe's heart to no purpose.

Phœbe hid her face in her hands. At that moment a footstep was heard in the next room. Mrs. Wooler, who had already been balked of the effect she had sought to produce, betrayed some trepidation.

"Don'tee! don'tee!" she conjured Phœbe, lapsing into her purest vernacular. "It is Barty come back, and he'll think I've been as good as beating you."

It was Barty, who had either returned by accident, or had found some reason to suspect that his mother was stealing a march upon him. He had not exactly expected to find Phœbe with his mother, for he stopped for an instant before he came forward with a quick, gratified gait to greet her.

Phœbe had made a violent effort to meet his mother's wishes in one respect; but the signs of agitation were plain to a man in whom suspicion was roused. He broke off before he had asked her how she did, and addressed his mother shortly and sharply instead, looking from Phœbe to her and back again.

"What is this? What have you been saying or doing to Miss Paston, mother?"

"Nothing, son Barty," answered Mrs. Wooler, aspiring to smooth him down, but doing it the wrong way; "nothing, save

what she as well as you may thank me for—even bidding her to be friends with you, lad, and make it up while she has it in her power."

"There is nothing to make up," protested Barty, "and I will not have any one meddle."

"No, it is not to be thought of," rejoined Mrs. Wooler, "not even in your mummy of an old mother, who was only seeking to serve her ungrateful flesh and blood, by spending her breath—all that she has to spend—and shaking up her poor wits to convince Phœbe Paston that her father's daughter should dole to you a share of the kindness which she has lavished on the quality. Ah! better I were in my quiet grave than trying and troubling you as I do." Mrs. Wooler took refuge in the childishness which had always been one side of her narrow, wilful character.

Barty made a gesture of despair.

"Why will you say such things, mother? It is you who are unkind. Better come with me, Miss Paston, and see what I am doing: that will be a more agreeable study."

Phœbe was glad to go with him; awkward as it was, it was less awkward than to stay.

Mrs. Wooler bade Phœbe a good-bye, in which huffiness was oddly tinged with triumph, as of one who had long promised herself to take an extreme and vehemently opposed step, and who had taken it.

When Phœbe and Barty were out together in the great wareroom, it seemed Barty was doing nothing, or that he had forgotten what he was doing, for Phœbe looked round with dazzled eyes in vain for the work they were to look at. Instead of it there had been a flood-gate opened in Barty's nature which would not shut again. In the face of his indignation with his old mother, he set his back to the wall, and echoed her reproach with bitterness of his own.

"Phœbe, it is so far true what she said. You might have been less kind to the Exmoors, and less cruel to me. Why have you been so soft to the one and so hard to the other?"

"It is not true," protested Phœbe, baited beyond endurance. "It was the reverse. I told Lord Wriothsley so, and *he* did not blame me."

The inference did not gall Barty, as it might have done if it had had another origin.

"The reverse? You were kind to me and cruel to him—was that it?" he questioned her with a flood of light following the flood of passion in his face. "It must have been in the end then, for certainly it was not in the beginning."

Phœbe was silent, with burning cheeks and beating heart.

"Was it in the end? Tell me, Phœbe."

"You did not seek to know," Phœbe defended herself, though his arms were round her.

"How could I seek to know what I had no reason to suspect?"

"And yet I think if you had spoken to me again after papa died," Phœbe whispered, "it might have helped me, and not left Lord Wriothesley so long in ignorance. I might have married him out of pure gratitude, loyalty, and reverence."

"While you loved me?"

"While I loved you."

"Surely that would have been a grievous wrong to all of us!" he remonstrated, seeking to draw her nearer to him.

"Yes. But I don't think you have to learn that women often do something that is very wrong out of fear to own what is right when it is too late—out of weariness with struggling against themselves and others. I loved Lord Wriothesley in another sense," added Phœbe, looking up in Barty's face; "and now, I should love the very little dog that had belonged to him, even though it were not my pet, for its own sake."

"And I should say, God bless your heart for it, Phœbe!" pronounced Barty, stooping down and kissing her. "But how on earth could you prefer a hasty, battered old traveling-apprentice like me?"

"I cannot tell. Because I could not help it, I suppose," answered Phœbe, quite simply, and quite convincingly.

"And how could I come between you and such high honour, Phœbe?"

"Why do you call it coming between, if I was yours all the time?" she asked, directly.

"Then I was a fool, and I was served rightly, for there was no darkness equal to mine. It was not so much from jealousy—I do not think I have a jealous temper—but that I had never had the least hope to build upon. I had told you I was not a boy to change my mind, and the declaration did not seem to give you much pleasure."

"And I have told you I was a girl, and so fit to change my mind. But you must remember how we argued when we knew each other first," ended Phœbe, with a sudden glad laugh, which was enough of itself to remind him of the bright girl who had been both his friend and his foe, when he had met her, in her first experience of the world.

"I have remembered a great deal too much of what passed when we knew each

other first, Miss Phœbe. I wish you had found your memory as soon, and kept it as long. But what are we to do now?" he demanded all at once, shrugging his shoulders.

"What are we to do?" echoed Phœbe, puzzled, and with a shade of timidity in the joy which was so fresh that it still trembled in its sparkling.

"I should say, set about settling at once, when the sinews of war are here in abundance—thanks to the old gentlemen downstairs. No, by-the-bye, they are not downstairs just now, so that you need be under no apprehension that I shall try your modesty by calling them up. We shall ask their blessing in good time, and they will not refuse it, for they are liberal old men. Why, Phœbe, every relation we have, including my old mother—and she will never cease crowing over us, under the outrageously absurd notion that she has brought you round, and set us all right—every one of them will take us to their hearts as a happy couple whenever we like! Ah! but, Phœbe," he exclaimed, in a lower tone, "your father, my dear old friend, would have rejoiced more than any friend we have."

"He would have thought," she told him, "that I was making up for what came between you and him; what he and your mother told me of; but you never hinted to me. Papa would have hoped as much, little as I am worth."

"You are worth all the world to me, as you know very well, or may know any day; and there is nothing to make up—that is a delusion," he said, reprovingly; "unless between you and me, where, of course, there is everything to make up. And you must see I have no time to lose," represented Barty.

"I don't see it," she professed.

"Forty-six and twenty-six are better matched than forty and twenty, eh?" he concluded himself on a subtle calculation.

"I should say so. But you have not told me your difficulty."

"This is so wide apart from grand old Brockcotes, Phœbe," he reflected, a little ruefully; "and, to come a shade nearer the point, I am not going to dispossess my granduncles, or to intrude into their miserable bachelor's hall out yonder. Neither am I going to put off till I fall upon another Garnet Lodge; I warn you of that. I need to be up and doing; I have so much to do now, to vindicate your choice to yourself."

She put out her hand to contradict him.

"Very well, if you don't mind—to the world."

"I don't mind either this or that."

"You are an enthusiast, or there is something more in woman than I was aware of. I have been suspecting so for some time now, with some shame. But you will have patience, and set me right at last. Only I wonder if I ought to take you at your word?"

He looked at her and smiled.

"The place is not without its romance to us, Barty," she represented. "I think heroism has something to do with romance."

"I'll think anything you like, to please you and help myself."

"No, don't talk nonsense. You came here to please your uncles, and show you were not ashamed of the trade by which they had made the fortune that you were willing to succeed to."

"So I did, and I like to hear you say so."

"You had the manliness and the faith to believe that you could paint as well with the load of business on your shoulders, as if you were merely a gentleman at large."

"I am afraid I did not think of the painting."

"Don't contradict me," insisted Phoebe, "but rack your brains and consider—cannot you imagine that I might care to live with you here so long as you like to remain, as generals go into camp at times and take the field in active service with their soldiers?"

"I should be proud to imagine it."

"I could help you and your mother, sir, and learn to know and to aid that multitude of shopmen and shopwomen, boys and girls

on whom you had compassion, to spur them on and prop them up till they can do without us. Is that so much more inconceivable than that I should like to sit and watch you painting, as I watched papa?"

"Not at all inconceivable, as you put it."

"I do like that," exclaimed Phoebe eagerly. "I can be your model when you are not too particular. I can lend a hand—I don't fancy you know how handy I can be; for I dared not show it while you were so severe as you were painting me in the character of 'Peggy, Lady Balnerino.'"

"You are saucy, if I was severe."

"No, indeed, and I don't want to be coaxed now. I can arrange drapery and rub down colours better than the best colour-boy, and without messing myself too frightfully. I may engage to go up to town and see how the pictures look after they are hung on the exhibition walls."

"When I send you."

"I shall promise to read every remark of the reviews, and to have the most exalted opinion of the taste and the judgment of favourable critics and liberal purchasers."

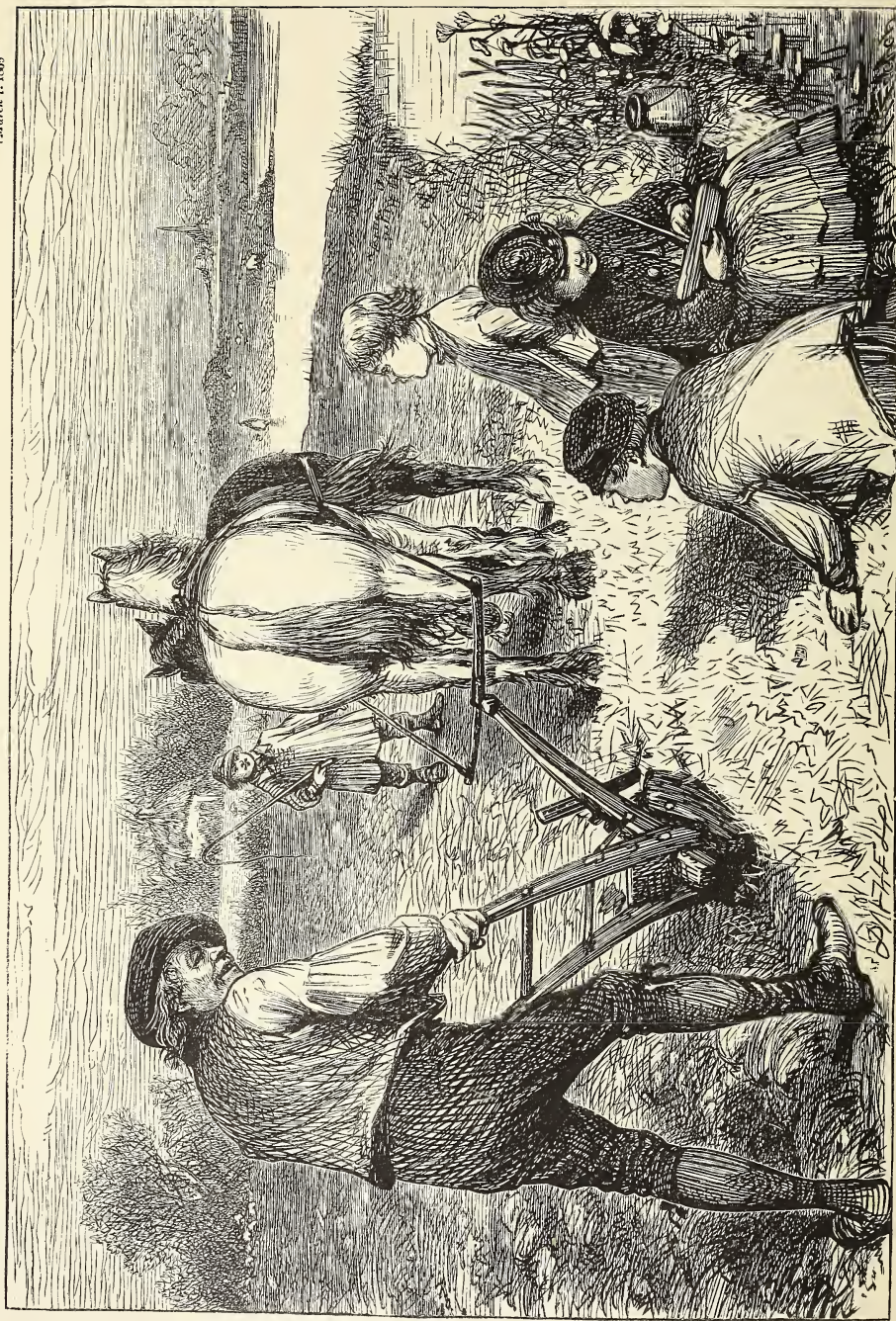
"Ah, that is a fair promise."

"But all that is understood. Should not I, we, aspire to do something more, Barty? To be public-spirited traders, as well as famous painters? Would not that be acting in some degree in the spirit of public service and private devotion, which has made and preserved such grand old homes as Brockcotes?"

"I think, Phoebe, I shall take you at your word," returned Barty Wooler.

The End.





"TRAVELS BEHIND A PLOUGH."

OCCASIONAL SUPPLEMENTS TO GOOD WORDS

MARCH 1, 1869.

TRAVELS BEHIND A PLOUGH.



N impression obtains that farmers' labourers are stolidly indifferent to the beauties of the country. If this were universally true, it would be no great cause for wonder. Some preparatory schools for young gentlemen are kept by very

breezy upland, personally associated with rheumatism, gnawing, like a sleepless rat, at both shoulder-blades. A sun-gilt sheet of water may look very picturesque; but a cottager dwelling on its banks shivers with gloomy anticipation as he thinks of the ague-breeding mist that will brood over it when the sun has gone down.

Nevertheless, it was from an English ploughman, and in a county which has no fame for scenery, that I first found out that nature's stock of "what do you think I've got to show you?" is inexhaustibly interesting for those who will only take the trouble to open their eyes to it; and that, unlike other shows, the oftener you see the same things in it, the more interesting they become. His own county was almost all of nature that he had seen. He had travelled only at the plough's tail. Although he had a drolly reverential faith in my "book larnin'," he was almost startled into incredulity when, by the aid of Cocker, or rather of Colenso, I made out the imposing number of miles he had so travelled in his lifetime. He had, it is needless to add, no scientific knowledge of nature (and such knowledge would have been of small interest to me then), but he had a keen, loving eye for the living things about him; and, though he was generally a man of few words, he amused himself, like his equally unscientific and far less practical

good-looking young ladies, but unless they are exceptionally good-humoured also, they rarely number their pupils amongst the admirers of their charms. To most English peasants, analogously, nature, however lovely, presents herself as a stern task-mistress, demanding hard labour, and rewarding it with hard living. They see her in *all* her moods—frowning in work-a-day dishabille, as well as wearing the gay gala-dress and company-smile in which she greets her holiday visitors. It is hard work to get into raptures over a

brother naturalist, Goldsmith, by quaintly "moralising" them occasionally.

A puny youngster, sick of physic, I heard with delight, which I took good care to curb within orthodox languid limits, the new *regimen* which the doctor at last prescribed for me—to wit, an exchange of alternating school-books and medicine-bottles for life at a farm-house, and milk fresh from the cow; and when I reached the farm-house, I may add, I was very careful not to grow well (in word, that is) too rapidly. As the day on which I started was not market-day, the carrier's cart was the only conveyance open to me. Railways had not yet reached our parts: one—fiercely petitioned against—was, nevertheless, slowly approaching us; but it was still some miles off; and when a stray navvy, in nightcap and clay-stained jumper, drunkenly straggled into our old town, and went to sleep in some odd corner, we looked upon him as an audacious advance-guard of the enemy whom it would be almost lawful to put to death without waking him. He ought, at any rate, to be made a prisoner of war; but the local constabulary were shy of tackling the stalwart intruders, even when they snored across the High-street pavement.

The old grey-tilted cart bobbed on, as if playing bo-peep with the cattle on the other side of the hedges—pulling up at almost every roadside public-house, delivering its jangling iron-rods at roadside smithies, its fascies of mops and brown-paper parcels of very miscellaneous goods at little roadside shops, and all kinds of things, in all kinds of coverings, at roadside private residences. At last, it put me down at the inn where my future friend, Sam Siggers, was waiting for me, in a dusty little gig, with his master's name painted in tall, thin, white letters on the back, drawn by a hog-maned Norway pony, looking slyly round his loose, chapped blinkers. Sam was the universal genius of the farm. He could plough, sow, mow, reap, shepherd, thatch, hedge—do all farmer's work, in short, better than any one else upon it; and he had been selected to drive the sickly little "towney" to the farm in the gig-of-all-work. Coming to the comparatively large village where the carrier put me down was an "event" to Sam (there was no "street" in the parish to which we were bound), and he had put on his new green smock, crinkled like a primrose leaf on the shoulders and the breast, in honour of the occasion. He was tall, lean, brown, middle-aged—manly-looking, in spite of his stooped shoulders, and the heavy way in which he

lifted his feet, just as if he was pulling them out of clayey puddles. The boots were laced so tight that his legs looked like mere black sticks just below the brown bulge of the buskined calves. He had brown, contemplative eyes, like those of a good-tempered bullock chewing the cud, but with a twinkle of fun in them now and then, which the bullocks have not got. "Beasts" grow very grave as they advance in years, and seem to forget that they ever twisted their tails and scampered about as calves. Their life appears to be overshadowed by the ever-present recollection that "all flesh is beef."

Because he had heard that I was not strong, Sam considered it to be part of his duty to lift me into the gig, and he handled me as if he was afraid that I should break. I thought it very strange that he should be so shy at first, when he was such a great strong man, and I was such a weak little boy. We soon, however, became excellent friends. He found out that, though I did come from the town, and had been at school, I knew next to nothing about things which were more familiar to him than A B C, and when he saw that I was interested in them, his tongue-strings quickly loosened. I remember one of the first lessons which I received in rural matters. "That there, sir," said Sam, pointing with his whip, "is what we calls a stack." He did not say it for a joke, but quite seriously. When a heron had flown high over our heads, with his long legs stretched behind him, I had asked Sam what it was—so how should I know anything about haystacks?

During the time I stayed at the farm Sam Siggers was my guide, philosopher, and friend. I found him out in the fields when he was on his "travels;" and when he was not at work, I used to ramble abroad and potter about his cottage with him. He lived in a thatched, black-boarded cottage by the horse-pond. There was a long, narrow strip of garden-ground at the side, running up to a point—it had been taken in from the road. It was shaped like a horn, and it looked like a horn of plenty, with its jumble of vegetables, apple-trees, and fruit bushes, balm, pot-herbs, and old-fashioned flowers. Sam was too honest a fellow to steal corn, and, therefore, he was allowed to keep a pig and a little poultry. He kept bees too; and so, for a labourer, he was comparatively well off. All his children were out at service, except one daughter, who was laid up at home with a spinal complaint. Mrs. Siggers seemed to look upon this daughter as a great encumbrance, but Sam was always kind to

her. He used to sit by her, reading the Bible, when she wished him, and because she was fond of flowers he had nailed up a rose-tree so that the blossoms could look in at her bed-room window. Sam was as fond of flowers as his daughter, and talked about them as if they could understand him. In the beginning of the spring I spent at the farm he was feeding his bees with a plateful of sugar and salt and beer, when some of the bees flew off the plate, and buzzed about a golden-rod that was planted near. Of course it had no blossoms on it then, and so they soon came buzzing back, as if they were very much disgusted. "Ah, but they'll think a deal of she," Sam explained to me, just as if he feared the golden-rod might be hurt in her feelings, "when November comes, and she's out and all the other flowers is gone. She's a friend in need, she is." Sam had a good deal of quiet humour in him, and when he told me that I could easily tell which were the drones, because they made the most noise, he added, slyly, "like other folks in the world that don't do nothing." He did not mind destroying wasps in the interest of his bees, "because they was like fierce French sojers come to rob honest English folk," but he spared the butterflies. "Some says you should kill 'em," he said, "but it seems a pity like, when they'll die so soon without your killing on 'em. They're most as pretty as the flowers about a garden." He taught me to see, too, that the butterfly is misrepresented in being called a fluttering trifler—"a lazy gadabout" was Sam's phrase. They only flew from leaf to leaf, he told me, to find one unoccupied as well as fit on which to lay their eggs. "There's Christians don't care as much about their young un's," commented Sam. "They'll drop 'em anywheres to fend for theirselves, food or no food."

When swarming time came, both Sam and I chanced to be at hand, and I was promoted to the dignity of tinkling on the basin with the key, whilst Sam went off to borrow his daughter's veil and gather an armful of fresh nettles. Although assured that the bees would not harm me if I didn't "rile 'em,"—not even if they settled on me, so long as I stood still,—I felt very nervous as they buzzed angrily round in dizzying and deafening mazes, darkening the air; and very much relieved when they began to congregate about the branch of a currant bush, which they soon bent almost to the ground with an Eshcol cluster of close-packed brown bodies and gauzy wings. When Sam had

deftly tilted the new hive under the swarm, and placed them with the nettles still about their fresh home upon a board, he moralised the occasion as he took off the veil. "There, no harm's done, you see. Bees is very easy to deal with, if you let 'em have their own way, and help 'em to it. But ain't it wonderful the sense there is in them little things?—packing theirselves tight a-purpose for me to get 'em in, or p'raps it's because they're afeard their queen should run away." I am not sure now that Sam's explanations of natural history were always as accurate as his observations of it, but I shall report him faithfully to the best of my recollection.

His fowls he believed, according to the old notion, to be thanking God when they held up their heads after drinking; and, at the worst, such "grandmothers' theories of the universe" are only wrong in the particular instances they have selected for proofs. Sam's poultry cost him very little to keep—a handful of corn now and then, a little bran, and a few boiled potatoes. The ducks almost "found themselves" in the pond, and the fowls straggled and scratched about the lane, helping themselves to seeds, sow-thistle, and chickweed. I used to help Sam in hunting for their eggs in the grassy ditches. It was during one of these hunts when I had said that the field-cricketts were making an uncommon row, and had noticed, too, that the flowers of the chickweed were shut up, that he told me these were both signs of rain. "In fine weather," he said, "the chick opens at nine and shuts up at noon, just as if it had got a clock. Ain't it wonderful how all them little things does what they was meant to do?" It don't seem so strange about the big things that anybody can see, but He must be a great God to keep such a lot o' little things in order that nobody can't count."

Spring ploughing was going on when I reached the farm. As I lay in my little room—the bars of the lattice that overlooked the yard gradually becoming distinct in the morning twilight—I could hear the heavy-hoofed cart-horses clumping and clattering by to work; and as soon as I had finished my basin of bread and milk, not *at* but *in*, the great kitchen fireplace (it ran into the wall like a little room, with a low settle on each side), I was off to the forty-acres in search of Sam. Two or three teams besides his were crossing the great field like slow shuttles, but Sam's could be distinguished from afar by a young piebald horse of which he was very proud. The other men called it "the carcass colt," but Sam called it "Sloe-blossom." It

was quite a journey to plod from hedge to hedge over that heavy field, but backwards and forwards across it I used to trudge with Sam, until I could hardly lift my legs, they ached so, and my shoes were so ballled with clay. Sometimes Sam put me on one of the horses, and sometimes he took me between his hands and let me fancy that I was doing the ploughing, and sometimes I lagged behind, just ahead of the glossy rooks that followed the plough as regularly as we did—fluttering a little way off when we turned at the headlands—to gobble the greasy, white, red-headed grubs and the moist radish-like worms which the share turned up. Sam talked very little whilst he was at work. I asked him once what he was thinking about. "To make my stetches straight," was his answer. "A mill's about the only thing that can clack when it's workin'." But when he sat down under the hedge to munch his noon-day bread and cheese or bacon, he made amends for his long silence; talking with the mouth full being no breach of his code of etiquette. "Them's young cockchafers," he explained in reference to the grubs. "They eats up everything they can get hold of, but then, you see, the rooks eats them, so I s'pose that's what they was made for. It seem queer though, if we was meant to grow corn, that the cockchafers should ha' been taught to lay their eggs in the ground, for the grubs is very mischeevous. P'raps we was meant to grow it for 'em." Another time, as we sat against the clayey hedgebank, Sam called my attention to what looked like a bit of cobwebby mortar; but when he gently prised it open with the point of his knife, and then let it go again, it shut-to like a spring door. He opened it with a stick next, and pushed the stick a little way into the hole inside, and after he had wriggled it about, brought it out covered with silky spider's web. "There, sir," said Sam, as if he was proud of living in a neighbourhood that could boast such cleverness, "that's a spider's house. It's got reg'lar walls as well as a door. I've dug 'em out to have a look at 'em, and there's mortar walls, and this soft stuff is the parlour paper like. Ain't it wonderful them little things should know how to do all that—just as if they was bricklayers and carpenters?"

Sam's garden made a gay show in spring and early summer, with its succession of yellow and purple crocuses, golden daffodils, white lilac and lilac lilac ("laylock" was Sam's word), wall-flowers, stocks, white lilies, tawny tiger-lilies, tulips, peonies, pinks,

roses, sweet-williams, marigolds, columbines, apple-blossoms, and puce and pink and sulphur hollyhocks; but Sam's daughter had a craving for wild flowers. "They seemed to make her breathe freer like," she said. Accordingly Sam and I used to gather them for her in armfuls—primroses, and white violets and blue violets, buttercups and daisies, dog-roses and bell-bind, paigles and ox-lips, pale-blue wild chicory and strong-scented tunhoof. The first spray of blackthorn Sam found in blossom he took home to his daughter, and he did the same when the may came out.

We were in a little wood one evening, gathering the thick-stalked wild hyacinths that made great patches of blue in the green grass, and the pale wild anemones that trembled on their hair-stalks between the moss-gloved fingers of the tree-roots, when we heard the cuckoo for the first time that year. "The old women says that you should wish when you hear him first," remarked Sam; "but that seems piggish to me. Ain't it enough to know that the fine weather is comin'? It's queer how them birds keeps to themselves," he went on, "when they gets over here—it's hard to ketch sight o' one. And yet I've seed 'em by the half-dozen and more together when they first come over, down by the Backwater. I s'pose they finds the sea lonesome, and so they sticks together there. Ain't it wonderful how they should know just when this country's ready for 'em, and find their way all them miles from furrin parts? There he goes—him with the yaller legs."

The farm swarmed with wood-pigeons—*doves* Sam called them; and Sam, being a good shot, was sometimes entrusted with the farmer's gun to make a retaliatory raid upon the saucy thieves. Whenever I could, I accompanied him on these occasions, but I could not often manage it, because I always came back to breakfast from the dewy woods with trouser legs so sodden, and shoes so void of polish, that the good farmer's wife used to ask, in querulous despair, whatever was the good of any one taking care of *me*, or having *my* boots blackened? Sam took a sportsman's pride in bringing down the plump, ash-coated, rainbow-necked robbers, but his general love of birds troubled his enjoyment. "Seems hard to kill 'em, don't it?" he used to say, "just because they help 'emselfes when they're peckish. It's nice of a hot Sunday afternoon to hear 'em cooin' when you're settin' in church."

The church to which we went—a very little church with a wooden steeple—had woods all round it. I generally managed

to walk to and from service with Sam, because he showed me birds'-nests. He did not think it a sin to show them to me then; but he would not let me take any of the eggs. "We're a-resting," he used to say, "and let *them* rest too." He was not quite so strict on week-days; but still he never encouraged me in bird-nesting. "They're prettier where they be—so let 'em bide," was his argument. "You could easy pull that to pieces," he said, pointing to a round, mossy thrush's nest, with four jet-dotted blue eggs lying on the smoothly-plastered floor; "but you couldn't make nothing—no, not half a quarter as good. And if you was to blow the eggs, you'd smash 'em in a week. Now, if you let 'em be, there'll be four mavishes next year, singin' in Janivory, maybe. It's cheery to hear 'em when there ain't a bud on the hedges.—Them's young black-birds," he said, as we peeped into another nest. "Them three darkest is the young cocks. I must take one o' they as soon as his tail sprouts, because my poor Hester have took a fancy to have a blackbird. There's no harm in that, if you feed 'em well.—You see that chaffinch up there on the apple tree," he said to me another time. "Well, his beak's blue now; but it was white a while ago. Their beaks turns blue just afore they begins to sing. Birds and men is very much alike in some things. Jack Musset's beak al'ays turns red afore he begins to sing at the 'Leather Bottle,' and the wives don't get much o' the singin'. It's queer, too, that the hen-birds shouldn't be nigh so smart as the cocks—though *that* ain't much like some on our wives. That's all my joke, you know; but some on us might larn a lesson from the birds. There's the bull-finches. See how they sticks together, and the cock is al'ays a-kissin' and a-talkin' kind like to his mate."

When the swifts came in May, Sam took up his parable in reference to them also. Sometimes he seemed to me not to be talking to me in particular, but, having the excuse of some one to talk to, to be merely thinking aloud. "I've heerd tell that they can fly hundreds o' miles at a stretch, an' yet they couldn't walk a foot. They've got no legs to speak on. Get 'em down on the ground, and they flounder about like a fish out o' water. They was fitted for the air, with them long wings o' theirn, just as the fishes is for the sea. They make me think somehow o' my little gal. She was the first we ever had, and we made a deal on her, as folks al'ays do with their first babbies. But she

died when she was two year old; and though we've had nigh upon a dozen since, I miss my little gal at times, and wish I'd got her back. But then I think she's a little angel now—she wouldn't feel no more at home down here than the swifts does. So it's all for the best."

When the time for the singing of night-ingales was come, Sam took me one evening to a little meadow between two woods, where he correctly prophesied that I should hear them by the dozen. The meadow was tufted with withering cowslips, and "cowslips and nightingales," said Sam, "al'ays goes together. Yes, you can hear 'em plain enough now, pretty critturs; but you could hear 'em by day too, if you only listened. That's summum like the Bible, I think. We don't pay much heed to it betimes when we hears it read at church. We're thinkin' about wages, an' the weather, an' the crops, an' that; but when ye gets laid on yer back, like my poor Hester, it sound sweet-like when ye're so lonesome, an' ain't got no other comfort."

Very little work was done at the farm on Whit-Monday. The parish's benefit club, headed by the parish orchestra, converted for the nonce into the parish band (the Sunday performer on the bass-viol selecting the drum as a more portable secular instrument) marched, with blue banners flying, up to and into the parish church, to attend service and pretend to listen to the annual club sermon. After service there was dinner in a tent, in a meadow, and the day was wound up very boisterously at the "Leather Bottle." Sam went to the dinner, but he did not go to the "Leather Bottle." "Clubs is good things," he said, "if so much o' the money didn't go in drink. Some o' the parsons don't like to have the flags brought inside, but I can't see the harm o' that. But it do seem queer to go to church in the mornin', and then to get drunk at the 'Leather Bottle.'" So Sam stayed at home with Hester. They had the cottage to themselves, for Mrs. Siggers was out, like the other women, to see all that was going on, and I was similarly employed.

Next morning we began to cut, and in a day or two mowers and haymakers were busy on every farm in the parish. It was glorious weather for haysel: a golden sun in a bright blue sky, with just breeze enough to keep the air from being sultry. The long grass stirred gently like a summer sea, and half drowned the creamy hawthorn hedges. The air was laden with the aroma of clover, and melilot, and sweet-scented vernal grass. The larks

were singing up above, and men, women, and children were laughing down below. Their laughter did not always sound so merry if you heard the jokes.

Sam was one of the mowers. It seemed so easy to swish the sharp blade through the grass that I asked him to let me try; but I only drove the point into the ground. The other men laughed so, that I felt pleased when one of them drove his scythe into the ground—into an old ant-hill. He began to swear at the little vermin, but Sam said, "No, God won't do that, Smith. He made ants as much as He made us." "What did He make 'em for then?" Sam was puzzled at first for an answer. They had done so much mischief in his garden that he had been obliged to dig in ashes round his apple trees, but still, because they *had* been created, he felt bound to stand up for them. When the men saw that he was puzzled, they began to laugh at him, but presently he said, "Why, to teach us not to stand still. Go to the ant, thou sluggard," and that turned the laugh on the other man. It was only when he was sharpening his scythe, or taking his "beavers," that I could get much talk with Sam in the hay-field. But I trotted after him like a little dog, and when he had a chance he moralised, according to his wont, the events of the day. One day we had got a mole, and Sam blew away the silky hair to let me see its eyes. "As blind as a mole, they says," said Sam, "but there's his eyes, and yet they keeps on sayin' it. I'm puzzled sometimes to give a reason for things. I was riled a-Tuesday because I couldn't answer Smith back about them ants. But I don't doubt there's good in 'em, any more than the mole's got eyes, if we went the right way to look for it."

When the hay had been cut, and tossed, and cocked, and carried—littering the trees that joined hands across the lanes with wisps that the birds would have been glad of a few weeks before—and forked up into stacks under tarpaulins, and combed into neatness of side, and thatched into security of top, an atmosphere of languor brooded for awhile over the farm. The weeders and the rabbits seemed the only busy creatures on it. The woods grew darker, the hedges grew dusty. Bees were ever humming drowsily round the flowering sweet-lime in the farm garden. The luscious-scented blossoms dropped off in the blue-green bean fields. Green corn was fast becoming golden, with heavy ears which, in heavy land, tapped sleepily, as the wind softly moved them, against even a tall man's hat. The brown coveys of young

partridges that sprang whirring up in sudden fright, and then as suddenly dropped like stones into the goldening green seas, spangled with blue corn-flower and rough-stalked scarlet poppies, were daily growing less distinguishable from their papas and mammas.

During this waiting time Sam obtained leave to take me for a row on the Backwater. On our road down we passed a field in which there was almost as much ryle—bearded darnel—as barley. The sight disgusted Sam. "Our master," he said, "*would* take on if we'd got a piece like that. Did you ever hear, sir, that them's the tares we read on in Scriptur'? I was right glad when our parson told us that, for I could never make head nor tail o' that about the good seed 'r' the tares, you know, afore. We give the hosses tares for green food. I can understand it now. It look summat like corn, don't it? But it's a rare thing to make a man stupid, is ryle. I've knowed a man get drunk on a quarter loaf, when the ryle had got into the meal. What's them? Them's barberries. They'll be as red as the poppies come Michaelmas. I showed ye a barberry bush down by the pond in the forty-acres, wi' the yaller blossom, you know. There's some farmers wouldn't have barberries so nigh a barley-field, but Mr. Bultitude don't seem to set great store on his crops. They says barberries can blight corn, like the witches, just by lookin' at it." My next question was about a tree. "Why, sure-ly, sir, you ought to know him by this time. An ash, that is. There's a lot just inside the park gates. I showed 'em to ye when they was in flower. The flowers comes out afore the leaves, like that almond tree master's got in his garden. The leaves seems to wait till they're sure as it's goin' to keep warm afore they'll come out, an' arter all, they drops off afore the other leaves does. I should like to know the meanin' o' that. They should teach ye them things at your school."

The Backwater was a long, broad, straggling waste of salt water, formed by some long-forgotten inburst of the sea through the low coast-line. On all sides but one there was a dreary spread of damp, dyked, coarse-herbaged marshes, protected from inundation by a grassy sea-wall, with a fringe of spiry samphire between its foot and the streaming mud-banks, over which the long-legged, dull green and yellow little crabs sprawled at low water. At the head of the lagoon stood the "Leather Bottle," a low, lonely, beetle-browed public-house, with an uncanny look about it. Its gibbeted sign creaked under the shade of an aspen, ever shivering as

if in recollection of unholy sights that it had witnessed. "They says," said Sam, "as the aspen shakes because Christ's cross was made on it; but I don't see why it should shake for that. It warn't the aspen's fault, an' if our blessed Saviour hadn't a-been crucified, what would ha' become o' us? Yes, it is a lonesome place, an' there's been queer doin's here—specially in the old smugglin' times. In my time, Sam Rouse, the Stoke ridin'-officer, was made away with somewheres down here. Anyways, he was last heered of at the 'Leather Bottle.' They're a rough lot, the bargemen as uses it." As Sam spoke, a solitary tan-sailed barge was slowly coming up the Backwater. When we pushed off from the rusty-piled, rusty-ringed little wharf, our boat and the barge were the only craft on it. The rumbling of the oars in the rowlocks, the splash of the water against their blades, the popple against the bows and the mud-banks, and round the swaying reeds, the sigh of the wind, a wail now and then from a marsh bird, a sullen low from a marsh bullock, and the distant yelping of the dog on board the barge, were the only sounds that we could hear. "Yes, it is lonesome," said Sam; "an' they says the sea keeps on eatin' and eatin' away, an' will come in on us some day. There's only about ninety acres left o' Claythorpe out yinder. The wheat grows right by the water, an' there's stones, they says was the church, a quarter o' a mile out at sea. There must be some wise meanin' in that, but it seem queer somehow that the sea should be let to eat up the good land. It's like Pharer's lean beasts eatin' up the fat uns, for there's no fish to speak of to be caught in the Backwater. The wild ducks comes, though, an' the wild geese comes too. What knowin' birds *them* are! He must be wise as made em', to have such a sight o' knowledge to give away. I've seed them grey critturs walkin' over a field that had been sowed broadcast, just as if they was sojers—peckin' as they went, an' one on 'em walkin' wi' his head up, and lookin' about as if he was a officer. He's on the look-out, ye see, an' if he sees anybody comin' he gives a cackle, and up they flies, and falls in just like sojers—on'y they've the sense to fall in in a wedge like."

We landed, to stretch our legs, at a place where there had once been copperas works. The site had been blighted by them into black barrenness. Little heaps of dingy bricks, and pools still scummed with dull irises, made it look very dreary. "They used to

make it," explained Sam, "out o' the stones they picked up on the sands out yinder, so, you see, the sea's some good. Most things is, if you can on'y get to the bottom on 'em. But it must ha' been nasty kind o' work. When you're ploughin' an' harrerin', you can think as you're workin' along wi' God like, instid o' makin' man's messes. Not as *He* wants any help. I get stupid like when I think o' the sight o' things He's made, an' the uses there is for 'em. Now, while I'm speakin', there's a puff-ball. I shouldn't like to eat one that growed anywheres hereabouts—the copper might ha' got into 'em; but mostly they does you no harm. And yet, if you burns 'em, the smoke makes the bees drunk—dead-drunk like. Ain't that queer?"

As we pulled back, Sam showed me the Peewits' Island. "They al'ays comes on St. George's Day, an' they sits on their eggs, without ever goin' to sleep, till the little uns is hatched. Anyhow, that's what folks says, an' there's stranger things than that. They must care a sight for their little uns. Look how they cuts about, hangin' down their wings as if they was broke, when they thinks you wants to grab the little uns."

During our walk home from the Leather Bottle Wharf, we saw a glow-worm gleaming on a hedgebank. "Yes, that's a glow-worm," said Sam. "You've heered about them, have ye? They calls it a worm, but it's a sort o' brown beetle like—not much to look at when you sees it by daylight. I've caught 'em with wings and without wings, an' kep' 'em in a pill-box. It's the one that ain't got wings that shines the most. That's the she, I reckon. T'other chap can gad about, and so God's made her look cheerful like, to make him want to come home to her. The house looks twice as cheery when you can see the fire shinin' through the winders, when you comes home as wet as muck."

In spite of my efforts to the contrary, I had manifestly grown well so rapidly that I was doomed to re-exchange free farm life for cramped form life before harvest. Sam drove me to meet the carrier on a bleak November day that had been intercalated into the golden August. "The wind's in the east," he said, as he bade me good-bye, "an' the caterpillars will be swarmin' in my garden. It's queer that bad things like them should come together, but then, you see, you get's them both over together. You won't forget the stuff my Hester ast ye to ax yer mar about?"

CHARLES CAMDEN.



AMATEUR MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

THE musical amateur may be a depressing subject for contemplation, but he is the best possible index to the musical tastes of a people. Given the musical amateurs of a country, and the music they like, and it is easy to say where the nation is in the scale of musical progress. We place Italy and France below Germany when we see that the ordinary Italian is satisfied with melody and a little noise, the ordinary Frenchman with less melody and more noise, while the German insists upon melody, harmony, and thematic treatment combined.

Who are the English amateurs? What do they like? How do they play and sing? In the following paper these questions will receive some definite answers, and these answers may furnish us with a clue to the state of music in England.

The first obvious description of musical amateurs is, PEOPLE WHO PLAY THE PIANOFORTE.

In twenty years Mr. Broadwood has sold 45,863 pianos; Mr. Collard, 32,000. About 20,000 are annually issued from the manufacturing of Great Britain, whilst about 10,000 foreign pianos are annually imported. Now, putting down about 5,000 for old pianos still in use, and deducting about 5,000 for export, we shall still have altogether 30,000 employed annually. Suppose that only three people

ever play on the same piano,—a modest assumption when we remember that one piano in a house is often used by all the girls in a large family,—then we shall have to face a statement which is probably far short of the mark, namely, that 90,000 persons in these islands answer to the description of PEOPLE WHO PLAY THE PIANOFORTE.

All these are not amateurs, but most of them are, and the exceptions exist chiefly for their benefit.

Most young ladies play the piano as an accomplishment. A girl's education is as much based on the pianoforte as a boy's is on the Latin grammar, and too often with similar results. A girl without musical tastes objects to Mozart, as a boy without a classical turn hates Cæsar. Meanwhile it is pleaded that the education of the sexes must be carried on; that some routine must be adopted that what need not be pursued as an end is nevertheless good as a means; that the Latin grammar strengthens a boy's memory, and teaches him to study the meaning of words; that the piano makes a girl sit upright and pay attention to details; and against the schoolroom view of music as training for mind and body we have nothing to say. But the other prevalent view of music as a necessary accomplishment, is more open to objection.

In Germany no girl is ashamed to say she cannot play or sing ; but in England such an ill-bred admission would be instantly checked by mamma. The consequence is that young ladies whose honest ambition would naturally begin and end with Cramer's exercises in the schoolroom, are encouraged to trundle through Beethoven's sonatas in the drawing-room, and perhaps pass their lives under the impression that they are able to play the "Lieder ohne Worte."

By all means let every girl begin by learning the piano. Such a chance of gaining a sympathetic companion for life should never be thrown away. Even to the unmusical girl it is valuable as a training, but to the musical girl its value is beyond price. If a woman's life is often a life of feeling rather than of action, and if society, whilst it limits her sphere of action, frequently calls upon her to repress her feelings, we should not deny her the high, the recreative, the healthy outlet for emotion which music supplies. Joy flows naturally into ringing harmonies, while music has the subtle power to soften melancholy by presenting it with its fine emotional counterpart. A good play on the piano has not unfrequently taken the place of a good cry upstairs, and a cloud of ill-temper has often been dispersed by a timely practice. One of Schubert's friends used to say, that although often very cross before sitting down to his piano, a long scramble-duet through a symphony, or through one of his own delicious and erratic pianoforte scores, always restored him to good humour.

But if a person is not musical, pianoforte instruction after a certain point is only waste of time. It may be said, "Suppose there is latent talent." To this we reply that, as a general rule, musical talent develops early or not at all. It sometimes, though very seldom, happens that a musical organization exists with a naturally imperfect ear. In this case it may be worth while to cultivate the ear. But when the ear is bad, and there is no natural taste for music, we may conclude that the soil is sterile, and will not repay cultivation.

If a boy has no taste for classics, when he goes to the university his tutor tells him to study something else. Why should not a girl try drawing or painting or literary composition? Why should the money be spent on music when she has perhaps shown some other gift? Many a girl with real literary and artistic taste has achieved excellence in nothing because her energies have been concentrated upon the piano, which she will never be able to play, or upon songs which

are just as well left unsung. But such performances are otherwise inconvenient. Why am I expected to ask a young lady to play, although I know she cannot play, is nervous, dislikes playing before people, and so forth? How many are there who would fain be spared the humiliation of exposing their weak points! The piano is a source of trouble to them and to their friends. If they cry over their music lesson, their friends groan over the result, and it is difficult to say which is the worst off, the professor who has to teach, the pupil who has to learn, or the people who have to listen. But the cause of music suffers most of all. We have no hesitation in saying that the rubbish heaps that accumulate every year under the title of pianoforte music, and which do more than anything to vulgarise musical taste in England, owe their existence to the unmusical people who are expected to play the piano. If such are to play at all, then indeed it is better that they should play anything rather than Beethoven and Mendelssohn ; but why should they play at all?

The piano is a noble instrument, less scientifically perfect than the violin and less extensive than the organ ; it has more resource than the first, and infinitely more delicacy than the second. With the aid of a piano we can realise for ourselves and for others the most complicated orchestral scores, as well as the simplest vocal melody : intricate harmonies lie beneath our ten fingers, and can be struck out as rapidly as the mind conceives them. Not a single great work in oratorio, in opera, in quartett, in concerto, or in song, but can be readily arranged for two, or four, hands, and be rendered, if not always with the real instrumental or vocal impressiveness, at least with unerring polyphonal accuracy. And lastly, there has been written expressly for the piano a mass of music which, for sublimity, pathos, variety, and gradation, is equal to anything in the whole realm of musical conception, whilst, in extent, it probably surpasses the music extant for all other instruments put together.

And now, what are some of the uses to which we apply this noble instrument, this long-suffering piano? When the gentlemen in the dining-room hear that familiar sound up-stairs, they know it is time to have tea in the drawing-room. Let us enter the drawing-room after dinner. The daughter of our hostess is rattling away at the keys, and quite ready for a chat at the same time ; if conversation comes her way, she can leave the bass out, or invent one, as it is only the "Sonate Pathétique." She has long passed the con-

scientious stage, when an indifferent or careless performance caused her the least anxiety. She plays her fantasia now as lightly as she rings the bell, not for its own sake, but because it is time for the gentlemen to come up, or for the ladies to begin a little small talk, or for somebody to make love. When she gets up, another sits down, and continues to provide that indispensable stimulant to conversation, called "a little music."

It must be admitted, that to be a good player is no distinction in English society. It has its reward, no doubt, in the quiet happiness of long hours—hours of loving application; hours of absorption; hours lived in a world of subtle and delicate emotion, such as musical dreamers alone realise; and, above all, real musicians have the luxury of meeting occasionally those who can listen to and understand them. They give, but they also receive. Good players and good listeners are equally happy in each other's society. How seldom they meet in England! how few, even fine amateur pianists, have anything like a musical circle! It is very seldom that a neighbourhood can muster the materials for a Mozart or a Beethoven trio, not to say quartett; and seldom that an amateur has the opportunity of playing a concerto of Mendelssohn's with string accompaniments, or any other accompaniment than that of noisy children or general conversation. But no. Late years have witnessed some remarkable combinations, which, however indifferent, are often respectfully listened to.

The harmonium and concertina force themselves upon our attention. There are certain perfect forms and perfect players of both these instruments; but we deal not now with the master workmen, the Regondis, the Blagroves, the Tamplins, and the Engels. The same instrument which in the hands of these men is a thing of beauty and delight, is capable of tempting the musical amateur into wild and tuneless excesses! We will put it to any impartial person, was there ever found in the house of an amateur, a concertina or harmonium in tune with the piano? Was there ever an amateur who could be deterred from playing these instruments together, however discordant the result? When there is a chance of having a duet, people seem to lose all sense of tune. If the concertina is only about a half-semitone flat, the lady thinks she can manage. A little nerve is required to face the first few bars, but before "Il Balen" is over, not a scruple remains, and the increasing consternation of the audience is only equalled by the growing complacency of the performers.

The same indifference to tune may be observed in the amateur flute and cornet. Each player has his method of treating the piano, which, as he tells you, is only the accompaniment, and must follow him. If the piano is more than a semitone flat or sharp, the flute inquires whether it cannot be tuned to his instrument. The piano replies that the tuner has just been, and asks whether the flute cannot alter his pitch. This ends in the flute trying to unscrew himself a little. Then he sounds a C with the piano—thinks it is a little better, unscrews a little more, and asks the piano whether that will do. The piano does not know. Cannot flute get a bit flatter? Not a bit. The heat of the room will make it all right, and then they begin!

The cornet is not much better, with this exception, that the cornet is generally ready to play alone, anywhere. For there is this peculiarity about him—he is never tired of playing, as some people are of hearing, the same tunes over and over again, and, after playing them next door for six months every day, if you ask him to your house, he will play them after dinner in your conservatory, with the same touching expression, and crack exactly in the same place. There is a composure about the flute and the cornet, an unruffled temperament, a philosophical calm, and an absolute satisfaction in their respective efforts, which other musicians may envy, but cannot hope to rival. Other musicians feel annoyed at not accomplishing what they attempt; the cornet and the flute tell you at once they attempt what cannot be done.

The organist is disturbed if his organ begins to cipher, the violinist if his string breaks, the pianist if the pedal squeaks; but if the flute is out of tune, or plays octaves by mistake, our friend is easily satisfied after unscrewing and screwing up again; and the cornet, however prone to crack, feels quite happy after putting in a new crook, and fidgeting a little with the pistons.

The amateur violin is seldom heard in mixed society. If good, as he usually is, he is fastidious about accompanists, still more sensitive about conversation, and won't play. If bad, nobody cares to ask him. However, most of us have come across a fine violin amateur, and enjoyed his playing as much as, perhaps more than, that of many professional artists. It is difficult to speak of the bad violin player without being thought censorious; but we all know the shriek of a slate pencil on a slate, and how bad and wanton little boys use it to torment governesses. Better

that than the scratch of a greasy bow on a bad fiddle ; and better, too, the boy than the man, for the boy knows he is bad and can be stopped, but the absorbed violinist knows not, neither can he be told, neither can he be stopped !

It is difficult to explain the ascendancy which the violin gains over the minds of its votaries for good or for evil. It can boast of two distinct types of admirers—between which, as between two poles, all the others may be said to vibrate. There is the man with one bad fiddle who plays much and miserably, and there is the man who cannot play a note, but has collected with enthusiasm a room full of splendid violins, most of which remain unstrung. But we must not dwell on this tempting subject. We proceed to notice the lowest form of the solo instrumentalist.

It is the amateur who plays by ear. Ladies will often gratify you by playing a little of Chopin "by ear"—that means, as much as they can recollect of the tune with any kind of bass. It would be well for all young musicians to remember that it is never safe to attempt Chopin, Mendelssohn, and above all Schumann, by heart, without a most careful previous study of the notes, and the regular process of committing a piece to memory : even when once learned, the notes should be occasionally used to refresh the memory and ensure accuracy.

The difficulty of expressing or reproducing in notes a given musical idea is greater than at first sight appears. A piece of music is heard, it rings in your ears, you try to learn it, or you sit down and try to play it. If you have little musical culture, merely a natural taste and a good ear, you will soon satisfy yourself, and you will say, "That is exactly the tune I heard." Probably it is only an imperfect suggestion of what you have heard. There is sure to exist a gap between it and the original piece. When the subject happens to be good music, even small deviations are fatal to the composer's thought, and a slight change will suffice to vulgarise a theme, just as in poetry a word transposed may destroy the power of a fine line. Who does not see that a note transposed, or left out, or altered, is as fatal to a phrase as the following rearrangement lately made in our hearing, of one of Mrs. Browning's lines, is to the beauty of that line. The verse stands—

"O supreme love ! chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for thee."

As improved in quotation—

"O love supreme ! chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for thee."

Of course, there can be no harm in a general way of singing and playing by ear to amuse one's self ; but how troublesome it is on some occasions to hear people sing and play for your entertainment their so-called reproductions of the opera or classical music, most musicians know very well. But it is not easy to convince them of this ; and the poor critic has generally to retire sad and wounded ; in short, he is voted a rude, ill-natured, or eccentric kind of person, and is hummed and strummed out of court.

Let us now turn to the second great class of musical amateurs : THE PEOPLE WHO SING.

It is thought almost as rude to interrupt a lady when she is speaking as to talk aloud when she sings. Accordingly the advantages of being able to sing in society are obvious. The lady can at any moment fasten the attention of the room on herself. If a girl has a voice, the piano is too soon suppressed in favour of it, and the only chance of her becoming a musician is thrown away. It is true she usually accompanies herself ; that is, she dabbles about on the keys, and strikes a chord at the end of her song, always cutting out the closing bars as not of the "voice voicy," but the room listens, and the room applauds. The maiden is happy ; and mamma thinks she requires no more singing lessons.

Every one likes to understand and talk a little about music, and a very slender knowledge will enable an unmusical person to take a very creditable part in most musical parties. The following hints may prove useful. Perhaps a chorus is got up. If you are asked to sing bass, first make sure that all the parts are doubled. Then stand behind the piano with the others. You need not sing if you don't like, but you won't do much harm if you sing. If you sing loud, the other bass will think he is wrong ; if you sing low, he will think that you are reading the music ; if you don't sing at all, he will only think you have lost your place ; and as the chances are he has never found his own, he will take no notice. The piece is almost sure to be "The Bearded Barley," and you can say at the end, "All Mendelssohn's part songs are so good." Perhaps some one will say, "The Bearded Barley is not Mendelssohn's." Then you can answer, "Of course not !" Very likely, however, the piece may be Mendelssohn's. Then it is sure to be "O Hills and Vales of Pleasure," and at the end you can say, "Do you know another part song called, 'The Bearded Barley ?'" Then some one is sure to say, "Yes, but I like Mendelssohn best ;" and then you can answer appreciatively, "Oh, yes, of course !"

When a soprano duet is sung, the name of it is sure to be, "I would that my Love," by Mendelssohn. When a contralto sings alone, the song is usually, "In questa tomba," by Beethoven. When a soprano sings, it is more difficult to speak with certainty. However, you can always, if you are at a loss, ask, "Which do you like best, the ballads of Virginia Gabriel or Claribel?" Then, if the singer says, "Virginia Gabriel," it is quite open to you to say, "Claribel," or *vice versa*. If a tenor sings, you will not be far wrong in supposing the song to be "Spirito Gentil." If, however, it is neither that nor "Martha," nor "Oh, che la morte," you may justly compliment him upon his original and extensive repertory. You must speak of Beethoven as "sublime, but occasionally obscure;" of Spohr, as "too sickly and chromatic;" of Mendelssohn, as "fascinating;" of Schumann, as "a man of some genius;" and you may say of Gounod, that "he is very charming, but that you doubt whether he will last;" and it will always be safe, except in the presence of really good musicians, to sniff at Wagner and the music of the future.

And, now, if we seem to have conveyed a somewhat harsh estimate of drawing-room music and drawing-room criticism under the form of mock counsel to the reader, let us ask whether the blots of amateur music may not be pointed out as effectually in this way as in any other? Is it not true that a person following the above advice will be able to conceal his ignorance of music in almost any "at home" in England? And why? Simply because so few English people know the difference between the good and the bad in music, or rightly estimate its value. So many regard it as the most frivolous of pastimes, as a tea-bell, as a cloak for scandal, to drown or to promote conversation, to attract to self, or to outbid a rival. There is nothing wrong in being without ear and in caring nothing for music; it is a misfortune, but it is no fault. If a man has no taste for conchology, he is not ashamed to say so. In Germany people never pretend to play; in Italy they never pretend to sing; and if they know nothing about it, they can afford to be silent. Why should not some of us do likewise?

We have dwelt on a somewhat gloomy side of drawing-room music, because few people seem to realise its serious defects; and until this is done improvement is impossible. But light dawns as we think of the noble amateur singers and fine professional performers, which it is more and more our privilege to hear in private society. Power makes its own terms,

and professional singers and players, beginning to assume a position and dignity which they ought never to have lost, refuse any longer to promote conversation, or to be turned on like machines. Let amateurs who can, follow their example. If it were considered *hors de règle* for people to sing and play in company unless they had both talent and cultivation, and equally objectionable in others to interrupt those who had, or fancied they had, the necessary qualifications, bad playing and bad taste in music would soon go out of fashion.

We pass on to a more encouraging phase of amateur music. We find ourselves in a quiet, cheerful room, at the back of a good house; it is morning; there are only four people present; they are all intent upon playing; they can all play, and there is no one present to molest with praise or blame. Two violins, viola, and violoncello, and the quartett is complete. The first violin is a gifted amateur, the second violin is a thoughtful gentleman, perhaps an art critic, not a brilliant player, but steady, and never tired. Viola is a rather testy, but thoroughly goodnatured professional, who never can quite get over the fact of somebody else playing first fiddle, and occasionally has to be called to order for putting in little bits which belong to some one of the other instruments. Violoncello is a good amateur, or perhaps a semi-professional, who plays a little of every instrument under the sun. However, these men can really make music. Let us begin with a light Haydn quartett—No. 63.

It begins with seven-bars rest for the first violin, and seems to glide off the bows—facile, easy, rippling along like a summer rivulet. Every one knows it, every one likes it: the smart *allegro moderato*, the *cantabile adagio*, just long enough, the rousing minuet and trio, and the smart *vivace staccato*, which invariably runs all the fiddlers off their legs, and ends with "Bravo, first fiddle!" and a good laugh at violoncello and tenor, who have too often been dancing through the movement with the light and airy gait of elephants. But now all four have whetted their swords—rosined their bows, we mean—and feel eager for more serious work. Beethoven is put up on the desks. Let us choose the first of the set in F. What an opening movement! Good, broad music, nothing laboured or obscure, but inspiration everywhere flowing from a full fount. It is phrased like a symphony, and yet all is fairly within the compass of the four instruments. The slow movement—than which nothing more tender and lofty was ever invented—

tries the first violin; and our professional tenor, who is much dissatisfied with his reading of the closing bars, kindly fiddles them over in the right way, to the disgust of first fiddle. But in the trio that presumptuous fiddle is fairly beaten. He is a good player, but a scramble is all he can make of it. He masters, however, the not difficult bravura passage at the end of the closing movement, and comes in for a compliment from his friend and mentor the cantankerous tenor. Then there is a general motion in favour of Mozart. It must be one of those six perfect works dedicated to "Papa Haydn." After this, as a complete contrast, we select a solo quartett of Spohr, not very hard, although so showy; and then, every one having got into full swing, we may be able to rattle through Mendelssohn's *canzonet* before the lunch-bell rings.

Four hours of it in the morning might seem enough; but that is nothing to the quartett player. After lunch those four men will begin again, and work away till dusk. Then they will go out for a turn in the park or by the sea before dinner, and will very likely set to again after dinner, and play from nine till twelve o'clock. In musical country-houses it is not uncommon to have a quartett party staying in the house; and then woe to the unmusical! The best quartett work is no doubt done in the morning; but the quartett is irrepensible, it may break out at all times, and anywhere—suddenly on the lawn, in summer; in the dining-room, after dinner; in very hot weather, in some sonorous house-keeper's room; even in the pantry, all over the drawing-room, in the library, on the balcony, or up-stairs in any of the bed-rooms.

But we must not linger. Converse with these exceptionally fine amateurs spoils us for the kind of performance which it is now our painful duty to describe, and which we may call THE SCRATCH QUARTETT. Our friend Harmonics, who is rather a good player, has invited three worse than himself. They come with their wives, and a musical friend is perhaps asked in to listen. The ladies are not to talk, and the friend is not to talk; they are to listen. Harmonics leads off with a Haydn. Our heavy friend, with greasy bow and inferior violin, stumbles after him, tenor scrapes placidly—flat, of course, but not unhappy, for he has a bad ear. The neighbouring organist, rather glad of a little violoncello practice, grins at the noise, but goes on. It seems a print of honour with these men not to stop. They are all wrong, and they know

it. But first fiddle pretends he has never got out, second fiddle declares he was beating time (which he certainly was, with his foot loud enough to be heard all over the room), and therefore couldn't be wrong (which does not follow). Tenor smiles, and has no opinion. 'Cello thought they would get right somehow if they pulled on through the breakers into the smooth water, commonly known as "the place where the subject begins again." After each double bar there is a regular discussion, in which each performer defends himself, and brings counter-charges, and then the *Adagio* begins. Second violin now has a chance, the theme has come his way at last. He plays the *pp.*'s fortissimo—he rasps the accompaniment, so that Harmonics cannot hear himself; but, of course, if No. 2 will hack and hew, he *must* play out. The violoncello will not be outdone—even the tenor is roused at last—and all seem to rush headlong upon the music with screams of discordant sound, until, apparently maddened by their own scraping, they finish in a sort of wild *scrunch*, which they call "coming in all right in the end." The ladies exclaim, "How beautiful!" Musical friend says it's delightful, and, remembering another engagement, is off in a hurry, and then these infatuated men begin again. At last outraged nature herself protests. Even Harmonics is exhausted. No. 2 thinks they have done enough. Tenor is simply sleepy and pensive. Violoncello can hardly lift what he calls "his *strad.*" It is late—a glass of wine and a sandwich—a couple of cabs. The reader heaves a sigh of relief. They are gone, and may they ne'er come back again!

Out of *Quartett Societies*, good, bad, and indifferent, comes the ORCHESTRAL MUSICAL SOCIETY, or, as it is sometimes called, the SYMPHONY SOCIETY. The theory of these societies seems to be, that a good many who cannot play by themselves can play very well all together. The amateurs of the band usually supply a few violins, violoncellos, a flute, perhaps two, let us hope but one cornet, and any number of volunteers for the drums. The rest are professionals, who supply a leader on the violin, brass, clarionet, oboe, as required, and an excellent professional gentleman, who conducts with a bâton. How ever the public performances are got through is a wonder, for the rehearsals cannot be said to be got through at all.

Impelled by the noblest aspirations, nothing will daunt our devoted band: not Beethoven's C minor, not Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, not Weber's overtures. Haydn's

symphonies, which they might play, are soon voted slow; Handel's music is out of date; even Mozart is too easy a triumph. A few Italian overtures they could perhaps manage, but then they are classical players, and cannot stoop to that sort of thing.

"Seven o'clock punctually, if you please, gentlemen, for the next rehearsal!" says Mr. Amadeus Le Bâton, at the end of the practice; and at seven punctually Amadeus enters a perfectly empty room. There are about twenty or thirty music desks waiting. The conductor's desk stands facing him. Presently in comes a man with a violin case. Then another, dragging a double bass. In about a quarter of an hour the leader and one first fiddle have arrived, but as first fiddle is above playing second, nothing can be done. Le Bâton pulls out his watch, and upbraids those who have not arrived to those who have. Perhaps by a quarter to eight they are ready to begin; but to begin what? Tuning, of course. Some people admire the tuning of the Handel Orchestra, others have been known to appreciate the tuning at Exeter Hall more than the performance. But for a dreadful orgie in sound—the very memory of which is calculated to make you start in your dreams for months afterwards, under the impression that all the cats and dogs which have ever been drowned in the Thames have come to life again, and are howling round your pillow—for a row compared with which the noise of a menagerie about feeding time is positively agreeable—commend me to the tuning of an amateur orchestra. But we have more to hear than that. In the midst of it all, some violin will play the *Carnaval de Venise*, the flute will practise his bits, the violoncello tries to do fiddle passages up high on his finger-board, the cornet has the effrontery to add to the confusion by playing a waltz, some one behind him is imitating the howl of a dog or the squeak of a rat on the reed of his clarionet. Kettledrums is pretending to tune, by alternately thumping the parchment and screwing at the side with a key. Triangle, when pulled up, solemnly declares he is practising his part in Q flat!

At last they *do* seem to be off. Every one playing as if his were the only instrument in the world, for *piano* is the last word the amateur learns. Still the conductor does not complain, until Drums (who has two hundred bars rest and then two little notes very soft) comes down half a bar too soon with an absolutely deafening roll. The flute is thrown completely out; the cornet seems much excited by that noble "rataplan," and keeps on his

note a bar too long. The violin bows are literally at sixes and sevens, like the pendulums in a watchmaker's window. Amadeus may stamp, Amadeus may shout, Amadeus may beat his poor little bâton to bits against the desk, no one heeds him, or ever thinks of looking at him—the band took some time to get ready, but now they are off for better for worse, and who can stop them? Even if half the band stops, the other half will go on. Poor Amadeus Le Bâton! what can he do? It is obvious that he can do nothing, and after shouting himself hoarse, and gesticulating wildly, he gives it up, claps both hands to his ears, and gazes despondingly at the "score" before him.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION OR SINGING CLASS, in its various forms, is a more popular and generally a more successful affair. All over the country such societies are now being established, very often on Mr. Hullah's sound and lucid system, which enables a very moderate professor to teach the general principles of part-singing to large numbers with comparative ease. As a part of parochial machinery the singing class is most valuable. Since young people will have amusement, what more delightful pursuit could be found for them than music? And since they persist in taking a peculiar delight in each other's society, where could they better meet than at the music class in the schoolroom, or town-hall, when their minds are to some extent occupied, discipline is maintained, and a healthy and exhilarating recreation is provided for them?

The parochial aspect of singing societies has hardly been sufficiently recognised. Literary institutes, popular lectures, elocution, French, arithmetic, or drawing classes, will all grow naturally out of the musical fount. But of this we cannot speak here more particularly.

We have discussed instrumental and vocal societies separately, but perhaps amateurs succeed best when the two are combined. A piano, harmonium, or both, will very well eke out a small but by no means inefficient string band. The organist will conduct, choruses will be got up at separate rehearsals, the Prima Donna of the neighbourhood will consent to learn the principal solos, and an oratorio will be forthcoming about Christmas time. That oratorio is invariably "Judas Maccabeus," and indeed it is but another proof of the simple and sublime genius of Handel that he should be welcomed at Exeter Hall, and not out of place in a village schoolroom.

But we have already chatted too long about AMATEUR MUSIC IN ENGLAND. As we look

back upon the pages truth forbids us to tone down some painful and unpalatable admissions, but whilst it cannot be said that we have omitted to point out blots in the existing state of things, we may be accused of gliding too lightly over much that is really hopeful and striking in English musical taste.

We seem, as a people, to be musically many-sided, unbalanced, and above all unschooled by the inexorable laws and conditions of true art. We deal in heights and depths—we abound in inconsistencies which admit of no reconciliation. We pay our shilling and rush to hear the "Messiah" at the Agricultural Palace, then we go home and sing Glover. We sit for two hours in St. James's Hall to hear Beethoven's or Spohr's quartetts, and the next day we buy "God bless the Princess Too."

All this is simple fact. But it is fair to add that whilst for want of high national models, English musical taste falls below that of France or Italy, it rises higher than either in its honest enthusiasm for the great German masters.

It may be that we are on the eve of a creative period in the history of English music. This confusion of ideas may be nothing but the coming together of what will by-and-by develop into our national school. This eclectic taste, which at times looks much like chaos, may also be the ferment out of which a new and beautiful life is ready to be born.

As an original artist will be caught and absorbed by one influence after another, being possessed by his art long before he learns to possess himself,—as he will at times appear to be swayed to and fro by various distinct impulses, without being able to bring them into harmonious relationship,—as we may watch him year by year melting down one style after another in the crucible of his genius, until he has gained fine gold, and stamped it with his own image, even so we seem to see England now calling in the musical currencies of the world, which she may before long re-issue with the hall-mark of her originality and genius.

H. R. HAWES.

"LITTLE MAY."

SEE, she stands, my little May,
Where the sun and shadow meet,
Shakes her little hands for wings,
Taps out music with her feet.

Mine she is ! this wingèd joy—
And the thrushes sing, and sing,
Loving to keep company
With so glad, so pure a thing.

Mine ! this creature of the dawn,
With the sweet cool breath of flowers :
That she comes, I wonder much,
To a world so cold as ours.

Do I say the world is cold ?
No ! she loves me, little May ;
From my heart its cloud of care
With her smiles she draws away :

Strokes my face with dimpled hands ;
With her warm hair, soft and fair,
Crowds my face ; the world looks bright
Through the sunshine of her hair.

Still, she walks in Eden shades,
In her guileless baby white,
With a heart of peace, with eyes
Full of wonder and delight.

Innocent of fruit forbid,
In her thoughts no bitter leaven ;
Child, and angel too, she moves
Through a mingled earth and heaven.

I can see her in the light—
As without the gate I stand,
In the shadow, in the cold—
See the angel sword in hand.

I must strive with weed and thorn,
I must suffer, watch, and wait,
I must lay this body down,
Ere I can repass the gate.

Gracious spirits that love man
Whisper through her rosy sleep,
And she smiles ; if they should come
Whisp'ring me, I could but weep.

Dumb things love my little May ;
 Could they shrink from eyes like these ?
 Full of faith that knows no fear,
 Eyes that hold no mysteries.

On the gravel Mop will rush,
 Gambol, keep her tiny pace,

Heedful to her baby talk,
 Slowly turn the wisest face ;

Watch her hand for crumbled cake,
 Wait her will, and begging stand,
 Have long patience till she please,
 Take it softly from her hand ;



Willing on her baby knee
 Lay his head without a fear ;
 Shut his lazy eyes and sleep
 While she curls his shaggy ear.

At her round pink finger-tips
 Tenderly the dove will peck,

Nestle white as innocence,
 With his head against her neck ;

Coo his gentle soul to her,
 Knowing that her heart is meek ;
 And the kitten makes his paw
 Velvet soft, and pats her cheek.

JANE MORESBY.

TRAVERS MADGE.

I Biography.

THE name of Travers Madge was probably known to comparatively few before the publication of Mr. Herford's Memoir.* He started in life without the prestige of academical distinctions. He never rose to celebrity as a preacher. He wrote no books. His literary labours were limited to the editorship of a Sunday-school Penny Magazine. He was not conspicuous for wide culture or keen powers of thought. And yet, if I mistake not, most readers of his life will have felt their hearts burn within them, as they followed him in his work and his self-devotion, with a glow which the memoirs of men much more eminent in the "religious world" often fail to kindle. The nearest approach in contemporary literature to the life of the young Unitarian ascetic is perhaps to be found in that of the Curé, d'Ars, which the *Contemporary Review*, the *Christian Remembrancer*, and other journals, have brought before English readers. Add to what Travers Madge had, as by the grace of God and the stirrings of his own soul, the superstition and sacerdotalism of the Church of Rome, and he might have become such a one as M. Vianney was. Place him, by an effort of imagination, in the atmosphere of the thirteenth century, in a system which favours organization, and brings all individual energies under hierarchical order, and checks all doubts and inquiries, and he might have developed into a Francis of Assisi, and played a conspicuous part in ecclesiastical history. As it is, his life was spent in comparative obscurity. We have only—but what an only!—the story of a soul seeking after God, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and led through that righteousness to the Truth, who is its Centre and its Source. It is every way interesting, as bearing witness at once to the high ethical and spiritual excellence which may be produced within the bosom of Unitarianism, and may therefore be regarded in some sense as its natural fruit, and, on the other hand, to the inadequacy of the Unitarian system to satisfy the cravings which it has itself created.

The father of Travers Madge is still living and working as minister of the Unitarian chapel in Essex Street; and that fact forbids one's saying more than that his son never ceased, in the midst of all their divergence of convic-

tions, to hold him in the truest reverence, that he never ceased to treat his son with the kindest indulgence. The relations of the two seem indeed to have been every way, from first to last, in the true sense of the word, exemplary. From earliest childhood there seem to have been in Travers traits of character such as Roman Catholic writers love to note as proof of saintship, such as Calvinistic writers record as evidence of election. At the age of six or seven he shows the calmest patience under sharp pain or long weary illness. At eight he rises before all his schoolfellows that he may get his own work done and have time to help the little ones. Further on in youth, when he enters University College, London, in 1840, at the age of seventeen, he sets his face like a flint against the whole system of competition, examinations, prizes, as "simply ministering to selfishness." The "bright beauty" of childhood ripens into a face of "spiritual joy and sweetness," which wins the hearts of all men. He throws himself, with a zeal prophetic of his future work in life, into the labours of a Sunday school, seeking out the lads who came there in their wretched homes, reproaching himself with being better off than they were, seeking to share their poverty. He spends five years at the Manchester New College, in an atmosphere which would seem likely to ripen simply the critical, intellectual side of religious thought. John James Tayler, James Martineau, Francis William Newman, were his chief teachers there. Channing was his great hero, the pattern which he strove to imitate in his own life. One who compares the life which Travers Madge led under these circumstances with the average of what he has known among the best men even of religious "sets" at Oxford or Cambridge, with what his own academic life has been, is constrained to do homage to him as to a nature of a higher order. He lives upon potatoes and bread, taking meat only as an act of filial obedience; becomes a teetotaler, and afterwards a vegetarian; gives up even butter and tea; with a strange, almost fantastic desire to taste the poverty to which he was not born, he earns sixpence a day by "carrying book-shelves," and talks of "holding somebody's horse" that he may pick up a few coppers; spends all his leisure time in his beloved Sunday schools, and in the week-day labours that grew out of

* Travers Madge: a Memoir. By Brooke Herford. London: Hamilton and Adams. 1867.

them. With a touching simplicity, as one who seeks to be a follower—an imitator—of Christ, he writes:—

“Would not it be a beautiful thing to think about, to picture to oneself Christ teaching in a Sunday school, with his arm folded round one boy, his hand resting on the head of another, his face smiling, his lips uttering such words as would make the boys love him as much as he loved them?”

All this naturally led his father and his friends to think that he would take to ministerial work as a profession. To their astonishment and regret, he resolutely refused, and resolved to earn his livelihood as a shopman. He shrank from the possibility of being a hireling, and therefore would not work for hire at all, just as he had refused before to work for prizes and other college honours. Among detached off-shoot sects of Methodism lapsing into Unitarianism, among a body of Christian brethren who identified themselves with no sect, he finds congregations who accept his services, and to them he preaches, and with them he prays. His words fall on the hearts of men as the good seed of the word of life. This he can do for its own sake. He shudders at the thought of being paid for it.

“Should you like to be paid,” he wrote to a friend, “for teaching in the Sunday schools? Should you like to be paid for visiting in your district? If not, do you not think it is rational for me to object to being paid for visiting—to object to being paid for praying?”

In another letter he sets forth more fully what he aims at.

“It grieves me to see the amount of idle time—of time wasted in mere amusement, of money too, of health too, all in amusements and luxuries, while brothers are by our side, weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth. I sometimes feel ready to sit down and cry. I sometimes cannot help it when my heart wanders from home to home, to different scenes of wretchedness, brutality, and sin. And yet here we Christians are, sitting at our ease and doing nothing. How can the world be made happier but by our all working, working, working, harder than we have ever dreamt of? My idea is for a few, who feel this strongly, to unite simply and naturally, and be constantly together, cheering and encouraging and helping one another on. . . . Let us devote ourselves *entirely* to God—not to amusement, idleness, or pleasure-seeking; not to large houses, fine food, or fine clothes, in all of which things perhaps we most of us err, but to being and doing good.”

For a time his trade-plans fell through, and he opened a day-school for boys at Norwich, working with his usual earnestness among the poor, taking preaching tours in the Staffordshire potteries and in Cornwall.* It ended in

his going back to Manchester in 1848, once more to resume his labours with a recognised office as home visitor in his beloved schools in Lower Mosley Street, infusing a new life in them, making the roughest lads feel towards him as to a brother, getting their parents together for an evening service, speaking and praying from his heart.

His religious creed up to this time appears to have been simple, undogmatic, tending in feeling to mysticism, in life to asceticism. He had not as yet renounced the negative elements of the creed in which he had been taught. The communities with which he fraternised were chiefly those that may be described as “unattached,” floating off from larger and more organized sects. In the language of his biographer, he was never a “sectarian Unitarian”—was able to sympathise warmly with the devotion of those who worshipped as God Him whom the Unitarians reverence only as the divinest among men. He trusted in the love of God and His readiness to forgive sin, without connecting that forgiveness with the sacrificial aspect of the death of Christ. But about the years 1849—50 there came a change. There fell on him, as on so many strivers after righteousness, a “horror of great darkness.” The kind of life which he was leading, through that very effort of self-consecration working on a temperament naturally intensely sensitive, may have had its share in the change. Insufficient food, insufficient rest, the constant strain of that most exhausting of all forms of educational labour, the instruction of grown boys in the rudiments of religious knowledge,—all this may have fostered the tendency to the intense depression of which the lives of saints record so many instances. “All his previous life seemed to collapse miserably and utterly. He would wander off from home and friends, aimlessly, simply craving to get right away from comforts, and associations, and ways of life, which seemed to him a mockery of the lost, forsaken misery with which his work had made him so familiar.” The work itself, thus viewed, became stale and unprofitable. He could bear it no longer. In earlier days something of this feeling led him to give up the ministry and to take to school work, then to give up the school at Norwich for a preaching tour in Cornwall, finally to abandon even the schools in Manchester that he loved so well, and to settle down to the mere mechanic drudgery of

* It is a curious instance of coincidence that he notes in his record of his Cornish mission:—“One young man of the name of Colenso,” who “could not receive the orthodox no-

tions, and was becoming an infidel, he says, though still apparently earnest and devout.” Has the Bishop of Natal a “double” at Penzance?

a printer's office, working in shirt-sleeves and apron, black with printers' ink, carrying his dinner in a pocket-handkerchief. Wherever he was there was the same restlessness in every form of good, the same absence of peace and rest from doing it. To him, whose life was so irreproachable, there came an "intensity of self-reproach," as if "the tears of all eternity could not wash out the stains of sin." What was in him came out in the almost fierce question with which he turned upon the friend who wrote his life, "Don't you feel that you deserve to be tormented and punished for ever?"

And to him, as to ten thousand times ten thousand, a multitude that no man can number, of like sufferers, the message of glad tidings came in thoughts, which to him were new, of the meaning of the death as well as of the life of Christ.

"At last," he writes, in or about 1850 (the letter is given without a date), "at last, in the deepest shame and uttermost despair, I was led to look to Jesus. When I thought I could hardly come to God on account of my sins, it was told me that 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that all that believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' When I felt that I did not love God as I ought, I was told not to think of my own feelings; that the more I tried to love Him, the more impossible I might find it, for the very effort often rendered it impossible; but still, to look to Jesus, to read in Him the expression of God's will, to feel in Him the outpourings of God's love; and thus, by looking to Jesus—to Jesus living, praying, and dying on the cross, to save me and every wretched, perishing soul—to love God *because* He first loved us."

He notes in the same letter at once the excellences, and what he had found to be the defects of the teaching of his sect.

"Unitarian preaching and devotion will help one through many sorrows and trials, will comfort one in many afflictions, will strengthen and purify and bless the heart; but it will not, in general, enable one to pass through the seasons of fierce struggle with the devil, and of reckless, hopeless, despair. The *tendency* of the Unitarian religion is to be entirely subjective . . . Instead of God hearing and answering prayer, prayer is said to work a change in our hearts and to conform our will to that of God. Instead of going to heaven or hell, the consequences of virtue are described in the joy and peace of the heart obedient to God, and of vice in the pangs and remorse of an evil conscience. Instead of throwing ourselves at the feet of Jesus, and being sprinkled with His blood, and being clothed with His righteousness, we are told that we must, by sympathy with the mind of Christ, and in conformity with what He requires of his disciples, work out our own salvation with fear and trembling."

He confesses, with an almost startling candour, that in his earlier days, when he was most thoroughly an Unitarian, he had doubted whether his friends were right in calling themselves Christians. If Christ were

only a man, only a teacher, only an example, was it not "a departure from the Christian spirit" for men to call themselves by his name?

The result of this change was to bring Travers Madge into sympathy with a wider circle of Christians, with many who were to be found in the sects whose faith on these points was in harmony with that which has been the characteristic faith of Christendom. Churchmen, Methodists, Independents, were ready to welcome one who felt and spoke as they did. But with this adoption of "evangelical" doctrine there was the old craving after righteousness, the old asceticism, shewing itself at once in self-denial and in deeds of love. The "easy, worldly, respectable religion of some Christians seemed to him like the cold and clammy hand of death." The new faith did not bring with it at first any conviction of the necessity of joining another visible society than that with which he had hitherto been connected. His name remained on the roll of the Presbyterian—*i.e.*, Unitarian—congregations of Lancashire and Cheshire at the very time when he looked on Unitarianism as weighed in the balance and found wanting. The Primitive Methodists seemed to him to "keep more directly in view the objects which a Christian church ought to have, than any other denomination." He himself preached wherever he found men willing to listen to him—in Independent chapels, or the like. In the strength of his new faith, he went back to Manchester in 1851, and resumed his old work in his beloved schools in Mosley Street; still, as before, loved and loving, received by the rough lads as an angel from God, with clasped hands, and eyes that glistened with delight. But as he gave utterance to that faith which had come to him as a message of glad tidings, the conviction was forced upon him that those to whom he spoke were not ripe for it, had not felt the need of it. "I am inclined," he writes, "to think that the preliminary preaching, 'Repent ye,' is what we now want; and when we are casting about in despair for something to lay hold of, then will be time enough to speak of the redemption which may be found in Jesus Christ." That which most shocks him in the state of feeling round him is the absence of any sense of needing that redemption. He reads a sermon by Mr. M. (Mr. Martineau?), who says that "we have passed beyond the thought and want of salvation, that redemption is as much a thing of the past as the old outward law," and feels that such words are

at once "the most distinct disavowal of the essence of Christianity, and yet the most honest confession of the general state of the Unitarian mind," that he ever met with.

A sudden and entire break-down in health compelled him to leave Manchester and retire to Norwich, and the remainder of his life was that of an invalid, prematurely old; for many years that of what has been scoffingly called a Christian "unattached," joining any congregation of men like-minded with himself, working, wherever he was, with the old love for souls, the old regardlessness of self, the old power to win the hearts of the poor, gathering men round that which was to him and them the "Table of the Lord,"—a "Communion Service," which one who was often present described as seeming "more like the *original* one than I ever felt it anywhere else. We all sat around a long table, and the bread and wine were passed round, and each spoke who wished, and the Master himself was present there to our hearts, and the poor room felt like the holy of holies."

After some years spent in this comparative retirement, he re-appeared at Manchester, in 1859, as the minister of a congregation of stragglers from various folds, tradespeople and working men, some from the Plymouth Brethren, some from the Baptists, some from the Independents, many from the Methodists. Such materials did not promise much in the way of unity, and divergencies of thought and feeling soon began to show themselves. Travers had to throw himself, as into a spiritual asylum from the strife of tongues, into his old work with the rough street lads, and to teach them to pray, and repent, and love Christ, and sing hymns, till the evenings which he spent with them seemed to him as though he had passed them "amongst the angels in heaven." The work lasted, however, only for a few months. Health and strength again gave way: he was once more thrown back upon himself.

And with this there came that which is seldom found in a mere proselyte to a creed, a mere apostate from a party, but which is perhaps the characteristic crown and glory of the progress of a seeker after truth. There is a blending together of old things and new; third thoughts, which harmonize the first and the second thoughts that had seemed in blank contradiction with each other. His confession of an evangelical faith is not less distinct than before.

"If I have not spoken much in my letters lately of that wonderful revelation to the burdened hearts of sinful men, 'that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's

own Son, cleanseth from all sin,' it is not because my faith in this is shaken, or because I feel the need of it less than I did. Never, never did I feel the preciousness of this truth as I feel it now. Without it I should be in outer darkness, in misery without any comfort, in uttermost despair."

But with this there is a wider view, a more hopeful recognition of the good to be found in those who had not yet received the truth as he received it, a stronger faith in the possibilities of the future. At one time the whole state of Christendom had seemed to him full of "wounds and bruises and putrefying sores;" now he had learnt the lesson, *Meliora latent*.

"God has, I believe, been instructing me in some things of late which I did not see before, and which I have perhaps, therefore, more frequently referred to, such as the *true conversion* of all who repent of sin and seek to live to God, though they may frequently stumble, and know nothing of the experience which so-called evangelical Christians and Methodists seem to regard as necessary; also the hope, rising to an assurance, that the work of redeeming mercy is not confined to this world, and that the sentence of eternal death may at any time be remitted; also that all doctrinal exclusiveness in the church, and all attempts to judge of others' internal fitness for church membership, are alike evil and unscriptural; and, last of all, that Christian influence is not confined to conversation on religious subjects, but that the Christian's character shines forth in the midst of the various pursuits, intercourse, and amusements in which he may be engaged. And here it is that, I think, we have been judging harshly, both doing harm and receiving harm. Perhaps I ought not to say *we*. I have, I know I have, misrepresented Christianity, and especially those truths which have brought me so much peace and comfort, by the course which I have taken."

And again, in the same strain, he writes:—

"I dare not say anything about the counsels of God, more than He has revealed. When men say that the death of Christ satisfies His justice, or that the wrath of God against sin fell upon Christ, I think they are using rather venturesome language. Yet I cannot but feel that, by divine appointment, and by His own self-sacrificing love, and His oneness with poor, suffering, sinful man, Jesus plunged himself into the abyss of human woe, even into that deepest human misery which we might have imagined it impossible for the sinless One to have experienced. In accepting this sacrifice God reveals His forgiving mercy to the whole human family. In that forgiving mercy all who seek His face find peace and joy. Forgiveness, in the sense of the removal of future punishment, does not seem to me to enter into the minds of the Apostles, or to be that of which Christ speaks. We rejoice in forgiving love, inasmuch as we know that, notwithstanding our sins and wanderings from God, His ear is open to our cry, and His arms are always stretched forth to welcome us home."

We cannot wonder that, in this state of feeling, he should note with especial joy his presence at a lecture given by Professor Maurice at the Working-Men's College, and a conversation with him, and contrast the

teaching which he found there with Mr. Spurgeon's more popular theology.

The remainder of the story of his life may be told rapidly. Old affections drew him, in 1861, once more to the Crown-Street congregation at Manchester, but more as an outsider, as a member not of that particular church, with its tests and limitations, but of the great family of the redeemed. A home mission for the ragged children and their parents occupied and exhausted the little strength that remained; the Lancashire distress roused him, in 1862, to fresh labours and exertions. When they were over, consumption had made such progress that the two years which followed were simply a time of patient, cheerful suffering and hopeful expectation of the end. In 1865, chiefly, it would seem, through contact with the Bishop of Norwich at Scripture readings at Lady Buxton's, at Cromer, he was drawn towards the Church of England—with which he had indeed been for some time in a secret, half-conscious sympathy—was baptized into membership with her, and became, till his death, a regular communicant. In March, 1866, the end came. The love of Christ still filled his soul. He read the story of his own life in the words of a hymn:—

"O Saviour, I have nought to plead
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

"The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
The love, unbought, is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore."

The Unitarian father and the Church of England son found to the last, in their trust in that love, a bond of union, and read and prayed together. And then the end came, as it has come to thousands of the saints of God,—the sweet smile in the midst of sharp suffering, the eyes wide open as if he gazed on the celestial city, the whispered fragments of old hymns, now more precious and full of meaning than they had ever been before. The last words that ever passed from his lips were—

"With God eternally shut in."

The life which had been so long "hid with Christ in God" found its natural, say rather, its *supernatural* outcome, in that consciousness of the beatific vision.

There is so much, from first to last, of fairness and openness in the way in which Mr. Herford has done his work—such a total absence of any attempt to suppress or disguise what tells against his own creed—that I am reluctant to note any omission. But I must own

that the Memoir in one point creates a craving which it does not satisfy. The last stage in Travers Madge's progress through his "phases of faith," is summed up in half-a-dozen lines. Those who must naturally look on that stage as at once the highest and the happiest, may be pardoned if they express the wish that they had been told, not only of the bare fact, but how it was brought to pass—by what influences, of individual teachers, or books, or trains of thought; what his feelings were as to the Creeds, Articles, Prayer-Book, of the Church of England, and the contending parties within her pale. Those who hold that there is a special, though not necessarily a decisive, value in the judgments formed on such points by one whose life was pre-eminently saintly; who believe that there is a substantial and unfailing truth in our Lord's words, that "whosoever willeth to do His will, shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God," may legitimately desire, with far other motives than mere curiosity, to know what he thought and felt on matters of vital interest. Far as they may be from accepting the *ipse dixit* even of a saint, the *sic cogitavit* of Travers Madge would have had a claim, surpassed by that of very few others, upon their most earnest attention.

The thoughts which rise from the life which I have thus traced, even as it is, are obvious enough. It bears its witness, *valeat quantum*, at once against the merely ethical teaching of modern Unitarianism, against the tendency, more or less developed in different Unitarian teachers, to ignore man's consciousness of sin and the need of an emancipation from it, and against the vehement, coarse assertion of the merely forensic and substitutive theories of the Atonement, which enter so largely into popular evangelical theology. It shows how that theology, while it presents to the soul that is oppressed with the disease of sin a remedy which is indeed a true remedy, and rescues it from death, fails to give it that which can sustain its life and lead it on to a strong and vigorous health, and too often narcotises its spiritual energy and stops its spiritual growth.

And it suggests, also, a question which cannot be lightly passed over. Those who read it must, I imagine, feel that there was hardly any stage of Travers Madge's life of which they would not have said, *Sit anima mea cum illo*. The heretic, the schismatic, the unauthorised "celebrant" of what ecclesiastically was a mock communion, wins our admiration and our love throughout. We cannot admit for a moment, however much

we may rejoice that he was led on from truth to truth, the thought that had he been called away at an earlier stage, he would have been on the "left hand" among the accursed and condemned. And if so, in this as a typical representative instance, may it not be so in twice ten thousand instances? May there not be in others, as in him, an unconscious faith in the midst of a verbal negation of the truth? Is not *Meliora latent* a motto for us also in our judgments or our hopes for others? And if so, again, is it well to surround the witness which the Church bears to the truth with anathemas which at least seem to reverse that judgment and to shut out that hope? The "damnatory clauses" of the pseudo-Athanasian Creed have, it is true, been explained over and over again, as sentencing only the unbelief which knows itself to be unbelieving, the

heresy which believes itself to be heretical, the denial which involves not merely intellectual error but moral evil,—and in that sense thousands of the clergy accept them, and tens of thousands of the laity are content at least to acquiesce in them; but in the ears of yet more, among both clergy and laity, they seem to say, and that with no faltering voice, that those who fall asleep, being as Travers Madge was till the last few years of his life, shall "without doubt perish everlastingly." Is it not time to get rid of defences which do not defend, warnings which do not warn, words that have to be explained in a non-natural sense, aids to faith which surround the truth that attracts by its own beauty and completeness with that which simply repels, and rouses, as by way of protest against the denunciation, a not unnatural antagonism?

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

MOHAMMED AND HIS RELIGION.

As lying outside the boundaries of the Roman empire, and beyond the reach of its persecuting orthodoxy, Arabia in the latter part of the sixth century had become the refuge of sectaries of every shade, both from the Jewish and Christian communions. In the first century before Christ, when the irresistible grasp of Rome was gradually closing over Palestine, a considerable Jewish emigration had sought refuge and freedom in the trackless immensities of Arabian deserts; and the later miseries of the age of Titus and Hadrian brought large accessions to their numbers. The Marcionites, the Manicheans, the Nestorians successively found their way from the more densely peopled countries of the East into the great Arabian plain, where the impracticable nature of a great part of the country and the sparseness of the population induced a looseness of political organization highly favourable to religious liberty. Other systems of still earlier introduction had their representatives. From remote prehistoric time the Sabians had carried from Chaldea, across or round the Persian Gulf, their curious septenary* tenets, and their astronomical knowledge; and nearly by the same route the Magian followers of Zoroaster had brought from Persia their famous doctrine of the two principles, Ormuzd and Ahriman, eternally contesting the supremacy over nature and the human mind. Among these religions those of the Jews and the

Christians came recommended with especial force to the Arabian mind. The Scriptures had already been translated into Arabic, and the natives recognised with pleasure the descent from Abraham common to them and the Jews, and were ready to commend, if not to adopt, the sublime doctrine of the divine unity. Christian communities were numerous and flourishing in Arabia Felix; so much so that in the days of Mohammed's grandfather the Abyssinian Christians were nearly becoming masters of Mecca. But the subtlety which the moribund philosophy of Greece had bequeathed to the church had already caused many divisions and subdivisions in the Eastern Church; all kinds of abstruse questions about the angels and the devils, about the mode of the Incarnation, and the nature of the divine personality, were argued with the greatest heat, and with little difference of intellectual acuteness, among the various sects to which Gnosticism had given birth. One is reminded of the occupations of some among the fallen angels:—

"In discourse more sweet,
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

The doctrine of the one, almighty, all-wise God was hid from sight in the dust of these interminable logomachies, and, Christianity being presented to him under this uninviting form, the Arab felt no desire to embrace it; he continued to worship his idols as his ancestor Laban had done before him. Around

* Seven gods, or angels, directing the course of the seven planets; seven days of the week, &c.—*Gibbon*.

the Kaaba*—the central point, before no less than after Mohammed, of the Arab's religious hope and religious fear—three hundred and sixty-five idols were ranged; not that he did not believe in the tenet, taken abstractedly, of one Supreme Intelligence, but he shared the common superstition of barbarous nations, which prompts them to propitiate the many malevolent powers, though of a lower order, whom they believe to be nearer to them and their affairs, more sedulously than the one gracious Being high aloft in the heavens, whose *general* benevolence they regard as incompatible with attention to the interests of individuals.

Among a people thus circumstanced arose the prophet-king Mohammed.† He belonged to the noble family of the Hashemites in the tribe of Koreish, a family which had for some generations held the guardianship of the Kaaba, and the government of the city of Mecca. The Arab historians invest his birth and infancy with an impalpable haze of miracles, most of which are common-place enough; one, however, contains a beautiful fancy; it is that which makes the angels who took the holy infant out of the nurse's arms, draw his heart out from his bosom, and squeeze out of it *the black drop of original sin*, which is naturally engendered in the offspring of Adam. His father and mother died when he was yet an infant, and Mohammed was brought up by the eldest of his numerous uncles, Abu Taleb. Two of the others bear names famous in history—Al Abbas, the ancestor of the long line of the Abbasside Caliphs, and Hamza, who died fighting for the faith on the field of Ohud.

Mohammed was certainly by birth an aristocrat, but it was of no slight importance that he belonged to that branch of the Arab aristocracy which dwelt in towns and gained wealth by commerce, and not to that which exercised chieftainship over the rural tribes, and whose substance consisted in their flocks and herds, and droves of high-mettled horses and patient camels. The former class had far more opportunities and means of culture; the intercourse of the market, books, and travel, might strengthen and expand their minds; the hold of tradition and custom would be less enthralling over them than over their brethren of the plains. Thus

Mohammed himself, in his fourteenth year, accompanied Abu Taleb into Syria on a mercantile journey; and though the particular stories about his intercourse with a Nestorian monk and others, on this occasion, are said to be undeserving of belief, there is no reason to doubt the fact implied in them, that he had unusual facilities for getting a knowledge of the opinions and tendencies of many sorts of men. Among the different elements that go to make up the Koran, three are conspicuous; the first is that root of idealism, that nucleus of pure spirituality, which lies at the basis of the religion, and enables us to justify the Divine Goodness in allowing it to have flourished so widely, and still to flourish;—the second is the fanaticism, in its various forms of superstition, charlatanism, intolerance, &c., which all too closely wraps round the primitive and purer element;—the third is that practicality, that knowledge of the busy life of man, which dictated some of the deepest and wisest things to be found in the volume.* Sayings of this kind have been quoted by modern writers in order to point out in contrast the absence of such practical maxims from the New Testament. But if one may dwell for a moment without irreverence on the human aspect of the life of Christ, the silence complained of admits of a very natural explanation. The Christ was born and lived among the poor; the wisdom of the economist or the prosperous citizen came not from his lips, because it had no natural place in his human sympathies. From the lowest stratum of human society upwards to the topmost, the lessons of a higher morality and a glorious self-denial were to permeate; but these were to be applicable to all alike; the special ethics and economics of different states of society were left for human reason to elaborate for itself.

Mohammed remained up to his twenty-fifth year with Abu Taleb, and then entered into the service of Kadijah,† the widow of a rich merchant of Mecca. For three years he served her faithfully and prudently; her affairs prospered; and the grateful mistress rewarded her factor with her love and her worldly goods. The disparity of years may excite a smile, for Kadijah was forty-five, while Mohammed was only twenty-eight.

* The Kaaba, so called from its square form, was the temple of Mecca, the building of which was ascribed by Arab tradition to Abraham and Ishmael.

† The name Mohammed signifies "renowned" or "most glorious;" it is formed from the past participle of the verb *hamad*, "to praise." There are discordant statements as to the date of the prophet's birth; Sprenger, his latest biographer, prefers the year 571.

* Take as one instance among many this from chapter xvii., entitled "The Night Journey:"—"And let not thy hand be tied up to thy neck! neither open it with an unbounded expansion, lest thou become worthy of reprobation, and be reduced to poverty."

† I do not think it worth while to alter the received mode of spelling names at once so familiar and so comparatively unimportant as those of Kadijah, Ali, Zeinab, Mo'anna, &c., for the doubtless more correct orthography of Sprenger—Chadyja, 'Alyy, Zaynab, Madyna, &c.

But the reality of the affection which united them is proved by the honest and generous warmth with which, years after her death, Mohammed sheltered her memory from disparagement. I quote the passage from Gibbon. "Was she not old?" said Ayesha, the favourite wife of his old age, with the insolence of a blooming beauty; "has not God given you a better in her place?" "No, by Allah," said Mohammed, with an effusion of honest gratitude, "there never can be a better. She believed in me when men despised me; she relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted by the world."

Twelve years of this union, which was blessed with eight children, of whom only one, Fatima, the wife of Ali, lived to perpetuate the race of the prophet, passed quietly on. For several years in succession it became the practice of Mohammed to spend the month of Ramadan in a cave on the mountain called Hira, a few miles from Mecca. A soul which from its earliest years had had a bias to religious meditation must at these periods have met with wonderful experiences; the book of nature was unrolled before his eyes; the awful truths which he had learnt from the Hebrew Scriptures would feed and satisfy the mystic and serious cast of his mind; here he might feel "the shortness of time and the length of eternity," here become conscious of the depths of living will and energy within, inviting him to teach what he had received, tempting him to supply the shortcomings of inspiration. To regard all this as the premeditated cheatery of a wily impostor is a view of things which, common as it was even in the last century, has ceased now to be considered tenable by any person whose judgment is worth having. Without cavilling at particular expressions, nor yet accepting the view in its entirety, let me lay before the reader a well-known passage from Carlyle's "Lectures on Hero Worship," in which this later conviction finds a voice:—

"Mahomet was in his fortieth year when, having withdrawn to a cavern in Mount Hara, near Mecca, during this Ramadhan, to pass the month in prayer, and meditation on those great questions, he one day told his wife Kadijah, who with his household was with him or near him this year, that by the unspeakable special favour of Heaven he had now found it all out; was in doubt and darkness no longer, but saw it all. That all these idols and formulas were nothing—miserable bits of wood; that there was one God in and over all; and we must leave all idols and look to Him. That God is great; and that there is nothing else great! He is the Reality. Wooden idols are not real; He is real. He made us at first; sustains us yet; we and all things are but the shadow of Him; a transitory garment veiling the eternal

splendour. 'Allah akbar, God is great;' and then also 'Islam,' that we must submit to God. That our whole strength lies in resigned submission to Him, whatsoever He do to us. For this world and for the other!

* * * * *

"Such light had come, as it could, to illuminate the darkness of this wild Arab soul. A confused dazzling splendour as of life and heaven, in the great darkness which threatened to be death; he called it revelation and the angel Gabriel;—who of us yet can know what to call it? It is the 'inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth us understanding. To know, to get into the truth of anything, is ever a mystic act,—of which the best logics can but babble on the surface. 'Is not Belief the true god-announcing miracle?' says Novalis. That Mahomet's whole soul, set in flame with this grand truth vouchsafed to him, should feel as if it were important, and the only important thing, was very natural. That Providence had unspeakably honoured him by revealing it, saving him from death and darkness; that he therefore was bound to make known the same to all creatures: this is what was meant by 'Mahomet is the Prophet of God;' this too is not without its true meaning."

In contrast to this, take the account of Simon Ockley, a writer of the early part of the eighteenth century:—

"It is probable that he employed himself for some years in the care of his family, and the prosecution of his trade; conforming all the while to the idolatrous superstition of his countrymen. By the Christian writers he is said to have been profligate in his morals; but nothing of the kind, as was to be expected, is mentioned by any Mohammedan author. However this may be, in the thirty-eighth year of his life he began to affect solitude, retiring frequently into a cave of Mount Hara, near Mecca, to spend his time in fasting, prayer, and meditation. Here he is supposed to have composed so much of the Koran as he first published. Mohammed, who, it is agreed on all hands, could neither read nor write, has evidently borrowed many things from the Old and New Testament, and from the Jewish Talmud. His assistants in the work are said to have been Abdia the son of Salem, who was a Persian Jew, and a Nestorian monk named Bahira by the eastern and Sergius by the western writers. From a statement we shall presently give from Abulfeda it seems probable that Waraka was also in the secret, if he did not lend a helping hand. In his Koran, chap. xvi., the impostor complains that his enemies charged him with being assisted by that Persian Jew, but endeavours to clear himself in these words: 'They say, certainly some man teaches him; he whom they mean speaks a barbarous language; but the Koran is in the Arabic tongue, full of instruction and eloquence.' As for the monk, he is said to have murdered him when he had no farther occasion for him. No doubt he took what care he could to conceal his being assisted."

Compare again with both of these the masterly sketch of Gibbon, whose clear Italian intellect never touched a subject that it did not illustrate. One may prefer Carlyle, and think his account goes more to the root of the matter; yet who can deny that it requires to be corrected by the accents of

pure intelligence breathed in the following passage?*

"The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveller. He compares the nations and the religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds, with pity and indignation, the degeneracy of the times; and resolves to unite under one God and King the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arab. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest, that instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the East, the two journeys of Mahomet into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus; that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadjah. In these hasty and superficial excursions the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil; but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity; and I cannot perceive in the life or writings of Mahomet that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world. From every region of that solitary world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled by the calls of devotion and commerce; in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen in his native tongue might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted, or forced, to implore the rights of hospitality; and the enemies of Mahomet have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mahomet was addicted to religious contemplation; each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world, and from the arms of Cadjah; in the cave of Hara, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens, but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of *Islam*, he preached to his family and nation is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction, THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD, AND THAT MAHOMET IS THE APOSTLE OF GOD."

Kadjah is honoured by the Arabian writers as the first among the children of Adam to embrace Islam. Her example was soon followed by Ali, Mohammed's cousin, the son of Abu Taleb, by Zeid, his favourite

slave, and by Abu Beker, his friend, one of the leading men in Mecca. For a long time the belief in the new religion was propagated very slowly. After three years, according to Abulfeda, Mohammed received an order from above to preach to those of his tribe. He summoned his kinsfolk, and they came together to the number of about forty. He offered them, as the ambassador of God, the good both of this world and of the next, if they would follow him and help him. "Who then will be my vizier" (*i.e.*, take part of the burden with me), "my brother, my deputy?" The young Ali could not contain himself; he fiercely declared himself ready to exterminate out of hand the adversaries of the prophet. Mohammed embraced his neck, and commanded all present to pay him obedience. The older men hardly knew whether to take this strange scene in jest or in earnest; but gradually, from one cause or another, the commencing avalanche gathered to itself congenial materials. The story of Omar is remarkable; he was the St. Paul of Islam. He was the son of Al Ketabi, and one of the principal men in Mecca, and up to the time of his conversion was violently set against the new doctrine. "His anger rose to such a height, that having girded on a sword, he went in search of him with an intent to kill him. By the way he called in at his own sister's, where the twentieth chapter of the Koran was reading. Omar demanded to see the book, and, upon his sister's refusal, gave her a violent slap on the face, who then gave it to him, upon his promising to restore it her again. No sooner had he read a little of it, when he cried out, 'Oh, how fine is this! How I reverence it! I have a great desire to be a believer.' He immediately inquired where Mohammed was to be found, and being told, went to the apostle, who, taking hold of his clothes and pulling him forcibly to him, said, 'O son of Al Ketabi, what do you stop at? Why would you stay till the roof of the house falls upon your head?' Upon Omar's replying, 'I come hither that I may believe in God and his apostle,' the apostle gave praise to God; and thus was completed the conversion of Omar."*

The mission or call of Mohammed is assigned to the year 611; nine years after Abu Taleb died, making on his death-bed that profession of Islam which till then, through fear of the Koreishites, he had deferred. Soon after Kadjah died also. While she lived

* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," ch. I.

* Ockley, p. 16.

Mohammed had abstained from exercising the privilege of a plurality of wives which his revelations had indulged him in; he had been the faithful husband of a worthy wife. The tomb of Kadijah is still remaining, and is still an object of religious pilgrimage. Hadjis regularly visit it on Friday mornings. All Mussulmans hold her in the highest veneration, esteeming her, with Mohammed himself, to rank amongst the only four perfect women that have ever lived, the other three being Asia, the wife of Pharaoh, Mary, the sister of Moses, and Fatima, the best beloved of the prophet's daughters. After the meeting described above, the Koreishites began to persecute the rising sect, but their proceedings had the usual fate of coercion which stops short of extirpation. Mohammed boldly appeared in all public places at Mecca, exhorting the pilgrims to the Kaaba to abandon their idols, believe in the one true God, and accept Mohammed as his prophet. Though the doctrine was simple, the last clause required immense faith; yet herein lay, on one condition, the secret of its success. That condition was that at bottom the preacher should be a true genuine man; a man who had really communed with the Supreme, and undoubtingly believed, not that fact only, but also that Heaven had selected *him* as its instrument in raising and reforming his fellow-men. This being granted, this condition fulfilled, faith was easy and natural to those enthusiastic children of the sun. Here was a man who *said* that God visited him through the intervention of angels, and told him this or that; this man's life was plainly, according to Arab standards, virtuous and noble; it was consistently ruled by some powerful spirit within; he refused no responsibility; shrank from no depth or height of trust reposed in him; was ready to lead if they would follow; to teach authoritatively if they would listen: was it very wonderful if they took him at his word, hailed the voice of God as speaking by his mouth, and rapturously bade him lead them whither he would? He has read carelessly the annals of mankind who does not know that when the passion of loyalty comes to be transfigured in the light of religious faith, no enterprise is too great for those under its potent influence, no form of suffering or death can deter, no human sagacity can calculate the consequences of the resulting movements.

Of Mohammed's night journey to the seventh heaven, which is usually assigned to the year 621, I shall say very little. Mohammedan tradition presents the tale under

a variety of forms, all more or less absurd and childish. What really happened was probably a vision in a trance, for Ayesha is said to have declared that Mohammed never left the chamber all that night. The visit was supposed to be made from Jerusalem under the guidance of the angel Gabriel. Each of the seven heavens was found to be in charge of some great and holy personage of the Jewish or Christian religion; but their order of succession is differently stated in the different traditions. Beyond the seventh heaven Gabriel could not go; but Mohammed passed on alone until he came in sight of the throne of God, on the right side whereof was written the formula of Islam, "La Ellah Ellalla, Mohammed resul Ellah."* In these traditions there seems to be scarcely any really original and non-Jewish thought except the conception of Azrael, the angel of death. In the third heaven the prophet found Abraham, "who recommended himself to his prayers; and there also he saw more angels than in either of the former heavens. One of them was of so prodigious a stature that the distance between his two eyes was equal to the length of a journey of 70,000 days. This, Gabriel told him, was the angel of death, who had a table before him of an immense bigness, whereon he was continually writing down the names of those who were to be born, and blotting out the names of those who were to die."† It was upon this occasion that the practice of praying five times a day, which the Mohammedans still observe, was, after a process of gradual reduction strongly suggestive of the intercession of Abraham for Sodom, enjoined as a religious duty.

In the year 622 Abu Sofian, the chief of the family of Ommiyah, and the inflexible opponent of Mohammed, succeeded to the government of Mecca. He and his faction saw that if the new religion was to be put down at all, the most vigorous measures were necessary; and a plot was laid for the assassination of the prophet. The secret oozed out; Mohammed, with no companion but Abu Beker, fled from Mecca at the dead of night, and took refuge in a cave a league from the city, where they lay hid three days. Every one has heard the story of the spider's web and the pigeon's nest. "The pursuing party halted before the cave where he and Abu Beker had hid themselves. During the three days they had lain hid here, a spider,

* "There is no God but God: Mohammed is the prophet of God."

† Ockley, p. 23.

they tell us, had spun its web over the mouth of the cave, and a pigeon laid two eggs near it. The sight of these objects convinced their enemies that the cave could not lately have been entered by man, and so they passed on without searching it.* His enemies were prowling around seeking his life, but the soul of Mohammed was anchored on the rock. "We are but two," said the trembling Abu Beker. "There is a third," replied the prophet; "it is God Himself." The fugitives sought refuge in Yathreb, thenceforth to be called Medina, a city about 300 miles to the north of Mecca, where Mohammed had already some earnest disciples. This event is the celebrated Hegira,† or flight from Mecca, the recognised era of all Mohammedan countries.

From this point till the triumphant return of the prophet to Mecca, in 630, eight years of confused military operations ensued. Many refugees followed the prophet to Medina. Along with these ranged themselves many Ansars, or "helpers," from the place itself; for Mohammed, after trying gentleness and persuasion in vain, had become convinced that the stiff-necked and unbelieving members of the tribe of Koreish were open to no argument but that of force. In the battle of Beder (623) the idolaters were defeated; but at Ohud next year the Mussulmans met with a severe repulse. Hamza, one of Mohammed's uncles, was killed, and the prophet himself was wounded in the face. Among the Arabs, as in every other community, there were many "waiters upon Providence" in whose breasts the prophet's ill-success caused serious scruples and misgivings. But he never lost his self-possession for an instant; declared that those who had fallen on the field were martyrs for Islam, and had entered immediately into the joys of paradise, and reproved the weak and irrational faith which made the truth of the religion dependent on temporal success. In 627 a truce was made with the people of Mecca, and from that time he commanded the true believers to make their pilgrimages to Mecca as before. For he had decided not to forbid the ancient and popular custom of going on pilgrimage, but only to purify it from its abuses. The idols were to be propitiated no longer, but the pilgrim was still to go seven times round the Kaaba, and might offer as many victims as he chose in sacrifice to the true God. In 629 Mohammed visited Mecca for the first time since his flight, and performed the regular seven cir-

cuits round the Kaaba. In 630 two important conversions occurred, that of Khaled, the "Sword of God," the future conqueror of Syria, and that of Othman, the secretary and third successor of the prophet. Amrou, the conqueror of Egypt, became a Mussulman about the same time. The resistance of the Koreishites was broken by these defections, and in this same year Mohammed, marching a large army to Mecca, received the submission of the city. Little blood was shed, and for most of that Khaled, not the prophet, was answerable. In 631, which is called by the Mohammedan writers the year of embassies, nearly all the nations dwelling in Arabia, most of whom had waited to see the issue of the struggle with the Koreishites, embraced Islam, and put away their idols. In the following year Mohammed died, being sixty-one years of age. In their wild devotion many of his followers refused to believe that death had power to call away the apostle of God, and uttered threats against those who spoke of interring the body. But Abu Beker recalled them to noble thoughts. "Is it Mohammed," said he to Omar and the multitude, "or the God of Mohammed whom you worship? The God of Mohammed liveth for ever, but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves, and, according to his own prediction, he has experienced the common fate of mortality." He was buried on the same spot on which he expired; and his tomb at Medina is visited to this day by hosts of pilgrims, engaged in the pilgrimage to Mecca.

What may have been the hidden counsels of the divine will in suffering this new religion, of which, whatever Carlyle may say, a large portion grew out of conscious or half-conscious imposture, to spring up, to extend itself over northern Africa and south-western Asia, and not only to check the progress of Christianity in those two continents, but to wrest from its influence many countries where it had flourished and borne fruit,—is a question which defies our speculation. Yet some of the circumstances and conditions under which this surprising success was achieved may be pointed out, although the relative stress laid on each will vary with the inquirer's special point of view. Gibbon places first in the list of forwarding causes the temporal advantages and the indulgence of man's lower nature, which the religion of the prophet offered to those among whom it came:—

"The millions of African and Asiatic converts who swelled the native band of the faithful Arabs, must have been allured, rather than constrained, to

* Ockley, p. 31.

† Arabic *el Hijrah*; strictly, "the emigration."—*Saïd*.

declare their belief in one God and the apostle of God. By the repetition of a sentence and submission to the rite of circumcision, the subject or the slave, the captive or the criminal, arose in a moment the free and equal companion of the victorious Moslems. Every sin was expiated, every engagement was dissolved; the vow of celibacy was superseded by the indulgence of nature; the active spirits who slept in the cloister were awakened by the trumpet of the Saracens; and, in the convulsion of the world, every member of a new society ascended to the natural level of his capacity and courage.”*

Hallam enumerates among the causes of leading importance which contributed to the rapid propagation of Islam—

“In the first place, those just and elevated notions of the divine nature and of moral duties, the gold ore that pervades the dross of the Koran, which were calculated to strike a serious and reflecting people, already perhaps disinclined, by intermixture with their Jewish and Christian fellow-citizens, to the superstitions of their ancient idolatry; next, the artful incorporation of tenets, usages, and traditions from the various religions that existed in Arabia; and, thirdly, the extensive application of the precepts in the Koran—a book confessedly written with much elegance and purity—to all legal transactions and all the business of life.”

He adds that, in his opinion, the indulgence given by Mohammed to sensuality, and the effect of this indulgence in extending the religion, have been much overrated; that “a devout Mussulman exhibits much more of the Stoical than the Epicurean character.” But from this opinion we shall presently see that there are solid reasons for dissenting.

Other grounds on which the quailing of the Christians of the East before the sword of the Arabs may be partly explained are these. It seems as if the Christianity of a people were sure to become corrupt, if not attended by those constant advances and improvements in the spheres of morals, politics, intellectual inquiry, and industry, with which Christianity, though it may not initiate nor directly promote them, is always sure to be found in perfect harmony as soon as they have been elicited by reason. Now, for centuries before the rise of Mohammed, the Byzantine despotism, imposed at first upon the Greeks and Asiatics by a stronger race, and operating continually so as to degrade them to a lower level, and make them incapable of shaking it off, had killed out all activity in politics and the higher industry. Morals had been infected by the condition of politics; for it is an observation as old as the days of Homer, that slavery takes half a man’s virtue away:—

“Jove fixed it certain that the self-same day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.”

In intellectual inquiry, all that was eagerly

prosecuted was research into the most abstruse and mysterious doctrines of Christianity; a morbid and excessive development, which the general hampered condition of the human faculties and activities engendered out of the metaphysical refinements of the philosophic schools. But to success in war there are two great leading requisites, one or the other of which must be always present; either a perfect, or comparatively perfect, intellectual adaptation of means to ends, or an enthusiastic persuasion that the side on which we fight is especially favoured by Almighty God, and that our enemies are at the same time His enemies. This last requisite to success was possessed by the early Moslems in a supereminent degree. The Christians whom they attacked had it not, nor was it to be expected that they should have it; but they could have dispensed with it perfectly well had they possessed that other requisite, the due adaptation of means to ends. But this, the chilling, cramping influence of centuries of despotism—a despotism, too, not strong or wise, but generally feeble and unintelligent—prevented them from having. Whenever they did exert their intelligence—as, e.g., in the invention of Greek fire, which saved Constantinople from capture in the eighth century—the material effect in checking the progress of the Saracens was proportionate. At the present day, of course, if we conceive of equal forces of Frenchmen and Arabs as meeting each other in the field, though the Frenchmen might be all Voltairians to a man, absolutely destitute of faith, and the Arabs all brimful of the pristine enthusiasm of their religion, nevertheless it is certain that with average leading and average fortune the Frenchmen would defeat the Arabs. Why? Simply because their means of offence and defence would be more perfectly organized.

Let it not be thought that in these words any denial of the doctrine of an ordering and overruling Providence is intended. Special instances of extraordinary deliverances of individuals, and even communities, from imminent external peril are recorded, and can probably be authenticated. But, on the whole, when war once breaks out, when the appeal to pure force is instituted without disguise, success is ordinarily on the side of “the strongest battalions;” that is, Providence commonly works through general laws, the operation of which is known, and can be, in great measure, calculated upon beforehand, so that those who neglect to avail themselves of them have themselves to thank

* Gibbon, ch. li.

for any miscarriage in their fortunes which may thence arrive. As God "sends rain upon the evil and upon the good," so He brings the calamities of war upon the good as well as the evil; and if a nation would secure itself from those calamities, it must provide and keep up means of national defence—means which no study of divine revelation will aid it in discovering, but for which it must resort to science and intelligence. To pretend to find in the Bible any system of perfect jurisprudence, or any infallible physical theory, or, in short, any set of truths which human reason is capable of excogitating for itself, is to assimilate it to the Koran, tends to the discredit of revelation, and raises up stumbling-blocks in the way of faith.

But however the spread of Mohammedanism may be accounted for, the disastrous import of the fact itself must not be lost sight of. In Palestine, the "early home" to which Christian love repaired in the fourth century to cheer its sadness with "its own native air,"* round Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul, and Ephesus, the episcopal see of Timothy—in the country of the great Athanasius, and along the greater part of the coast of North Africa, once thickly set with Christian and civilised communities, and renowned for ever as the home of St. Augustine—by the waters of the Bosphorus, where Gregory Nazianzen sat on the patriarchal throne, and from Philippi, when Paul first touched the land of Europe, round by Thessalonica and Berea to the Gulf of Volo—the religion of the False Prophet hangs like a foul malarious mist, making society dead and progress impossible, blighting the life of woman, and fostering pride and sensuality in man. These things are so notorious, and these consequences so inevitably flow from a system which condemns one-half of the human race to a condition morally worse than slavery, that any detailed proof of them might seem superfluous: yet, as some modern travellers—particularly Mr. Layard and Sir Charles Fellows—happening to have been well treated by Turkish pachas, and to have found much knavery and deceit among the Christian Greeks (as if anything else could have been expected after ages of servitude!), have laboured to confuse the natural and healthy perceptions of Christians in the West, and to represent Mohammedan domination over Christians as endurable, if not even desirable,

it may be useful to collect a little evidence, drawn from sources unimpeachable, and conveying the most recent information, from which the reader may form some estimate of the real character of Mohammedan rule. We need not go further than the Blue-book presented to Parliament by Lord Stanley last year, containing reports from British consular agents in different Mohammedan countries, replying to certain questions forwarded to them from the Foreign Office.

Writing from Larissa, in Thessaly, on the 16th April, 1867, Mr. Suter reports,—

1. That the Christians of Thessaly, in common so far with the Mussulmans, are heavily taxed, and *have no voice in the matter*;* and that the taxes are increasing. The tax called *beddell* (answering to the old English escuage) is exacted not only from adults, but even in respect of infant children, though it is professedly paid in commutation of military service. Forced loans, with all their attendant rogueries and oppressions, are largely resorted to.

2. That forced labour, *angaria*, is imposed upon the peasantry largely and increasingly; so much so that it "has become a system applied to all the works and necessities of the government." This grievance of compulsory labour, often involving the fortunes of the cultivator in embarrassment and ruin, resembles the *corvée* of France before the revolution, and has always been regarded as a peculiarly odious and intolerable form of oppression.

3. That the Albanian frontier police, being irregularly paid, commit many acts of plunder and violence upon the Christian population with perfect impunity.

4. That promises of a reform of abuses have been frequently made in the most solemn manner, but have never been kept.

5. That the system by which the evidence of Christians is excluded from the courts of law in criminal cases and in suits regarding real estate, "often places both (life and property) wholly at the mercy of Mohammedan false witnesses, and of corrupt interpretations of the Koran law."

Until the Christians get the upper hand, real improvement is impossible, for the Moslem can no more change the character which his religion stamps upon him than the leopard his spots. Mr. Stuart, consul at Janina in Epirus, has in his report some remarkable observations bearing on this point. After mentioning certain favourable traits in the Mussulman character, he says:—"Observed, however, in the wider circles of society, and from a political point of view, the Mussulman of this country appears under a different aspect. *His religion has set upon him a seal which nothing can change or efface.* It pervades his whole life, individual, social, political; it enters into all his motives, and regulates all his actions; admitting no change, and allowing no fraternity with others." This is said of Mussulmans of rank and educa-

* See "The Christian Year;" hymn for the First Sunday in Advent. The reference is to St. Jerome, who with his female friends, the Roman ladies Paula and Eustochium, came to live at Bethlehem, A.D. 386.

* The italics are our own.

tion ; as to the ignorant majority among the Albanian population, they "know little more of their religion than the pride and indolence which it inculcates."

Writing from Cyprus, Mr. Sandwith says that the results of the law excluding Christian evidence from the courts would be far worse than they are, but for the circumstance that Christian suitors, being as a class wealthier than the Mohammedans, are frequently able to bribe the judges to do them justice ! The same consul, after observing that the only Christians in public employ in Cyprus were a few clerks, adds :—"If capacity and merit were really titles for preferment to public offices, the relative positions of Turks and Greeks in this island would be reversed, the latter occupying the important, and the former the inferior posts." Out of a population for the whole island roughly estimated at 200,000, the Christians compose more than three-fourths. Yet this is the degraded condition to which Mohammedan rule, supported by the policy of the western nations, reduces a population as sensitive, as well educated, and far more intelligent than any corresponding section of our own people. Evidence of a similar character from other parts of the Turkish dominions might easily be added ; and if there are any reports of a more favourable complexion, the cause seems to be that they describe the state of things prevailing at seaport towns—great commercial centres, where mixed tribunals are established, and where, in the consular or diplomatic agents of the Christian powers, the oppressed rayah finds willing and able protectors.

But, after all, the blackest, the utterly irredeemable feature of Mohammedanism is its sensuality—that ingredient in the religion which wars against the dignity, the equal rights, the virtue, and the happiness of woman. If men were silent, every Christian woman with a heart and a tongue should seize all occasions to cry aloud against a social principle which condemns her sisters, throughout the wide-spread Mohammedan territories, to social nullity and intellectual imbecility ; which makes her the toy, not the companion of man. To dream of a reformed

Mohammedanism, from which this feature of sensuality were absent, is idle ; from the first it has been an inseparable adjunct of the religion. Mohammed himself, though, as we have seen, possessed of many virtues, yet in his later years especially, and while he was composing the Koran, appears, in his relations to the other sex, in the light of a mere animal. And since "the disciple is not above his master," we shall find, if we come to examine them closely, that all those followers of the prophet whom Mohammedan writers have most extolled for their self-control, abstinence, justice, integrity, and veracity, have been at the same time disfigured by this foul taint of sensuality. Omar, the second Caliph, appears in the pages of Gibbon as a very type of moral perfection : turn to the fuller narrative of Ockley, and you will see that in the life of this hoary sensualist, self-denial in the direction of eating, drinking, and sleeping, was balanced by unlimited self-indulgence in another direction. In the earlier portion of this article we described the legendary origin of the fivefold daily prayer still offered by all Mussulmans. But does the reader suppose that Mohammedan *women* are bound to the same duty ? Nothing of the kind ; the prophet disdained the sex too much to include them within the scope of the precept. While the pious Mussulman, just risen from sleep, prostrates himself in prayer before the great Father and Ruler of all, his wife, or rather his *favourite* wife, fills his chibouque, or looks about for his slippers, or prepares his coffee. What could prayer avail from the lips of frivolous beings, created only for the satisfaction of the masters of the world ?* Christianity is the only religion which ever has, or ever can raise woman to her true position. If this be so, and if it be also true that missionary zeal falls powerless from the sevenfold shield of Mohammedan bigotry, does not that Christian nation incur a grave responsibility which neglects any opportunity that *political* contingencies may offer for abating and limiting Mohammedan influence in the world ?

THOMAS ARNOLD.

* See Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross."



"A FEATHER IN JACK'S CAP."

I.

"UNSTABLE as water, thou shalt not excel." Now, why need the Rev. Felix Littleton have chosen that particular text on this particular Sunday in May? And why need the congregation of the little village church of Bulhatch-Tye have turned round to openly stare or furtively glance at Jack Graysfield? Poor Jack! he did not quite know where to look. Farmer Graysfield's seat, which was in the chancel, could be seen from any part of the church; and right opposite sat the rector's servants, instead of the wife and sons and daughters, who would no doubt have filled the pew had he not had a disappointment early in life. Jack felt his honest-looking face growing scarlet; and his feelings were not at all improved by hearing his mother give an audible sigh, and his father a suppressed chuckle, as though he said, "Now for it, my lad."

Well, Jack felt that if he looked down, everybody would think he was ashamed of what he had done; and though he was as sorry as could be that he had pained his mother and angered his father, he wasn't going to hang his head before everybody. So he set his mouth firm, sat bolt upright, and stared round the little church in rather a defiant manner, until, at length, his eyes fell upon a pew very near the door. In it there was a weather-beaten old man, with white hair and a scar over his eye, which made him look very fierce; and by his side sat the prettiest dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked little maiden in the world, as Jack thought. In a moment, the young fellow's whole expression changed. All indignation vanished directly his eyes met the soft glance of Katie Leng, who looked all the more winning, because Jack saw, or thought he saw, an effort to keep down the tears which would come into her eyes at the thought of his going to sea.

Yes, that going to sea was the cause of all the disturbance. Jack Graysfield had made up his mind, and nothing would turn him from it. He would be a sailor. Now, if it had been one of the Copford boys, or the Pages, it wouldn't have mattered. The village would have permitted their departure without any other visible sign of regret than that arising from the certainty that they would return again to fulfil the old proverb, "He that is born to be hanged can never be drowned." But that the only

son of the richest farmer in Bulhatch-Tye, or for miles round, who would soon have a basket-fortune in the continually dropping legacies of maiden aunts and bachelor cousins, should go roaming in foreign lands, and be shipwrecked, and maybe drowned, was not to be permitted. Old Ned Leng ought to be ashamed of himself for filling the boy's head with such rubbish.

The contention had first begun two years ago, when Jack was sixteen. At that time, he had begged his father to let him go one voyage, and then, if he didn't like it, he could return and settle down to farming. But Mr. Graysfield would not listen to this; he flew into a violent rage, and declared that he would horsewhip Jack, never speak to him again, and cut him off with a shilling. All this seeming to have no more effect than idle threats generally have, he tried a more powerful argument. Jack's going to sea, he urged, would kill his mother, and he would never see either father or mother again, for the old man would soon follow his wife when he had nothing to live for. Mr. Graysfield went on in this way until the lad at last consented to try and overcome his passion for a sailor's life, and said that he would not even speak of it for two years; but that if, at the end of that time, the wish was still strong upon him, his father must let him go, lest he should do no good at home, and perhaps bring disgrace upon a name which for generations had been held in honour by the whole county.

II.

And now the two years had passed. The time had dragged slowly with Jack, although it had flown so swiftly with Mr. and Mrs. Graysfield, that they were completely staggered when, a week ago, Jack had somewhat abruptly informed them that, come what might, he could not stay and spend all his life in Bulhatch-Tye. His heart, he owned, ached sorely at leaving them, but he hoped they would let him try the sea, and not think too much of what might seem his want of love for them.

Of course, Mrs. Graysfield's tears began to flow, and the farmer was in a worse rage than ever. He used such threats, and said such sneering and bitter things to his son, that though Jack remained silent, as he had determined, Mrs. Graysfield could not do so; but, woman-like, dried her tears, and

entered upon such a defence of her boy's character and spirit, that the farmer was completely discomfited, and was at last obliged sulkily to say that Jack might go if he liked, but, as his consent wasn't needed, he shouldn't trouble himself any further; and though he'd no wish to speak in the spirit of prophecy, Jack would rue the day he left Matching Farm, and his mother might wish she hadn't been quite so ready with her tongue.

Although matters were thus far settled, Mrs. Graysfield was not minded to give in. She was still determined to leave no stone unturned to induce Jack to give up his idea. She went to all their friends and relations, and begged them to write him persuasive letters. Jack was overpowered by heart-rending epistles from aunts and cousins and sincere "well-wishers." But what were all these missives in comparison with the letter he received one morning from Cousin Watson, at Bristol, saying that a friend of his would be very glad to give him a berth aboard his ship, which was to sail almost directly for the Mauritius? When Mrs. Graysfield saw this letter, all hope seemed extinguished. She now began to turn her animosity (born solely of the grief she felt at losing her son) against those who were reported to be the originators and main cause of his taking this mad fancy. She had never yet given Jack her opinion of old Ned Leng and his daughter; but if the last arrow left missed its aim, then she would spare them no longer. Thus resolved, she went to the rector (than whom an easier, kinder-hearted man never dozed away his existence in a remote country parish), and begged him with much earnestness, and as a special favour to herself and her husband, to preach such a sermon next Sunday afternoon as would go home to her boy's heart, and would not spare those she looked upon as being the cause of all her troubles.

III.

Mr. Littleton was not a little perplexed as to what he ought to do, and still more so as to what he could possibly say in event of his consenting. He had never said "No" to anybody in his life—the word being very familiar to his ears, but a complete stranger to his tongue. How could he refuse Mrs. Graysfield, she was such a good creature? She made the best "ginger tickle" in the county, and was always sending him cream cheeses and game pies.

"Well, well, Mrs. Graysfield," he said, wistfully, "I'll see what can be done."

"Oh, thank you, sir; I shall take care

that all my family are present;" and then she rose to take her departure.

"I don't promise much," said Mr. Littleton, "but I'll do my best, Mrs. Graysfield; I'll do my best."

"Then, sir, I'm sure, unless his heart's turned to adamant stone, he'll be touched by your feeling words."

At this the good woman bowed herself out, and left the poor rector to fidget and worry as to what he should say, until it was quite late on Saturday afternoon. He had scarcely sat down earnestly to work, when he was interrupted by a friend; and on this friend proposing to stay to dinner, the rector could not summon up courage to say that he was engaged. The consequence was that ten o'clock found him very tired and sleepy, trying to lash himself into a rage with young Jack Graysfield, and all who had anything to do with his having to write this philippic.

Everybody said afterwards, that Mr. Littleton quite surpassed himself, and that even although it had been a funeral sermon, the discourse could not have been more impressive. They could easily see that; for notwithstanding Jack and the Lengs holding their heads so high, they were completely taken aback by the rector. But the preacher knowing nothing of all this praise, walked home in a very dissatisfied frame of mind, his tender conscience upbraiding him for having been over-severe with persons whom he did not know. Perhaps he had caused pain to them, and to his favourite Jack Graysfield. But both parson and people were very far out in their calculations and surmises. Beyond the text, and an occasional sentence, at which Jack "pulled himself together," as old Leng would have said, denunciations, rebukes, and appeals were completely lost upon him. And I doubt very much whether Jack's reflections did not prove far more conducive to his spiritual welfare than a grave attention to every word of that memorable discourse.

His mind and fancy were busy enough all the time the rector was speaking. He was only eighteen, and he was going out into the world, which to him hitherto had been Bul-hatch-Tye—going to leave all his friends and dear associations. Why, everybody in the village knew him, and all about him; and there wasn't a single man, woman, or child in the church that afternoon but he could tell their names and histories. Oh! how often he should think of them as sitting in church—the doors wide open,

affording a glimpse of the splendid avenue of elms, each tree of which seemed bending down to try and listen to the parson's voice! And then the coming out and the shaking hands with everybody, and the accustomed walk as far as the mill with Mr. Leng and Katie. Would Katie be true to him? He

could not help questioning himself. He was too young to speak to his father, but there was something in his heart that rose up and cast all doubt away. Before he had time to think any more the congregation were standing up, the rector had pronounced the blessing, and Jack's head was bowed down as he



Page 36.

sent up perhaps the most earnest prayer he had ever uttered, that God would bless and take care of Katie, and his father and mother, and Mr. Littleton, and everybody whom he loved, that they might all meet again.

IV.

Bulhatch Mill stood at the top of Friar's

Lane, and half way down it was the cottage in which old Ned Leng and his daughter Katie lived. Bulhatch-Tye was Ned Leng's native village, which in youth he had seemingly loved so little, that he had run away from it to go to sea. But when he was nearly fifty, he suddenly reappeared one day, saying that his prayer for many a year had been that

he might lay his bones in Bulhatch churchyard. He appeared to think that time ought to have stood still in his rustic home while he was away; and he listened with a blank face as he was told that many of his old playmates had already taken possession of their "narrow cell," whilst others had left the place, and some had forgotten him altogether. Still Jane Walters was alive, and to her he could show the lock of hair which her sister Kate (now dead and gone) had given to him at parting. As she was a widow in delicate health, and not able to get the comforts she needed, Ned asked her, for her sister's sake, to marry him. She consented, and for twelve months she seemed stronger, but after little Katie's birth, she slowly faded away. The old sailor was thus left with his baby charge, which he seemed to regard as a gift from God, who had answered his prayer in His own way; for now there was a Katie Leng after all.

Ned soon became very popular in the village, especially with the youngsters, and with Jack Graysfield above all. He carved out models of boats for him, and rigged a cutter that would sail well, no matter how the wind blew. He taught the lad to sing sea songs; and in the long winter evenings he would amuse the youngsters by telling stories, as he sat in his big chair puffing his pipe, Katie on her little stool between his knees, and Jack opposite, drinking in every word he said. Best of all was it, when, with the whole enthusiasm of his nature, he recited how he had served on board the *Victory*, had borne part in the battle of Trafalgar, dilating with utmost vividness on the minutest details, until, sinking his voice, and reverently lifting from his head the old cap he always wore, he told how he saw the great conqueror fall, "the like of whom no mortal eye would ever see again."

Mrs. Graysfield often asked Mr. Leng and Katie to Matching Farm. She felt grateful to them for amusing and interesting her son as they did, little dreaming that the boy was imbibing a taste for adventure, and developing a desire to go and see foreign climes. Long before Farmer Graysfield or his wife knew aught of the mischief growing in their son's head, Jack had made up his mind on two points. He would go to sea, and he would marry Katie Leng. Now, if anything could have been more opposed to his parents' wishes than going to sea, it was that he should marry Katie. True, she might be the prettiest girl in the county, but that was not to the point. The Graysfields had always married cousins, and there was a cousin growing up for Jack

now. And with this cousin there was land adjoining Matching, and money enough to set them up at once if they pleased. No sooner, then, did all this burst upon Mrs. Graysfield, than, as she said, she saw through the whole thing. That wicked old man and his artful girl had laid a cunning trap for her unsuspecting boy. But she would beat them, if anybody could. The first effort at opposition had failed, it is true; for, notwithstanding the sermon, Jack was not to be turned from his purpose; but they would not forget to revenge themselves on the Lengs. During the next six months, accordingly, poor Katie had had to put up with many a bitter slight and petty jealousy. The whole society of Bulhatch-Tye were either aunts, or sisters, or cousins to the Graysfields, in degree near or farther removed, and were up in arms against these leaders of children from the path of filial duty.

As nothing could be said against a girl whose sole care seemed to be to make her old father happy, these annoyances had to be confined to excluding her from summer parties, and taking little notice of her at such gatherings as the rector's harvest feast.

"Never mind, my girl," the old man would say when Katie had been wounded by some spiteful dart; "somebody will come home from sea who'll put it all straight."

"Oh, I don't know, father. Sometimes I think, now everybody's turned so against me, whether Jack will be the same."

"Jack change!" exclaimed her father; "not he. What does the words of his favourite song say?" And at this point the voice, which now began to quaver a little, would give out—

"Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee."

Take ye no notice, and it'll all blow over, Katie. It's only women's ways, my dear; they don't *mean* nothing."

V.

Perhaps it would have all blown over, had not a circumstance just then occurred which seemed far enough from being likely to affect the Lengs in any way. This was, the return of Mrs. Knighton and her son to Friarswell Park. Mrs. Knighton was the grand lady of the place, and her son (who was just about to come of age) was the owner of Friarswell. Mrs. Knighton had been left a widow when Reginald was about three years old. Stricken with grief at the loss of her husband, she withdrew from all society, and shut herself up at Friarswell, an-

nouncing her intention to devote herself entirely to her son. She would hardly let the boy out of her sight; she would not send him to school; by all kinds of indulgence she fostered his shyness, until, at eighteen, the poor lad was as timid and sensitive as a girl, and wholly unfitted to fill the position to which he was born.

Mrs. Knighton had suddenly opened her eyes to this fact, and, hoping to overcome in one year the work of the eighteen preceding ones, she had taken Reginald abroad, in company with an invalid bachelor friend and an elderly maiden sister, and was much surprised as well as annoyed to find that he returned to Friarswell very much the same as he left it.

Very soon, however, a change became noticeable in him. After going three Sundays to church, both morning and afternoon, he conceived a violent fancy for rambling about the place alone, particularly in the fields behind Friar's Lane. Mrs. Knighton, I believe, might have speculated on the cause of this new whim for a whole year without coming near the truth. Poor Reginald had fallen desperately in love with that "dreadfully artful Katie Leng."

Of course, he had no difficulty in seeing her. He had been accustomed to talk to old Ned all his life; and as for Katie, she was quite innocent of any suspicion that she was the attraction which drew the young master so frequently to the cottage, and made him stay so long. She certainly wished that he would not join her when she chanced to meet him in the village, for he had nothing to say except how glad he was to get home again, and that he should be of age next month, and then could do whatever he pleased.

But though Katie was blind, her neighbours were not. The mail that carried to Jack one of her loving letters, with three tiny kisses dropped in wax outside, also bore two or three family epistles, full of varied details as to the sad way in which Katie Leng was going on. They'd always thought her flighty, but had held their tongues. But now she'd forced people to speak by her boldness in walking every evening with the young squire, who was never out of the cottage.

Jack looked rather glum as he read that part of his mother's note where she hoped he would "never take any more notice of such a wicked, pert girl, or think of her." He tore up the other virtuously indignant epistles, and then re-read his love-letter, afterwards kissing it a dozen times, and wishing he was

only home to show them that all the squires in the world couldn't shake his faith in Katie.

VI.

Now, all this could not go on very long without some echo of it reaching Mrs. Knighton's ears. When she heard that her Reginald was always walking about with old Leng's daughter, she could not believe it. She scorned the very idea; her Reginald, her "sensitive, proud boy," make a companion of an old sailor and his uneducated daughter! Impossible. But when, day after day, with strained eyes she watched him go away in the one direction, and when her heart ached to see him return one evening in such hopeless dejection that she could not get a word from him, she could bear it no longer. So when he came to say "Good night," she told him all she had heard, and asked him what he had to say. He stood for a moment irresolute, and then blurted out:

"I love her with all my heart, and if she won't marry me, I shall die, mother!"

Was she in her senses? A Knighton ~~marry~~ a vulgar village girl!

"Reginald," she exclaimed, "do you dare insult me, by saying that a son of mine would ever ask a low-born woman to be his wife, and take my place as mistress of Friarswell?"

"Katie Leng is no low-born woman," he answered defiantly, "and I have asked her to be my wife; and she,—she says she will not have me; but I will marry her yet."

Before his mother could find words to speak her wrath, he had left her alone to pace the room, in bitter self-reproach that she had not listened to those who had begged her to let her boy be brought up as others were, so that he might be fitted for the position he was to fill.

Wearily passed the night; and early the next day Mrs. Knighton knocked at the door of the cottage in Friar's Lane. She found Katie alone, and at once began in a hard, cold voice, to tell her tale of the village gossip—how she had not believed anything against a girl whom she always thought well of; "but," she added, "I can shut my ears no longer, and before I speak again to my son, I wish to know if you can defend your reputation in any way."

Before that word was spoken, Katie had been thinking how she could best screen the young squire's foolishness; but now, Mrs. Knighton herself could not have walked more proudly than did Katie Leng to her little old-fashioned work-box. Taking from it two

letters, she put them before the lady without saying a word. One (which had been received that morning) was a passionate appeal from Reginald, begging her to reconsider what she had said, and promising to marry her the very day after he came of age, adding that he would declare it at once, or keep it secret, as she pleased, since he cared for nothing in the world but her love. The other (which was all ready to send off) was Katie's answer—a letter any girl might have been proud of, though poor Katie blushed scarlet as Mrs. Knighton, with a face blanched by the pain caused by reading her son's letter, opened it. Neither she nor Katie noticed the anxious face of old Ned, who, after wonderingly watching them from behind the elder bush outside the window, moved into the porch, and softly lifted the latch, to listen to the interview.

As Mrs. Knighton read Katie's letter, she was visibly affected. The delicate way in which the girl tried to spare the young man all pain; the manner in which she drew his attention to the difference in their positions, and the duty he owed to his station in life; her reference to the grief it would cause his mother, who loved him so dearly; and, finally, her frank confession of the impossibility of her thinking of him, as she loved some one else, who alone should ever call her wife—struck Mrs. Knighton with astonished admiration. She folded up the letter, and stepping over to where Katie sat, put her hands on the girl's shoulders, as she said:

"Katie Leng, forgive me!"

"Oh, madam! please don't speak like that."

"I repeat it, that I can never expect you to know what I feel towards you; but if I live for forty years, every day I will ask a blessing on the girl who has spared my son to me."

Poor Katie completely broke down, and so overcame old Ned's caution that he straightway opened the door wide, saying:

"Katie, my dear! you mustn't cry like that. Why, what's it all for?"

"For this," said Mrs. Knighton, "because the squire's mother has come to thank your daughter for refusing to become her son's wife."

"My Katie the squire's wife!" echoed old Ned. "The Lord forgive you, ma'am!"

"It's true, notwithstanding, Leng. Katie has refused to be mistress of Friarswell Park."

"Hurrah!" cried the old man, slapping Katie on the back. "Why, there's a feather in Jack's cap!"

"Jack!" repeated Mrs. Knighton, surprised. "Who is Jack?"

"Oh, father!" urged Katie, as fresh colour mounted into her cheeks; "you mustn't!"

Old Ned looked rather foolish at this, and, in apology, muttered something about "letting the cat out of the bag."

"Come, Katie," said Mrs. Knighton, "let me share your secret; for, believe me, from this day until my life ends, you will never have a truer friend than me. Is Jack the husband you have chosen, my dear?"

"Oh, ma'am! I don't know about husband," stammered out the girl; "but we've promised to be true to each other, and Jack told his mother so, though he didn't ask Mr. Graysfield because we are so young."

"They must be very proud of their son's choice," said Mrs. Knighton.

"Indeed, they are not," replied Katie, "for ever since Jack has been gone, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Graysfield, nor any of their relations, have looked my way. They say father was the cause of his going against them all, and taking to the sea."

"Was that true, Leng?" asked Mrs. Knighton, turning round and smiling.

"Well, ma'am," replied old Ned, "I never said a word to their boy I wouldn't have said to a boy of my own; although it did seem a thousand pities for a fine young fellow like Jack to lose the chance of ever getting a pop at the Frenchmen. He's in a merchant vessel now, but Katie won't rest, and I shan't die happy, till he wears the king's button."

Mrs. Knighton turned to Katie again and said—

"Katie, would it be a pleasure—could I serve you in any way, if I interested myself for Jack Graysfield? Many of my family have interest in the navy, and I might be able to do something. It shall not be for want of trying, if it would render any service to you."

"Oh, you're too kind! indeed, indeed I have done nothing that should make you trouble yourself like that."

"Say no more," answered Mrs. Knighton; "only remember every time you ask anything of me you confer a favour. Now good-bye, Katie. Do not judge my conduct harshly; remember Reginald is all the hope I have in this world; he is my only son, and I am a widow."

VII.

During the next twelve months there were wonders worked in Bulhatch-Tye. To begin:

the young squire went abroad again, but this time with his cousin Colonel Lumsden. Mrs. Knighton remained at Friarswell, calling upon all her neighbours, and renewing her old intimacies, so that her house might be the resort of cheerful society by the time her son returned. Then Katie Leng became Mrs. Knighton's prime favourite, so that nobody who looked down upon her could expect to be shown any favour by the lady of the manor. Again, Jack Graysfield was now a "master's assistant," a real officer in His Majesty's navy, and was coming home next year with a cocked hat and real sword by his side to marry Katie Leng; and last and best of all, at Friarswell new year's treat, when the gentry and all the parish were present, Mrs. Knighton had desired old Leng to propose the health of Jack Graysfield, after her health and her son's had been given. This toast was drunk with much applause, and Farmer Graysfield, in returning thanks for his son, took the opportunity of publicly expressing his gratitude to Mrs. Knighton for using her interest in his behalf, and so turning what his parents had looked upon as a disgrace, into an honour and a pride. At this point Mrs. Knighton stood up, and said before everybody, that although the respect she bore to Mr. and Mrs. Graysfield would have led her to serve their son with pleasure, yet that it was not to her they were indebted so much as to another person present. "This is the one you must thank," she added, turning and taking the bewildered Katie

by the hand. "Katie Leng, by her true and honourable conduct, laid me under a life-long obligation, and the only way she let me show my gratitude was by promoting the interest of the man who is happy enough to have chosen her to be his wife. Take your daughter to your heart, Mrs. Graysfield; and when my son brings one home to me, may I have as much reason to be proud of her as you have!"

Mrs. Graysfield didn't wait for more invitation. She had a good motherly heart, and, until this animosity had arisen, had always liked Katie. So Katie sat between the farmer and his wife for the rest of the evening; and because she would have her own dear old father near her, Ned sat next to Mrs. Graysfield, chuckling, "Won't this be a feather in Jack's cap!" Then Mr. Littleton came over, and shook hands with them all, saying—

"Now, about that sermon which has always rather weighed on my mind: I rather think, Mrs. Graysfield, when Jack returns, I must make it up by preaching another in his favour."

"Hooraar!" cried old Ned, excitedly. "Why that'll be another feather in Jack's cap!"

And the Rev. Felix Littleton was as good as his word; for on the first Sunday after Jack's return, the congregation turned their eyes even more curiously than they had done on a former occasion, first on the Graysfields' pew, and then on Ned Leng's, when the text was read out:—"A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men."

LENNIE ORME.

"NOTRE JEAN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER KIRTON."

"HOLD thy tongue, Jean! wilt thou never be quiet?"

The words were not very hard, but they were so harshly spoken.

I was coming from my room along the open gallery that ran round the courtyard of the Hôtel de Lyons, and I looked down over the old wooden balustrade to see the speaker.

She was tall and thin—would have been called handsome, I suppose—she had one of those flat, well-coloured, bright-eyed, expressionless faces which may serve to hide various feelings, but which certainly only betray one—that of placid self-satisfaction.

Just now this face was in a frowning phase: it was evident the speaker was not satisfied with her little son.

I had only reached the quaint old Norman

town of St. Roque on the previous evening, but something in the tone of voice made me recognise Madame Clopin, my landlady at the Hôtel de Lyons.

I suppose it is an unpardonable weakness; but I do not like to hear a woman tell boys to be quiet when they are in the open air, and then I knew Jean's crime was not a serious one. I had heard a clear little treble pipe a few minutes sooner sounding out—

"La Boulangère a des écus
Qui ne lui coûtent guère,
N'en doutez pas je les ai vus
J'ai vu la Boulangère—j'ai vu," &c."

And then in the midst of the rapid *refrain* had come this extinguisher—"Hold thy tongue, Jean! wilt thou never be quiet?"

I scarcely knew why, but I felt that a sud-

den and unaccountable fit of indignation against Madame Clopin had taken hold of me, and as indignation must be fed by pity, I felt an equal amount of sympathy for the little pale Jean.

He was not a pretty child when you saw him nearer, he was so very pale, and he had such dark circles under his eyes; then he had a wide quivering kind of mouth, and straight, soft-looking hair—no, certainly, Jean Clopin was not a pretty child. I dare say it was contradiction—I am very contradictory—it is one of the privileges of single women. You see our married sisters have always their husbands to contradict and snub in private, and this gives them a large power of public gentleness and sweetness; but whatever the cause may have been, I felt my heart go out to poor little large-eyed Jean as I had never felt it stirred for any pretty little boy. I stood looking at him over the balustrade. His mother sailed on into her den in the entrance way opposite the salle, but Jean seated himself on the edge of a long stone trough just below the great pump.

The action reminded me of Cinderella. There was a desolate, longing look on the little pale face. I don't think Jean felt inclined to sing the "*Boulangère*" after his mother left him.

Everything was still and quiet in the old grey court. There was a range of sheds at the end facing the broad covered entrance, and under these stood the outlandish, heavy-hooded carriages of the Norman gentry, putting up at the *Hôtel de Lyons* a day or so, on their way to *St. Luc* and *Trouville*. Under the farthest shed was a goodly array of vegetables—orange-coloured carrots, with lovely feathery tops, equalling a fern in grace and colour; snowy turnips, with emerald crowns; and strings of rosy onions, while in wirework baskets, suspended from the beams overhead, were the blanched scarole leaves draining, as the ceaseless drip, drip on the round stones below testified, in readiness for the *table-d'hôte* salad.

I wanted to make acquaintance with the little pale child. With boys it seems best to let one's overtures take a propitiatory shape, and I went back into my room, which opened on to the gallery by a glass door. Just before I left *Southampton*, Aunt Lotty had crammed a box of acidulated drops into my hand.

"The very best possible preventive against sea-sickness, my dear," the gentle old lady said. "I have been told if you put one in your mouth when you get on board, and replace it with another as soon as it has dis-

solved, and repeat this, dear *Jemima*, until the box is empty, you won't even feel squeamish."

I kissed Aunt Lotty, and thanked her with the sort of affectionate hypocrisy one is sometimes compelled to use; and now for the first time I unsealed its paper wrappings and opened the box.

I went back to the gallery.

My *Cinderella* was looking more cheerful. He had quitted the trough, and stood watching the *chef de cuisine* as he pumped into a great brass pan which now stood just where Jean had been sitting.

The chef's face grew redder and redder as he pumped, and made a yet more vivid contrast against his fresh white costume.

"Well, Jean," he said, "what art thou doing here? Why art thou not out hunting butterflies?"

The depressed look came back to Jean's face. "I have got no net, *La Barbe*."

"Ah, what a pity! Hast thou lost that net which *Louison* gave thee at the last *Saint Jean*?"

"No, I have not lost it."

I was not near enough to be certain; but it seemed to me the poor little boy sighed.

"Thou hast not lost it, *notre Jean*? Where is it then, my boy?"

"Mamma has taken it, until I am more wise, *La Barbe*, and until I shall not cry out so—so loud for joy when I see three, four, five beautiful butterflies settled on the clover-blossoms. Oh, it is beautiful—it is beautiful!" he shouted, almost as loud as he had shouted "*La Boulangère*."

"Chut," the chef raised his hand warningly, and gave a glance over his shoulder towards the entrance-way. "Out of the road, my lad;" and he raised the brass pan, like a great jewel now, as the water sparkled to the sunshine above, while the bright metal glowed up from beneath. He smiled and nodded affectionately to the boy, spite of his admonition; and I felt somehow justified in the fancy I had taken to poor little Jean Clopin.

I don't know that I needed justification: troublesome, uncomprehended children seem to have a special claim on one's sympathy. Like the houseless, starving dogs, they can't tell their needs. Poor little souls, they don't know what it is they want; they don't know what it is that makes them abrupt, and obtrusive, and troublesome—the very opposite of "pretty behaved." They only know that sometimes, when their little hearts are most full of overflowing love and life, they get a harsh repulse, which plunges them into a slough of doubt

and distrust ; and they scramble out at last aimless, only conscious that they don't know how to do better. But if they could tell us what they wanted, they would, after all, be precocious little horrors. The best of them is, that the fount of love in their hearts is usually inexhaustible. Choke it, draw it off, seal it down—it still rises and finds its way to the light.

But while I went on meditating in this sentimental fashion (you see, I am, as I said before, a single woman, an "independent lady of a certain age," with nothing to do but to study my own sentiments—I gave up the idea of getting married long ago, for I fancy I should find the restraint of being tied down to a home and a husband simply intolerable)—well, while I had gone on wandering in this way, Jean had spied me out, and he stood now in the midst of the courtyard, his eyes fixed on me.

"Catch," I said in English ; then, feeling very much ashamed of my mistake, I called out the word in French. But Jean had comprehended, and had caught his bonbons, and he stood smiling and pulling off his little cap ; but he did not begin to eat the sweetmeats.

I thought he was modest, and I went back to my room. After a few minutes, I came again to look for Jean. He was still where I had left him, and I beckoned him to come to me. He ran up-stairs, came and sat down by me on the sofa, and looked at me with his bright, earnest eyes.

How the child stared at me ! I wore long curls then ; and at last, looking specially at them, he said, "Madame is English, is she not ?"

"Yes," I said, and smiled, for almost as he spoke the poor little fellow reddened ; and I remembered a French caricature I had seen, and which he, doubtless, had also seen, of these same long English curls.

Somehow, this broke the ice, and he was soon chattering away, looking as blithe as a butterfly.

He had a papa,—oh, yes ; but he was away ; he had gone to see grandmamma, who lived in Paris and was so—so ill. And he had sisters ; but yes, he had four of them—Idalie, and Marie, and Françoise, and Gabrielle ; and a little brother. Ah, but was it possible that madame had not seen his little brother ? He was of such beauty and gentleness that everybody must love him ! And already he could laugh,—oh, yes, he could laugh ; and he was Jules. There was a great man, also, who had been named

Jules, and his surname was César. Which did madame think sounded best, Jules Clopin, or Jules César ?

Here he stopped, and looked up in my face, as if the answer were of importance.

I laughed.

"Well, I think I prefer the last," I said ; and then, as he looked downcast, I tried to make the best of it :—"You see, Jules César is historical ; and I like history."

His little face lit up in a moment.

"And I too, madame—I love history ; of all my lessons, I like it best. But Idalie and Marie do not love history—they care only for the history of the saints !" Here came a very unmistakable sigh.

"And you like butterflies too, Jean, I think ?"

"Oh, yes, madame."

"But it is cruel to kill them," I said, for I don't like to see insects tortured ; and it is my belief that boys' hearts get hardened prematurely if they are allowed to take the life even of a butterfly in cold blood.

"Madame"—Jean looked very grave at me, and he put his little hand on his heart as if to assure me I might believe him—"I do not kill the butterflies. When I see them, as they come flying all around me, scarlet, and blue, and white, and orange, and my gold and black *machaons* above all—ah, madame, then I am glad. It seems to me that paradise must be just like those butterflies. I catch them only to see them, that I may enjoy their beautiful wings, and then I let them fly ; and my net does not hurt them. And I would fly with them if I could ; they are so beautiful and happy, the butterflies."

His eyes had grown large and bright ; he had risen to his feet as he spoke, trembling all over with his excitement.

I did not understand him, but I felt the presence of a gift in the child. Who knows, thought I, but here is the germ of a great painter or a famous poet ? Will it ever develop, or will it be ground down into common humanity by want of sympathy ?

I could not understand him, as I said before, but I drew little Jean to me and kissed him almost reverently.

He put both arms round my neck and whispered, very softly, "I love you."

II.

I went down to the *salle à manger* next morning to breakfast. I wanted to renew my acquaintance with Jean. I thought that

perhaps he would like to go with me to the Museum to see the pictures.

The staircase ended on the opposite side of the entrance way, and just as I was crossing this to go into the *salle*, I saw a stout, good-tempered looking nursemaid in the courtyard.

"Louison!" sounded from the kitchen, and she turned back again.

"It was Louison who gave him the net," I thought. "I shall wait here, and then I shall listen to Louison's report of my little favourite."

I went on to the entrance and looked out into the street. A tall, long-moustached gendarme was in the very act of bowing profoundly to the chef. There they were, their noses nearly touching, the cocked silver-



Page 38

laced hat and the paper cap both in the air. I could not help laughing, and not to seem ill-bred, I went back into the courtyard.

Louison was coming towards me again. "Good day," I said; "where is little Jean?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, do you know our Jean?" Louison had detected my single estate at once, and was far too polite to address me as madame. "It is for him that

I go to speak to the mistress. Ah, the poor child, it is every day the same, from morning till evening it is nothing but scolding."

"But how is it that he is so naughty a child?"

"Naughty, mademoiselle! if we were all as good as our Jean, there would not be room for so many in paradise." Here Louison stopped and wiped her eyes with her blue apron, and then settled her cap-strings

with a look at me as if I had ruffled them. She had a hard, brown, Picarde face, with such a row of white teeth as let you see at once that she had not been born in a cyder country like Normandy. "Ma foi!"—she shrugged her shoulders and went on talking as fast as she could—"it is past belief, that a little girl who is not bad for others, who is even devout for her age, should bring home tales of her own brother till she takes the joy from his life."

"But who does this?" and I felt that I looked indignant by the sympathy of Louison's bright black eyes.

Louison looked over her shoulder and tossed back her great solid-looking head with its cockscorn of lace. Seemingly she had adopted the cap of the country in which she now lived.

"I will speak," she said; "let those have the shame who cause the blame. It is Idalie, mademoiselle; madame cannot see a fault in her, and she is sent out to take walks with our Jean and with the others, and to watch over them. For you know, mademoiselle, the ways of a boy are not the ways of a girl. Jean sees something which pleases him, he laughs, he dances, he sings, he is so excitable a child when anything gives him pleasure. But, mademoiselle, Idalie is different: she is quiet, discreet, if you will, but she is dull; she cannot understand the pleasure of our Jean, and she thinks it is wrong to do anything but to walk along quietly as in a procession. It is hard, but it is perhaps just, that madame will not suffer that the child should sing or cry out here in the court; but in the open air what can be the fault? I ask myself, is he always to be kept in such subjection, he who is so bright and so gay when he is beloved? How can he live with such treatment? They do not know what they are doing to him."

I felt puzzled.

"But has this always been so?" I said.

Louison shook her head. "No, mademoiselle, monsieur and madame have only been here two years. Before then we had a farm in the country, and our Jean was always out-of-doors. He was not ill then, and when he came into the house he was quiet. Now he is never well or strong. It is not so bad when his sisters are at school; but with every holiday it gets worse, and I can do so little for him."

"It is very sad," I said. "Where is he now?"

Louison shook her head angrily. "The poor child is in the loft. He sang before he said his prayers, and Idalie has said to

madame that he will grow indeavour if he is not punished."

"Good day," I said. Now that I had heard all I wanted, it seemed to me that I had no right to have questioned Louison—that I had been meddling in other people's business; and yet she spoke of the boy almost as if he were her own. I learned afterwards that he was her foster-child.

I had so counted on our Jean as a companion, that I felt lonely by myself. I went and visited the cathedral—a magnificent semi-Norman pile, with a broad ribbon of golden sunlight striking across it from the clerestory to the pavement. Looking at that golden ribbon—so broad and solid that it seemed too real and hard to be a mere effect of light, I almost felt the old childish belief that if I could only clasp it firmly enough, it would take me straight up to heaven.

"I wonder if Jean thinks so. I must ask him."

Here I found myself blushing. I read in a book once that women do not blush after five-and-thirty. I am past that age now, and yet I blush still when I feel ashamed of myself; and now I was ashamed to find that, instead of examining the antiquarian treasures of St. Etienne, I had been thinking of climbing sunbeams just as Jack climbed his beanstalk. Well, I confess it, I am steady enough in respectable England, but once I get to the other side of the water, I find gaiety catching, and become as childish as if I had shaken off twenty years.

I turned to leave the church after a bit, and met a girl coming in. She was ragged and dirty, and I recognised her as one of a band of women I had seen employed to sweep the streets the evening before. I had fancied them the very refuse of the population.

I thought she was coming to me for a sou, but she took no notice of me; she went straight to the little altar of the Blessed Virgin, crossed herself, and then knelt down and prayed quietly for about five minutes. Then she got up, crossed herself with bent head as she passed the holy water scallop, and left the church.

I felt a strange inclination to follow the woman and learn her history; but just then my heart was so full of Jean and his troubles, that I lost the opportunity. If I go back next year to St. Roque, I must try to find out my poor ragged devotee.

When I reached my inn, Madame Clopin and Jean were both at the foot of the staircase. I was so rejoiced to see my little friend that I went forward and kissed him

before I spoke to his mother. Of course, this was a most undignified proceeding, and I saw, by madame's set eyes and mouth, that she thought so.

"You have a charming family, madame," I said, "but as yet I have only made acquaintance with my little friend," and I patted Jean's soft, straight, brown hair.

"You are very good, mademoiselle, and I hope Jean shows by his conduct that he is grateful for your kindness."

I could have put madame under the pump; only, you see, she is a head taller than I am. The word "could" must be understood as referring to the capacity of feeling.

"He is a dear little fellow," I said with energy; "I want him to go with me to the Museum."

You should have seen Jean's eyes,—they sparkled just as they had done about the butterflies, and he began to jump and snap his fingers.

The corners of madame's eyes and mouth went down as if some one had pulled a string attached to them.

"As if there was ever so ill-bred a child. Jean, stand quiet at once, bow to madame, and thank her for her goodness." Then she went on in quite another voice to me—a sort of voice that sounded as if it had been rolled, there was such a want of inflection in it.

"You are very good, madame, but I fear to trouble you with Jean. He has not yet learned to be discreet, and he might cause you embarrassment. When he goes out it is always with his sister Idalie, and sometimes with Idalie and Marie—alone it could not be."

It is impossible to describe the sudden change in my little man's face. Poor little Jean! All the joy that had shone out through his clear grey eyes was shadowed under this sudden cloud; they now looked light and colourless.

I felt unable to conquer Madame Clopin, but I would at least be even with her, and have my way, even although I had to take hers along with it; so I announced that I would be charmed to conduct the three children to the Museum.

Jean ran away to fetch his sisters in great excitement, and then Madame Clopin went on.

"Ah, mademoiselle, if I am unhappy in Jean, I have at least one treasure—my Idalie is an angel—she is so good, so exact, so scrupulous, so pious, so watchful over the conduct of her brother, and so anxious to amend him, that she is more than I can speak of."

Here, to my surprise—for I was terribly prejudiced against Madame Clopin—a genuine tear sprang into each of the hard brown eyes, and rolled over the wooden cheeks.

I longed just then for the wonderful knack some people have of saying a word in season; but though I felt that Madame Clopin was wrong in setting one child against another, I felt still more strongly that I had better mind my own business, and keep my opinion till it was asked for. You will know by this that I do not like to be interfered with myself, and that my reticence has the attribute of that peculiarly selfish maxim, "Do as you would be done by," just as if one could always judge other people's feelings by one's own!

Well, we went to the Museum.

"Come and walk with me, Jean," said Idalie, "and Marie can go with mademoiselle."

But I told Idalie I wanted her to walk with me, and I sent the two little ones on together. Idalie was, as her people say, "ni bien ni mal"—neither good nor bad—a dull, discreet sort of child. I mentally saw the woman she would grow into—we have plenty of them in England, and I shivered—women that are always right, and therefore, as they can find nothing to amend in themselves, are for ever tinkering their neighbours.

At the Museum Jean came and nestled close up to me. I found him wonderfully intelligent about the pictures; he pointed out beauties to me which I should never have discovered for myself; and I felt more than ever the presence of a gift in the little pale, large-eyed child.

"I wonder if his mind is too active for his body," I thought to myself. "Those dark circles don't look healthy." But after we got home I saw him romping and playing with a still younger sister at one of the windows overlooking the gallery, and I dismissed the thought.

I had settled to meet some friends at Lemans, on their way to Paris; and then we were to spend a few weeks on the banks of the Loire. After that I had to visit my cousins in Brittany, so I could only stay a week longer at the Hôtel de Lyons. But I promised poor little sobbing Jean, when I said good-bye, that I would not go back to England without revisiting St. Roque. He had been with me nearly all day lately, and I had grown warmly attached to the loving, intelligent child.

Madame was not in when I started for the station, but Louison came to my room to fetch me when the carriage arrived. Jean flung himself on my sofa, hiding his face in

the cushions, and the old woman signed to me to slip away quietly.

"Good-bye, Louison," I nodded as soon as I was seated in the cab at the inn door. "I will come back again to our little Jean——"

"You will have to come soon then, mademoiselle," she said, and her face grew so sad that I was alarmed; "the doctor told me yesterday, when he came to see the waiting-maid, that our Jean cannot live long; there is mischief here," she said, and she put her hand on her heart. "Ah, they will all be sorry when it is too late."

I felt stunned by this sudden news; it seemed as if I must go and take another look at our Jean. But my coachman was impatient. If I missed this train my friends would grow uneasy, so I drove off heavy-hearted.

III.

I was longer away than I had expected to be. My friends were a pair of enthusiasts, a husband and wife, artists in different ways; and they would not leave unvisited one of the many places of interest which gem the silver Loire, so that it was the end of September before I got to Dinant, late in October before I once more set forth on my way to England. I was resolved not to try the long passage to Southampton again. I would go back by way of Paris; so, of course, St. Roque was out of my road, but I had promised little Jean, and I could not break my word.

The constant change of scene, the charming conversation of my artist friends, and, after that, the delight I had experienced in my intercourse with the Breton peasantry, that strange mixture of the grotesque and the picturesque, had quieted my fears about the little uncomprehended child. But now, as I found myself driving through the quaint streets of St. Roque, with their gabled houses, and sculptured dormers and grey old archways, through which, if you took the pains to look, were to be seen every here and there lovely tree-shaded gardens, still gay with fuchsias and China roses, and stately with oleanders and stiff courtly hollyhocks—now and then with a tiny fountain in the midst, that seemed as if it laid a trap for sunbeams, and revelled in having caught them—as I drove through all these well-remembered beauties, Louison's parting words came back, and I felt a sudden keen anxiety.

Louison herself was in the courtyard when I arrived, and my first glance at her told me that no one would ever more be anxious for little Jean. She was dressed in black, and I

knew how rare a custom this was in women of her class.

"Ah, mademoiselle," she said, "you are welcome, but if you could only have come a week ago."

Then she bustled on before me to my room, the same that I had had on my former visit.

"Come in," I said; but I might have spared my words, Louison followed me in, closed the door, and then she set her back against it and burst out crying.

I cried too, and for a little while we could not speak to each other.

"Mademoiselle," said Louison, "I could not help it, he loved you and you loved him, and it is all said."

"But when was it?" I asked.

"Ah, then, you did not know it, and I thought it was for that you came; only yesterday we laid him in the cemetery. Mademoiselle, did I not tell you they would be sorry? The patron, ah, poor man! he was yet in Paris, for his mother, the old madame, is of so undetermined disposition that she will neither die nor let it alone; but when our Jean was taken so—so ill, madame sent for monsieur, and he came at once. Ma foi, I should like you to have seen the face of notre Jean when his father came to him. He was on the sofa here, mademoiselle—he loved to be in this room when he could—and his eyes shone with joy. 'Do not cry, papa,' he said, for monsieur took his boy quite up into his arms, and I saw the tears coming—'I shall be quite well now thou art come. I have wanted thee, my dear papa. When I see thee I don't feel so naughty. Am I very naughty, my good papa?'

"Mademoiselle, you should have seen our Jean's eyes that moment—like a pair of stars looking straight into his father's heart.

"Monsieur did not answer. I do not think he could. Madame had come in and she stood listening, but notre Jean did not see her.

"'Papa,' the little voice said—and oh, mademoiselle, I saw the mouth twitch, and I could hardly hear him say—'Stay with me always, and then I shall be good; there has been an English lady here, and she too made me feel good. Why is it, papa, that I am so naughty to mamma and to Idalie?'

"Madame knelt down and kissed the little hand of our Jean.

"'Thou art not naughty, my love. Mamma will not think thee naughty any more.'

"Ah, mademoiselle, I think the look in our Jean's eyes just then must have been very

hard to bear; for I would not have known madame. She threw her arms round him, she laid her cheek against his, and she sobbed till monsieur spoke out quite sternly:

“Margotin, agitation is bad for him—how can you be so selfish? Help me to put him to bed.”

“Then madame got up quite humbly, and went on before monsieur to her own room, and we laid our little Jean there, mademoiselle, but not for long. Sometimes he suffered, and then we heard him praying for patience and constancy; but he did not suffer long, mademoiselle. Two days ago he said

to me, ‘Adieu, Louison, I am sorry to go from thee, but I am going to a better place, where I shall not make a noise or be naughty any more. I am going to le bon Dieu, Louison. Good-bye.’”

Louison buried her face in her apron, but her last words had stopped my tears. Why should we weep and lament for our little Jean? As well might the caterpillar grieve to see its fellow turn chrysalis. The bright little spirit was at rest—for ever free in the presence of that Perfectness of Beauty it had loved so ardently yet so gropingly here.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

A GLANCE AT ENGLISH HYMNS SINCE THE REFORMATION.

A Lecture given at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street.

HYMNS, although they form but a small portion in the great field of poetry, are yet a portion of it which comes home to most of us in a living way; we all, I suppose, either care for them more or less ourselves, or know those who do. I hope, therefore, that a very short sketch of the changes through which English hymns have passed since that epoch when the Reformation and the modern form of our language began together may not be without value.

We may divide the whole subject into three periods. I. That of the early Reformation, before the distinct formation of non-conforming Protestant congregations. II. That of the eighteenth century, from Addison and Watts to Cowper, which, as an intelligible name, I may call the Evangelical period. III. The hymns of the last sixty years, during which hymn writing, as a distinct form of poetry, has been cultivated with considerable success by writers representing the many religious schools which have flourished, or, at least, have come into being during our own age.

I.

All poetry, it has been often remarked, reflects faithfully the feelings, especially the highest and deepest feelings, of the time which produces it. It is obvious that this law will be especially true of religious poetry. Men may feign, for the sake of fashion or of fancy, in their other styles of verse; nor, of course, has such feigning (which we should then call by the darker name of hypocrisy) been at any time absent from their religious

profession. But it is certain that hymns not written in a genuine frame of mind will have little chance of succeeding. There is, indeed, in this form of poetry one great source of “conventional” treatment, which may occur to some of your minds, and which undoubtedly renders hymns, in one way, less accurate representatives of the age when they have been written than some other forms of poetry—the drama, for example. This conventional element comes in thus. The long series of words and of thoughts which have become symbols of the Christian faith to most men, naturally form a part—too large a part, I would venture to say—of the language of hymns. They are hence apt to be cold, or, as I said just now, conventional. But beneath this formal similarity in style lie hid, as we also know, all those singular fluctuations in the mode of regarding religion which have marked every century of Christianity, and are not more clearly and decisively traceable in the nineteenth than in the thirteenth. So impossible is it to have life without change! So ineradicable the human passion for freedom and variety of thought! So idle, again, is the boast of those who maintain that their faith (whatever form it may assume) is infallible! So essentially childish the regret of those who sigh for a hopeless and never-realised unity! Yet the practical necessity under which the hymn lies of conforming always to the general code of Christian expression, and, further, of restraining itself within the obvious limits of a vocal act of prayer or praise, or, at most, of a brief series of reflections and descriptions, has un-

doubtedly been a serious impediment to success in hymn writing, and one which it has required real poetical genius, or the strongest religious impulse, to conquer. Upon the portion which poetry as an art should hold in the hymn, I shall say a few words further on. Meanwhile, the first period is naturally coloured at the outset with the gravity of an age when men, to whichever communion they might belong, had not only to live for their faith, but to die for it. The hymns written during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary are marked by a solemn tone—by a prevalence of stern, didactic feeling; they are the work of men to whom life was an earnest, a painful thing; they want the happier flow of less troubled ages—the golden cadences which occur spontaneously to “hearts at leisure.” I take one specimen from the “Paradise of Dainty Devices,” a collection which, though published in 1576, represents the earlier period of which I have been speaking.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God, and ease the woful grief,
That, through the heaps of heavy sin, can nowhere find relief.
Do Thou, O God, redress,
The great distress
Of sinful heaviness.

Come, comfort the afflicted thoughts of my consumed heart:
O rid the piercing pricking pains of my tormenting smart.

O Holy Ghost, grant me
That I by Thee
From sin may purged be.

Thou art my God: to Thee alone
I will commend my cause:
Not glittering gold, nor precious stone,
Shall make me leave thy laws.
O teach me then the way
Whereby I may
Make Thee my only stay.

My lips, my tongue, my heart and all,
Shall spread Thy mighty name:
My voice shall never cease to sound
The praises of the same.
Yea, every living thing
Shall sweetly sing
To Thee, O heavenly King.

The next specimen is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh.

Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse;
But down in darkness let them lie;
So live thy better, let thy worst thoughts die!

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review, with most regardful eye,
That holy cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour, and thy sin, did die!
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu! I direct my eyes;
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees;
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice;
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees:
To Thee myself,—myself and all I give;
To Thee I die; to Thee I only live!

This grave but manly character continued to mark our hymns during Elizabeth's reign; at least, there are very few that take the

lighter tone which, during the latter half of it, began to show itself in other forms of poetry. There is a sense in which one might call this severity of tone Puritan; but only in so far as Puritanism is to be used to signify, not a distinct sectarian spirit, but the spirit of what was best in the religious feeling of the time. The tone of the hymns is, in fact, a reproduction of the tone of the theology: nor, had the writers been disposed to adopt the more cheerful and animated style of their secular contemporaries, would the politics, whether of Church or of State, under the first Stuarts have encouraged them. Hence, as we advance to the seventeenth century, the hymns of Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, and others of that age, including some by Habington the Roman Catholic, are deeply meditative; they are weighty with thought and feeling; there is little in our poetry which bears reading more, or better repays the reader. On the other hand, these later hymns have the faults of the time in their style; they are often over-subtle in thought or in language; they run into obscurity and fantasticality; there is a certain pleasure in quaintness, and the writings of that age give it,—but it is one of the lower forms of pleasure: they tend to forget what I may call the congregational character proper to the hymn, and fall rather into the class of the religious meditation. My first examples are from the justly-famous George Herbert.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee preposset,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

Observe the curious touch of scientific observation about the properties of glass in the third stanza. Herbert was one of Bacon's main friends and counsellors in his philosophic labours.

Oh what a thing is man! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'ral men at least
Each sev'ral hour.

One while he counts of heaven, as of his treasure :
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars ;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet : now he scorns increase ;
Now all day spares.

He builds an house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crused the building : and it's partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind ;
And, like a dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires !

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass ; all would disperse,
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us ; one creation
Will suffice our turn :
Except Thou make us daily, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

There is a strange meditative power about this poem ; something almost dramatic in its analytic insight into human nature. My next example is an elegy on the loss of dear friends, from Henry Vaughan, a poet far less known than he deserves ; a follower of Herbert's, who, if he has not all the strange, passionate intensity of his master, shows a greater fluency and sweetness. I wish I had space to quote from the charming preface (1654) to Vaughan's book, the "Silex Scintillans," in which he sets forth a little of his own life and of his ideas of hymn writing ; but it has been beautifully reprinted (Pickering, 1847), and is within reach of any who care for a little volume which they are not likely soon to weary of.

They are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this bill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility !
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just !
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

I end the first division of my subject with Charles I., rather because the race of hymn-writers seems after that time to grow scanty

for awhile, than because there is much difference between their style and that of the few hymns which I know dated during the last fifty years of the seventeenth century. Some specimens by Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Mason, and others will be found in Sir Roundell Palmer's rich collection. I must pass on to the second period.

II.

To this, which I termed the "Evangelical," belong probably the majority of the hymns sung, or sung till lately, in our churches and chapels. Most of these were either written by, or in spirit connect themselves with, the great ministers of God who, in the eighteenth century, carried on the torch of English religion, sometimes, perhaps, with too irregular and ecstatic a hand ; kindling it sometimes, perhaps (if I may pursue the metaphor), into too lurid and earthly a flame ; yet, on the whole, running their race with no small portion of the "divine breath and inspiration." To this remarkable development, however, so far as it is simply theological, I can do no more than allude ; and it must be enough to define it by enumerating the names of Doddridge, Watts, Whitefield, the two Wesleys, Scott, Toplady, and Cowper. Indeed, the first very distinguished hymn-writer we meet—Bishop Ken—is not connected with this particular religious movement. His famous hymns may perhaps be regarded as points of transition to the newer manner ; they are the earliest which really live in our churches. Addison, again, belongs to no marked theological school. Yet there are few hymns more tender and holy in their sentiment, as there are few indeed more finished in their style, than those which we owe to that all-accomplished genius. The only one I can quote commemorates Addison's thankfulness for his safety during what were, a hundred and fifty years ago, the dangers of a journey to Italy.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise :

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roar'd at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

Isaac Watts is so well known a name that I am sure it would surprise some of my hearers to find, if they turned to his own book, in place of the partial selections from it, of how many remarkable pieces they were ignorant. Let me here give one which seems to me amongst the most characteristic of Watts's, whether in its dramatic directness of expression, its straightforward introduction of dogmatic opinions in which we, perhaps, shall not share, or its admirable delicacy and elevation of sentiment. It is a mere baby's hymn, indeed; yet one hardly envies the power of writing such a hymn more than the modesty with which the author speaks of it:—"Some copies of the following hymn having got abroad already into several hands, the Author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in public."

CRADLE HYMN.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Humble as this hymn is in its aim, I hardly know anything like it in its union of simple words and sublime ideas; nor does Reynolds himself paint childhood with a more overpowering tenderness.

You will observe how different are these hymns from those of the earlier period. They contain less expressed thought, less direct argument, but they are animated by a brighter spirit; they are not so weighty in diction, but they are more truly songs of the pious heart; they lean rather towards rendering a reverential faith than a penitential fear. Sometimes, indeed, the fervour of the age passes into an ecstasy hardly suited for public use or public recital. Such we find amongst the many admirable hymns which we owe to the Wesleys, and such also is that hymn which, in accordance with the opinion of good judges, I should be disposed to put highest within its class—Toptady's magnificent "Rock of Ages." One specimen in a less elevated key is all I can introduce, and I content myself thus the less reluctantly, because I am here in the region most familiar to our memories. It is by Charles Wesley.

The harvest of my joys is past,
The summer of my comforts fled,
Yet am I unrepentant at last,
And sink unsaved among the dead.
Nearer the margin of the grave,
Thou canst not in a moment save.

Destroy me not by Thy delay;
Delay is endless death to me:
But the last moment of my day
Is as a thousand years to Thee:
Come, Jesus, while my head I bow,
And show me Thy salvation now!

I might add Doddridge, Haweis, and Beddome, writers in a more meditative style; Logan, under whose name we have a few finished stanzas; the two great series of foreign hymns which we owe to the some-

what mystic piety of the Moravians in Germany and Madame Guion in France; and a vast variety of humble souls, whose names we perhaps read in village churchyards, and do not know that though dead, they speak to us in some of the most valued and most often-repeated of our Christian songs. But I must hasten over these and many more to the one whom I would select as the last, and, in some ways, the highest, of the Evangelical school, William Cowper. The pathetic story of his life is known, or should be known, to every one; no more strangely romantic career, no more tragic scene in the "battle between hell and heaven," can be found than that which transacted itself in Cowper's soul within the quiet village of Bedfordshire, with its level fields and calm waters, immortalised in our hearts and memories by the genius of this great sufferer. With that story the production and the character of Cowper's hymns are closely connected; the jarring tones of despair which sometimes break from them, in contrast with the exquisite air of peace and holiness by which they are also pervaded, are but a reflection of the agitated heart of a man too finely made and too sensitive for his own health or happiness. It must be also added that the type of religion accepted by Cowper is of a somewhat rigid and melancholy character, and that, writing as he did rather to relieve his own heart than under the responsibilities of poetry, he has very often lapsed into commonplace and conventional language. Yet throughout all Cowper's hymns we are sensible that they are the work of a real poet; there is a simplicity about them, an ethereality of touch, which other writers, who *felt* their subject not less strongly than Cowper, are unable to reach; like Herbert's, like Addison's, like even those which we owe in a later age to Byron, they vindicate the secret supremacy of the poet's art, even in that form of it where art is bound most sedulously to conceal itself. I commend this point to your attention, because it is one which has been little noticed; nay, the judgment just expressed may perhaps be in opposition to that often entertained in respect of hymns. Here, as elsewhere in every form of art, the highest excellence is reserved—not for the most religious man, not for the man most solely and singly penetrated with the Christian idea, but for him who has combined the required devotional spirit with the greatest mastery over poetry as an art. Short single effusions of first-rate merit we owe indeed to those who could not, strictly or professionally, be de-

scribed as poets. But whenever there are a number accepted by the world at large as good, we find they are due to those who have practised poetry as an art: to Addison or Cowper, to Herbert or Keble. Purity of mind, simplicity, devotion, love of God and one's neighbour, openness of heart, courage of confession—all these are essential elements for those who would succeed in hymns; but, after all, and above all, we shall find that the poet has the best of it; that art is justified in her children.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wanted fruit shall bear;
Though all the fields should wither
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Cowper's closing lines (as here) are often conventional in their expression.

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

"I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee!

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore!
Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And peace her mean abode,
Oh with what grace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life;
Sweet source of light Divine;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more!

III.

After Cowper we may conveniently date the beginning of the hymns of our own age. I do not mean that many of those written since his time are not very similar in sentiment and in style to those of the eighteenth century; yet even in these one may gradually and, as it were, silently trace the operation of those general changes in our ways of thinking and speaking from which no one can escape; whilst these general changes have also brought about the more important effect that hymns have ceased to be the work of one large school of religious thought, and represent now those many movements amongst which our parents and we ourselves have lived, and which it is neither necessary nor desirable that I should here attempt to criticise. Looking, however, at the new or revived modes of theological impulse as they have influenced hymns, I think it will be allowed that a great and a very useful range of sentiment and of style has been hence added to this portion of our literature. I do not call upon any one for approval of the opinions which he may not share, or may even regard with alarm and hostility. Yet, on the whole, I venture to claim that we shall find the best side, that which is most true or most tender, in each religious phase, reflected in its hymns. Partly from the very idea of the hymn as an act of praise or prayer, partly from the large and generous spirit of poetry herself, those tones which jar upon us when they are heard in other spheres of literature are, more or less, sweetened and harmonized in song. The sects clasp hands here; hymns High and Low, Evangelical and Ritualistic, the words of the Established Church and of the Chapel, those even of the early and mediæval periods of Christianity, meet together in our hymn-books, and are heard from the same lips; they express that deep underlying unity of conviction in which we all share far more than we are ourselves conscious of. I shall, therefore, simply select a few which appear to me typical specimens of the best hymns of

this century; premising that I will choose original hymns only; the vast majority of those which have been recently translated—especially those from ancient sources—appearing to me heavy and awkward as poetry, often trivial in thought, and rarely in true or natural unison with modern faith or feeling. The body of hymns translated from German sources, and those from the much overrated hymns of the Latin Church (including such as Mr. Neale's popular "Jerusalem," which, however, I venture to pronounce both clumsy in diction and essentially materialistic in its ideas), are those here specially referred to. Of such performances as the hymns in celebration of individual saints, which occur in some recent collections—uncouth Latin versified in more uncouth English—however earnest and well-intentioned from the translator's point of view, it is not necessary to speak.

Bishop Heber, during the first quarter of the century, left us a set of hymns, written in a finished style of much elegance, and valuable from the manly and intelligible character, which is not a universal attribute of the modern hymn. They are also remarkable for the skill with which the natural landscape is introduced, a feature to which they probably owe part of their popularity. The Missionary Hymn is a well-known example. I select one which is not so familiar:—

I praised the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green,
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

With Heber's manner, too often slightly artificial, and not free from the jingling cadences and tinsel commonplace which are the weak side of the school of Byron, compare some stanzas of charming artlessness by the great imaginative painter, William Blake:—

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear,
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

Milman, Grant, Montgomery, Kelly, may be named amongst those who have done themselves honour during the first half of this century. The character of the hymns of that period is refinement and moderation; they avoid the overwrought expressions and decided dogmatism which repel or attract us in the Olney and the Wesleyan collections; they are free from the over-subtle thought and fantasticality of the later Elizabethan writers. On the other hand, these hymns, generally speaking, strike one as wanting in spontaneity and fervour; they have too little of the character of the song; they are literary and meditative. These aims are carried to their highest development in Mr. Keble's "Christian Year," probably the most successful collection of English hymns by any single writer, Watts only excepted. This famous series is, however, too reflective in character, and often too obscure or too subtle in sentiment, to fulfil the common vocation of the hymn. Like the fervent and singularly varied collection which we owe, in late years, to Dr. Bonar, the "Christian Year" is more for the reader than the church.

As the influence of Byron and of Scott are perceptible in the hymns of Bishop Heber, so Keble has some of Wordsworth's felicity in phrase, much of his delicacy, much of his meditative tendency; but in force and in simplicity he must be ranked, on the whole, far beneath his great master. It is very high distinction for a writer to be fairly nameable with Wordsworth,—of all our modern poets the one whose individuality (when fully manifested) is the most individual. Bearing this in view, it would be no disrespect to Mr. Keble if we named him a Wordsworth in twilight. This definition is borne out, not

only by the general tone of sentiment and of reasoning, but by the details of the "Christian Year,"—the graceful landscape sketches, the selection and structure of the verse, the cadences of the rhythm. It is difficult to choose one hymn suitable throughout for recitation, and, at the same time, capable of doing justice to the writer's peculiar excellences. Perhaps a few stanzas from the well-known "Evening Hymn" may best show how high a point of success Keble could reach when he employed the simple style which a hymn demands:—

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove:

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dew of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

There is a peculiar subdued fervour, a repressed passion about the "Christian Year" which leads the way to the more emphatic expression which marks the hymns of our own immediate time. This quality has been occasionally carried into want of taste and moderation; yet, on the whole, we must recognise in the collections of the day a more genuine perception of the real purpose and character of the hymn. It would be easy to find examples of extravagance in manner from recent hymnals; but my object is to set before you the best things of every age; those in which the style is seen at the most advantage. The three following specimens appear to fulfil this purpose, although every one will perhaps be able to name others with a similar claim for selection. The first, by Mr. Keble's friend, Dr. J. H. Newman, is one of the most beautiful poems of the kind in the language, and like most of the writer's, is equally marked by severe purity of taste and pathetic simplicity:—

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd, that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years!
So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

By a writer unknown to me is the following, remarkable also for its simplicity and pathos; qualities which I should place among the very highest of those demanded in this province of poetry:—

Christ will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.
Day by day the Voice saith, "Come,
Enter thine eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul its summons there.
Had He ask'd us, well we know
We should cry, "O spare this blow!"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay."
But the Lord doth naught amiss,
And, since He hath order'd this,
We have naught to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too truly dear:
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our all in all.

Mr. Lyte's singularly elevated and truly-felt stanzas—lately spoken of to me as "almost perfect" by the greatest poet and judge of poetry of our own time—may properly close this long, but I hope not uninteresting series:—

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE AUTHOR OF "THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."*

1710—1765.

MORE than a century and a half ago, long before James Watt was born to give new life to the district, Greenock consisted of two little seaports, a quarter of a mile asunder, with a wide bay between. The inhabitants in the one were mariners and mechanics, and in the other mariners and foreign traders; and the combined population did not number a thousand.

Both seaports had fair harbours for the period, and both enjoyed the privilege of holding yearly markets. These were frequented by the Highlanders, who, descending

in companies from the neighbouring mountains—with peaceful intentions for once—disposed of their native stock, and laid in stores of what were by comparison foreign commodities. But in each of the towns the great centres of activity were the quays, where the gabberts and the fishing-boats, with now and then a large vessel, lay-to. The best houses were built round the quay-heads, in the old fashion which enabled men and women to look down upon the stir produced by their trades, and to combine the indulgence (in a way no longer possible) with air and light, and even

* And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her Sunday gown
And Jock his button coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.
There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thrav their necks aboot,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae true his grace,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
Tired-out and dizzy w' the thrail,
In troth I'm like to gae!

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him braw,
I'm blest alang the aye.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm dounright dizzy w' the thrail,
In troth I'm like to gae.
For there's nae luck, &c.

with the view of blossoming gardens, waving woods, and green fields; for Greenock and Crawford's-dyke alike commanded the grand silver sweep of the Frith of Clyde and its lochs, thrown up against the dark mountain land of Cowal, which included Finnart More and Argyle's Bowling-green.

In the house of one of the shipmasters of Crawford'sdyke, Jean Adam was born about the year 1710. The education she received in the parish and sewing schools must have been good; and it was very soon put to use. In consequence, probably, of her father's dying when she was young, Jean entered, while yet a girl, the service of a clergyman in the neighbourhood—Mr. Turner of Greenock, it has been suggested. Here she united in her own person the offices of a modern *bonne*, a nursery governess, and a sewing maid. A minister's income could not furnish great remuneration for such assistance. Even highly trained sempstresses at that time were in the habit of giving their skill and industry, together with the use of their fashionable patterns, for "sixpence a day and their meat." But if young Jean Adam got small payment in crown pieces, and fared on pease brose, nettle kail, and barley meal scones, she was made so far one of the minister's family, and was allowed some small share of the priceless treasure of leisure to cultivate her faculties. Not only had she free access to the stray folio of romances and rhymes which is said to have stirred her up to the exercise of her gift, but also to Milton's poems, and the stately, artificial English versions of the classics on the bookshelves in the minister's study. A taste for reading in such circumstances must have been comparatively rare, and there is evidence that Jean was encouraged and applauded in its gratification.

Thus in the west country manse young Jean Adam found a home. And it was whilst busy knitting the minister's stockings, helping to make the clothes of his wife and children—boys and girls alike—taking her turn at one of the many spinning wheels, which in their combined droning were fit to drive the worthy minister distraught over his sermons, nursing the little ones, and attending on the sick, that she drew near and curtsied to the muse. For other experiences of life and livelier diversion than what was afforded by the minister's dusty, heavy volumes, she would doubtless have the news of the parish and port. She would tell what lad and lass were forgathered and on the eve of being "cried in the kirk" (*Anglice*, having the banns published), what boat was

amissing, and what bare-footed and shock-headed caterans had crossed at the Clock ferry for no good. She must also have attended many entertainments both mirthful and solemn—penny weddings and *dirgies*, rockings and tent preachings.

Doubtless, too, on occasion she would go to the fair of Inchcolm—the great highland fair at Largs—where, besides getting a glimpse of the "horrid heights" of Goatfell and the rocky wildness of Ailsa Craig, screaming with its wild fowl, she would see more stirks and wethers, and hear more Gaelic, than in any other assembly on this side the Clyde. And if she got a cast in a wherry as far as Glasgow, she would land at the little rustic quay of the Broomielaw; not so big or so busy then as either of those at Crawford'sdyke or Greenock. Next, she would cross the old bridge, below the arches of which the Highland boats, with their familiar red sails, and their patriarchal freight of cattle, sheep, butter, cheese, eggs, and bright-dyed yarn, passed up the river as far as Rutherglen. Besides the Cross, the College, the High Kirk, the Laigh Kirk, and the new Ramshorn Steeple, she would be certain to visit the imposing metal statue of King William, presented to the city a short while before by Governor Macrae, of Madras, whose brother was the Ayrshire fiddler in utmost request at kirns. She would get a glimpse of the grand town houses, with their rows of trees and gardens, and of the high walls and palisades of Blythswood and Shawfield, shut off from the streets like the old family hotels of Paris; she would stare awestruck at the Virginian merchants themselves (the noblest, most magnificent men she could ever have beheld), cadets of the county gentry—the Walkinshaws, Porterfields, Glassfields, and Buchanans. These merchants wore velvet breeches, scarlet cloaks, braided with gold or silver, and cocked hats above their wigs. They promenaded, as if with the kind intention of making a public show, before the Exchange and on that side of the Trongate which at certain hours of the day was respectfully set apart for their private use. And if Jean had any hankering after the full stream of ruder life, she had liberty to make her way through the narrow lanes and the hurrying throngs of the Saltmarket, the Gallowgate, and the Candleriggs.

No portrait of Jean as she was at this or at a later time is preserved; nor has any tradition handed down her bodily likeness. Her friends of other generations have to fall

back on their fancies, and from analogy puzzle out her physical traits. Was she not a raw-boned, irregular-featured, ruddy lass, somewhat uncouth in air and gait, and at once half bashful and half bouncing in manner? Was not her bearing full of simplicity and straightforwardness, while the fire of enthusiasm and earnestness dwelt in the large grey eyes under the bushy brows, and a world of warm womanly sympathy and lovingkindness spoke in the full soft mouth? Then as to dress: for a gala trip to Glasgow, and a night or two under the hospitable roof of her own or the Turners' kindred, she was pretty certain to wear a well preserved Indian cotton gown, and a *bon grace* straw hat. But when down at the manse of Crawfurdsdyke, she would boast nothing better than a woollen petticoat and a short gown of striped linen within the house; and for a tramp across the moor, a blackberry-gathering with the bairns, or a turn on the quay, she had only to throw over her head the tartan screen of plaid, which kept its hold in this district long after it was given up in others. Such was the becoming attire of the Lanarkshire and Ayrshire women.

The great glory of Jean's life, attained whilst she was yet a young woman, was the publication by subscription of her volume of poems. The first piece she is said to have written was nothing more formidable than "An Address to Grief," which, however, was much admired by her friends. She continued to write, her poems getting scattered about. They were collected by a Mr. Drummond, of Dymnack, and printed in a little volume by James Duncan, in the Saltmarket, Glasgow, in 1734. The curious Address to the Reader, which opens the volume, was not written by Jean, but by one of the Crawfurds, her patrons. It gives a short account of the author, and expressly refers to the literary advantages she had enjoyed during her service in the manse.

Whether the book was published before or after she had quitted this household, which in course of time had no farther need of her, is uncertain. But be this as it may, the list of subscribers shows no lack of friends in her native place. The names of Crawfurds are there by scores, from Dame Margaret of Castlemilk, to the relict of Mr. Thomas Crawford, advocate. There are baronets and lairds of that ilk, and their ladies; noble Temples and Montgomerys; ministers of the gospel and students of divinity in abundance; masters of grammar schools, condescending generously to encourage a sister rival; and merchants

and tradesmen down to hammermen and portioners.

If Jean's literary venture was not a great success in a mercantile light, it was at all events well received by her contemporaries. And one advantage, quite distinct from its pecuniary success, it certainly won her, and that was the honour, by no means slight in those primitive days, of being in most circles welcomed as a poetess. And this was an honour not often vouchsafed by the traders of the west. Within the next fifty years the appointment of master to the grammar school of Greenock was hampered by the stipulation that the master should thenceforth abandon the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making.

On leaving the manse Jean set up a day-school for teaching girls of her own degree reading, writing, and needlework. According to tradition it was situated among the notabilities of the quay-head. She had for a number of years now presided over her samplers, quilting frames, spelling-books and primers, before the great journey of her life was undertaken. She must have been hard upon middle-age when she closed her school for six weeks, and travelled to London and back, in order to obtain an interview with Richardson, the creator of her idol, Clarissa. It has been questioned whether it was within her walking capability to accomplish the long journey at the rate of twenty miles a day, as Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, did, impelled by a much more powerful motive. But, with an occasional "lift" from a coach or a chance traveller, it is quite possible that Jean Adam may have accomplished her cherished purpose. She was very much the hare-brained, hardy woman who, for such a cause would have encountered the fatigue and danger which a long journey then involved. The matter, however, is one of hypothesis; nobody can actually tell, at this date, whether Jean performed her exploit or not. Her scholars believed she did. And if so, it may well be asked where—among all the extremes of society which met in the London of Lord Chesterfield and George Whitefield, of Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Lady Huntingdon, of Vauxhall and Moorfields—could there be found a stranger figure than that of the travel-soiled, mazed Scotch schoolmistress? Of all the decorous, sentimental ladies who fluttered round this genius of a dapper little printer, and petted him—what worshipper so unsophisticated, so arch, and so likely to fill him with wondering trepidation as this wild, pure-minded, high-hearted Scotchwoman?

Jean had a little circle at home, by which she was known, loved, and well remembered. This was the kindred spirits among her scholars. One day she introduced into their studies the startling novelty of reading aloud to them from Shakespeare. The play was *Othello*; and she read it with so much effect, and was herself so much moved by her own reading, and by Shakespeare's writing, that at last she "swerfed" (swooned) away in the tumult of her thoughts and feelings. These were the days of fine lady swooning. And Jean, with her ambition and her imperfect education, was not so circumstanced, in spite of her natural sincerity, as to be above affectation. She had a craving for refinement, and refinement was then believed to culminate in the languishingly vague impersonation, "a delicate female." But she was rather out of order in appreciating Shakespeare so heartily; for hers was not the age of hearty enthusiasm for the dramatist, whom it mincingly termed "the Swan of Avon."

Jean indulged her scholars in other intellectual treats. She sang her own songs (would we had more of them to sing!) in her school-room "many a time." And we may be sure that she did not "swerf" away after one of them; on the contrary, one may picture her nodding her head, stamping her foot, and cracking her fingers, in the most benign satisfaction.

But the grim realities of life were fast coming on Jean. It so happens that the loveliest lyric on wedded love is generally believed to have been written by an unwedded woman, the song of wifely pride and tenderness, which comes nearest to Burns' "John Anderson," to have been the utterance of the subtle sympathy and latent affection of a woman who never owned a husband. Of all Jean's acquaintances, gentle and simple—merchants, masters of grammar-schools, and ship captains—not one sought, or at all events was successful in the search for her hand. Yet, in her large-heartedness and quick impulsiveness—towers of strength, if but well restrained—Jean Adam was as little capable of standing alone in the world as the silliest and weakest of her sex. Among her many talents, practical wisdom did not hold a place. That London journey, and the closing of her door for weeks beyond the brief space allotted for holidays, was a dubious step as regards the prosperity of the school. Scarcely less doubtful was the reading of Shakespeare's play to the children of sternly matter-of-fact and rigidly-righteous folk—de-

scendants of the play-banning Covenanters in their chief seat, the West. Doubtless a new and more accommodating schoolmistress would be readily found, whose fruit and satin pieces, in the easily dazzled eyes of the young daughters of the sea captains, would put out fine linen quilting, and whose strength of mind would not be such as to lead her to fly in the face of their fathers' and mothers' principles with regard to the vanity of *Othello*.

What told sorest on Jean was an exceedingly rash speculation into which she entered. The single edition of her poems did not all get into the home market. Think of this lone woman—her hair growing grizzled under her *bon grace*—occasionally having herself rowed up, wind and tide in her favour, on a Wednesday half-holiday or a Saturday afternoon, to make searching inquiries of Mr. James Duncan in the Saltmarket as to the sale of her book, her anxiety for his answers balancing any over-weening vanity of which she might ever have been guilty. Time has robbed these incidents of their prosaicness, but left them their poor human interest. Jean was sanguine still, however, and shipped the surplus copies of her poems to Boston in America, from which she never got any return of sale. In addition to the mortification and disappointment this caused her, it swallowed up what little savings she had gathered; and thus she was left destitute when well advanced in years.

In her extremity she had no resource but to seek help from the old friends whom she had seemed to have more or less offended and alienated by her waywardness and eccentricity. She had now no home or resting-place among her lass-bairns at the quay-head of Crawfurdsdyke. Calm and storm might succeed each other on the watery highway; the golden sun might set, and the silver moon rise behind the mountains of Cowal; Dutch and French skippers might take the place of the Highlandmen and chatter their gibberish in room of the sputtered Gaelic; more and bigger ships in full sail, and with flags and garlands flying at the masts, might ride in on the rising tide; and happy family groups might sally forth to welcome the returning sailors; but Jean Adam would not be there to see. She had ere this "taken her foot in her hand," according to the old half piteous, half scornful proverb, and gone trudging in sun and wind, in rain and snow, from clachan to village, from farm-town to laird's place, wherever she could hope to "fend" through such work as she could still do.

A townsman and gallant biographer of Jean Adam has tried to free her memory from the degradation of having become a beggar at last. Nor is it at all likely that Jean was ever a beggar outright. But it is certain that she was a wandering hawker of whatever ability still remained to her to shape and sew, to bake and brew, to nurse the very young, and wait on the very old. The scant recollections which are handed down, though sorrowful ones in their way, bear out this softened version of Jean's reduced condition. Mrs. Fullarton, an old scholar, told her daughter of Jean's coming to her house in this character. Mrs. Fullarton said that she had offered her old clothes, which she at first proudly declined, until pressed by necessity or rebuked by her sensitive conscience for haughtiness of spirit unbecoming her situation, she at length came back and took away. This was natural behaviour on the part of a poor, half-dependent woman, but it was not the behaviour of a beggar.

Jean eventually returned to the state of service of her youth. Nor was she too old a woman to be capable of it, although the best of her days were past. Her fingers were waxing stiff and her eyes dim. What had been but play to the light heart of youth, with all the world before it, was a dreary *darg* to the heavy heart of advanced life, that had known better things, and was now without any refuge under the sun save the grave. Probably it was because she was proud in her downfall—the hardness of her fate having soured the natural sweetness of her temper—that no friend interposed to prevent the end.

On the 2nd of April, 1765—in the spring, which is so softly balmy and tearfully bright in that Scotland of the west, Jean stood once more within the shadow of King William's statue and of the grand mansions of the Virginian merchants. Stumbling into the presence of the merchants themselves, she went on in her faded tartan screen and dragged gown till she skirted the Trongate, and vanished in the crowd of the Gallowgate. She was more footsore than if she had made another journey to London, more faint-hearted than when she "swerfed" away after the reading of *Othello*. Her high spirit and tender heart were fairly broken. But a new dawn was breaking for her, and a Friend was waiting for her in a land that was very far away, yet very near. Jean Adam was admitted into the Poorhouse of Glasgow, by an order from two of the baillies of Greenock, as "a poor woman in distress, a stranger who

had been wandering about." She died there the next day, and was buried by the parish.

Jean's champion attempts to establish the fact, that the Poorhouse of Glasgow was then more of a hospital than a poorhouse, and that various persons, quite different from modern paupers, found refuge under its roof, and died there. Very possibly he is right. The years since the '45 were not so many but that men and women more highly born and delicately nurtured than Jean had been, might, at the very date of her death, have been thankful to live and die within those despised walls. Nevertheless, even a hospital bed was a woeful last home and death-bed for Jean Adam; and "a stranger who had been wandering about" was a woeful title for the author of "There's nae luck about the house."

Jean's poems in their subjects as well as their style bear internal evidence of the source from which their inspiration was drawn. We have such titles as, "On Creation," "On Redemption," "On the Method of Grace," "On Abel," "On Joseph," "On Astrea," "On Lucretia," "On Cleopatra," and so forth. These poems are what might be expected—the unconscious reflection and echo of Jean's studies. They made no pretension to originality, and the claim which was set up for them—that of correctness of phrase and propriety of figure—would not get them a moment's hearing in the present day. Like most echoes, they are monotonous, formal, and inflated; frequently they are childish; occasionally they are quaint. The most quaint in plan are, "A Dialogue between the Soul and Curiosity," and "Curiosity and the Soul about the keeping of the Ten Commandments."

But it is not easy to judge Jean Adam by these poems. The English language was, in truth, a foreign tongue to her. She was not playfully coquetting with it, but struggling laboriously and painfully to master it in such earnest, indeed, that she changed her very name to meet its supposed requirements—writing Christian and surname on her title-page, "Mistress *Jane Adams*." She might have succeeded in reading it with relish, but she could never write it without cramping impediment. But set her to her native dialect, and she could, and did write very differently.

It is not necessary here to go into the dispute regarding the authorship of "There's nae luck about the house." It has been settled by competent authorities, and common consent now awards the song to the simple woman, Jean Adam, instead of to the scholar, William Julius Mickle.

Tradition has something to say as to the originals of the song. They were popularly held to be a couple named Colin and Jean Campbell, who lived at Crawfurdsdyke. "Jean made a great work about her man," and no necromancy was needed on the part of her neighbour and namesake to interpret and utter Jean Campbell's feelings, on the return of her husband from one of his longer voyages.

The local scenery throws light on some details of the song; whilst other details, as

graphic and still more minute, illustrate the prosperous middle-class condition of the heroine and the hero.

"And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?"

the song begins in a fond realisation of bliss, so great that, for a moment, it cannot be credited.

"Is this a time to think o' wark?"

follows, in the full extravagance of joy.

"Ye jauds, fling by your wheel;"

and then the triumphant, loyal lilt of the



Page 53.

chorus, glad in proportion to the former rueful, lonely independence, sounds out clearly:—

"For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.
Is this a time to think o' wark
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak—"

She has servants to do her bidding; she has already issued her orders to her lasses:—

"I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore."

The "bigonet," or high-cauled, starched matron's cap, above the comely face, now flushed with honest delight; the "bishop's

satin gown," the "turkey shoon," and "hose o' pearl blue," were more or less costly articles of dress, proving the rank and wealth of the woman who could afford to wear them. So, too, a hundred and thirty years ago were little Kate's "Sunday gown," and Jock's "button coat." The motive for putting them on in each case is the artless art of a heart which both loves and honours its master:—

"'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'."

The two fat hens reposing, unconscious of their doom, on "the bauk," are a picture in

one line of homely "couthiness," and the record that the hens have been fed

"this month and mair,"

pleasantly suggests how Colin has been watched and waited for.

"Mak haste and thrav their necks about"

sings like a cruel summary sentence of death; but the wholesale destruction was in the best of causes,—

"That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw."

And here how much of the mistress survives in the wife! The duty was discharged ungrudgingly; and most graceful was the compliment paid to the enviable Colin. He must have been a good fellow to have been so doted on after many years had tried his worth. But it is also on the cards that he may have been a gruff and surly bear, or a dry and stiff dog of a man. Still the wistful question is sweet:—

"For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?
Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air—"

and the joyful woman runs on:—

"His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair."

This innocently insane delusion of the wife's,

chiming in as it does with a host of similar precious hallucinations, has made so deep an impression, that Jean's townsman thinks it right to append an explanation making known its peculiar significance. Those big, braw houses on the quay-head, with their foreground of land-locked water—ship and boat and mountain, seen doubled by their shadows, and their background of flowery gardens (full of Ayrshire roses as well as cockle-shells) and wooded heights, had also wide outside stairs, with steps of sounding Norway deal, on which women sat and worked, and children played, and which Colin coming back to his jewel of a wife might climb two at a time.

The last verse is the climax of the whole—the natural ineffable melting of the tremulous laughter into a sudden shower of tears, all glistening as they temper the broad sunshine of the heart:—

"And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thocht;
In troth I'm like to greet,"

followed up quickly by the recovered bell-like ring:—

"For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'."

SARAH TYTLER.

CARTES DE VISITE.

Now that every bookseller's window is converted into a portrait gallery, and the public demands some knowledge of the *personnel*, as well as of the deeds and speeches of men of eminence and notoriety, the carte de visite has become such a great institution that it is worthy of some special notice. These handy little records of old familiar faces stand in the same relation to the grand portraits that grace the National Gallery and the drawing-room that small change does to gold or paper money. They are the democracy of portraiture. As the sun shines alike upon peer and peasant, so when he wields the brush he is equally impartial, and you may now purchase in Seven Dials as good a picture as regards mere likeness as can be procured in the more aristocratic quarters of the town. When we reflect upon the horrible effigies the last generation of the middle and the upper portion of the working classes were satisfied with—upon the miserable silhouettes snipped in black paper on board the penny steamers—upon the "likenesses in this style four shillings," the value of the photographic

portrait comes forcibly before us. But the very fidelity with which this new art copies what is set before it, renders it all the more necessary that the operation should be both skilful and artistic. It does not always follow that persons in the highest station command the best portraits. It is notoriously otherwise, in fact, with regard to the highest lady in the land. There has scarcely been a good portrait recently taken of her Majesty. This seems perfectly unaccountable; but we understand that the same etiquette which would not allow the chafing-dish to be removed which burned the Spanish king except by the proper official, will not permit of the artist posing his august sitter. The best attitude, the most agreeable light, the most pleasing expression which he may select, or call forth from the ordinary sitter, is denied to him by the court rules of the lady whose carte de visite is the most universally in demand. When Prince Albert was alive all etiquette was banished; he himself with his artistic instincts posed his Royal Consort, and the photographer found the most delicate part of

his work done for him. At present the Queen merely takes her seat, and intimates through her secretary that she wishes to be taken in a certain attitude, and the artist has nothing to do but to comply with the order. It must be evident that photographs taken under such circumstances cannot be very satisfactory. Even such as may turn out well never reach the public, inasmuch as her Majesty purchases for her own use all the best negatives, prints from them being taken by her own photographer. There is one photograph of the Queen, crowned and with the royal robes, the history of which seemed a mystery, but the explanation of it is this: a well-known photographer took a likeness of the Queen of Spain similarly attired, which she forwarded to her Majesty, desiring a similar return carte. This is the only regal instance, we believe, of an exchange which has become so common in society.

The public does not appreciate the fact that very careful dressing is required to obtain a satisfactory audience of the sun. Sol is even more inexorable than any court flunkey in such matters. The public seems to think that the sun takes cognizance of any colour that may be presented to him, and finds out its mistake when too late. Yellow or orange may suit the brunette, and mauve, or the lighter shades of blue and grey, may harmonize with the blonde; but in the camera it is far otherwise. The yellow ray of the spectrum does not affect the silver plate, whilst mauves, purples, and blues do most actively; thus when the printing process reverses the shades on the photographic plate, the yellow becomes black, and the delicate light colours above mentioned print nearly pure white. Thus sitters sometimes become so altered in their photographic portrait that they scarcely recognise themselves. Gloriana with golden hair comes forth with raven tresses, and the yellow rose in Rebecca's coiffure is as black as the locks they adorn. A certain class of people, again, like the sun to register their finery. Ladies who but seldom go to court, wish to make the most of the occasion, quite regardless of the fact that stiff brocades, especially during the crinoline fashion, give anything but an elegant contour to the figure. There has been of late, however, a very great improvement in this respect, and all the better class photographers have learned to impress upon their sitters the value of simplicity, both as regards pose and dress.

In certain quarters of the town, however, the rage for pretence is as great as ever, both on the part of the sitter and the photo-

grapher. It will be observed that the lower the neighbourhood the more varied the amount of properties or scenic decorations to be found in the studio. Possibly the carpenter would prefer being taken working at his bench, but the photographer, who artfully prefers pleasing Jones's wife, places him upon a terrace with a far-stretching landscape as a background. Servant maids, again, are seated in splendid boudoirs, and respectable tradesmen are placed in extensive libraries, whereas the only books they feel at home with are their day-books and ledgers. All this is the mere snobbery of the art, which we rarely see practised in better-class studios. A flat grey background, which throws up the figure without cutting up its lines, is now almost universally employed. Nevertheless the ignorance that is occasionally displayed by people of the better class with respect to the manner of taking the photograph would scarcely be believed. On one occasion two ladies entered the sitting-room of a studio, and placing themselves before a mirror, after some time wished to know if the portraits were not finished, evidently thinking the looking-glass was the operating agent. In another case we heard that a young lady intimated her desire that her hair should be made a little longer; and it has been desired that even jewellery should be omitted in a portrait, the sitter making no attempt to remove it herself. One old gentleman in the country even sent up the colour of his hair to the colouring artist of the Stereoscopic Company, and called four days afterwards to inquire if the portrait was done! Young lady sitters during the present fashion of dressing the hair are not photographed to advantage, the chignon affording a very unsubstantial foundation for the head-rest.

The rage for the carte de visite, which has lasted so long, seems at the present moment to be on the decline, or rather we should say other sizes are now becoming saleable, which formerly was not the case. The reason of the popularity of the carte de visite is obvious. The small size of the picture employs only the centre of the lens—its truest part—hence the clearness and the sharp definition it gives to the features; but what is gained in these particulars is lost in modelling and half-tones, which give all the delicacy of expression to the face which we see in cabinet photography and the vignette heads. These latter are generally cut out of large existing photographs, and are not taken for the occasion. The beauty of some of them, especially of the leading actresses, is

pretty sure, we think, to bring the new size into fashion.

The sale of cartes de visite is scarcely a fourth of what it was when they first came into vogue. All our photographic albums are filled; the whole of our friends are represented; and the celebrities of the day and children now mainly keep the photographers in employment. But the sale of noted individuals and of the Royal Family is still immense. Some of the wholesale houses do an enormous business in this article.

The Messrs. Marion, in Soho Square, alone possess the cartes of many hundred thousand persons. This house does not photograph, but merely purchases of those who do. The possession of negatives of famous persons is a fortune to a man. Mr. Mayall, of Regent Street, who has photographed nearly all the Royal Family, has been paid by the house of Marion alone, upwards of £35,000 for cartes de visite of its various members. The Stereoscopic Company, which photographs, as well as purchases negatives of any celebrity that may be inquired after, possesses a portrait gallery which includes every known person of any distinction. It is scarcely necessary to say that any matter which brings an individual into public notice at once raises the value of his carte de visite. Tom Sayers's battle with Heenan sold fifty thousand of his cartes de visite. The gallant bearing of the Queen of Naples placed her photograph in every album in the kingdom. Many a man, through some accidental circumstance, wakes up and finds himself famous, and in two or three days his carte de visite is staring at him from every window in town. If any illustrious person is reported ill, there is an immediate inquiry after negatives, and as the pigeon-holes of Printing House Square are always kept well supplied with biographical sketches of statesmen about to depart this life, so the photographic printer anticipates their death by keeping a large supply of cartes de visite in hand. We scarcely know whether a statesman would be pleased or shocked at such an anticipation of his decease. It may not be pleasant for any man to know that others are eagerly making a market out of such an event; but then, on the other hand, it must be highly flattering to know that when he has gone hence and taken with him the original, he has left so many copies behind. Whether it was that Lord Palmerston had, during his lifetime, discounted his popularity, or because of any reaction which has occurred with respect to his memory, we know not; but it certainly is an undoubted fact that his carte de visite is

no longer called for, whilst those of many of his cotemporaries, now deceased, are still in very fair demand. Thus, Cobden is still largely sold in the market, possibly because he represented a principle which is dear to the hearts of his countrymen. Next after royalty, the photographs of statesmen, we are told, sell the best; but even the most eminent of these are local in their sale. The politics of our leading men may be even guessed by the district in which their cartes de visite sell. Thus, Bright sells largely throughout the north, whilst in the west he is never inquired after. Next to statesmen, the largest demand is for actresses, especially operatic singers. When Jenny Lind was on the boards her carte de visite sold very largely, but nothing like that of Adelina Patti, which has quite astonished the photographers themselves. The Messrs. Marion alone have sold, within these last three years, fifty thousand copies of the portrait of this popular singer. In France also, there is a very large demand for actresses and singers, but for no other persons of eminence. Our neighbours seem to care nothing for their statesmen, great men of letters, artists, or great religious teachers. Their homage, as indicated in this particular instance, is often of a sensual nature, and many of the photographic pictures which disgrace the windows of the sellers of photographs are published either in Paris or in Brussels. The sale of clergymen of the Church of England is also very large, especially of those whose names have been brought prominently before the public, such as Keble, Pusey, Neale, Mackonochie, and of course the leading bishops. We have spoken of a photograph of Dr. Pusey, but this is not strictly accurate: he never would have his carte de visite taken, although pressed to do so, and on one occasion was offered a bribe of a hundred pounds for a charity with which he was connected. The carte we see of him in the windows is from a sketch taken surreptitiously while preaching. There is a carte de visite of the Bishop of Oxford holding up his fingers after the ancient method of giving the blessing, which caused some scandal at the time, and which is now withdrawn from sale; but a colonial bishop, Dunedin, now boldly stands forth in the same attitude. His see being so far distant, little notice has been taken of this portrait. As a rule, portraits of dissenting clergymen are not at all in demand. Of course, we except Mr. Spurgeon from the rule. It is difficult to account for this fact, unless we are to suppose that the dissenting element in the population, as a class, care less for art

than church people and those who move in society. It cannot be that they are less attached to their pastors, or that they prize them less highly than church people in a spiritual sense.

What has become of what were once termed pistolgram portraits? An instantaneous method of securing a likeness is no doubt a great desideratum, but we question whether, with our present means of posing the sitter, anything like a natural expression would be thereby secured. The act of posing a sitter is by no means calculated to secure a natural expression. Indeed, most people enter a photographer's studio with the same flutter they do the operating-room of the dentist, certainly with scarcely less nervous trepidation. In both cases the "patient"—we use the word advisedly—has to screw his courage up to the sticking point. The sight of the tooth-drawing instrument may give a slight shock to the nerves, but we question if the effect is as visible on the countenance as that produced by the photographic manipulator gently pushing back the head until it is brought up by the head-rest—that terrible instrument, which sets all the lines of the face into spasmodic contractions, effaces, like the touch of death, all expression, and reduces the flexible human countenance to the condition of a mask. If the sitter recovers this touch of cold iron, the photographer's warning voice to "remain quite still" while he removes the cap of the lens and exposes you to the searching eye of the camera, generally settles the business, and renders the first negative a failure. With such instruments of torture, used as they are generally without discretion, the pistolgram would only have the effect of giving the expression at the very worst, just as the first shock has paralysed or contorted the expression. Photography, where living muscle is concerned, cannot be performed successfully at express speed. The best and most artistic operators are well aware of this; they allow the sitter to become accustomed to the sight of the instrument, just as a good groom in breaking in a horse makes him look quietly at every object likely to make him "shy." Again, all good photographers are aware that what is termed a good taking day, such as is favourable for printing from the negative, is by no means favourable for producing the highest specimens of his art. The full blaze of the sun, however shaded from the camera room, never yields those tender half-tones which give all the charm to a really fine likeness. Although the sitter may be in a room whose northerly aspect may wholly exclude the direct

rays of the sun, yet his penetrating influence affects the whole firmament, and the effect is that the silver of the plate is affected so quickly in the higher lights that no time is permitted for the drawing of the delicate half-tone, without which a photographic portrait is worthless. Hence a slightly cloudy day yields by far the best picture. Of course we do not mean a foggy day, especially a yellow foggy atmosphere, such as we get in November; on such occasions the photographer cannot work, the whole face of nature being reduced to the tone of the room where he manipulates his negatives, in which yellow fog is simulated by yellow blinds. In the majority of cases the very clear definition of the picture gives a hardness which is not agreeable, and which the human eye never shows us. The iris is continually in motion, becoming larger or smaller to accommodate itself to the amount of light or to the distance at which objects are viewed. A certain softness is the result, which ordinary photographs do not give. We may illustrate what we say with reference to the hard outlines of some photographs by the effect they have when viewed in the stereoscope compared with the natural objects they represent. Stereoscopic pictures always look like hard clay models, they lack all the softening effects of the atmosphere. Stereoscopic views are particularly unpleasant, to our mind, for this very reason—atmospheric perspective is wanting in them; and although the different objects seem to be round, yet those parts situated on different planes seem as though they were but flat surfaces placed one before the other, just as the fly side-scenes at a theatre seem distinct from the back scene. The late Mr. Claudet, who was really a scientific manipulator, perceived this error in ordinary photography, and patented a method of giving softness to his portraits which rendered them like fine mezzotints. This he did by means of a movable lens in his camera. A very slight movement broke up the almost metallic sharpness of this outline (which, we repeat, we never see in nature), and gave most agreeable portraits. The colour, again, of the photograph has a great deal to do with its pleasant appearance. A cold, grey portrait, which some photographers seem to admire, is not nearly so agreeable as those of deep chocolate colour, so full of warmth in their shadows. Mr. Ernest Edwards, who has given us such a fine portrait gallery of our medical men, has appreciated this fact; so did Silvi, who a few years ago most certainly stood at the head of all our photographic artists as a taker of cartes

de visite, but has now retired from the profession.

Whilst we are referring to the question of colour, let us enter our protest against the barbarous practice of painting photographic portraits with oil colour. The absurdity of this practice is evident enough to the artists, who are only the servants of the public in this respect. When water colour is used, the photograph is printed specially light; the transparency of the colour, however, allows all the incomparable drawing to show through, and the result is the most charming. Possibly the miniatures of Messrs. Locke and Whitfield are unmatched by the finest miniature painters of the metropolis in many particulars; but how different the result when the heavy oil colour obliterates with its material daubs all the phantom-like grace of the sun's pencil! It is urged as an excuse by artists who thus misuse their powers that the photograph is apt to fade in tropical countries very speedily, and even in temperate climates after a time—the effect being to remove as it were all the drawing upon which the colourist has based his picture. It is possible that the silver process is liable to this objection where a tropical sun has to be withstood, but the discovery of the process of printing portraits in carbon altogether removes this objection. The carbon photograph is absolutely indestructible, and there can be no longer any excuse for the use of any other material than water colour in the tinting of sun pictures.

It is a very common thing to hear a person say, "They never succeed with my photograph." We admit that the portraits of our friends are capital, but our own are "not a bit like." And there is something more than mere egotism in this remark. How few are the positions of one's face with which one is familiar! We never see our side faces; it is very difficult to catch a glimpse in the mirror even of a three-quarter pose of the countenance; hence many photographic portraits of ourselves are wholly unknown to us. Although the mere raw outline of a face may be given as well by an indifferent lens as by one of the best, yet a likeness, in the highest sense of the word, can only be obtained by the most artistic photographers with the best appliances. These advantages can only be commanded by the photographic firms that are largely employed by the public, and have been trained by large practice. It is vain to look for anything like an artistic performance from men who have left some trade or handicraft for the more profitable camera. It is by such hands that the many

hideous likenesses to be found in most carte-de-visite albums are produced.

In France they have a keen appreciation of the difference between a good and a bad photograph. They produce some of the very best and some of the worst. At the last Fête of St. Cloud, near Paris, there was a photographic van placed in a conspicuous position to make a trade of taking cartes de visite during the progress of the festival. On the outside of the van was a printed bill containing the following announcement:—

PHOTOGRAPHIC AMBULANTE.

FÊTE DE ST. CLOUD.

CARTES DE VISITE.

La douz. 3 francs.	Air de Famille 5 francs.	Ressemblance garantie. 8 francs.
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Thus the skill of the operator was nicely adjusted to the wants of the sitter. When mere quantity was required, three francs a dozen only was demanded, but a family likeness must be paid for liberally; and for a guaranteed resemblance the highest charge of all was demanded.

Three or four years ago, among the novelties photographers are ever seeking after, what was called the diamond cameo photograph was brought out. The plan consisted in taking four different views of the face of the sitter on one carte. The photographer employed a small camera and small lens. A simple arrangement within the camera enabled him to expose a section only of the plate at once, which, having received its impression from one portion of the sitter's head, was shifted so as to receive another, and so on until the four were taken. Before being exposed in the printing frame, the negative was covered with a mask of perfectly opaque paper with oval openings, to show neatly and clearly the four pictures to be represented. The object of masking the negative was to protect the intervening space on the slip of the sensitised paper from the action of the light, so that it might appear perfectly white, while the sharp ovals representing the heads were more or less dark, making a striking contrast. The plan did not, however, succeed, for the reason that the sitter did not recognise his own face in some of the positions in which he could not see it in the glass; hence the fashion speedily died away.

But to return to the carte-de-visite mania. In these days of advertising, when so many people are clever at keeping their names well before the public, it is not to be supposed that the photograph is overlooked. When

we scrutinise the scores of faces that gaze upon us from the booksellers' windows we cannot help remarking that some heads are repeated with a pertinacity that is by no means commensurate with their real character. Upon inquiry, such individuals will be found to make capital out of this forced notoriety. Actresses, in particular, imagine their fame depends upon the profusion with which their cartes de visite appear in public. In cases where the sitter is very celebrated, and is sure to sell well, it is becoming the custom to demand a royalty for the use of the negative. We believe Tom Sayers was the first to set this fashion, just after his famous fight with Heenan. Not only did this worthy sell his "mug," as he termed it, to one of the sporting publishers, but he engaged to give them the exclusive copyright in it, to the exclusion of all others. But actresses and pugilists are not alone in this desire to be constantly before the public. The pedestrian may recognise the face of more than one clergyman who takes this means of keeping alive his popularity, and we more than suspect some physicians of taking the same course of increasing their practice. It is a refined method of advertising, which cannot well be brought home to the individual; moreover it has this advantage over the newspaper puff, that its cost is defrayed directly at the public expense.

For the direct and avowed purposes of trade the carte de visite has not been so extensively used as may have been expected. Large numbers are printed for the purpose of showing delicate designs in glass and in gold and silversmiths' work by the Stereoscopic Company—a most legitimate exercise of its use; and it would be well if, as far as advertising purposes were concerned, these useful sun pictures stopped here, but we were lately favoured with an ingenious application of its powers as a begging medium. A card with the portraits of six children reached our hands, with a printed flyleaf to the interesting family picture to the following effect:—

"CHILDREN TO SAVE.

"Advertisement sent to a few taken from the 'London Court Directory.'

"The father of these British-born Protestant children is an elderly gentleman, ruined by competition in business, and past beginning life again; and the mother is in a very precarious state of health. To seek for adopters is against parental instinct; and besides it may ultimately come to that, as by the time their schooling is over, in ten or fifteen years, they would most likely be orphans, and their willing adopters would be welcome to it [*sic*]. At present, the father, in his alarm for the fate of these creatures, seeks for some that would pay, not to the father, but

to good boarding-schools, for their clothing, keeping, and tuition; and after school time, see that they should not want. Willing benefactors are therefore requested to state what they would feel inclined to do for each child they may point out by one of the numbers given at the foot, to Alphabet, till called for, at the Post Office, No. 1, Liverpool Street, Moorfields, E.C., enclosing card or addressed envelope, to insure correct address, if a reply should be wished for."

The children are all duly numbered at the foot of the carte de visite, and the whole affair affords a most ingenious application of the art to the purposes of this new sort of pattern post, setting forth specimens of juvenile raw material. Whether this audacious male cuckoo succeeded in dropping his six little responsibilities into any domestic or scholastic nest, we do not know, but the attempt shows that the begging fraternity know the value of photography.

The whole tribe of rogues who feed upon the credulity of mankind have also found out its powers of filling their pockets. The following advertisement touches a very tender chord, and we have no doubt is greatly successful:—

"Your future husband or wife's true carte de visite.—Mr. H—, the celebrated astrologer, will send the true carte de visite of your intended, with name, age, and date of marriage, for sixteen stamps. Three questions answered for two and sixpence. State age and sex. Send stamped directed envelope. Address, Mr. H—, — Villa, — Road, Notting Hill, London. Answer in two days."

This advertisement has appeared in many of the penny papers, and no doubt has eased a considerable number of servant maids and clerks of their stamps. It must certainly create a sensation in any man's or woman's mind to break the seal of the astrologer's letter, and draw forth the picture of the mate that is to be. It is, in fact, the magic mirror brought home to every door at the smallest possible cost. We must confess, however, that the specimens of promised wives and husbands we have seen have not been such as to tempt others to know their matrimonial fate by return of post.

But photography lends its aid as easily to the rogue-taker as to the rogue. The public may not be aware that there is a photographic album at Scotland Yard, in which may be seen the carte of every ticket-of-leave man in the country. The charitable regulation which allows a convict his liberty before his sentence has expired, is burdened with the condition that he must report himself personally once a month to the police authorities wherever he may happen to reside. Before leaving the prison, his photograph is taken by the prison authorities, for the purposes of

identification. It is, of course, for him to resist; if he does, he is not allowed his liberty. One carte de visite is kept in the police album at Scotland Yard, another at the station-house of the division of the metropolis in which he may select to reside, and a third is forwarded to any country district he may wish to remove to. When the carte de visite and the prisoner arrive at Scotland Yard, a sergeant of each division of the force is called in to inspect both portrait and sitter, in order the better to identify him by the aide of the little carte, in case he should fail to put in an appearance. It is scarcely possible to conceive a carte taken under less agreeable circumstances. The ticket-of-leave man's album is, indeed, a strange psychological study. The individual who opens it is prepared to find a villainous portrait gallery of low foreheads; but his anticipations are by no means verified. Very many heads are those of the ordinary population, no better and no worse. Now and then the odd-shaped head, the curious formation of the eye, the full animal jaw, prove that we are gazing upon men predestined by nature to commit acts of criminal violence, or to perpetrate petty thefts. Sometimes a strikingly handsome countenance appears full of intelligence—be sure that man is a forger, or a delinquent in some of the higher branches of fraud. We asked the superintendent who kindly showed us the book, if any of the police would be justified in taking any man into custody on the strength of the carte de visite alone. The reply was guarded—"not on the carte alone, but certainly after previous identification of the individual." Appended to each carte de visite, there is a most graphically written description of each prisoner, especially of any particular marks he may happen to have about his person. These are powerful aids in identifying any runaway, for there is scarcely a living person that does not possess some mark about the body, not easily obliterated, that would lead to his identification. This is especially the case with the criminal population, and with the class from which convicts generally come. With a strange perversity they are in the habit of pricking in with gunpowder all sorts of marks—suns, stars, anchors, &c.—on the fleshy parts, brands, in fact, which can never afterwards be removed. In this respect they seem altogether to lack the cunning of the lower animals, many of which, as the sportsman well knows, have the tact to hide in "cover" so assimilated to that of their own body that they are overlooked. The scars, again, which

men living by violence are sure to carry about them, in many cases make the police officer as certain of his man as the grazier is of sheep.

There are cases, however, in which identification of an absconding rogue by such marks, or even a comparison of his face with a photograph portrait, is out of the question. For instance, when Redpath some years since absconded, there were no means at hand by which the detectives could identify him. It was supposed that his negative would be found in some of the photographic houses, and upon inquiry Mr. Mayall had one. A large number of photographs were printed and distributed among the police force, and before long he was detected just as he was about to sail from some port in the north of Europe. In this case he was, we are informed, much disguised.

Only a short time since, Mr. Pollaky, the private detective, made a bold stroke by the aid of a carte de visite. He was in search of a fraudulent debtor, a Mr. Gray, and one evening, whilst in the Stadt Theatre, in Vienna, he recognised a gentleman elegantly dressed who most completely answered the appearance of a photographic portrait in his possession. Without loss of time he arrested him; he turned out to be the veritable man he was in search of, and he afterwards ascertained that he had taken his passage and was about to leave Vienna by the night mail for his port of departure.

A far more interesting group of carte-de-visite portraits are those left by friends at the police-office of persons that are missing. Young ladies' portraits in such quarters especially look out of place; but there are many such. One cannot contemplate them without a feeling of pity or commiseration. Some of them have placed shame between themselves and home; some the dark water. We fancy the carte de visite is of little avail in such cases.

Viewed commercially, no art matter of modern introduction has made such extraordinary progress as photography; and this may be especially said of that branch of it which relates to carte-de-visite portraits. At the present time the sale of these amounts to between sixteen and eighteen millions a-year. As we have said before, the demand at present is nothing like what it was. In the years 1860—62 no less than between three and four million cartes were sold of her Majesty. Sometimes the cartes of illustrious persons, owing to peculiar circumstances, sell at greatly enhanced prices.

Thus when the Prince Consort died, his carte was in great demand at ten shillings each. The execution of the Emperor Maximilian and the assassination of President Lincoln produced a sudden demand for their portraits, with which the supply could scarcely keep pace. But independently of the trade in cartes de visite, a score of other tradesmen have been either greatly stimulated or brought into life by the new art. The demand upon the precious metals, gold and silver, has been very great; enormous quantities of glass are required for the negatives; the same may be said of cards; the making of albums employs thousands of persons. Cabinet-makers have additional employment in making the carved "properties," chairs and tables, garden balustrades, cabinets, that are so plentifully used. The chemists are required to furnish large supplies; the lens makers have been rendered equally busy; and we may add employment has been afforded to a large amount of labour, very much of which we are glad to see has fallen to young ladies. In short, the introduction of photography generally has marked a new era in the arts, and the higher branches of manufacture, and as far as we can see is destined to a further development year by year.

Amateurs are not as a rule successful in portrait-taking, but we must make an exception in favour of a lady, Mrs. Cameron, whose life-size portraits may be seen in a shop in Bond Street. These are taken with the large

lens, and, without the appearance of art, are yet most artistic portraits. The head of Alfred Tennyson, with its flowing locks, and calm, grand expression, shows us the power of photography in large—if we may so speak. Mrs. Cameron has a fine sense of light and shade, and the heads she has taken remind us of the noble pencilling of Corregio, so grandly are the masses of light and shade disposed.

It is not uncommon, we hear, for some of our best portrait painters to aid their pencil with photographic life-size sketches of their sitters, and they need not feel shame at allowing Phœbus to be a guide to their brush in the matter of likeness, and in the arrangement of broad effects of light and shade. It has been objected that these life-size portraits are always disagreeable, in consequence of the roughness they give to the skin. This is quite true of photographs taken with a small lens, and afterwards magnified to the life-size; but this difficulty is entirely got over by the use of a large lens, which has scarcely any magnifying power. Mrs. Cameron's portraits are perfectly free from any roughness by reason of her adopting this process; and more life-like heads than those shown in the windows as specimens of her art we have never witnessed. These large-sized heads, when artistically coloured, are so life-like that the spectator can scarcely help thinking a living individual is looking at him.

ANDREW WYNTER.

A SUPPER IN A CARAVAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY'S HAVEN."

BEHIND the Mitre stables, at Monkworth-cum-Barns—low, grey flint stables that were once the ruined Abbey's granaries—and the back gardens of a row of sleepy old houses, still called the Precincts, there is a patch of waste land, given up to dust-heaps, battered saucepans, smashed pottery, crownless hats, mildewed odd shoes, and a rank growth of docks and stinging nettles. *Per se*, it is not an attractive prospect, or rather retrospect; but in the days of my youth it was flooded, for a week or two before Easter, with mystically golden light. The wilderness blossomed like a Lent lily; for it was here that the proprietor of the Blue Waggon went into spring-quarters in readiness for the coming fair.

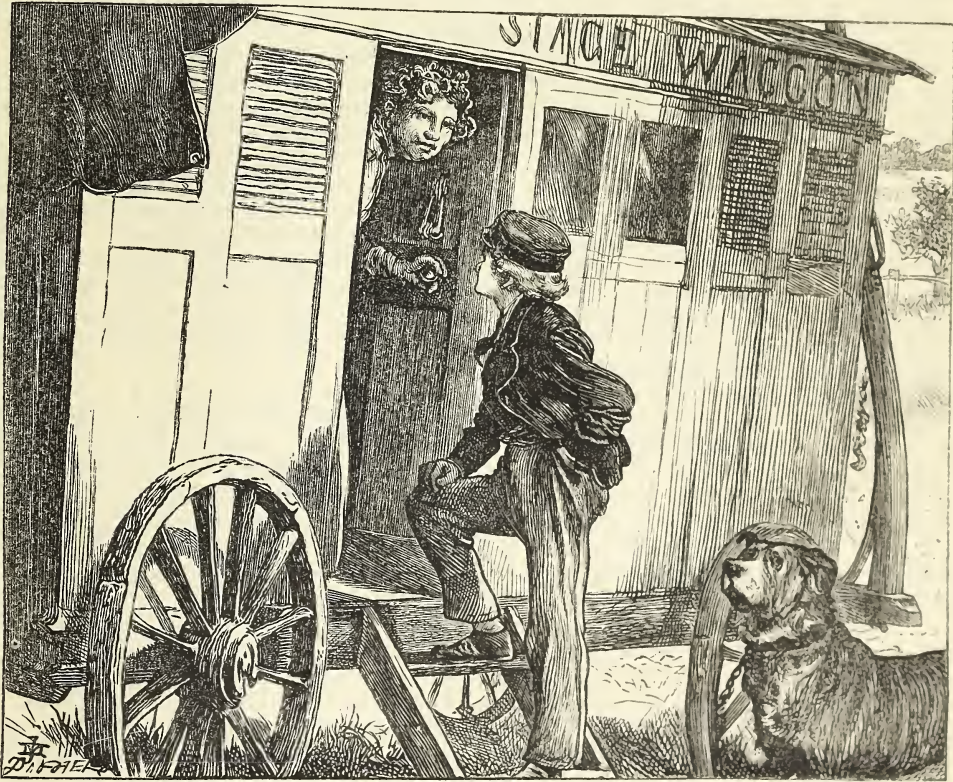
His booth and properties were packed beneath a tarpaulin on the roof of his caravan,

his two horses were put up in the Mitre stables, and for a fortnight he lived in mysterious retreat, with his great dog, his family, and his company. It was to prevent these last from becoming cheap through exposure to unpaid-for glances that he had selected this retirement behind the stables. The legend ran that he took them out for airings in the small hours, muffled up like Eastern women. At any rate, muffled or unmuffled, they were never-seen abroad by day. The Blue Waggon, therefore, was as good as a haunted house. A brooding atmosphere of secrecy in-ised its indigo sides, its red wheels daintily picked out with black, its green-shuttered, white-blinded windows, and its green-panelled, brass-knocked front-door. "Peter Pogson, Stage Waggon," seemed a very prosaic inscription for such a poetical

vehicle to bear. We boys of the Precincts, seated on the back-garden walls, used to watch its advent with awe-hushed joy, as it came lumbering through the back gateway of the Mitre yard—its two-windowed house-front, staring full at us whilst it slowly moved along sideways, suggesting thoughts of a crab from Giant Land. There was a giant inside, and, perhaps, he had something to do with this confused association of ideas.

It is needless to say that we often dropped from the garden-walls during Mr. Pogson's absence, and endeavoured to get a glimpse

of the interior of his residence; but these enterprising efforts were rendered fruitless by the vigilance of a brindled bull-mastiff, almost as big and as fierce as a puma, tethered by a very long chain to the near forewheel. His name, at full length, was Grimaldi; but he answered to the very appropriate soubriquet of Grim. For the most part, therefore, we had to content ourselves with the nodding acquaintance which we bragged of possessing with Mr. Pogson and Mrs. and Miss P. when they took in turns their walks abroad. We were all good customers at fair time, and, in



Page 67.

a condescending kind of way, they were very affable to us. Under these circumstances, I was a proud and happy man when I was invited to take a pipe and potluck *ad libitum* in the Blue Waggon. The fact that my manhood was taken for granted in the proffer of the pipe, of course, had much to do with my delight, but the mysterious exclusiveness of the mansion to which I had at last obtained the *entrée*, had far more. Outside the circle of his co-professionals, no one, as far as I was aware, had ever received such an invitation from the proprietor of the Blue Waggon

before. The circumstance that he never found it convenient to repay the small loan which had secured me this striking proof of his favour was a mere dust-pinch in the other scale. In those salad days I would gladly have lost ten times as much, if I had had it to lose, to get on terms of intimacy with "professionals." Such familiarity seemed a far manlier phase of "fastness" than furtive smoking of penny pickwicks.

In the bygone time, when Mr. Pogson figured as a clown, he had been known amongst printers of playbills and the general

public as Pablo Fernandez; but on his retirement from dramatically-performing public life—in consequence of a broken thigh, so badly set, that, in his own professionally facetious phrase (in allusion to his waddling gait), he was “goosed” for life—a compromise was made between his private and public names, and he was thenceforth known, both in “the profession” and amongst the *profanum vulgus*, as “Pab Pog.” Almost the only trace of his old calling which he retained was a tendency to turn in his toes and puff out his pockets. He never stooped to anything so trivial as “Here we are agin,” or, “Fine day to-morrer. How was yer?” Such rare facetiæ as he now indulged in were almost wholly confined to private life. When he thumped the drum, and blew down into the Pan’s pipes, in front of his own entertainment, he would, however, sometimes condescend to vary his monotonous music, and “walk up, walk up,” with confidential assurances to the young women in the *al fresco* crowd, that “their young men was hall hinside, and ‘ud cut their throats if their gals didn’t cut in harter ‘em;” or by informing some aged Benedict that “he’d jist seen ‘is hold ooman a-kissin’ of a smart young hoffer.” Managerial responsibilities had not sharpened Pab Pog’s wit. “Respectability” was the *rôle* which he affected now. He “dressed the part” in a drab hat with a mourning band, and broad, up-turned, green-lined brims; sandy whiskers, clubbed in a blunt V, on his once closely-shaven cheeks and chin; a jet-brooched, crumpled white neckcloth, black coat and waistcoat, baggy cord breeches, with a bunch of greasy keys and seals dangling at the end of a broad strip of watered black silk ribbon, and a pair of big boots, very deep as to the tanned tops, very long as to the striped flaps, very crinkly as to the legs, and very broad as to the toes. The general effect of his get-up was a medley of the Ethiopian serenader, the undertaker’s man, and the horse-dealer; but Pab was of opinion that his responsible appearance was far more efficacious in drawing houses than even the coloured cartoon hoisted at fair-time above his caravan—an illustrated canvas sheet about the size of a brig’s mainsail. When, however, he had been thumping, piping, joking, pulling out his watch, and rattling his money, fruitlessly, for ten minutes at a stretch, if his daughter made her appearance on the little platform, in her abbreviated muslins and wreath of red-calico roses, to give one clink of her castanets, one spin of her tambourine, one swirl round on her red-rosetted toe, and then to bound in

again as if she had invisible wings, or her white shoes were soled with india-rubber, the enamoured youth of Monkworth-cum-Barns would clatter up the show steps like a storming party.

In spite of our little town’s monastic name, our hearts were inflammable by beauty. I must confess that it was pretty Polly Pogson—such was her name in the boots and stockings of domestic life, although in her fleshings she was known as “Mademoiselle Zephyrine, Beneficent Queen of the Fairies,”—it was Polly, I say, that constituted in my eyes the crown of my bliss in getting admitted to the Blue Waggon on the easy footing of a family friend. Mrs. Pogson—a fat, slovenly, good-natured woman, with a double-chin, and always one, sometimes both, stockings down at heel, who took the coppers, and had an inimitable knack of frying sausages and making welsh-rabbit, but who, when I knew her, was not otherwise remarkable—had been a columbine in her youth, and proudly fostered the hope that the Zephyrine, ere long, would *almost* equal her mother’s performances in “legitimate business” in that line—performances which Mrs. P. believed to rank amongst the most fondly cherished traditions of the stage.

But at the time of which I write, Mademoiselle Zephyrine was the only female member of her father’s company. It had two male members: one, “The Original Giant Bluebeard Blunderbore;” and the other, “The World-Famous Gentlemanly Dwarf, Signor Jacopo, who was cradled in a Silver-Gilt Pint Pot, and now appearing in his celebrated tragic-comic part of Jack the Giant Killer, as performed before all the Crowned Heads of Europe, the President of America, the Great Mogul, and the Sultan of Timbuctoo.” The Giant, the Dwarf, and the Fairy Queen were depicted on the mainsail, in one of the most impressive tableaux of the piece in which they performed—the Giant a good deal larger than life, the Dwarf a good deal smaller than life, but the Fairy Queen, as all her admirers declared, with unanimous indignation, not half so beautiful as life. Long before the days of the burlesque-writers, playwrights took liberties with mythology. Didn’t the Attic tragedians do so? At any rate Pab Pog’s poet had done so in the one act (and one scene) drama, which, it was almost otiose for the manager to intimate, had been “hesspressly written for his hew-neck gal-láxy of hunrivilled talent.”

“The Giant, the Dwarf, and the Genius:

Bluebeard Blunderbore, Brave Jack the Gentleman, and the Beautiful and Beneficent Queen of the Fairies," was the long title of the brief tragi-comedy. A flat rock in the middle of the stage, and a flatter wood at the back, constituted the scenery. Grunts like the gasps of an asthmatic elephant, and steps like the thuds of a pile-driver, are heard behind the wood. Bluebeard Blunderbore enters, and leans upon his club. A beard of blue tow reaches to his waist in front, blue locks hang down to his waist behind, blue moustaches curl like buffalo-horns beneath his drooping nose. His gabardine is sulphur-hued, and girt with a broad blue belt that holds a gore-stained scimitar. His turban is crimson, and studded with a crescent of glittering Bristol stones. His slippers are crimson likewise, turned up at the toes like skates, and wooden-soled like clogs. "I have lost my voice," he pipes (a fact ingeniously worked in by the poet). "For ten long days and nights I have not tasted human blood. I am a-weary. Let me repose." He lies down in front of the rock, licks his blood-streaked weapon with the frantic tongue of famine, and then falls sound asleep. Jack the Giant-killer rises from behind the rock, in a flaxen wig, a court-suit of black-cotton velvet, dress sword, silk stockings, buckled shoes, a cocked hat under his arm, and green glasses on his cocked-nose. "Mine eyes are dim," he murmurs, mournfully. "Alas, my vision is impaired" (another fact ingeniously worked in by the poet). "Tears for the sufferings of my race have done the deed. 'Tis well. I see not now how grievously they suffer. Yea, heaven is ke-yind, when most it doth seem harsh. The monster haunts this spot. Could I but find him!" He draws his rapier, and prods vigorously at vacancy. At last he stumbles over the giant's feet, and shouts exultingly, "Ha! *have* I found him? Have at thee, fiend!" The giant rises drowsily, muttering, "I smell the blood of an Englishman." When fully awake, he swings his club with one hand, and mows away with the scimitar in the other; always carefully avoiding Jack, who keeps on pricking away at the giant's legs in the most valorous style. But presently Jack lowers his point, and sighs sadly, "Once more the dimness! The hour hath not yet struck. But boast not, Blunderbore—the clock is warning now. *Au revoir—brute!*" Jack runs round and round the rock, with the giant after him. Jack's foot trips and the club is just descending on his head, when the wood suddenly opens, and the Queen of the Fairies, in white and blue, rose-

red and flesh-pink, bounds upon the stage, waves her flower-wreathed, streamered wand, spins round upon her right toe, curtsies her acknowledgments of the applause which greets her *pirouette*, and then inquires, in a tone of arch solemnity, "*Bluebeard, where is thy—WIFE?*" The giant is conscience-stricken, he lets fall his weapon, and Jack, briskly getting up, slays him with the utmost facility. Jack and the Fairy Queen then dance round the prostrate corpse together, plucking its beard as they go by. The Fairy Queen executes a protracted *pas seul*, and when she has complied with the usual *encore*—waited for, if it does not come at once—the curtain falls upon her Elfin Majesty standing upon one leg on Bluebeard Blunderbore's shoulder, whilst Jack strikes an attitude at his feet, ejaculating, as he takes off his green spectacles, "*Their* occupation's gone. I thank thee, heaven!"

Such is my cold middle-aged remembrance of the thrilling drama at which, *calida juventute*, I used to assist as long as my coppers lasted. At the close of each performance, Pab Pog looked in to announce, "Now, ladies and gen'lmen, and nobility o' the vicinity, them as stays pays agin. We takes yer money. and you takes yer choice." My choice was always to stay whilst my money held out—not nearly so much on account of Blunderbore and the Giant-killer, as to feast my eyes upon the bounding Zephyrine, and applaud her to the echo. The piece seemed very flat until the flat wood split in two—an effect in which there was occasionally a hitch: since the Fairy Queen had to be her own scene-shifter, and in spite, or rather because of, her magic wand, sometimes made a mull of the business.

Such being my loyalty to the Pogson family, I thought myself cruelly ill-used when I first presented myself at the door of the Blue Waggon. I had spruced myself up for the momentous occasion, carefully brushed off the dust which I had contracted in scrambling over the garden wall, and marched boldly up the doorsteps. Grim, impressed by my unwonted confidence, had contented himself with a series of still-suspicious growls. Everything as yet had gone well. Mrs. Pogson put her papered head out, when I knocked. "Well, sir, the master ain't at home," was her reply, when I had explained my business; and then, holding the door barely a-jar, she engaged in a *very rare* conference with her daughter. "He says your father have a-ast him, Poll," I heard her whisper. "Drat the boy! He can't come

in now—we're all in a mess, and Bluebeard is a-shavin'."

"Oh, is it on'y one o' them boys?" was Zephyrine's indifferent response, and then she made some further satirical remark, as I could judge from the giggle in which mother and daughter joined.

Before she had composed her countenance, Mrs. Pogson again put out her head. "P'raps you'd better call when Mr. P.'s in, young gentleman," she said. (Zephyrine's satire had indisposed her to honour me again with a grown-up "sir.") "He've jest gone up the Mitre yard. If you want him, you're pretty sure to find him in the tap."

But I was in too Naaman-like a mood to go in search of the showman; I turned and went away in a rage, almost tumbling off the steep little ladder; and, as soon as I reached the ground, Grimaldi made a rush at me, as having been detected in the imposture which he had all along suspected.

The next time I saw Pab Pog, I informed him somewhat sulkily of my fruitless visit to his residence. He had plainly forgotten all about his invitation, and did not seem very eager to renew it. His little account with me being still unsettled, however, he compromised matters by remarking, "Well, you see, sir, it would be hill-convenient to us purfeshnuls if strangers was to come droppin' in permiskus like. But if you'll take a snack with us to-morrow night, at nine sharp, we shall be proud o' the hhonour o' yer company. You'd better wait till you see me a-comin' back wi' the supper-beer, for the dawg's safe to bite at night. I can't make out 'ow 'twas he come to let yer go by as you did. But you're sure your mar won't objec', sir? I'm a respectable man, and don't want to make no words in the vicinity."

It was galling that the man who had so recently invited me to take a pipe and pot-luck, should talk as if he thought me under absolute petticoat government. But there is a bitter to every sweet; and it was very sweet to think that I might sit by Zephyrine's side at supper, and actually see that ethereal creature eat and drink. What did she feed on? Honey-dew? The giant and the dwarf, too,—what were their unearthly viands?

Next evening, the instant Pab Pog issued from the Mitre yard, I was at his side. He carried a foaming pot of porter in each hand, and a can of the same beverage slung upon his arm like a lady's reticule. To my offer to ease him of a portion of his load, he replied, in a tone of lofty offence, "Sir, I may 'ave my hessentristsies, but I knows purlite-

ness. Hif I've a mind to fetch my own beer, what's that to you or hanybody helse? In our spear o' life, we don't ax a cove to come and see us to make a pots on 'im. I thought a young gen'leman ood a larnt more manners." When we reached the waggon, Grimaldi could not help giving one short growl, which plainly said, "Well, I hope, it *is* all right now, but I can't be sure;" and then the door opened, and I entered my Cave of Mystery and Bower of Bliss, dimly illuminated by the fire-light and one tallow candle in a candlestick that looked, from its size, as if it must belong to Signor Jacopo, although there were no signs of "silver-gilt" splendour in its unburnished brass. The celestial Zephyrine, attired in a high-necked brown merino frock, was laying black-handled knives and forks on a table-cloth curiously mottled with grease and egg and coffee-stains, and stamped with stale arcs and circles that told of overflowing pots of beer. This was somewhat disappointing, but the reception she granted me was worse. She gave me a bland, motherly smile, and bade me find a seat, just as if I had been a bashful little boy, instead of a young gentleman bent on seeing life, and invited to blow a cloud with her professional papa. Mrs. Pogson—her face still unwashed, but her hair for once out of paper, and arranged in ringlets that looked like wheelks just twisted from the shell—was busy at the stove, and nodded her welcome over her fat shoulder. A little frying-pan full of frizzling sausages stood upon the stove, almost pushing off a black saucepan and a pile of willow-pattern plates that were warming there. In front hung a Dutch oven, whence issued a savoury scent of toasting cheese.

Whilst the final preparations for supper were being made, Pab Pog, that he might be wanting in no duty of politeness, explained to me his domesticities. "That's where me and the missis sleeps," he said, pointing to a box-bed at one end of the waggon; "and that's Poll's crib," pointing to an alcove at the other, curtained with pink glazed calico; "an' that's where we keeps our stars," jerking his thumb towards a green-baize curtain which hung along one side, and which kept on bulging out and then suddenly collapsing in a very perplexing fashion.

"The gentlemen is dressing, and will eftsoons appear," Zephyrine majestically interpreted.

A corner of the curtain was lifted up, and Signor Jacopo made his appearance. The little man rubbed his big hands and bowed

politely to the ladies, nodded familiarly to his manager, and overwhelmed me with the condescension of his greeting, "You do me pwoud, sah. I have obsairved with gweat satisfaction you-ah youthful pwedilixion faw the dwayma." The Signor evidently prided himself on his swellich lisp and manners, and was regarded by all his caravan-mates as an infallible authority on all points of etiquette. He was a very stylish little gentleman. He had brushed his black locks up into a cock's-comb curl on the top of his big head. He wore a silk-faced pilot-jacket, a double-breasted white waistcoat, a frill to his shirt, and a gilt chain crossed upon it. He sported a massive gold signet-ring also. His green spectacles were discarded, but he was for ever raising and dropping a gilt eye-glass in the most lackadaisical fashion, perking his head on one side at the same time like a bird's.

The giant's entrance did not create a tithe of the sensation which the dwarf's had caused. In a brown coat and waistcoat, corduroy breeches, and grey stockings, all too small for him, he looked far more like an overgrown Smike than a ferocious Blunderbore. His long nose drooped and his shaky knees stood out like a cab-horse's on the stand. His narrow shoulders stooped. Jack the Giant-killer had a bushy pair of whiskers, but Bluebeard had shaved himself as clean as a scraped pig. The dwarf had a bass voice, but the giant piped in the weakest treble. His little head, without the wig, did not look much bigger or hairier than a Dutch cheese. He had a weak mouth, and mild eyes that pleaded for pity and protection in a put-upon, childish way that seemed absurdly droll in such a mountain of a man. I soon found that the giant was the smallest personage in the establishment. "Why, Long Sam, what a time you've been!" said Pab Pog. "Keep in' the comp'ny waitin'. That ain't hettikit, is it, Seenu?"

I could scarcely credit my ears. "Long Sam" the name of the dread Blunderbore in private life!

"Please, I was a-washin' my hands," answered the giant, submissively, and slowly subsided into his seat, as if he was letting himself down through a hole in the floor, but really folding up his long legs like a foot-rule.

"Don't scold him, Pog," said the dwarf, compassionately. "The ladies and you-ah young fwiend must weceive my apologies. Mr. Sam ke-yindly blacked my boots faw me. He is a good fellah."

The giant looked up gratefully, and the dwarf nodded back as who should say, "Con-

duct yourself as you have hitherto done, and you may rely upon my continued protection."

I should have liked the Signor, had it not been for two things—the obtrusively paternal manner in which, as he imagined, he adapted himself to my capacity by turning the conversation, *apropos* of nothing, on lollipops and marbles; and the marked attentions which, in a Grand Sultan kind of way, he paid to Zephyrine. It was pleasant to see that she was amused by these attentions, but then it was not so pleasant to see that she was also proud of them. She sat next the Signor; and when I saw her give him a playful tap when he had insisted on helping her to mustard (it circulated in a burly little Dutch burgomaster, with a brown clay body and a pewter hat), I half repented that I had spent such fruitless pains on my "Ode to Zephyrina's Hand"—my rhymes for which had run out when I had got no farther than—

"Tinkling on the tambourine,
Taper-fingered Zephyrine,
By enamoured eyes is seen.

"White as milk in any dairy,
Mightier far than bear-paw hairy,
Though as small as hand of fairy."

The Signor was the recognised wit as well as *arbiter elegantiarum* of the company. If he asked for salt, Zephyrine giggled, and Mrs. Pogson called out, "Oh, you droll crittur," with tears in her eyes. Pab Pog, who had once been a wit himself—and had got his living by it, too—could not always see the point of Signor Jacopo's jests, but he was as much impressed as his wife and daughter by Signor Jacopo's gentility. The little man, shovelling mashed potatoes into his mouth with his knife, as if he was loading a cart, enlivened our symposium with a record of his romantic adventures in foreign courts. He had dined with empresses, danced with queens, duchesses had fallen desperately in love with him. It was queer at first to note the implicit faith which his comrades put in these wild legends, and queerer still to see how completely, through dint of frequent repetition, the Signor had convinced himself of the historical nature of his mythology. But the atmosphere of credulity soon told upon me. I felt proud of getting into such distinguished company. Professional people had, no doubt, a remarkable gift of adapting themselves to circumstances. They were true gentlemen, who didn't give themselves stuck-up airs, and sneer at sausage because they once feasted to satiety on venison. Who was I, to doubt that the Signor had eaten off gold plate and quaffed Tokay, because he and even the adorable Zephyrine put their

knives in their mouths? Pab Pog half swallowed his as if, in spite of his respectability, he was practising a conjurer's trick; the giant hungrily picked his teeth with his fork, and Mrs. Pogson harpooned sausages out of the frying-pan with hers, and held them up at its point to public outcry, with the playful advice, "Now, don't all shout at once, and don't say no if you'd rayther not?"

"A remarkable little man, ain't he?" said Pab Pog, in a confidential aside, confidentially adding, "I hassure *you* there ain't many—to say nuffink of a young gen'leman o' *your* age—as I'd grant the privilege to meet him in the spear o' private life. You mustn't mind his chaffin' yer a bit. You see he thinks it was a bit o' liberty o' my part to ax yer to meet him. Chaff! Law bless yer, there's lots as 'ud think it a hhonour far above their desarts to get a word—let alone a joke—from Seenur Jacopo in a convivial sarkle like there 'ere. He's known far and wide in the purfeshn as Gen'leman Jack. They *do* say he might set in the House o' Lords if he chose to claim his rights. But he's hessenric, he's hessenric, is the Seenur. Anyhow, it won't do for me to rub 'im the wrong way—for he draws uncommon, and he could make 'is hown terms helsewheres. There's lots 'ud be glad to snap 'im hup if hi was fool enough to let 'im slip through my fingers. You see, he's so hairistocratic. When he takes a swig out o' the pewter, he vipes his mouth on the table-cloth afore he drinks, an' then agin afore he sarkilates the fluid."

I was not disposed to dispute the Signor's aristocratic claim, but my loyalty to Zephyrine compelled me to question his exclusive attractiveness. I ventured to suggest that Mr. Pogson's lovely daughter had more to do with the popularity of his entertainment than even his gentlemanly dwarf. "Oh, yes," was the sire's cold acknowledgment of my compliment; "Poll's well enough for a gal, but gals is cheap."

This was unendurable, and so, to aggravate him in return, I, as an experienced member of the play-going public, assured Mr. Pogson that in popular estimation the giant was a far more impressive character than the dwarf.

"Giants," he snorted contemptuously. "Well, if you could get a giant as *was* a giant, warranted sound in wind and limb, an' with some sort o' 'eadpiece on 'is ugly shoulders, he might be a bit of a ketch. But mostly they runs to legs, and precious bad legs, too. They hain't a mite o' *study* in 'em. It ain't much Long Sam's got to say, but it took him

a heverlastin' long while to learn. They've no inventive genius nayther. Now the Seenur there can gag away as if he'd been in my line. Besides, you see, you can make up a giant if yer ain't got one, but yer can't cut down a dwarf. Kids is no go. They're sharp enough for most dodges, but, you see, yer can't give 'em the hold look about the heyes."

Pab Pog, having thus spoken, suddenly remembered, I suppose, that he was not conversing with a co-professional, and abruptly edged away his chair to join in a discussion, in which the Signor and Mrs. and Miss P. were engaged, as to the date of the Pig-faced Lady's first appearance.

"Excuse me, my deah Ma'm'selle," remarked the gallant dwarf to Zephyrine. "You ah fah too young an' chawmin' to know anything about the mattah. Faw my own paht," he went on, "it is a mystewy to me how such monstwosities can consent to exhibit themselves. It shows sad depwavity of taste, both on theyah paht and that of the Bwedish public."

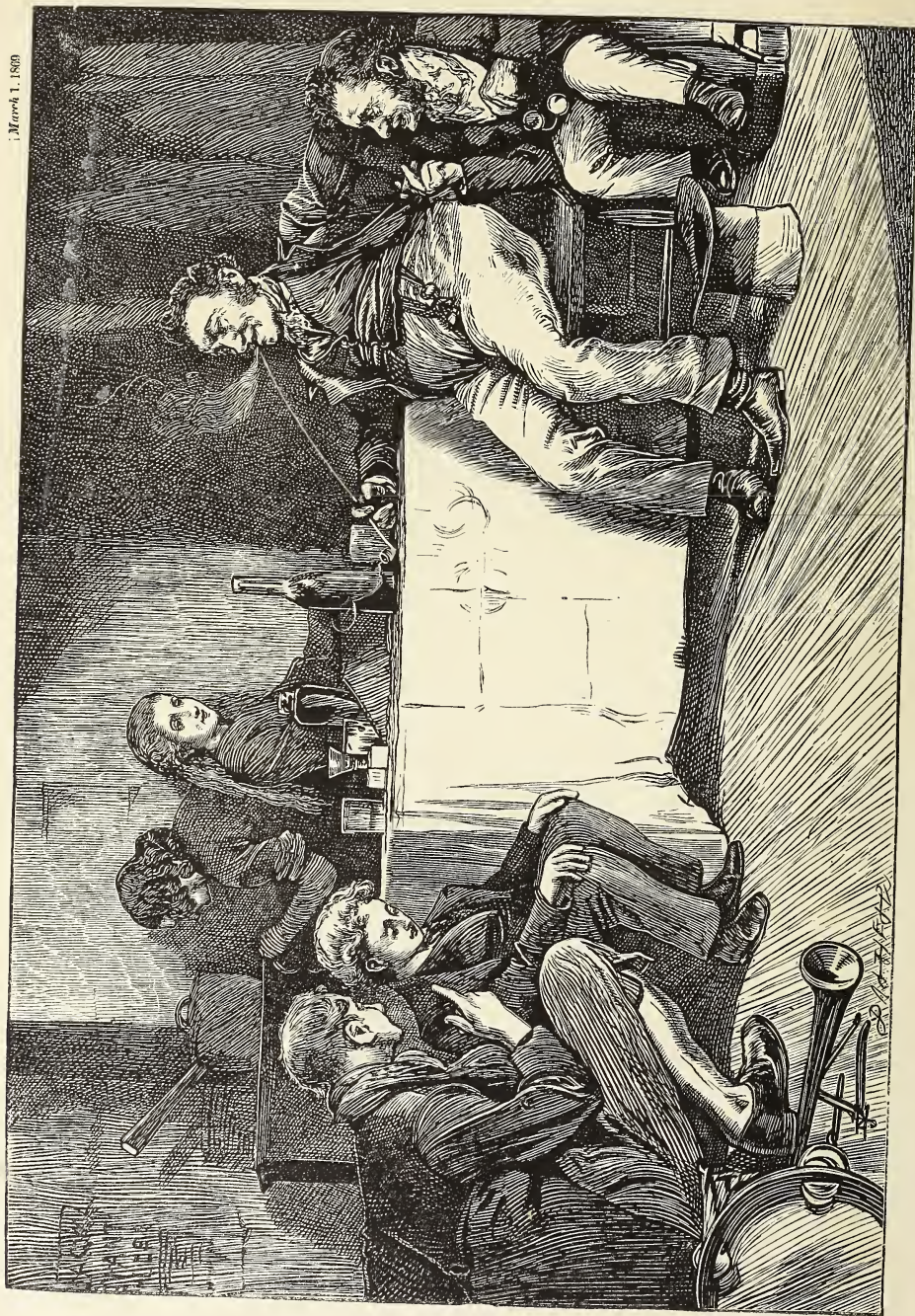
I was left to amuse myself with Long Sam, who was busy over a plateful of Welsh-rabbit, which Mrs. Pogson had found time to push him in an interval between cooking and conversation. The giant was silently enjoying it. "You see, I know the quanticums," our plump hostess was fond of vaunting when complimented on her culinary skill.

"A pleasant evening, sir," I diffidently observed to my big neighbour.

"Please, I'm a-eatin'," he softly answered, with a sidelong glance of mild reproach. Of course, after that I could only hold my tongue. But presently the giant, who had been for some time chiselling his plate with his knife-point, looked up. "I've a-done now—what is it?"

The abrupt inquiry was mildly put, but still it was startling. I could only repeat, still more diffidently, my previous brilliant observation.

"A pleasant evening?" whispered the giant after me. "I'm sure I'm glad you likes it. But you're young. Not but what the cheese was good; *and* the sassengers. Taties, p'r'aps, was so-so—they'd got burnt in the bilin'. Mrs. P.'s a good cook, but the stove ain't eal to her abilities. They *might* ha' skinked my beer, but I'm used to that. I likes my beer, though, with a 'ead on it. Young gen'lman, don't you never git spooney on a gal. I was thought a deal more on till I got sweet on Polly. Folks 'as their feelins, though they is seven foot four. You looks as



"A SUPPER IN A CARAVAN."

if you'd run up. Don't you never run to my size, and don't you go for to be sich a hass as to git spooney on a gal. I never said nuffink, but *she* see it, and Mrs. P. see it, and Pab Pog see it, and the Sig-nore see it, and so they chaffed me. The Sig-nore's sweet on Poll himself—not as he's got a bit better chance—but he's different. He's a-dined w' hempresses—leastways, so he says. He ain't a bad chap, though, if he wasn't allus a-braggin' so about 'is great folk; but then, you see, he's naterally of a swell sort. Anyhow, he allus takes my part. Not as I've much to complain on in the way o' grub an' that. Pog don't grudge a cove 'is keep, and Poll and Mrs. P. was werry kind when I was laid up w' the rheumatiz, and thought I should ha' 'ad to go into the workus. I couldn't hact no more nor Pog could jump through a flap w' his game leg. But then, you see, they don't regard one's feelins. Now that the Sig-nore allus do. Sez he to me one day, 'Sam,' sez he, in his perlite way, 'don't lets 'ave no words. You're spooney on Miss P. Don't you go on a-bein' spooney. She's the hempress o' my 'cart—me that 'as kissed live hempresses—but not w' my consent shall she part old friends. You an' I, Sam,' sez he, 'as got on like a 'ouse afire, an' it shan't be my fault if our friendship's squenched. You've got no fault, Sam'—so he was pleased to say—'cept that you're too good-natured, an' snore a bit too loud till I wakes yer hup w' the walkin'-stick.' (My bunk's a-top o' his, you see, an' he takes the stick to bed w' him, an' stirs me hup through the battens, when I begins to beller.) 'So, lookee here, Sam. I don't want to hurt yer in mind, body, nor hestate. But I might be *forced* to, if you was to think hany more about my Polly.' She ain't 'is Polly, and never will be nayther; but we've got on werry smooth since that. Still it ain't pleasant to be hordered about by the Sig-nore, though he do respec' one's feelins—'cept when him and the gal is a-pinchin' an' a-pokin' of me in the show. Don't you never run to my size."

I had then another rival; but he, like myself, was slighted, and so my heart softened towards him. I felt very slighted just at that moment. The Signor was smoking a cigar, Pab Pog was puffing away at a highly respectable churchwarden clay; but, though I had been expressly invited to take a pipe, no pipe had been offered me. "Don't *you* smoke, Mr. — Mr. — Blunderbore?" I sympathetically inquired.

"Oh, I shall 'ave my rig'lation pipe bimeby—p'raps two, as it's a noliday. It's on'y fine

gen'lomen as 'asn't hovergrewed theirselves as is privileged to smoke Hawannahs. An' my name ain't Blunderbore, nor more nor he's a Sig-nore."

The giant thought that he had made a joke, and, as I saw that I was expected to laugh, I laughed accordingly.

Long Sam went on in temporarily raised spirits:—"Ikey Jacob's 'is right name, an' Sam'l Cole is mine. P'raps my folks was as good as 'is, though I'm not for hever-lastin' blowin' about 'em. I wouldn't a-said a word agin my hold dad, if 'e'd on'y a-wrung my neck as soon as I was born. I used to like it at fust, bein' a-showed about, but I'm sick an' tired on it now. You see, I've no wariety. I'm a-made little on in the show, an' I'm a-made little on in 'ere. Afore I come to Pog, I'd a cage to myself like the wild beastes. But now the Sig-nore's hevery-body. If it wasn't for the gal, I'd cut. Don't you never git sweet upon a gal, an' don't you run to my size. It'll cost such a sight for your cawfin if ye're a swell, an' if ye've got to arn yer livin', yer can on'y do it in this 'ere heathenish sort o' way. If I was to try to do a hhonest stroke o' work, I should 'ave all the boys a-mobbin of me; an' I hain't been hinside a church, not since I was *so* 'igh. I wish I was dead, I do. Eatin' an' drinkin' 's my on'y comfort. I likes a pipe, too, but Pog 'lowances me, 'cos he says smokin' ain't good for my constitooshun."

Just then, however, Pog pushed the tobacco-jar over to his retainer, and invited him to charge. Long Sam clutched it like a child pouncing on a sugarstick, and drawing an old meerschaum out of his breast-pocket, rammed and crammed it with shag to the utmost limit of its capacity. When he had lighted the black wig that curled high above the turban of his mahogany-checked Turk's head, and Zephyrine, moreover, had handed him a tumblerful of rum-and-water, the giant forgave the hard fate that had made him seven foot four, and puffed and sipped in silent complacency. By way of *jest* compliment, I was then at last invited to take a pipe, but cruel Zephyrine indignantly negatived the proposal, with uncomplimentary maternal anxiety for my welfare.

"For shame, par," she exclaimed. "What would his mar say? You wouldn't like to make the boy sick!"

There was some almost equally unpleasant controversy, too, as to whether I was to be allowed to touch the spirits and water. The Signor suggested that Mrs. Pogson might possibly have some "waspbewy vinegah aw

ginjah wine." He had not an intimate acquaintance with the "highly respectable middle classes," but those, he believed, were the "festive bevewages of the childwen of the uppah sarcles."

Pab Pog, however, cut this controversy short by shouting, "Hang it all, I 'on't have a friend stinted at my table. A thimbleful o' grog can't hurt nobody."

"That it don't," chimed in Mrs. P., availing herself of the opportunity to tilt the bottle once more into her own tumbler.

"Hettikit be blowed," went on Pab Pog. "Ain't we a-jollifyin'? Dror hup, gen'lmen hall, an' let's be convivial. Seenur, you propose a sentiment, an' then Long Sam 'll sing us a song. He hain't sich a bad woice, hif e'd hon'y got a bit more on it."

The Signor mounted on his chair. He smirked and hemmed, and ran his fingers through his Brutus curl. Then he pulled down his wristbands, and leaning on the table with the bridges he had made of the thumb and forefinger of each hand, he once more cleared his voice, and thus delivered himself, "Ladies and gentlemen—my esteemed Mrs. Pogson, lovely Miss Pogson, my young fwiend, if he will pahmit me so to call him, whose name at pwesent I do not pweecesely wecollect, fwiend Pog, whom I have known for many wolling yeahs, and you, my honest Sam, who shaah my pwofessional labaws and my pwivate bedwoom—it is needless, I am shaw, faw me to say how pwoud I am to be made the spokesman of this united company. I may have moved in fah diffent scenes, but I have a haht that thwobs at the sight of lovely woman, innocent youth, and manly couwage, wherevah I may meet them. Nachaw may have given me pahsonal advantages which she has cwuelly denied to some. Fawtune may have bestowed on me social advantages which othahs have not been pwivileged to enjy, but my haht is in its wight place, and I hahtily thank you, my fwiends, faw all you-ah past ke-yindness and you-ah pwesent ke-yind weception. I call upon you now to chawge you-ah glasses—at pwesent we have no wine, but wum will do as well—and dwink with me this sentiment, 'May the

pwesent be the most misewable moment of our lives!'"

"Didn't I tell yer the Seenur 'ad the gift o' the gab uncommon?" whispered Pab Pog, as he made the glasses dance on the thumped table. "Hain't he a style, too? There ain't many o' them Parliament chaps could 'old a candle to 'im, I reckon."

When Long Sam had sung his song like a mammoth piping bullfinch, and Zephyrine had danced the sailors' hornpipe, as well as the brown merino and cramped space would permit, Mr. Pogson, who was growing sentimental, exclaimed, "Now this is what I call a hintellecschal way o' spendin' a hevenin'. I'm a respectable man, an' likes to enjy myself in a respectable manner. I've took a fancy to this 'ere wicinity. 'Cept at fair times, it's so precious sleepy. The hold churches and things is soothin' to a man as knocks about the world as I does. I likes to lay up 'ere afore Heaster. When I takes my walks abroad I sees the flowers hall a-blowin', hall a-growin', in the gardings, an' I 'ears the birds a-singin', an' I thinks o' when I vos a by. My mother, poor old gal, used to like to 'ear the birds a-singin'. Her an' me used to tramp out to Hilford of a Sunday a-purpose. It's nice, too, not to 'ave to do nuffink, jist as hif yer was a se-vell, when yer thinks on it at bed-time. An' yet I can't 'elp lookin' for'ard to the fair. 'Ereabouts the beaks an' parsons is reas'nable gen'lemen, an' doesn't 'ound a hhonest man about as hif 'e was a wagabone. They does in some places. It's fair flyin' in the face o' Providence, sez I. What was janiuses like the Seenur made for if they wasn't to be showed? But come, young gen'leman, it's time you was a-bed. Say good-night to the comp'ny, an' I'll see yer past the dawg."

Whilst I was lingering at the door, shaking hands with the lovely Zephyrine, and thanking her for about the twentieth time for the delightful evening I had spent in the Blue Waggon, Long Sam stooped over me like a giraffe, to whisper in my ear once more, "You're young. Don't you never run to my size, and don't you go for to be sich a hass as to get spooney on a gal."



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